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THE  
FIRST BOOK OF POETRY.

COMPILED FOR  
The Use of Families and Schools ;

BY  
GOSTO BEHARY MULLICK.

AUTHOR OF  
“ EARL MAYO AND HIS WORK,” “ THE LIFE  
AND CHARACTER OF PRINCE ALBERT ” “ THE CHRISTIAN  
REPENTANT,” &c. &c.

“ *Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality  
and to delectation.* ”—BACON.

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TO  
HIS HONOR  
THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

OF BENGAL  
*This Little Volume*

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

*HIS OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT*

GOSTO BEHARY MULLICK

## PREFACE.

IN preparing for the use of the Indian students the first of a series of Poetical Class Books in which they may gradually advance from simple but interesting subjects to those of a more difficult and sublime character, the Compiler has kept two objects in view. Firstly the production of a high moral tone and a devout Spirit and secondly a rigorous intellectual instruction and discipline.

The class of children for whom the book is specially intended is supposed not only to have overcome to a considerable extent, the mechanical difficulty of reading and to be already prepared with a slight assistance to understand the general scope and bearing of a writer, but also in some degree to appreciate the beauty or the value of his sentiments.

It is universally admitted that the poems we read in our youth make a lasting impression on our minds. They come back in after years like delightful dreams when we come into contact with the hard realities of life, and whether for good or for evil exercise a potent influence.

The selections have therefore been made of a kind eminently calculated to improve the mind and character of the reader. They tend to favor loving and trustful feelings—a taste for the enjoyment of natural scenery, and the cultivation of an humble, contented, and domestic spirit. While shewing forth the beauty of genius, they tend to promote the culture of the finer susceptibili-

ties of our nature, to raise the heart above the hollow vanities of the world and fix the thoughts on a high and holy spiritual life—above all to elevate and sanctify the youthful soul with important principles of piety and virtue.

The language of the pieces selected are invariably characterized by purity, propriety, perspicuity and elegance of diction. I have studiously refrained from selecting any poem that might gratify a corrupt mind, or in the least degree offend the eye or ear of innocence.

The teacher should thoroughly explain to the pupils, allusions to persons, places and events in each poem. In order to teach with any lasting benefit, he must be previously prepared with the fullest information on all these points.

At the close of the explanation by the teachers, the pupils who can write with sufficient facility should be directed to put down from memory what they can recollect of the lectures. This exercise will be found eminently useful not only in forming habits of attention but also in facilitating the expression of thought with care, accuracy and precision.

“To produce any lasting or beneficial impression, readings of poetry should be accompanied by remarks, both critical and explanatory, on the part of the tutor; peculiarities and beauties, whether of language or sentiment, should be pointed out; imperfections must be noticed; and the style of one author placed in contrast with that of another. By such means the mind of the pupil will be opened, his critical perception will be awakened and exercised, and his taste and judgment cannot fail to be improved.”



MR. Horace Mann, in his "Educational Tour," gives the following description of a poetical reading lesson, as delivered by a master in one of the Prussian schools :—

"The subject was a short piece of poetry, describing a hunter's life in Missouri. It was first read—the reading being accompanied with appropriate criticisms as to pronunciation, tone, &c. It was then taken up, verse by verse, and the pupils were required to give equivalent expressions in prose. The teacher then entered into an explanation of every part of it, in a sort of oral lecture, accompanied with occasional questions. This was done with the greatest minuteness. Where there was a geographical reference, he entered at large into geography, where a reference to a foreign custom, he compared it with their customs at home; and thus he explained every part, and illustrated the illustrations themselves; until, after an entire hour spent upon six four-line verses, he left them to write out the sentiment and the story in prose, to be produced in school the next morning. All this was done without the slightest break or hesitation, and evidently proceeded from a mind full of the subject, and having a ready command of all its resources." The Rev. H. Moseley, in quoting the above extract, says—"I have transcribed it, because it embodies an idea of such a lesson which appears to me not less novel, as it regards the elementary education of this country, than important."

The Compiler has introduced into this volume several well known pieces of the living poets of Britain and America which he believes are presented for the first time to the Bengalee youth. If he should succeed even in a

small degree, in helping forward the cause of true education which while raising the intellect shall sanctify the soul, he will think himself amply rewarded.

