

135
BETA

Ex libris



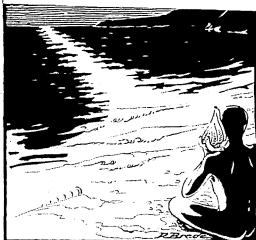
Eloise
Ramsey

L-Y-C 1004.08/05557

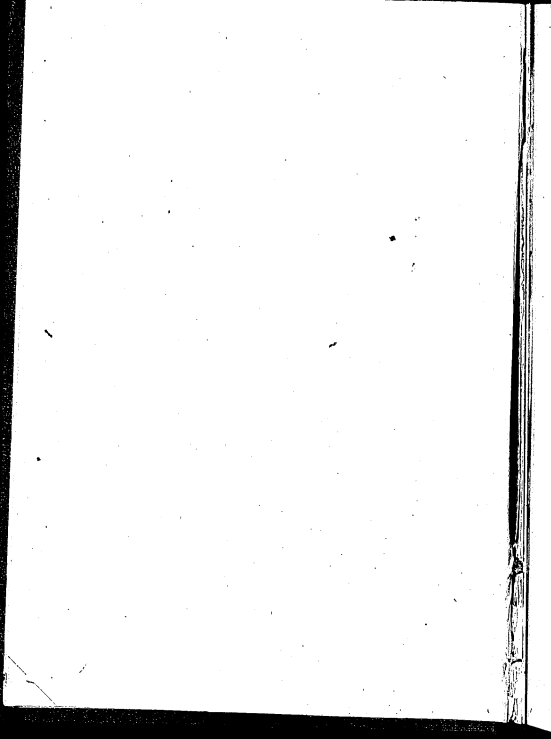
WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 9343 00739838 0



THE ELOISE RAMSEY COLLECTION



CHAMBERS'S

LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

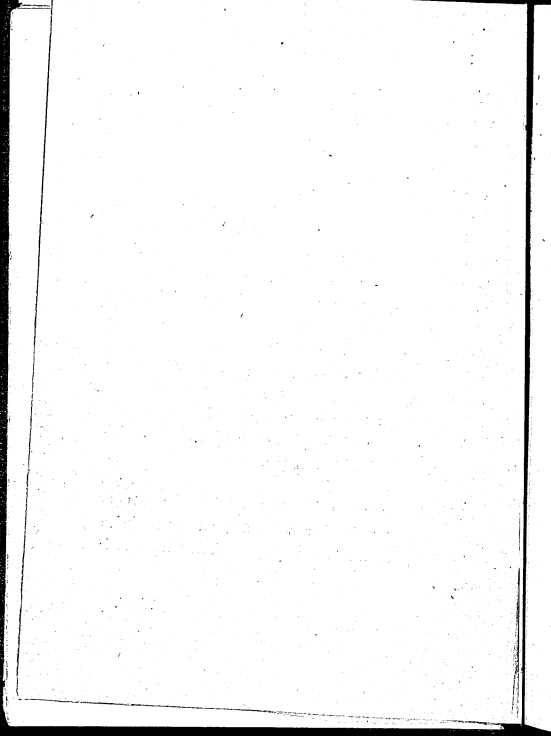
Page 1

POEMS
FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE



EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1851.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A LITTLE GIRL'S PLEA FOR KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, - - -	1
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, - - - - -	3
MY MOTHER, - - - - -	10
THE NETTLE KING, - - - - -	12
THE CHAMELEON, - - - - -	14
THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER, - - - - -	17
THE MAN OF ROSS, - - - - -	20
"TOO LATE," - - - - -	22
LLEWELLYN AND THE GREYHOUND, - - - - -	23
THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST, -	27
THE HAPPY LIFE, - - - - -	29
VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, -	30
OMNIPOTENCE, - - - - -	33
THE CAMEL, - - - - -	34
ELEGY, - - - - -	36
ALWAYS LEARNING, - - - - -	42
JOHN GILPIN, - - - - -	43
TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, - - - - -	53
THE SLUGGARD, - - - - -	57
HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER, - - - - -	58
THE HARVEST MOON, - - - - -	61
THE ROSE, - - - - -	63
THE WEB-SPINNER, - - - - -	64

	PAGE
LOSS IN DELAYS, - - - - -	69
TO PRIMROSES, - - - - -	70
SONG OF THE CAPTIVE, - - - - -	71
TO A BOY JUST ENTERING ON THE WARFARE OF LIFE, -	75
THE THIEF, - - - - -	77
THE OLD MAN AND THE CARRION CROW, - - - - -	79
THE SPIDER'S SONG, - - - - -	83
TO THE CUCKOO, - - - - -	84
A GRACE BEFORE MEAT, - - - - -	86
EVENING HYMN, - - - - -	87
TO MY MOTHER, - - - - -	89
SUMMER MORNING'S SONG, - - - - -	90
A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE, - - - - -	92
THE YOUNG MOURNER, - - - - -	94
THE VILLAGE PREACHER, - - - - -	96
THE MOUSE'S PETITION, - - - - -	98
INSTRUCTION, - - - - -	100
INGRATITUDE, - - - - -	101
FLY AWAY, LADYBIRD, - - - - -	101
EDWIN AND ANGELINA, - - - - -	102
SHORTNESS OF LIFE, - - - - -	109
FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS, - - - - -	110
MORNING HYMN, - - - - -	113
VAIN BOASTING, - - - - -	114
THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE, - - - - -	115
INFANTINE INQUIRIES, - - - - -	116
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, - - - - -	117
BIRD-NESTING—A TRUE STORY, - - - - -	120
SONG TO CREATIVE WISDOM, - - - - -	123
A SCOTTISH WINTER, - - - - -	126
THE ANT—INDUSTRY, - - - - -	127
CONSCIENCE, - - - - -	128

SCYTHI
 THE P
 THE F
 A DRO
 MORN
 THE P
 EARLY
 BE HI
 MUTE
 WHO I
 THE SI
 MYN
 WORE
 BROVI
 THE I
 ODE C
 THE L
 THE G
 THE M
 LINES
 ANGELS
 THE BI
 THE BI
 TO MY
 THE BI

	PAGE
SUMMER EVENING, - - - - -	130
THE POLAR STAR, - - - - -	131
THE FRETFUL CHILD, - - - - -	132
A DROP OF DEW, - - - - -	133
MORNING SIGHTS, - - - - -	135
THE RAGGED GIRL'S SUNDAY, - - - - -	136
EARLY RISING, - - - - -	138
BE KIND TO EACH OTHER, - - - - -	139
MUTUAL ASSISTANCE, - - - - -	140
WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR? - - - - -	142
THE SHEPHERD'S HOME, - - - - -	143
HYMN TO THE CREATOR, - - - - -	145
WORKHORSES IN A PARK ON SUNDAY, - - - - -	148
BROTHERLY LOVE, - - - - -	150
THE BETTER LAND, - - - - -	151
ODE ON THE PASSIONS, - - - - -	152
THE MULBERRY-TREE, - - - - -	156
THE GIFT, - - - - -	157
THE ROBIN REDBREASTS' CHORUS, - - - - -	159
LINES WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE BIRD, - - - - -	161
ANGELS IN THE AIR, - - - - -	162
THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS, - - - - -	164
THE BUTTERFLY, - - - - -	165
TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE, - - - - -	166
THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER, - - - - -	168

A

Com

I

Of c

A

Thos

F

Tha

S

And

F

Wh

W

POEMS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PLEA FOR KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSSLAND, LATE MISS TOULMIN.

COME, Rover! Ah, yes, by your tail wagging fast,
I see you make out what I say,
Of our supper we're ready to give you a taste,
At the close of this long summer's day:
Though I know you're not hungry—not *very*, that is—
For papa always strictly desires
That each animal kept in a dwelling of his
Should have all that its nature requires.

And the crumbs from our breakfast we scatter abroad,
For the birds that fly wild in the air:
When the fruit-trees are bending beneath a rich load,
We will not deny them their share.

If they do peck our peaches, and sometimes devour
A cherry ripe, ruddy, and sweet,
Remember the songs they so lavishly pour,
And you'll own that they merit the treat.