29 Rutton Sircar's Garden Street. G. B. M.  
Calcutta 20 September 1871.



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<i>Allston</i>	<i>Keble</i>
<i>Bowles</i>	<i>Ken Bishop</i>
<i>Burrows Mary</i>	<i>Kingsley</i>
<i>Byron</i>	<i>Landon</i>
<i>Bryant</i>	<i>Longfellow</i>
<i>Barbauld</i>	<i>Lynch</i>
<i>Bowring</i>	<i>Montgomery</i>
<i>Browning, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Mitford</i>
<i>Brooke</i>	<i>Moore</i>
<i>Callanan</i>	<i>Moss</i>
<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Nicoll</i>
<i>Clare</i>	<i>Opie Mrs</i>
<i>Coleridge</i>	<i>Pardoe Miss</i>
<i>Cooke, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Pope</i>
<i>Cooper</i>	<i>Roger</i>
<i>Cowper</i>	<i>Sandon</i>
<i>Crabbe</i>	<i>Scott</i>
<i>Cunningham</i>	<i>Shenstone</i>
<i>Doane</i>	<i>Shorter</i>
<i>Doddridge</i>	<i>Smith Virginia</i>
<i>Edmeston</i>	<i>Sigourney</i>
<i>Elizabeth C</i>	<i>Southey</i>
<i>Elliot</i>	<i>Swan</i>
<i>Gilbert Mrs</i>	<i>Taylor, Emily</i>
<i>Gisborne</i>	<i>Tennyson</i>
<i>Goldsmith</i>	<i>Thompson</i>
<i>Gray</i>	<i>White Kirk</i>
<i>Griffin</i>	<i>Wilkes</i>
<i>Hastings Lady. F.</i>	<i>Wolfe</i>
<i>Heber</i>	<i>Wilson Mrs</i>
<i>Howitt Mary</i>	<i>Wordsworth</i>
<i>Hemans Mrs</i>	<i>Wotton. Sir. H</i>
<i>Hood</i>	

# FIRST BOOK OF POETRY.



## I. MORAL MAXIMS.

ABSENCE of occupation is not rest ;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distrest.

COWARDS are cruel, but the brave  
Love mercy, and delight to save.

'TIS to ourselves, indeed, we owe  
The multitude of poignant griefs we feel.

---

HONOR and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

To thine own woes be not thy thoughts confined,  
But go abroad and think of all mankind.

HE fails who pleasure makes his prime pursuit,  
For pleasure is, of duty done, the fruit.

---

THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will,

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

THE sense of death is most in apprehension :  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies,

THE wise and active conquer difficulties  
By daring to attempt them : sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make the impossibility they fear.

SAFER to reconcile a foe, than make  
A conquest of him, for the conquest's sake ;  
This tames the *power* of doing present ill,  
But that disarms him of the very *will*.

FRIEND ! do not crouch to those above,  
And do not tread on those below ;  
Love *those*, they're worthy of thy love ;  
Love *these*, and thou wilt make them so.

THE swelling of an outer fortune can  
Create a prosperous, not a happy man ;  
A peaceful Conscience is the true Content,  
And Wealth is but her golden ornament.

THOUGH features harsh, and figure rude,  
May on the outward form intrude ;  
How oft within such forms we find  
The lasting beauties of the mind.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
 But grant me, kind Providence ! virtue and health ;  
 Then, richer than kings and more happy than they,  
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

SHALL we pine,  
 And be dishearten'd with a day of grief,  
 When the same hand which brought affliction on,  
 Restrains its pow'r, and can, with equal ease,  
 Remove it ?

IN other men we faults can spy,  
 And blame the mote that dims their eye !  
 Each little speck and blemish find,  
 To our own stronger errors blind.  
 Ere we remark another's sin,  
 Let our own conscience look within.

## II. LIFE'S BUBBLES.

HE who has not learned to know  
 How false life's sparkling bubbles show,  
 How bitter are the drops of woe  
 That from its brim may overflow—  
 He has not learned to live.

LONGFELLOW.

## III. MUTABILITY.

CLOUD and sunshine, wind and weather,  
 Sense and sight, are fleeing fast ;  
 Time and tide must fail together,  
 Life and death will soon be past ;  
 But where day's last spark declines,  
 Glory everlasting shines.

MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

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 But where day's last spark declines,  
 Glory everlasting shines.

MONTGOMERY.

## IV. LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

“LIVE while you live,” the epicure would say,  
 “And seize the pleasures of the present day.”  
 “‘Live while you live,’ the sacred preacher cries,  
 ‘And give to God each moment as it flies.’”  
 Lord! in my views let both united be;  
 I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

## V. THE BEST REVENGE.

THE best revenge is love :—disarm  
 Anger with smiles ; heal wounds with balm ;  
 Give water to thy thirsting foe ;  
 The sandal-tree, as if to prove  
 How sweet to conquer hate by love,  
 Perfumes the axe that lays it low.

*(From the Persian.)*

WILKES.

## VI. CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

God that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light !  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night !  
 May thine angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This live-long night !

HEBER.

## VII. HOPE.

THE wretch, condemned with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies ;  
 And every pang that rend's the heart  
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way ;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

### VIII. MERCY.

BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart  
 Feels all another's pain ;  
 To whom the supplicating eye  
 Was never raised in vain.  
 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth  
 A stranger's woes to feel,  
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the power to heal.

MRS. BARBAULD.

### IX. GRATITUDE.

WHAT is grandeur, what is power ?  
 Heavier toil, superior pain.  
 What the bright reward we gain ?  
 The grateful memory of the good.  
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,  
 Sweet Music's melting fall ; but sweeter yet  
 The still small voice of Gratitude.

GRAY.

### X. THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

GOD of my Fathers ! deign to smile  
 With pitying love on me,  
 And bless my hours of lonely toil,  
 And raise my heart to Thee.  
 Then, happy in my lowly state,  
 I never can repine ;  
 I'll envy not the rich or great,  
 If Thou wilt call me Thine.