We call the fruit *ours*—but for my part I feel,
By the instinct God gave *they* are led,
And 'tis cruel to say that the pretty things steal,
When they all have a right to be fed.
The laws that to us the great Being has given,
Do not the brute creatures control:
These have not been promised a future in Heaven,
Nor told of an undying soul.

They have but the Present—a good reason too,
We should not abuse them you know;
They feel cold and hunger the same just as you,
And shrink from the pain of a blow:
And then they're so grateful when kindness is shown,
So loving to those who caress—
Oh, brother, how hard must a young heart have grown
That derides a dumb creature's distress!

How strange is the instinct that never goes wrong,
Which is given to each at its birth!
An instinct that wise men have reckoned among
The marvellous things of the earth.

Loc

1

Th

Pot

1

Bu

1

An

1

Of

7

Look at Puss with her kittens—at Rob in his nest—
They always know just what is right;
They always do that which is fittest and best,
And seem in their task to delight.

Poor Rover! Good Dog! how I wish you could tell
What it is that you do understand:
But of this I am sure, that you love us both well,
As you say by a lick of my hand.
And a wag of the tail means, "Thank you, I'm glad;"
And "bow-wow" a true promise gives
Of protection: Oh, brother, indeed it were sad
To hurt any creature that lives!

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A BALLAD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write,
A doleful story you shall hear
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have ;
His wife by him as sick did lie ;
And both possess one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind :
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in Beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled ;
But if the children chanced to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,

"Look on my children dear,

Be good unto my boy and girl,

No friend else have I here :

To God and you I do commend

My children night and day ;

But little while, be sure, we have

Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,

And uncle all in one,

God knows what will become of them

When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother dear ;

"Oh brother kind," quoth she,

"You are the man must bring our babes

To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,

Then God will you reward ;

If otherwise you seem to deal,

God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone

She kissed her children small,

"God bless you both, my children dear ;"

With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there—
“The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me or mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave!”

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both into his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in the wood.
He told his wife and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up to London fair,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they ride on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murderers' hearts relent,
And they that undertook the deed,
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife,
With one another they did fight
About the children's life;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them kindly go with him,
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain :
“ Stay here,” quoth he, “ I’ll bring you bread
When I do come again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down,
But never more they saw the man
Returning from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another’s arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell ;
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sons did die ;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about :
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will ;
Who did confess the very truth
The which is here expressed :
Their uncle died while he for debt
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God, with such-like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy Word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Oh no! the thought I cannot bear:
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,
My Mother.

THE NETTLE KING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE was a Nettle both great and strong,
And the threads of his poison-flowers were long;
He rose up in strength and height also,
And he said, "I'll be king of the plants below!"
It was in a wood both drear and dank,
Where grew the Nettle so broad and rank,
And an owl sate up in an old ash-tree,
That was wasting away so silently;
And a raven was perched above his head,
And they both of them heard what the Nettle-king said;

And there was a toad that sate below,
Chewing his venom sedate and slow,
And he heard the words of the Nettle also.

The Nettle he throve, and the Nettle he grew,
And the strength of the earth around him he drew.
There was a pale stellaria meek,
But as he grew strong, so she grew weak ;
There was a champion, crimson-eyed,
But as he grew up, the champion died ;
And the blue veronica, shut from light,
Faded away in a sickly white ;
For upon his leaves a dew there hung,
That fell like a blight from a serpent's tongue,
And there was not a flower about the spot,
Herb-Robert, harebell, nor forget-me-not.
Yet up grew the Nettle, like water sedge,
Higher and higher above the hedge ;
The stuff of his leaves was strong and stout,
And the points of his stinging-flowers stood out ;
And the child that went in the wood to play,
From the great King-nettle would shrink away !
" Now," says the Nettle, " there's none like me ;
I am as great as a plant can be !
I have crushed each weak and tender root
With the mighty power of my kingly foot ;
I have spread out my arms so strong and wide,
And opened my way on every side ;

I have drawn from the earth its virtues fine,
To strengthen for me each poison-spine :
Both morn and night my leaves I've spread,
And upon the falling dews have fed,
Till I am as great as a forest tree ;
The great wide world is the place for me !"
Said the Nettle-king in his bravery.
Just then came up a woodman stout,
In the thick of the wood he was peering about :
The Nettle looked up, the Nettle looked down,
And graciously smiled on the simple clown :
"Thou knowest me well, Sir Clown," said he,
"And 'tis meet that thou reverence one like me !"

Nothing at all the man replied,
But he lifted a scythe that was at his side,
And he cut the Nettle up by the root,
And trampled it under his heavy foot ;
And he saw where the toad in its shadow lay,
But he said not a word, and went his way.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post :

Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour
Grown ten times pertier than before ;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop :
“ Sir, if my judgment you’ll allow—
I’ve seen—and sure I ought to know.”
So begs you’d pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they past,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that ;
Discoursed a while, ’mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleón’s form and nature.
“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
“ Sure never lived beneath the sun :
A lizard’s body lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies ;
“ ’Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,

As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in a fury:
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them if he knew
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light;
I marked it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but sirs, I've got it yet,

And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do ;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to ease your doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out :
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said ; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white !
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities lived a swain,
Unvexed with all the cares of gain,
His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.

In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penn'd his fold ;
His hours with cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
His wisdom and his honest fame,
Through all the country raised his name.

A deep philosopher, whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought :
" Whence is thy learning, hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil ?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
And the vast sense of Plato weighed ?
Hath Socrates thy soul refined ?
And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind ?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fate on realms unknown ;
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed ?"
The shepherd modestly replied,
" I ne'er the paths of learning tried ;
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts ;
For man is practised in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes ;

Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gained
Was all from simple nature drained.
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry;
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love
I learn my duty from the dove;
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule:
I never with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain.

We from the wordy torrent fly :
 Who listens to the chattering pye ?
 Nor would I with felonious fight
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right ;
 Rapacious animals we hate,
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate ;
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?
 But envy, calumny and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;
 And from the most minute and mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean."

" Thy fame is just," the sage replies ;
 " Thy virtue proves thee truly wise ;
 For he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truths his maxims draws :
 And truth and piety suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise."

THE MAN OF ROSS.

ALL our praises why should lords engross ?
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross :

Plea
 And
 Wh
 Fro
 Not
 Or
 But
 Hea
 Wh
 Wh
 Wh
 " T
 Bel
 Th
 He
 W)
 Hin
 The
 Is a
 Pre
 Is t
 Ball
 Des
 An
 Th
 W
 Oh
 Wh

Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary travellers repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fly the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say what sums that generous hand supply!
What mines to swell that boundless charity!

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush grandeur, blush! proud courts withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

“TOO LATE.”

Too late to rise—too late for school,
Too late to keep by each good rule;
The sluggard soon becomes a fool;
Oh never be “*too late*.”

Oh use the precious hours to-day,
To gather knowledge while you may,
For quickly hasteth Time away;
Then never be “*too late*.”

And grateful to your parents be,
For tenderly they've cared for thee,
And soon on earth ye may them see
No more—and mourn—“*too late*.”

And to thy suffering brother-man,
Give aid and comfort while ye can,
Aye like the good Samaritan;
Ere yet it be “*too late*.”

To all, Death hasteth on apace,
Then seek thy Heavenly Father's face,
Through life to guide thee by His grace ;
Ere yet it be "*too late.*"

C. C.

LLEWELLYN AND THE GREYHOUND.

A BALLAD.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheer'ly smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
"Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race ;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ?"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed ;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood—
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore ;
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet ;
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
 (And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 The blood-stained cover rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
 He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child !

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured ! ”
 The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
 No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
 To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed !

No scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead ;
Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo :
" Best of thy kind adieu !
The frantic deed that laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearmen pass,
Or forester unmoved ;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

A

L

A

T

T

Come,
To the
The tri
And th

On the
Beneath
See the
To an

And th
Who c
And th
With a

And here he hung his horn and spear ;
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell !

And till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the *butterfly's* ball and the *grasshopper's* feast ;
The trumpeter *gadfly* has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the *beetle*, so blind and so black,
Who carried the *emmet*, his friend, on his back ;
And there came the *gnat*, and the *dragon-fly* too,
With all their relations—green, orange, and blue.

And there came the *moth*, with her plumage of down,
 And the *hornet*, with jacket of yellow and brown,
 Who with him, the *wasp*, his companion did bring,
 But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little *dormouse* peeped out of his hole,
 And led to the feast his blind cousin the *mole* ;
 And the *snail*, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
 Came fatigued with the distance—the length of an ell.

A *mushroom* the table, and on it was spread
 A *water-dock leaf*, which their tablecloth made ;
 The viands were various, to each of their taste,
 And the *bee* brought the honey to sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the *snail* did advance,
 And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance :
 But they all laughed so loud, that he drew in his head,
 And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
 Their watchman, the *glow-worm*, came out with his light ;
 So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
 For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

—ROSCOE.

" You
 " Tl
 You a
 No

" In tl
 " I
 And a
 Th

" You
 " A
 And y
 Not

" In tl
 " I
 I thou
 Tha

" You
 " A
 You a
 No

COMFORTS OF OLD AGE.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"The few locks that are left you are gray ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man—

Now tell me the reason, I pray ?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would fly fast,

And abused not my health and my vigour at first,

That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And pleasures with youth pass away ;

And yet you lament not the days that are gone—

Now tell me the reason, I pray ?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would not last ;

I thought of the future, whatever I did,

That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And life must be hastening away ;

You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death—

Now tell me the reason, I pray ?"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied ;
"Let the cause thy attention engage :
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."
—SOUTHEY.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

WHO WAS LEFT ON THE DESOLATE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute :
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Oh, solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold,
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.

When I think on my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There is mercy in every place—
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

—COWPER.

OMNIPOTENCE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round us burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is Divine !"

THE CAMEL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CAMEL, thou art good and mild,
Might'st be guided by a child ;
Thou wert made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless.
Thou dost clothe him ; thou dost feed ;
Thou dost lend to him thy speed.
And through wilds of trackless sand,
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws ;
Where no pleasant water flows ;
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou go'st, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
Bearing freight of precious things,
Silk for merchants, gold for kings ;
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware ;
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Laden like a costly ship !

When the red simoom comes near,
Camel, dost thou know no fear ?

When the desert sands uprise
Flaming crimson to the skies,
And like pillared giants strong,
Stalk the dreary waste along,
Bringing Death unto his prey,
Does not thy good heart give way?
Camel, no! thou do'st for man
All thy generous nature can;
Thou do'st lend to him thy speed
In that awful time of need;
And when the dread simoom goes by,
Teachest him to close his eye,
And bow down before the blast,
Till the purple death has passed!

And when week by week is gone,
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly; when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if thou would'st cheering say,
"Journey on for this one day!
Do not let thy heart despond;
There is water yet beyond!
I can scent it in the air;
Do not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveller there.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Might'st be guided by a child ;
Thou wert made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless ;
And these desert wastes must be
Untracked regions but for thee !

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The space of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreathes its old fantastic arms so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove :
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him
borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear ;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike, in trembling hope, repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—GRAY.

ALWAYS LEARNING.

WASTE not your precious hours in play,
Nought can recall life's morning ;
The seed now sown will cheer your way,
The *wise* are always learning.

Nor think when all school days are o'er,
You've bid adieu to "learning ;"
Life's deepest lessons are in store,
The *meek* are always learning.

When strong in hope, you first launch forth,
A *name* intent on earning,
Scorn not the voice of age or worth,
The *great* are always learning.

When right and wrong within you strive,
And passions fierce contending,
Oh, then you'll know, how, while they live,
The *good* are always learning.

—C. C.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown ;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one ;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender,
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, that's well said ;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog,
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were ever folks so glad :
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane ;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind ;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
" The wine is left behind !"

" Good lack !" quoth he—" yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs Gilpin, careful soul !
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound,

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew ;
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed, and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung:
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—so am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So, like an arrow, swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

I came, because your horse would come,
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, it is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said—
I am in haste to dine :
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear,
For while he spake, a braying ass,
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar ;
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done ;
The frighted steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels ;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!

Not one of them was mute:

And all and each that passed that way

Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space;

The tollmen thinking, as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,

For he got first to town;

Nor stopped till where he first got up,

He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,

And Gilpin, long live he;

And when he next doth ride abroad,

May I be there to see!

—COWPER.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR flower, that lapt in lowly glade,

Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,

Than whom the vernal gale

None fairer wakes on bank or spray,

Our England's lily of the May,

Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not thus I trow: for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the East.—
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parched Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest—

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnished gold.

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handiwork,
Our western valley's humbler child;
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine ;
 Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
 Her wealthiest king arrayed.

Of thy twin leaves the embowered screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green ;
 Thy Eden-breathing smell ;
Thy arched and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendent many a pearly gem,
 Displays a milk-white bell :

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
 As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
 And berries scarlet red ;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
 Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
 Or vernal breezes blow :

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand ;
Who at creation gave command,
And willed thee thus to be,
And keeps thee still in being through
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is he ?

Omnipotent to work His will ;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assigned ;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep ; to make the sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment, kind !

"There is no God," the senseless say :—
"O God, why cast'st thou us away ?"
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes ! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine ;
Nor deems she that His guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

—*Field Naturalist's Magazine.*

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,
" You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without
number :

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher :
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind.
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me,
This man's but a picture of what I might be ;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

—ISAAC WATTS.

HASSAN ; OR THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Scene, The Desert—Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels passed ;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh ;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man,
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee, Hassan ! where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !

Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delight to know
Which plains more blessed or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!”

Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!

The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o’er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town:
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure’s song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain’s side,
The fountain’s murmurs, and the valley’s pride;
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!”

O cease, my fears!—All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of wo,

What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet ;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep ;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara ! will be most undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said :
“Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !
Yet as thou goest, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs ;

Safe o'er the wild no perils may'st thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth! like me."
"O! let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a smile, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears."

He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

—COLLINS.

THE HARVEST MOON.

ALL hail! thou lovely queen of night,
Bright empress of the starry sky!
The meekness of thy silvery light
Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,
While from thy peerless throne on high
Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,
And bidd'st the shades of darkness fly
Before thy glory—Harvest Moon!

In the deep stillness of the night,
When weary labour is at rest,
How lovely is the scene!—how bright
The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,

When thou, fair moon of harvest! hast
Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestic orb!
That round the dim horizon brood,
And hush the winds that would disturb
The deep, the awful solitude,
That rests upon the slumbering flood,
The dewy fields, and silent grove,
When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,
And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo! scattered wide beneath thy throne,
The hope of millions richly spread,
That seems to court thy radiance down,
To rest upon its dewy bed:
Oh let thy cloudless glory shed
Its welcome brilliance from on high,
Till hope be realized—and fled
The omens of a frowning sky!

Shine on, fair orb of light! and smile
Till autumn months have passed away,
And Labour hath forgot the toil
He bore in summer's sultry ray;

And when the reapers end the day,
Tired with the burning heat of noon,
They'll come with spirits light and gay,
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon!

—W. MILLAR.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower!

The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like a rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth, or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

—ISAAC WATTS.

THE WEB-SPINNER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WEB-SPINNER was a miser old,
Who came of low degree ;
His body was large, his legs were thin,
And he kept bad company ;
And his visage had the evil look
Of a black felon grim ;
To all the country he was known,
But none spoke well of him.
His house was seven storeys high,
In a corner of the street ;
It always had a dirty look,
When other homes were neat.
Up in his garret dark he lived,
And from the windows high
Looked out in the dusky evening
Upon the passers-by.

Most people thought he lived alone ;
Yet many have averred
That dismal cries from out his house
Were often loudly heard ;

And that none living left his gate,
Although a few went in,
For he seized the very beggar old,
And stripped him to the skin;
And though he prayed for mercy,
Yet mercy ne'er was shown—
The miser cut his body up,
And picked him bone from bone.