Let others mourn their humble lot,  
 But I will work and sing ;  
 For, though the world regard me not,  
 My Father is the King.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

---

## XI. WE ARE ALL GOD'S CHILDREN.

CHILDREN we are all,  
 Of one Great Father, in whatever clime  
 His providence hath cast the seed of life.  
 The all-seeing Father, He in whom we live and move,  
 He, the impartial Judge of all,—regards  
 Nations and hues, and dialects alike.  
 According to their works shall they be judged,  
 When even-handed justice in the scale  
 Their good and evil weighs.

SOUTHEY.

## XII. TO BLESS IS TO BE BLEST.

WHEN young, what honest triumph flush'd my breast,  
 This truth once known,—To bless, is to be blest !  
 I led the bending beggar on his way ;  
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray ;)  
 Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt,  
 As in his scrip I dropp'd my little store,  
 And wept to think that little was no more ;  
 He breath'd his prayer "Long may such goodness live !"  
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

## XIII. THE CHILD'S TALENT.

God intrusts to all, talents few or many ;  
 None so young and small, that they have not any,  
 Though the great and wise, have a greater number,  
 Yet nry one 1 prize, and it must not slumber.

God will surely ask, ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task which to me was given ?

Little drops of rain bring the springing flowers,  
And I may attain, much by little powers.

Every little mite, every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure.

EDMESTON.

#### XIV. THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

BEHOLD the blushing rose,  
Her lovely tints display,  
The queen of every flower that blows  
Beneath the eye of day.

Yon lily of the vale,  
Scarce peeping through the green,  
That folds around her blossom pale,  
Aspires not to be seen.

And shall a child be vain,  
Less than the lily fair ?  
Can I so soft a tint obtain,  
Or with the rose compare ?

If I am not as fair,  
I am as frail as they ;  
To honour God be all my care,  
And that without delay.

#### XV. GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

THE insect, that with puny wing  
Just shoots along one summer ray,  
The floweret which the breath of spring  
Wakes into life for half a day,  
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,  
All feel a heavenly Father's care.

E'en from the glories of His throne,  
 He bends to view this earthly ball ;  
 Sees all as if that all were one,  
 Loves one as if that one were all ;  
 Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,  
 And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

CUNNINGHAM.

## XVI. MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run :  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;  
 Each present day, thy last esteem ;  
 Improve thy talent with duccare ;  
 And for the judgment day prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;  
 Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear :  
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

SHOP KEN.BI

## XVII. EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light :  
 Keep me, O keep me, Kings of kings,  
 Beneath thy own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord for thou alone  
 Canst wash the sins that I 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 deathless spirit may  
 Leave with joyous hope this frame of clay.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
 To serve my God when I awake.

BISHOP KEN.

## XVIII. THE COTTAGER AND HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
 The north wind sings a doleful song,  
 Then hush again upon my breast,  
 All merry things are now at rest,  
     Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
 The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
 There's nothing stirring in the house,  
 Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse—  
     Then why so busy thou?

Nay, start not at that sparkling light,  
 'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
 On the window-pane bedropped with rain.  
 Then, little darling! sleep again,  
     And wake when it is day.

WORDSWORTH.

## XIX. PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire  
 Uttered or unexpressed;  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
     That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear ;  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try ;  
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the mortal's vital breath,  
 The mortal's native air ;  
 His watchword at the gates of death :  
 He enters heaven by prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

## XX. HYMN OF THE TURKISH CHILDREN.

ALLAH ! Father ! hear us ;  
 Our souls are faint and weak :  
 A cloud is on our mother's brow,  
 A tear upon her check ;  
 We fain would chase that cloud away,  
 And stay that sadd'ning tear ;  
 For this it is to-night we pray—  
 Allah ! Father ! hear !  
 We seek the cooling fountain,  
 Alas ! we seek in vain :  
 The cloud that crowns the mountain  
 Melts not away in rain ;  
 The stream is shrunk which thro' our plain  
 Once glided bright and clear ;  
 Oh ! ope the secret springs again—  
 Allah ! Father ! hear !

We bring thee flowers, sweet flowers,  
 All withered in their prime ;  
 No moisture glistens on their leaves ;  
 They sickened ere their time.  
 And we, like them, shall pass away,  
 Ere wintry days are near,  
 Should'st thou not hear us when we pray,  
 Allah ! Father ! hear !

MISS PARDOE.

## XXI. TO A CHILD.

Love Truth, dear child, love Truth !  
 'Twill gladden thy morn of youth ;  
 And, in the noon of life,  
 Though it cost thee pain and strife  
 To keep the truth in its brightness—  
 Still cleave to thy uprightness :

Yea, the truth to own,  
 Dear child, be brave—  
 In spite of the frown  
 Of the bigot and knave ;  
 Aye, in spite of the proud,  
 Dare to speak it aloud !

Thus live, and when cometh life's farewell day,  
 Thou wilt be able to smile and say—  
 "Welcome life, or welcome death !  
 I have loved the Truth, and to yield my breath  
 I feel no fear :  
 Truth gladdened my life,—and the gloom of death  
 Its glorious light shall cheer !"

THOMAS COOPER,

## XXII. GOD CREATED ALL THINGS.

God made the sky that looks so blue,  
 He made the grass so green,  
 He made the flowers that smell so sweet,  
 In pretty colours seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,  
 And gladdens all I see ;  
 It comes to give us heat and light,  
 How thankful should we be !