Thus people said, and all believed
The dismal story true;
As it was told to me, in truth,
I tell it so to you.
There was an ancient widow—
One Madgy de la Moth,
A stranger to the man, or she
Had ne'er gone there, in troth.
But she was poor, and wandered out
At nightfall in the street,
To beg from rich men's tables
Dry scraps of broken meat.
So she knocked at old Web-Spinner's door,
With a modest tap, and low,
And down stairs came he speedily,
Like an arrow from a bow.
"Walk in, walk in, mother!" said he,
"And shut the door behind;"

She thought for such a gentleman,
That he was wondrous kind ;
But ere the midnight clock had tolled,
Like a tiger of the wood,
He had eaten the flesh from off her bones,
And drank of her heart's blood !

Now after this fell deed was done,
A little season's space,
The burly Baron of Bluebottle
Was riding from the chase :
The sport was dull, the day was hot,
The sun was sinking down,
When wearily the baron rode
Into the dusty town.
Says he, " I'll ask a lodging
At the first house I come to ;
With that the gate of Web-Spinner
Came suddenly in view.
Loud was the knock the baron gave—
Down came the churl with glee ;
Says Bluebottle, " Good sir, to-night
I ask your courtesy ;
I'm wearied with a long day's chase—
My friends are far behind."
" You may need them all," said Web-Spinner,
" It runneth in my mind."

"A baron am I," said Bluebottle ;
"From a foreign land I come."
"I thought as much," said Web-Spinner,
"Fools never stay at home !"
Says the baron, "Churl, what meaneth this ?
I defy ye, villain base !"
And he wished the while in his inmost heart
He was safely from the place.

Web-Spinner ran and locked the door,
And a loud laugh laughèd he ;
With that each one on the other sprang,
And they wrestled furiously.
The baron was a man of might,
A swordsman of renown ;
But the miser had the stronger arm,
And kept the baron down ;
Then out he took a little cord,
From a pocket at his side,
And with many a crafty, cruel knot,
His hands and feet he tied ;
And bound him down unto the floor,
And said in savage jest,
"There's heavy work in store for you ;
So baron take your rest !"
Then up and down his house he went,
Arranging dish and platter,

With a dull and heavy countenance,
As if nothing were the matter.
At length he seized on Bluebottle,
That strong and burly man,
And with many and many a desperate tug,
To hoist him up began ;
And step by step, and step by step,
He went with heavy tread ;
But ere he reached the garret-door,
Poor Bluebottle was dead !

Now all this while a magistrate,
Who lived in the house hard by,
Had watched Web-Spinner's cruelty
Through a window privily.
So in he burst, through bolts and bars,
With a loud and thundering sound,
And vowed to burn the house with fire,
And level it with the ground.
But the wicked churl, who all his life
Had looked for such a day,
Passed through a trap-door in the wall,
And took himself away :
But where he went no man could tell ;
'Twas said that underground,
He died a miserable death,
But his body ne'er was found.

They pulled his house down stick and stone—

“For a caitiff vile as he,”

Said they, “within our quiet town

Shall not a dweller be!”

LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,

Take thy time, while time is lent thee;

Creeping snails have weakest force;

Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee:

Good is best when soonest wrought,

Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,

Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;

Seek not time when time is past,

Sober speed is wisdom's leisure:

After-wits are dearly bought,

Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,

Take thou hold upon his forehead,

When he flies, he turns no more,

And behind, his scalp is naked:

Works adjourned, have many stays,

Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve, while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing:
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.
—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

TO PRIMROSES.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this ?
No, no ; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read :—
“ That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
forth.”
—ROBERT HERRICK.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

[A captive knight is supposed to hold a dialogue in song with certain flowers growing near the walls of his prison.]

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair I know,
My bosom holds it dear,
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprisoned here.

'Tis no light grief oppresses me ;
For in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,
The tower so steep and tall ;
But nowhere can the flower descry
From this high castle wall ;
And him who'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight, or be he squire,
My dearest friend I'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight ;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize
In outer robe of green ;
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels sheen ;

Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little rose has cause for pride,
And upwards aye will soar ;
Yet am I held by many a bride
The rose's wreath before.
And beats thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true, and pure as I,
Thou'lt prize the lily more.



CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
And pure from passions low ;
And yet these walls my limbs immure
In loneliness and wo.
Though thou dost seem, in white arrayed,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use ;

A crowd of leaves encircling bloom !
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues !

CAPTIVE.

The pink can no one justly slight,
The gardeners favourite flower ;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet 'tis not pomp, which o'er the rest
In splendour shines, can make me blest ;
It is a still, small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,
And do not love to speak ;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind ;
Its fragrance sweet, yet more I need,
To soothe my anguished mind.

To you the truth will I confess ;
Here mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find.

The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says, Forget me not ! the power
I feel, though far away.

Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore mid the dungeon's night,
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim ; Forget me not !
And straight new life regain.

—FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

TO A BOY JUST ENTERING ON THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

ARM ! for the hour is drawing nigh
When thou must strive in fight :
The word inspires thy kindling eye,
And thy young heart bounds light :

Yet little, little dost thou know
What foes await thee there ;
A moment listen, while I show
The dangers thou must dare.

First, Pleasure's gay and lovely throng
Will tempt thee on the way,
Where stands, all terrible and strong,
Fierce Passion's dark array.

And Falsehood, bold, yet cowering foe,
Will take thee for his mark,
And Slander, whose assassin blow,
Strikes only in the dark.

And Scepticism, wild and free,
And Error's daring mien,
Led on by False Philosophy,
Will in that field be seen.

Alas! this is a fearful view,
Of the wild War of Life ;
But thou, dear boy, art brave and true,
And will not shun the strife.

Yet be thou cautious, as thou'rt brave ;
Choose well thy battle-gear ;
For, once set on—shame to the slave
Would hesitate or fear !

The buckler of Integrity
Throw broadly o'er thy breast;
Thy helmet let bright Honour be,
And Truth thy stainless crest.

And be thy *right-hand weapon*, boy,
A calm inquiring mind,
Where prejudice's dull alloy
Foes seek in vain to find.

Let kind and gentle Courtesy
Be burnish to thy mail;
'Twill turn full many a stroke from thee,
When rougher arms would fail.

Accoutred thus, go forth in joy,
While rings thy battle-cheer;
On—on—fear God, my gallant boy,
But know no other fear!

THE THIEF.

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain :
All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute ;
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit ?

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a hardened sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy :
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, oh God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine :
Lest I take what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

—ISAAC WATTS.

TH

Th

Cr

Hi

Hi

An

Ok

Th

Y

H

W

Th

W

I n

It

A

An

N

Th

It

D

A

A

A

THE OLD MAN AND THE CARRION CROW.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE was a man, and his name was Jack,
Crabbed and lean, and his looks were black—
His temper was sour, his thoughts were bad ;
His heart was hard when he was a lad.
And now he followed a dismal trade,
Old horses he bought, and killed, and flayed,
Their flesh he sold for the dogs to eat :
You would not have liked this man to meet.
He lived in a low mud-house on a moor,
Without any garden before the door.
There was one little hovel behind, that stood
Where he used to do his work of blood ;
I never could bear to see the place,
It was stained and darkened with many a trace ;
A trace of what I will not tell—
And then there was such an unchristian smell !

Now this old man did come and go,
Through the wood that grew in the dell below ;
It was scant a mile from his own door-stone,
Darksome and dense, and overgrown ;
And down in the dreariest nook of the wood,
A tall and splintered fir-tree stood ;

Half way up, where the boughs outspread,
A carrion crow his nest had made,
Of sticks and reeds in the dark fir-tree,
Where lay his mate and his nestlings three ;
And whenever he saw the man come by,
“Dead horse ! dead horse !” he was sure to cry,
“Croak, croak !” If he went or came,
The cry of the crow was just the same.
Jack looked up as grim as could be,
And says, “What’s my trade to the like of thee !”
“Dead horse ! dead horse ! croak, croak ! croak, croak !”
As plain as words to his ear it spoke.
Old Jack stooped down, and picked up a stone,
A stout, thick stick, and dry cow’s bone,
And one and the other all three did throw,
So angry was he at the carrion crow ;
But none of the three reached him or his nest,
Where his three young crows lay warm at rest ;
And “Croak, croak ! dead horse ! croak, croak !”
In his solemn way again he spoke ;
Old Jack was angry as he could be,
And says he, “On the morrow I’ll fell thy tree—
I’ll teach thee, old fellow, to rail at me !”
As soon as ’twas light, if there you had been,
Old Jack at his work you might have seen ;
I would you’d been there to see old Jack,
And to hear the strokes as they came “thwack !
thwack !”