God made the pretty bird to fly,  
 How sweetly has she sung !  
 And though she soars so very high,  
 She'll not forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,  
 The horse for me to use ;  
 I'll treat them kindly for his sake,  
 Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink :  
 He made the fish to swim ;  
 He made the trees to bear nice fruit,  
 Oh ! how should I love Him !

### XXIII. KINDNESS TO GOD'S CREATURES.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,  
 Nor crush that helpless worm :  
 The frame thy wayward looks deride,  
 None but our God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,  
 From whom they being flow'd,  
 A portion of his boundless love  
 On the poor worm bestow'd.

The light, the air, the dew he made  
 To all his creatures free,  
 And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade  
 For them as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,  
 Their lowly bliss receive ;  
 Oh ! do not lightly take away  
 The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

### XIV. THE CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS.

ENCINCTURED with a twine of leaves,  
 That leafy twine his only dress !  
 lovely boy was plucking fruits,  
 In a moonlight wilderness.

The moon was bright, the air was free,  
 And fruits and flowers together grew  
 And many a shrub and many a tree :  
 And all put on a gentle hue,  
 Hanging in the shadowy air,  
 Like a picture rich and rare.  
 It was a climate where, they say  
 The night is more belov'd than day.  
 But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd  
 That beauteous Boy, to linger here ?  
 Alone, by night, a little child,  
 In place so silent and so wild—  
 Has he no friend, no loving mother near ?

COLERIDGE.

## XXV. LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know,  
 I cannot your kindness repay ;  
 But I hope, that as older I grow,  
 I shall learn your commands to obey.

You lov'd me before I could tell  
 Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;  
 But now that I know it so well,  
 I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should  
 Be naughty, and give you a pain ;  
 I hope I shall learn to be good,  
 And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare  
 To act an undutiful part,  
 I often must seek in my pray'r,  
 For an humble and teachable heart.

ANON. •



## XXVI. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame ;  
 Quit, Oh quit, this mortal frame :  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away.  
 What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?  
 The world recedes ; it disappears !  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring :  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 Oh grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 Oh death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

## XXVII. THE SAILOR-BOY.

HE rose at dawn, and flush'd with hope,  
 Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,  
 And reached the ship and caught the rope,  
 And whistled to the morning star.  
 And while on deck he whistled loud,  
 He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,  
 "Boy, though thou art young and proud,  
 I see the place where thou wilt lie.  
 The sands and yeasty surges mix,  
 In caves about the dreary bay,  
 And on thy ribs the limpit sticks,  
 And on thy heart the scrawl shall play !"  
 " Fool !" he answer'd, " death is sure  
 To those that stay and those that roam ;  
 But I will never more endure  
 To sit with empty hands at home.

My mother clings about my neck ;  
 My sister clamours ' Stay, for shame !'  
 My father raves of death and wreck,—  
 They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

God help me ! save I take my part  
 Of danger on the roaring sea ;  
 A devil rises in my heart,  
 Far worse than any death to me. ”

TENNYSON.

## XXVIII. THE POWER OF GOD.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from Thee :  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam delays  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into heaven,  
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with a thousand eyes—  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
 And every flower the summer wreaths  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye,  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things bright and fair are Thine !

MOORE,

## XXIX. THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller  
 The song amid the sky,  
 Where twinkling in the dewy light,  
 The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller  
 The gales that round him play,  
 When faint and heavily he drags  
 Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun  
 Full wearily toils he,  
 The flowing water makes to him  
 A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,  
 And all is calm around,  
 There is sweet music to his ear  
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh ! of all delightful sounds  
 Of evening or of morn,  
 The sweetest is the voice of love  
 That welcomes his return.

SOUTHEY.

XXX. LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP, THE  
SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

I LOVE the cheering sunlight  
 Of love and friendship's smile—  
 They make this world a home of bliss,  
 And all its care beguile ;  
 When my onward path looks dark,  
 I turn to their bright ray,  
 And find that each fond glance has power  
 To chase the gloom away.

I love the gentle music  
 Of dear affection's voice—  
 It wakes each thought to ecstasy,  
 And bids my heart rejoice.  
 The proud may frown upon me—  
 I care not for their pride  
 For I can smile at all the world  
 With true friends by my side !

MARY BURROWS.

### XXXI. SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

MERRY sings the lark as it soareth wide and high,  
 Merry sings the robin on the flowering tree ;  
 Merry hums the bee as it flitteth swiftly by,  
 And, O ! merry sings the child on its mother's knee.

Brightly shine the stars in the blue and moon-lit sky  
 Bright bloom the flowers o'er the meadow and the lea ;  
 Bright the wings glisten of the swallows as they fly,  
 And, O ! brightly smiles the child on its mother's knee.

But bird and bee have flown, and clouds obscure the sky,  
 The flowers all have faded that were so fair to see ;  
 The days grow dark and drear as winter draweth nigh,  
 And our child lies cold and dead on its mother's knee.

SHORTER

### XXXII. PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING th' almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise ;  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 That fill'd the earth with food ;  
 He formed the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn mine eyes ;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the skies !

There's not a plant or flower below,  
 But makes thy glory known ;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures, num'rous though they be,  
 Are subject to thy care ;  
 There's not a place where we can flee,  
 But God is present there.

In heav'n He shines in beams of love,  
 His wrath fills hell beneath ;  
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,  
 He keeps me with his eye ;  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is for ever nigh ?

ANON.

### XXXIII. THE CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces !  
 Spite of all that mars and sears :  
 To my inmost heart appealing ;  
 Calling forth love's tenderest feeling ;  
 Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—  
 Poverty's lean look, which saith,  
 Save us ! save us ! woe surrounds us ;  
 Little knowledge sore confounds us ;  
 Life is but a lingering death !

Give us light amid our darkness ;  
 Let us know the good from ill ;  
 Hate us not for all our blindness ;  
 Love us, **lead us, show us** kindness—  
 You can make us what you will.

We are willing ; we are ready ;  
 We would learn, if you would teach ;  
 We have hearts that yearn towards duty ;  
 We have minds alive to beauty ;  
 Souls that any heights can reach !  
 Raise us by your Christian knowledge ;  
 Consecrate to man our powers ;  
 Let us take our proper station ;  
 We, the rising generation,  
 Let us stamp the age as ours !

We shall be what you will make us ;—  
 Make us wise, and make us good !  
 Make us strong for time of trial ;  
 Teach us temperance, self-denial,  
 Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Look into our childish faces ;  
 See you not our willing hearts ?  
 Only love us—only lead us ;  
 Only let us know you need us,  
 And we all will do our parts,

We are thousands—many thousands  
 Every day our ranks increase ;  
 Let us march beneath your banner,  
 We, the legion of true honour,  
 Combating for love and peace !

Train us ! try us ! days slide onward,  
 They can ne'er be ours again :  
 Save us, save ! from our undoing !  
 Save from ignorance and ruin ;  
 Make us worthy to be **MEN** !

Send us to our weeping mothers,  
 Angel-stamped in heart and brow !  
 We may be our fathers' teachers :  
 We may be the mightiest preachers,  
 In the day that dawneth now !

Such the children's mute appealing,  
 All my inmost soul was stirred ;  
 And my heart was bowed with sadness,  
 When a cry, like summer's gladness,  
 Said, " The children's prayer is heard !"

MARY HOWITT.

### XXXIV. THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy whose infant feet had trod  
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,  
 And when the eighth came round, and call'd him out  
 To gambol in the sun, he turn'd away,  
 And sought his chamber to lie down and die.  
 'Twas night—he summoned his accustom'd friends,  
 And on this wise bestow'd his last bequest:—

" Mother, I'm dying now—  
 There is deep suffocation in my breast,  
 As if some heavy hand my bosom prest ;  
 And on my brow

" I feel the cold sweat stand ;  
 My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath  
 Comes feebly up ; Oh ! tell me, is this death ?  
 Mother ! your hand.

" Here—lay it on my wrist,  
 And place the other thus beneath my head,  
 And say, sweet mother say, when I am dead,  
 Shall I be missed ?

" Never beside your knee  
 Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,  
 Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay  
 You taught to me.

" Oh ! at the time of prayer,  
 When you look round and see a vacant seat,  
 You will not wait then for my coming feet,  
 You'll miss me there !

“ Father ! I’m going home,  
To the good home you speak of, that blest land  
Where it is one bright summer always, and  
Storms do not come.

“ I must be happy then !  
From pain and death you say I shall be free,  
That sickness never enters there, and we  
Shall meet again.

“ Brother ! the little spot  
I used to call my garden, where long hours  
We’ve stay’d to watch the budding things and flowers ;  
Forget it not.

“ Plant there some box or pine,  
Something that lives in winter, and will be  
A verdant offering to my memory,  
And call it mine.

“ Sister ! my young rose tree  
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,  
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair  
I give to thee.

“ And when its roses bloom,  
I shall be gone away—my short life done ;  
But will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb ?

“ Now, mother ! sing that tune  
You sang last night, I’m weary and must sleep !  
Who was it call’d my name ? Nay, do not weep ;  
You’ll all come soon ! ”

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,  
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,  
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air  
Came through the open windows freighted with  
The savoury odours of the early spring.  
He breathed it not !—The laugh of passers-by  
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,  
But marred not his slumbers—he was dead !

ANON.



## XXXV. THE SQUIRREL.

OH, there's the squirrel perch'd aloft,  
 That active little rover ;  
 See how he whisks his bushy tail,  
 Which shadows him all over.

Now view him seated on the bough,  
 To crack his nuts at ease,  
 While black-birds sing, and stock-doves coo,  
 Amid the neighbouring trees.

With cunning glance he casts around  
 His merry sparkling eye ;  
 In yonder hazel, by the brook,  
 Rich clusters he can spy.

His lofty station soon he quits,  
 To seize the milky store ;  
 You ne'er can catch him, dearest child,  
 The useless chase give o'er.

The butterfly you once surprised,  
 And had him in your power,  
 While he his painted wings display'd  
 Upon the passion-flower.

As in the fox-gloves bell he dived,  
 You caught the humble bee,  
 Examined well his velvet coat,  
 Then gave him liberty.

With lambkins you might run a race,  
 Though swift they hied away ;  
 The nimble kid attempt to chase  
 Along the heathy brae ;

But little squirrel's more alert  
 Than butterfly or bee ;  
 No lamb or kid is half so light,  
 So swift of foot as he.