And
Flew
Flew
Tha
One
“Ti
“
Old
And
I’ll t
So h
“Ti
“Ti
“C
“C
Flap
Till
The
As l
He t
The
Aw
A p
The
The
And
How

And then you'd have seen how the croaking bird
Flew round as the axe's strokes he heard,
Flew round as he saw the shaking blow,
That came to his nest from the root below.
One after the other, stroke upon stroke ;
"Thwack! thwack!" said the axe; said the crow,
"Croak! croak!"

Old Jack looked up with a leer in his eye,
And "I'll hew it down!" says he, "by and by!
I'll teach thee to rail, my old fellow, at me!"
So he spit on his hands, and says, "Have at the tree!"
"Thwack!" says the axe, as the bark it clove ;
"Thwack!" as into the wood it drove ;
"Croak!" says the crow in great dismay,
"Croak!" as he slowly flew away.
Flap, flap went his wings over hedge and ditch,
Till he came to a field of burning twitch ;
The boy with a lighted lantern there,
As he stood on the furrow brown and bare,
He saw the old crow hop hither and thither,
Then fly with a burning sod somewhither.

Away flew the crow to the house on the moor,
A poor old horse was tied to the door ;
The burning sod on the roof he dropped,
Then upon the chimney-stone he hopped,
And down he peeped, that he might see
How many there were in family—

There were a mother and children three.
"Croak ! croak !" the old crow did say,
As from the roof he flew away,
As he flew away to a tree, to watch
The burning sod and the dry, gray thatch ;
He stayed not long till he saw it smoke,
Then he flapped his wings, and cried "Croak, croak !"

Away to the wood again flew he,
And soon he espied the slanting tree,
And Jack, who stood laughing with all his might,
His axe in his hand—he laughed for spite ;
In triumph he laughed, and took up a stone,
And hammered his axe-head faster on ;
"Croak, croak !" came the carrion crow,
Flapping his wings with a motion slow ;
"Thwack, thwack !" the spiteful man,
When he heard his cry, with his axe began ;
"Thwack, thwack !" stroke upon stroke ;
The crow flew by with a "Croak, croak !"
With a "Croak, croak !" again he came,
Just as the house burst into flame.
With a splitting crash, and a crackling sound,
Down came the tree unto the ground ;
The old crow's nest afar was swung,
And the young ones here and there were flung ;
And just at that moment came up a cry,
"Oh Jack, make haste, or else we die ;

Th
Ma
Th
Bu
An
An
An
Th
"T
W
"
Be
D
Su
W
"
N
He
Str
Se
N
Ja

The house is on fire, consuming all ;
Make haste, make haste, ere the roof-tree fall !"
The young crows every one were dead ;
But the old crow croaked above his head ;
And the mother-crow on Jack she springs,
And flaps in his face her great black wings ;
And all the while he hears a wail,
That turns his cheek from red to pale—
'Twas wife and children standing there,
Wringing their hands and tearing their hair !
" Oh wo, our house is burnt to cinder,
Bedding and clothes all turned to tinder :
Down to the very hearthstone clean,
Such a dismal ruin ne'er was seen !
What shall we do ?—where must we go ?"
" Croak, croak !" says the carrion crow.
Now ye who read this story through
Heed well the moral—'tis for you—
Strife brings forth strife : be meek and kind ;
See all things with a loving mind ;
Nor e'er by passion be misled—
Jack by himself was punished.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine ;

If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Creative Wisdom thou mayest trace ;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee.

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole :
There, with threads of thousand dyes,
Life's bewildering web He plies,
And the Hand that holds them all,
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—FROM THE DANISH OF OEHLenschLAGER.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood !
Attendant on the Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.
Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale.
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

—MICHAEL BRUCE.

A GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

"Eating your meat in gladness and singleness of heart."

EAT thy meat in thankfulness,
Child of modest mind ;
Wishing not for more or less,
Than what thou dost find ;
Is thy portion but a crust ?
Think what poor there be
That would, grovelling in the dust,
Beg that crust of thee !

If thy board with plenty smile,
Make no blessing less,
By lamenting all the while
Thine' unworthiness.
Be no loud-tongued hypocrite,
In self-worship drest ;
He whose grateful heart beats light,
Praises God the best.

If thy table mean supply
Just what hunger needs,
Never ask with envious eye
How thy neighbour feeds.
With an honest mind fulfil
Thine own humble part,
Eat thy meat in gladness still,
And singleness of heart.

—D. M. M.

EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep!—of sense me to deprive;
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved,
To lie so long of thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds;
Oh may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away:
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

—THOMAS KEN.

O:
An
Wl
An

To
Wl
To
W

O
W
W
W

W
E
W
A

W
A
W
In

TO MY MOTHER.

O THOU whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove ;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day ;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me ?
Who would have smiled responsive ? who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee ?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear ?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned with anxious hand my burning brow ?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip
In all the agony of love and wo ?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That we hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

—DAVIDSON.

SUMMER MORNING'S SONG.

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up; for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
The dew-drops shine on flow'ret bells,
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

*

*

*

*

The very beast that crops the flower
Hath welcome for the dawning hour.

Aurora smiles! her beckonings claim thee;
Listen—look round—the chirp, the hum,
Song, low, and bleat—there's nothing dumb—
All love, all life. Come, slumberers, come!

The meanest thing shall shame thee.

We come—we come—our wanderings take
Through dewy field, by misty lake

And rugged paths, and woods pervaded,
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,
Making earth od'rous with their breath;
Or through the shadeless gold-gorze heath,
Or 'neath the poplars shaded.

* * * *

Oh happy, who the city's noise
Can quit for nature's quiet joys,

Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;
No more 'midst prison-walls abide,
But in God's temple, vast and wide,
Pour praises every eventide,
Ask mercies every morrow.

No seraph's flaming sword hath driven
That man from Eden or from heaven,

From earth's sweet smiles and winning features;
For him, by toils and troubles lost,
By wealth and wearying cares engrossed.
For him a paradise is tost—
But not for happy creatures.

Come—though a glance it may be—come,
Enjoy, improve, and hurry home,
For life's strong urgencies must bind us.
Yet mourn not; morn shall wake anew,
And we shall wake to bless it too—
Homewards! the herds shall shake the dew
We'll leave in peace behind us.

—TOLLENS, A DUTCH POET.

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard

Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;

And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,

Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;

A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.

Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier,
Make me a fire,

Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,

And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.

The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,

Which of thy kindness thou hast sent :
And my content

Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.

'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost thou send
Me, for this end:
That I should render for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by thee.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

LEAVING her sports, in pensive tone
'Twas thus a fair young mourner said,
"How sad we are now we're alone—
I wish my mother were not dead!
I can remember she was fair;
And how she kindly looked and smiled,
When she would fondly stroke my hair,
And call me her beloved child.

Before my mother went away,
You never sighed as now you do ;
You used to join us at our play,
And be our merriest playmate too.

Father, I can remember when
I first observed her sunken eye,
And her pale, hollow cheek ; and then
I told my brother she would die !

And the next morn they did not speak,
But led us to her silent bed ;
They bade us kiss her icy cheek,
And told us she indeed was dead !

Oh then I thought how she was kind,
My own beloved and gentle mother !
And calling all I knew to mind,
I thought there ne'er was such another.

Poor little Charles and I !—that day
We sat within our silent room ;
But we could neither read nor play—
The very walls seemed full of gloom.

I wish my mother had not died,
We never have been glad since then ;
They say, and is it true," she cried,
" That she can never come again ?"