Come, dearest child, the chase give o'er ;  
 And, in this pleasant shade,  
 Let us remember Him whose love  
 Has all these creatures made.

ANON.

## XXXVI. THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man !  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
 Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,  
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

( Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor ! )  
 Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
 A pampered menial forced me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable home,  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold :  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?  
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see :  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;  
 But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot ;  
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !  
 Lured by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage.  
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;  
 Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Moss.

### XXXVII. THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,  
 In every clime adored,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood ;  
 Who all my sense confined ;  
 To know but this, That thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill ;  
 And, binding Nature fast in Fate,  
 Left free the human will :

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away ;  
 For God is paid when man receives ;  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousands worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
 Presume thy bolts to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land,  
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
 Still in the right to stay :  
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,  
 To hide the fault I see :  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
 O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :  
 All else beneath the sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, and skies !  
 One chorus let all beings raise !  
 All Nature's incense rise !

POPE.

### XXXVIII. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach;  
 He hears his daughter's voice  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees its close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW

### XXXIX. LUCY GRAY.

OF T I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
 And, when I crossed the wild,  
 I chanced to see at break of day  
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
 She dwelt on a wide moor,  
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
 The hare upon the green ;  
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
 Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—  
 You to the town must go ;  
 And take a lantern, Child, to light  
 Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, Father ! will I gladly do :  
 ‘Tis scarcely afternoon—  
 The minster-clock has just struck two,  
 And yonder is the moon !”

At this the Father raised his hook,  
 And snapped a faggot-band ;  
 He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
 With many a wanton stroke  
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
 She wandered up and down ;  
 And many a hill did Lucy climb :  
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
 Went shouting far and wide ;  
 But there was neither sound nor sight  
 To serve them for a guide.

At day-break, on a hill they stood  
 That overlooked the moor ;  
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
 A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,  
 “ In heaven we all shall meet ; ”  
 When in the snow the mother spied,  
 The print of Lucy's feet

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
 They tracked the footmarks small ;  
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
 And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :  
 The marks were still the same ;  
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
 Those footmarks one by one,  
 Into the middle of the plank ;  
 And further, there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
 She is a living child ;  
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
 Upon the lone-some wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
 And never looks behind ;  
 And sings a solitary song  
 That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH

## XL. THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England !  
 How beautiful they stand,  
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
 O'er all the pleasant land !  
 The deer across their greensward bound,  
 Through shade and sunny gleam ;  
 And the swan glides past them with the sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What gladsome looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light !  
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
 Or childhood's tale is told,  
 Or lips move tunefully along  
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !  
 How softly on their bowers  
 Is laid the holy quietness  
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
 Floats through their woods at morn ;  
 All other sounds in that still time,  
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet-fances.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves ;  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !  
 Long, long, in hut and hall ,  
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd  
 To guard each hallow'd wall !  
 And green for ever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God !

MRS HEMANS.



## XLI. HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neigh'd,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly !

'Tis morn, but scarce you level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy !

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

CAMPBELL.

## XLII. WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE Child, dear brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad :  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be ? ”  
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “ Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them, with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;  
Yet you are seven ! I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,  
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“ You run about my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then you are only five.”

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little Maid replied,

" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,

And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,

My kerchief there I hem ;

And there upon the ground I sit,

And sing a song to them.

" And often, after sunset, Sir,

When it is light and fair,

I take my little porringer,

And eat my supper there,

" The first that died was sister Jane,

In bed she moaning lay,

Till God released her of her pain ;

And then she went away.

" So in the church-yard she was laid ;

And, when the grass was dry,

Together round her grave we played,

My brother John and I.

" And when the ground was white with snow,

And I could run and slide,

My brother John was forced to go,

And he lies by her side."

" How many are you, then ?" said I,

" If they two are in heaven ?"

Quick was the little Maid's reply,

" O Master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead !

Their spirits are in heaven !"

'Twas throwing words away ; for still

The little Maid would have her will,

And said, " Nay, we are seven !"

WORDSWORTH.

### XLIII. WHY SHOULD NOT I BE MERRY?

THE sun is careering in glory and might,  
 'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright ;  
 The billow is tossing its foam on high,  
 And the summer breezes go lightly by ;  
 The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,  
 And why should not I be as merry as they ?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through,  
 The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew,  
 The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,  
 And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee :  
 All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,  
 And why should not I be as merry as they ?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

### XLIV. THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,  
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;  
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out of the town ;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep ;  
 Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;  
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
 And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
 And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands .  
 For those who will never come home to the town ;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;  
 And good-bye to the bar and to its moaning.

KINGSLEY.

## XLV. 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 fire-flies dance 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.

## XLVI. BIRD IN A CAGE.

OH ! who would keep a little bird confined,  
 When cowslip bells are nodding in the wind,  
 When every hedge as with " good-morrow" rings,  
 And heard from wood to wood the blackbird sings ?  
 Oh, who would keep a little bird confined  
 In his cold wiry prison ? Let him fly,  
 And hear him sing, " How sweet is liberty !"

BOWLES.

## XLVII. THE VILLAGE BOY.

FREE from the cottage corner, see how wild  
 The village-boy along the pasture hies,  
 With every smell, and sound, and sight beguiled,  
 That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes.  
 Now, stooping, eager for the cowslip peeps,  
 As though he'd get them all,—now, tired of these,  
 Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps  
 For some new flower his happy rapture sees,—  
 Now, leering 'mid the bushes on his knees  
 On woodland banks, for blue-bell flowers he creeps,—  
 And now, while looking up among the trees,  
 He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers,  
 And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies ;  
 The happiest object in the summer hours.

CLARE.

XLVIII. CHILDHOOD'S HALLOWED  
PRAYER.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak,  
 While we are rushing to our pleasures weak  
 And sinful, all young children with bent knees,  
 Eyes raised to heaven, and small hands folded fair,  
 Pour forth the self-same prayer

On our behalf to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh, peaceful cradle-sleep,  
 Oh, childhood's hallowed prayer ! religion deep  
 Of love, not fear, in happiness exprest ;  
 So the young bird, when done its twilight lay  
 Of praise, folds peacefully, at shut of day,  
 Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest,

(*From the French of Victor Hugo.*)

ANON

# XLIX. THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale !  
 Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,—  
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.  
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;  
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
 And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I  
 When news of Nelson's victory came,  
 Along the crowded streets to fly,  
 And see the lighted windows flame !  
 To force me home my mother sought,—  
 She could not bear to see my joy ;  
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
 And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud,  
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;  
 " Rejoice ! rejoice !" still cried the crowd ;  
 My mother answered with her tears.  
 " Why are you crying so," said I,  
 " While others laugh and shout with joy ?"  
 She kissed me—and with such a sigh !  
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

" What is an orphan boy ?" I cried,  
 As in her face I looked, and smiled ;  
 My mother through her tears replied,  
 " You'll know too soon, ill-fated child !"  
 And now they've tolled my mother's knell,  
 And I'm no more a parent's joy ;  
 O lady, I have learned too well  
 What'tis to be an orphan boy !

Oh were I by your bonnty fed !  
 Nay, gentle lady ! do not chide ;  
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—  
 The sailor's orphan-boy has pride.  
 Lady, you weep :—what is't you say ?  
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ ?  
 Look down, dear parents ! look and see  
 Your happy, happy orphan-boy.

## L. CASABIANCA.\*

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
 Whence all but he had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm—  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud :—" Say, father ! say,  
 If yet my task is done !"   
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
 " If I may yet be gone !"   
 And but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
 " My father ! must I stay ?"   
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And stream'd above the gallant child  
 Like banners in the sky.

\* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the *Attila* of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the crew had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.



There came a burst of thunder-sound—  
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strew'd the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part ;  
 But the noblest thing which perish'd there  
 Was that young and faithful heart !

MRS. HEMANS.

## LI. THE MORNING.

Get up little sister, the morning is bright,  
 And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;  
 The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower ;  
 If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,  
 How the young fawns are skipping about as they please ;  
 And by all those rings on the water, I know  
 The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing  
 To get honey from every flower of the spring ;  
 For the bee never idles, but labours all day,  
 And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,  
 And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun ;  
 For the spring is so cheerful, I think, 'twould be wrong  
 If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,  
 Good children should never be lazy and sad ;  
 For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we  
 May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS,

## LII. THE POOR OLD MAN.

SWEET mercy ! how my very heart has bled  
 To see thee, poor Old Man ! and thy grey hairs  
 Hoar with the snowy blast ; while no one cares  
 To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.  
 My Father ! throw away this tattered vest  
 That mocks thy shivering ! take my garment—use  
 A young man's arm ! I'll melt these frozen dews  
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.  
 My Sara, too, shall tend thee like a Child ;  
 And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,  
 Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness.  
 He did not so, the Galilean mild,  
 Who met the Lazars turned from rich men's doors,  
 And called them friends, and healed their noisome sores.

COLERIDGE.

## LIII. AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;  
 Close by my cot she tells her tale  
 To every passing villager.  
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,  
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
 I charm the fairy-footed hours  
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
 Or crowns of living laurel weave  
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
 The canzonet and roundelay  
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade ;  
 These simple joys that never fail,  
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

## LIV. THE SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

A widow mother had a lad,  
 Now sixteen years was he ;  
 And nothing would content his heart,  
 But he must go to sea.  
 Then said the widow, " God is great  
 Upon both sea and land ;  
 And sailor people he must have,  
 And lives are in his hand."

So, with many thoughts of waves and rocks,  
 She put a Bible in his box ;  
 And as he took the key,  
 She gave him in her tears a kiss,  
 Saying, " William, when you read in this,  
 You'll often think of me."

To comfort her at home were left  
 Two daughters and a son :  
 She loved them much, but often thought  
 About her sailor one.  
 Sometimes she said, " He's surely lost,"  
 Then soon a letter came by post,  
 With William's writing on ;  
 And as they all the letter read,  
 The widow raised her eyes and said,  
 " How very thankful we should be  
 To hear good news from one at sea !  
 Sometimes, with hope that all was well,  
 There came a curious bird or shell,  
 From some far place at sea ;

Sometimes, a letter money bore— .  
 He sent it, wishing it was more,  
 To help the family ;  
 And then around the times would come,  
 When he left his ship to visit home,  
 With his mother dear to be :  
 And when she saw him, tall and strong,  
 The widow thought no more how long  
 She had waited patiently ;  
 But she said, " How quickly time has flown !  
 And William, boy, how much you've grown  
 Since first you went to sea !"