The father checked his tears, and thus
He spake, "My child, they do not err,
Who say she cannot come to us ;
But you and I may go to her.

Remember your dear mother still,
And the pure precepts she has given ;
Like her, be humble, free from ill,
And you shall see her face in Heaven !"

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.

The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff which lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—GOLDSMITH.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Found in a trap, where he had been confined all night.

O HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at the approaching morn
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A freeborn mouse detain.

O do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth ;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth !

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply :
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

—MRS BARBAULD.

INSTRUCTION.

Oh happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.
She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

—SCRIPTURE PARAPHRASE.

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—SHAKSPEARE.

FLY AWAY, LADYBIRD.

FLY away, Ladybird—fly away—
Away, away, away !
Fly from the wind of the wintry day,
Why do you linger ?—away, away !
The flower and the tree have no home for thee ;
The gay and the fair are lonely and bare ;
Then fly away, Ladybird, fly away—
Away, away, away !

Fly away, Ladybird—fly away—

Away, away, away!

Go with the happy, the glad, and the gay;

Gem of the garden, away, away!

The flower and the tree, what are they to thee?

Alone let them die, and far away fly.

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away—

Away, away, away!

—S. C. HALL.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A srip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled ;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's wo ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care opprest :
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrow of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unrequited love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"But ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside !

But let a maid your pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was marked as mine—
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned a flame.

Each-hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dew of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but wo to me !
Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear!
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee!

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine!

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

—GOLDSMITH.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
Oh man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."
Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.
All nature dies, and lives again :
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honours of their form
At Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.
Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?
The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light;
And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

—SCRIPTURE PARAPHRASE.

FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS.

I CROWN thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours

Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
No powdered, pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake ;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its blossom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds,
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry ; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence—a Roman meal ;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,

Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note : themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace, with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored—
Fruits of Omnipotent Eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods ! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy !
—COWPER.

MORNING HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of light! from whom yon rising sun
First drew his splendour; source of life and love!
Whose smile awakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring; oh first and best!
Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably removed; yet man himself,
Thy humble child of reason, man may read
The Maker's hand, intelligence supreme,
Unbounded power, on all his works imprest,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, through every clime revealed.
Hail Universal Goodness! in full stream
For ever flowing
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To Thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend,
And in the general hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works, not least
Nor lowest; with intelligence informed,
To know thee and adore: with freedom crowned,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.

Oh, whether by thy prime decree ordained
To days of future life, or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unasked, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will be done.

—MILTON.

VAIN BOASTING.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise—so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;

So young is man, that (broke with care and sorrow)
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five foot long?
Thou art neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor
young.

—QUARLES.

THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.
But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught, and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill!
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

—COWPER.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"TELL me, oh mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of wo?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, oh mother! will I grow like him?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be.

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor, may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with wo, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

—WILLIAM PENNYCOOK BROWN.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to
the Fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've many curious things to show when you are
there."

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come
down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the sheets are fine and thin ;

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in !"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly ; "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed !"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly : "Dear friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you ?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice ;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice ?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly ; "kind sir, that cannot be ;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see !"

"Sweet creature !" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise ;

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again :

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing ;

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head ;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead !"

Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by ;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,

Thinking - only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing !
At last,

Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast !

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again !

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed :

Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

BIRD-NESTING—A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE HARRY went peeping the hedges along,
For dearly he loved a bird's nest ;
He soon found a linnet's the green leaves among,
Then a wren's with the gold-tufted crest.

And next a fine thrush's, the lining was clay,
All smooth as a cottager's floor ;
Then a sparrow's, a robin's, a chaffinch's gay—
He was never so happy before.

Six nests, and such nice ones, how lucky was he !
He knew not which most to admire,
Some had eggs, some had birds, but to watch them and see
How they grew was his only desire.

For mamma had oft told him 'twas cruel to take
Either young ones or eggs from the nest ;
That the mother, if frightened, her brood would forsake,
And she knew how to manage them best.

So to visit his treasures though often he went,
'Twas but to strew crumbs on the ground,
And to peep at them softly, well pleased and content
To find them all there safe and sound.

Soon, thanks to his caution, the parents less shy,
Would sit still when he came for a space ;
Or if they flew off, they but hovered hard by,
And the young—they looked up in his face.

They would open their bills, stretch their necks up, and
seem

As if begging he'd feed them, and he
Began thinking mamma was mistaken, and deem
That frightened they never could be !

And wishing, oh ! ardently wishing he durst
Take but one darling bird, one alone ;
He was sure 'twould be happy, and carefully nurst ;
It was hard that he could not have one.

With these thoughts in full tide, he was loitering alone,
Near the hedge, when a visitor came,
Who talked of *bird-nesting*, as many have done,
Without the least mention of blame.

He chatted so freely of tame birds and wild,
Of the ways to ensnare them and win,
Soon Harry perceived (more than half reconciled)
That *this gentleman* thought it no sin.

“But is it not cruel, sir?” “Nay, but why so?
If you tend your young nurslings with care,
Quite tame in a cage and familiar they’ll grow,
And as happy as birds in the air.”

The very next morn the chaffinch’s nest
Was empty and desolate found,
And loud was the wail of the parents’ distress,
As they fitted distractedly round.

And Harry was missing, and none could tell where;
He was searched for in chamber and hall,
And then in the garret; and lo! he was there,
But weeping he answered the call.

The poor little birds, he had brought them at night,
He had foolishly hid them in bed,
And returning at morning, with grief and affright
He found every one dying or dead.

His fault, his mistake, rushed in pangs on his mind,
He was weeping with deepest regret;
There was no need to scold had mamma been inclined—
’Twas a lesson he ne’er could forget.

But the penitent Harry, as fearing he might,
And eager his fault to atone,
Now thought of a method to keep it in sight,
Some may laugh at, but I am not one.

He begged dear mamma would allow him to keep
In his pocket one dear little bird,
As a daily memorial, lest prudence should sleep,
And future wrong wishes be stirred.

She kissed him, well pleased with the innocent thought,
But that *this could not be*, she explained ;
And " 'tis not by *sights* resolution is wrought,
But by *principles*, inly maintained."

"And what, then, are *principles*?" Harry pursued,
"For I'm sure I would gladly obey."
"They are rules to be followed, which, known to be
good,
We let nobody *talk* them away."

—MRS G. G. RICHARDSON.

SONG TO CREATIVE WISDOM.

ETERNAL WISDOM! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loud name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run :
There, the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around ;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

Thy wondrous power and skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command:
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love!

—WATTS.

A SCOTTISH WINTER.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon your forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam:
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare,
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky.
The shepherd shifts his mantle fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.
My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;

Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?
Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

—SCOTT.

THE ANT—INDUSTRY.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn on a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;

They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not good care of the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death or old age shall once stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

—WATT.

CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
A mean, the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign :
Effects attained, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin ;
Well-doing is my wealth :
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down :
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown ;

And when in froward mood,
She moved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

—SOUTHWELL.

SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been ! How bright was the sun !
How lovely and joyful the course that he run !
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain :
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian : his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.
—WATT.

THE POLAR STAR.

THERE shines on high a lonely star,
To guide the sailor o'er the deep ;
To lead him home when yet afar,
And cheer his heart while others sleep.

It is the bright, the Polar Star,
The faithful beacon of the sky ;
That speaks of peace when tempests war,
And swelling billows mount on high.

But yet there is one brighter far,
That ever beams with holy light ;
And Virtue is that Polar Star,
To keep our wandering footsteps right.

Then while Life's mazy path we tread,
We'll fear no ill, no boding gloom ;
Secure and blest, by Virtue led,
We'll look with hope beyond the tomb.

—C. C.

THE FRETFUL CHILD.

DEAR, unhappy, fretful child,
Come, and let us talk awhile,
Tears your face have sadly spoiled,
And I cannot see a smile.

Brows are frowning, eyes are sad,
Lips are sullen, words are sour ;
Ah! my darling, this is bad,
Thus to mar the fleeting hour.