Now his brother James, the carpenter,  
 Was rising by degrees,  
 And both the sisters married were,  
 With little families—  
 When home came William with a wife ;  
 Born far away was she ;  
 Her accent foreign, dark her face ;  
 She had a woman's truth and grace,  
 And loved him tenderly.  
 And he kiss'd her, and call'd her " Dearest life "  
 And said, " Mother, she has shared with me  
 In many perils of the sea."

The pitying mother hears a tale  
 Of dangers on the sea ;  
 How dark the night, how strong the gale ,  
 How nearly drown'd was he.  
 And then she says, " God bless thee, lad !  
 It makes my old heart very glad  
 Your face once more to see."

The widow now was growing grey—  
 Warm-hearted still was she ;  
 And William's wife was often told  
 How good a son was he.  
 And then she said, " This weary head  
 Soon in its rest will be."

And sickness came, and death drew near ;  
 And once, when all around her were,  
 As William from the Scripture read,  
 She on the pillow raised her head,  
 Saying, " William, give it me."  
 Then, in her trembling hand she took  
 An old and well-worn little book ;  
 And said, with a tear, " Why, William, this  
 Is the Bible I gave you with my kiss  
 When first you went to sea."

Soon William stood by his mother's grave,  
 His tears as salt as any wave,  
 His breast heaved like the sea ;  
 And the years of voyage he had known,  
 Came all at once, not one by one,  
 Back to his memory.

Then sadly home to his wife he went,  
 And, with head upon her bosom bent,  
 He said,—“Oh, never was a man—  
 No, never since the world began—  
 With a better mother blest !”  
 And she answer'd, with her tenderest kiss,  
 “It is true, it is true, I know it is ;  
 But, William, dearest, think of this—  
 She's quietly at rest.”

LYNCH.

## LV. THE FATHERLESS

SPEAK softly to the fatherless !  
 And check the harsh reply  
 What sends the crimson to the cheek,  
 The tear-drop to the eye.  
 They have the weight of loneliness  
 In this wide world to bear ;  
 Then gently raise the fallen bud,  
 The drooping floweret spare.

Speak gently to tho fatherless !  
 The lowliest of their band  
 God keepeth, as the waters  
 In the hollow of His hand.  
 'Tis sad to see life's evening sun  
 Go down in sorrow's shroud,  
 But sadder still when morning dawn  
 Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless !  
 You may have power to wile  
 Their hearts from saddened memory  
 By the magic of a smile.  
 Deal gently with those little ones ;  
 Be pitiful, and He,  
 The Friend and Father of us all,  
 Shall gently deal with thee.

ANON.

## LVI. THE HAPPIEST LAND.

## FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
 By an ale-house on the Rhine,  
 Four hale and hearty fellows,  
 And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,  
 Around the rustic board ;  
 Then sat they all so calm and still,  
 And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,  
 A Swabian raised his hand,  
 And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
 " Long live the Swabian land !

" The greatest kindom upon earth  
 Cannot with that compare ;  
 With all the stout and hardy men  
 And the nut-brown maidens there."

" Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,—  
 And dashed his beard with wine ;  
 " I had rather live in Lapland,  
 Than that Swabian land of thine !

" The goodliest land on all this earth,  
 It is the Saxon land !  
 There have I as many maidens  
 As fingers on this hand !"

" Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon !"  
 A bold Bohemian cries ;  
 " If there's a heaven upon this earth,  
 In Bohemia it lies.

" There the tailor blows the flute,  
 And the cobbler blows the horn,  
 And the miner blows the bugle,  
 Over mountain-gorge and bourn."

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And then the landlord's daughter  
 Up to heaven raised her hand,  
 And said, "Ye may no more contend,—  
*There lies the happiest land !*  
 (*From the German.*)

LONGFELLOW.

## LVII. TO A CHILD.

O CHILD ! O new-born denizen  
 Of life's great city ! on thy head  
 The glory of the mourn is shed,  
 Like a celestial benison !  
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
 And with thy little hand  
 Thou openest the mysterious gate  
 Into the future's undiscovered land,  
 I see its valves expand,  
 As at the touch of Fate !  
 Into those realms of love and hate,  
 Into that darkness blank and drear,  
 By some prophetic feeling taught,  
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
 Freight with hope and fear ;  
 As upon subterranean streams,  
 In caverns unexplored and dark,  
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
 Laden with flickering fire,  
 And watch its swift-receding beams  
 Until at length they disappear,  
 And in the distant dark expire,  
 By what astrology of fear or hope  
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
 Like the new moon thy life appears ;  
 A little strip of silver light,  
 And widening outward into night  
 The shadowy disk of future years ;  
 And yet upon its outer rim,  
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
 And scarcely visible to us here,  
 Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;  
 A prophecy and intimation,  
 A pale and feeble adumbration,  
 Of the great world of light that lies  
 Behind all human destinies,—LONGFELLOW.

## LVIII. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grand child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 That he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found ;  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by ;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And with a natural sigh,  
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
 " Who fell in the great victory."

" I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many hereabout  
 And often when I go to plough,  
 The ploughshare turns them out !  
 For many thousand men," said he,  
 " Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
 Young