Are your tender parents dead ?
Are you ill, in grievous pain ?
Are you destitute of bread ?
Of what grief do you complain ?

Are you blind to sun and star,
Doomed to lifelong darkness drear ?
Or deaf and dumb, as many are,
That no voice of love can hear ?

Are you a poor crippled child,
Such as we have often seen ?
The buttercups spring, rich and mild,
Not for him in pastures green.

He cannot ramble, leap, or run,
Or chase the butterfly like you.
For shame! my sad, ungrateful one,
Leave fretting, and your blessings view.

God hath given you every good—
Home, kind friends, who love you well,
Light and clothing, health and food—
Blessings more than I can tell.

Oh it is an evil thing
For youth, upon its happy way,
Thankless to be murmuring,
When it should be glad and gay!

—MARY BENNETT.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round it itself encloses;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can its native element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies !

But, gazing back upon the skies,

Shines with a mournful light :

Like its own tear,

Because so long divided from the sphere.

Restless it rolls and insecure,

Trembling, lest it grow impure ;

Till the warm sun pities its pain,

And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,

Of the clear fountain of eternal day,

Could it within the human flower be seen,

Remembering still its former height,

Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;

And, recollecting its own light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express

The greater Heaven in a heaven less.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,

White and entire, although congealed and
chill—

Congeaed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run

Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

—MARVEL.

MORNING SIGHTS.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breasts
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

—MILTON.

THE RAGGED GIRL'S SUNDAY.

“ Oh, dear Mamma, that little girl
Forgets this is the day
When children should be clean and neat,
And read, and learn, and pray !

Her face is dirty and her frock,
Holes in her stockings, see ;
Her hair is such a fright, oh dear !
How wicked she must be !

She's playing in the kennel dirt
With ragged girls and boys ;
But *I* would not on Sunday touch
My clean and pretty toys.

I go to church, and sit so still,
I in the garden walk,
Or take my stool beside the fire,
And hear nice Sunday talk.

I read my Bible, learn my hymns,
My Catechism say ;
That wicked little girl does not—
She only cares to play."

" Ah ! hush that boasting tone, my love,
Repress self-glorying pride ;
You can do nothing of yourself—
Friends all your actions guide.

Thank them if you are clean and neat ;
Thank them if you are taught
To keep the holy Sabbath-day,
Or do what else you ought.

The nestling bird that waits for food,
With eager beak and cry,
The new-born lamb that on the grass
Beside its dam doth lie,

Are not so helpless, child, as you.
Forbear, then, to despise
Yon ragged girl; she has no friends
To make her good and wise."

—MARY BENNETT.

EARLY RISING.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite ere the still moon
Her Oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That nature boasts to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous stream
Of midnight theatre and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. Oh there is a charm
That morning has, that gives the brow of age

A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Breathe perfumes exquisite ! Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverish sleep, or, wakeful, dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you it must be wooed, or never won,
And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
The faded features to restore : no chain,
Be it of gold and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

—HURDIS.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned* !

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps !
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those you love !
Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling !
Oh, be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !

—CHARLES SWAIN.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A MAN very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode ;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by and entreated his aid :
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it ;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry *me*,
It will give me much pleasure to show it."

Great strength you have got,
Which, alas ! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is ;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man :
"What an excellent plan !
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother ;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

—R. S. SHARPE.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

—AMERICAN POET.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains are bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbrier entwines it around.

Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me such plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed ;

For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

—SHENSTONE.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs

WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath-day, the poor man walks
Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
From his week's toil released ;
And jocund is each little boy
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts ! that go all week
With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
Hard work and cudgel'd bones ;

But now let loose to roam athwart
The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear ;
Others are full of flings and kicks—
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
On this bright Sabbath-day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play ;

And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh if to us *one precious thing*,
And not to them, is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing
To carry it on to Heaven!

—R. CHAMBERS.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

WE are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid!
In the same cradle we were rocked—
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and wo;
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago.

We are but one—be that the bond
To hold us till we die !
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE BETTER LAND.

“ I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs ? ”

—“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze ;
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ? ”

—“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

—It is there, it is there, my child!"

—MRS HEMANS.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,

From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid ;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed : his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled :
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, oh Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song :

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair:

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his bloodstained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state:
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound :
Through glades and glooms, the mingled measures
stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing),
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung ;
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known ;
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed
Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing :
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound) ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
—COLLINS.

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

THE Mulberry-tree, the Mulberry-tree !
No child of the wood so wise as she ;
For the spring may come, and the spring may go,
And her hastier mates in beauty glow,
Yet still she waits her fitting time,
Till summer hath reached its sunny prime.
Prudent, patient Mulberry-tree !
What child of the wood so wise as she ?

But when chill spring hath passed away,
She quickly buddeth without delay,
Soon decketh herself in her summer charms,
And flingeth her dress o'er her naked arms ;

And her ample leaf unfolds at last,
And her purple fruit doth ripen fast.
Active, ardent Mulberry-tree !
No child of the wood so wise as she.

Fain would I make such wisdom mine,
Prudence and vigour thus combine ;
Not blindly rash when dangers lour,
Nor slow in duty's sunny hour ;
Still wait with patience, plan with care,
Yet prompt to act, and bold to dare.
Thus I'd be like the Mulberry-tree ;
Happy, thrice happy, if wise as she.

—S. W. PARTRIDGE.

THE GIFT.

Oh blessed, blessed flowers ! the hand
That sent ye hither, pure and fair,
Though it had swept through all the land
Could nothing home so lovely bear.

Most tender and most beautiful,
All fresh with dew, and rich with balm,
How from art's garlands dim and dull
Ye bear the glory and the palm !

When thus your gathered crowns I see,
Young queens of nature undefiled !
Methinks your only throne should be
The bosom of a little child.

Yet breathe once more upon my sense ;
Ah, take my kiss your leaves among !
Ye fill me with a bliss intense,
Ye stir my soul to humblest song.

And not alone ye solace bring,
Sweet blossoms ! to my present hour ;
In every fairy cup and ring
I find a spell of memory's power.

In every odorous breath I feel
That thus, in other spring-times gay,
The lips of flowers did all unseal,
To whisper gladness round my way.

And there were friends with loving eyes,
And cheerful step, and words of mirth,
And there was heaven with smiling skies,
That bade us look beyond the earth.

Therefore my gentlest thanks I sing
To her who sent these tender flowers ;
They to my *present*, solace bring,
And to my *memory*, vanished hours.

—KNICKERBOCKER.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS' CHORUS.

[There is an old English belief, that when a sick person is about to depart, a chorus of Robin Redbreasts raise their plaintive songs near the house of death.]

THE summer sweets had passed away, with many a
heart-throb sore,
For warning voices said that she would ne'er see sum-
mer more ;
But still I hoped — 'gainst hope itself — and at the
autumn tide,
With joy I marked returning strength, while watching
by her side.

But dreary winter and his blasts came with redoubled
gloom,
With trembling hands the Christmas boughs I hung
around the room ;
For gone the warmth of autumn days—her life was on
the wane :
Those Christmas boughs at Candlemas I took not down
again ! *

* Evergreens hung about on Christmas eve ought to be taken down on the 2d February—Candlemas-day—according to old usage.

One day a Robin Redbreast came unto the casement
near,
She loved its soft and plaintive note which few unmoved
can hear ;
But on each sad successive day this Redbreast ceased
not bringing
Other Robins, till a chorus full and rich was singing.

Then, then I knew that death was nigh, and slowly
stalking on ;
I gazed with speechless agony on our beloved one ;
No tearful eye, no fluttering mien, such sorrow durst
betray—
We tried to soothe each parting pang of nature's last
decay.

The blessed Sabbath morning came, the last she ever
saw ;
And I had read of Jesus' love, of God's eternal law,
Amid the distant silver chime of Sunday bells sweet
ringing—
Amid a chorus rich and full of Robin Redbreasts singing !

The grass waves high, the fields are green, which skirt
the churchyard side,
Where charnel vaults with massive walls their slumber-
ing inmates hide ;

The ancient trees cast shadows broad, the sparkling
waters leap,
And still the Redbreast sings around *her* long and
dreamless sleep !

—C. A. M. W.

LINES WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF A
FAVOURITE BIRD.

I TAUGHT my gay and beauteous bird some words of
love to prize,
And fancied meaning beamed within his dark and
lustrous eyes :
I taught him fond and winning ways he never knew
before—
Ah ! how the sweet one fluttering gained his rare and
dainty lore.

That bird was strangely dear to me ; and when I
mused alone,
His thrilling cadence seemed to mourn some loved and
absent one ;
But at the holy sunset hour he nestled in my breast,
And understood of all sweet birds I loved my own the
best !

In solitude and loneliness the human heart must cling
And rest on something—though it be a dumb and
soulless thing.

When summer roses fade away, 'tis sad to see them die,
But far more sad it was to hear my gentle bird's last sigh.

And all beneath a white rose-tree I laid his little
head —

The tree he loved to nestle on now shades his grassy bed;
And when at eve these buds are gemmed with dew-
drops soft and cool,

Amid them falls a tear for thee, my bright, my beautiful!
—C. A. M. W.

ANGELS IN THE AIR.

[Suggested by the remark of a little girl, who, observing large snow-flakes falling, exclaimed to her sister: "O don't hurt them, Mary; there's angels in them!"]

DARK, darker grew the leaden sky,
The wind was moaning low,
And, shrouding all the herbless ground,
Sad, silently, and slow,
Wending from heaven its weary way
Fell the white flaked snow.

A little child looked wondering on,
As larger flakes fell near,
And clutching at her sister's hand,
Exclaimed with hushing fear :
" O do not, Mary, do them harm—
There's angels in them, dear !"

" 'Twas but," sayst thou, " a child's conceit ;"
But ah, the lesson prize—
High instinct is best reasoning,
The pure are still the wise :
Man's vaunted head what poor exchange
For childhood's heart and eyes !

Things are to us as we to them ;
Thought is but feeling's wing ;
And did but our cold withered hearts
To earth less closely cling,
We might see angels everywhere,
And God in everything !

—S. W. PARTRIDGE.

THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

Ay! cast those gloomy thoughts aside,
The genial spring is here :
She comes with all her violets
To bless another year.
Lo! rising at her welcome voice,
They steal in gladness out,
And, wished for long, the light warm south
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude gray stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass,
In starry clusters strewn.
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race,
But every breeze that wanders by
Reveals their hidingplace.

While, heedless of their own sweet worth,
They quaff the shining dew,
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,
Its deep and stainless blue.
Go, mark thou well the scents and dyes,
To them so freely given,
And own that weak and lowly things
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live on earth unseen,
To pass unseen away.
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,
Where sacred duty leads;
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

—REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Is this the type, as poets paint, of man's immortal
doom,
When into life and light he springs victorious from the
tomb?
Alas, poor fly! a fleeting hour is thine, thy struggles
vain,
And sinking soon, the child of dust returns to dust
again.

Of human weakness rather thou the type dost seem to
me,
Of thoughts that from the grovelling earth take wing
and upwards flee,

But, unsustained by heavenly power, yield to the
passing storm,
And from a wing'd and glorious thing descend a sordid
worm.

Father! to thee for help I call, to aid my insect flight—
Invite me heavenward by thy love, sustain me by thy
might:

But since the taint will still remain that waits on mortal
birth,

Hasten, O Lord, and break the chain that binds me to
the earth!

—LEITCH RITCHIE.

TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE.

ALICE, Alice, little Alice,
My new-christened baby Alice!

Can there ever rhyme be found
To express my wishes for thee
In a silvery flowing, worthy
Of that silvery sound?

Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice!

Sure that sweetest name must be
A true omen to thee, Alice,
Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Mayst thou prove a golden chalice
 Filled with holiness, like wine ;
With rich blessings running o'er,
Yet replenished evermore
 From a fount divine !
Alice, Alice, little Alice,
 When this future comes to thee,
In thy young life's brimming chalice
 Keep some drops of balm for me.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Mayst thou grow up a fair palace,
 Fitly framed from roof to floor,
Pure unto the very centre,
While high thoughts like angels enter,
 At the open door.
Alice, Alice, little Alice,
 When this goodly sight I see,
In thy woman-heart's rich palace
 Keep one nook of love for me !

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Sure the verse fails out of malice
 To the thoughts it feebly bears ;
And thy name's sweet echoes, ranging
From quaint rhyme to rhyme, are changing,
 Unto voiceless prayers.

God be with thee, little Alice !
Of His bounteousness, may He
Fill the chalice, build the palace,
Here—unto eternity !

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER.

AN Irish beggar, in the crowded street,
Led her young troop with bare and blistered feet ;
Her glossy face full broad and plump was seen,
Where much content and little care had been.
As quick to laugh, as quick to shed the tear—
Both for her purposes lay ever near.
A ready curtsy, too, she always had,
And supple words to fit her history sad.
A web of famine, fever, misery,
To every temper of coy charity.

—A little, little room—and only one—
In a close alley, prisoned from the sun.
There, see, the tucked-up apron yields the scraps
That well requite the beggar's small mishaps.
Fast as the greasy remnants come to sight,
The babes devour them with a huge delight.
Whilst, like a wayside blossom, sweet and fair,
Born in a ditch, and left to perish there,

One stands apart, the beggar's eldest child—
Fair amid foulness, in the slough unsoiled ;
A loving creature, modest, kind, and good—
Ah, dreary dawning of her womanhood !

Great Spirit ! Comforter ! thou dost not brood
Only in peaceful, lonely solitude.
The trader's haunt of traffic oft is blest
With Thy soft presence, life-redeeming guest !
And Thou hast visited where Simon waits,
From year to year, at Mammon's golden gates.
Simon, a man to whom is vanity
All minstrel sounds, all poet imagery,
All forms ideal that glorify life's way ;
Trade, the great king, rules him with iron sway.
In gloomy warehouse ever he is penned,
Yet—yet o'er Simon's heart the Dove's white pinions
 bend.

It was to Simon that the beggar dame
With all her arts and with her daughter came.

Low Irish eloquence ! it is a mine
Where false and true wear all one glistening shine.
Emotions, good and bad wear one bright dress
Of flattering words and sparkling images.
This Simon knows ; but it is Bridget's plan
To let the right be foremost—where she can ;

In such a home the beggar's daughter dwelt ;
With Simon's friends she morn and even knelt ;
In tranquil industry she passed her time,
And truth and knowledge beautified her prime.

Then viewed she all the abysses horrible—
Vice, infamy, the deeps of death and hell—
From which the trader had been her defence ;
Wherefore she blessed him and high Providence.

Simon's rich ledgers many debtors show,
But not a page reveals what she doth owe ;
That reckoning Martha keepeth close and sure,
Deep in her heart, where it shall aye endure.
And he shall find that reckoning better worth
Than the best balances he boasts on earth.

Brothers and sisters soon claim Martha's aid.
Schooling she finds, or service, or a trade,
With Simon's help ; but nothing can reclaim
From her wild habits the poor Irish dame.
The bread of work is sweet, who will may say—
Bitter to Bridget—it is spurned away.
Martha is grieved, and gently doth reprove,
But mindeth well her erring mother's love—
Love gracing still that rugged heart—as free,
As bright, as fresh, as beautiful to see
As the green moss upon the wintry tree.

"'Tis inbred, darlin' ; I'm too old to mend—
The old oak-bough you cannot easy bend—
But my dear childer sure I won't disgrace."
So they can seldom now her wanderings trace :
Only at times to them by stealth she came,
Lifting her shield of love against their blame.
Oh, tender meeting ! how her gathering years
Would cast their weight and gush in happy tears—
Tears such as nature in its strength pours forth,
Joy-lighted, like fresh dew when morn laughs o'er the
earth.

Thus marking time by each fond visit past,
She was an Irish beggar to the last.

Simon's good work hath gained him little praise,
But checreth on his few remaining days.
It is a starry seraph by his side,
Illumining the dusky warehouse wide.
For in this world no place so dim, so dull,
But worthy deeds may make it beautiful.
—MARY BENNETT.

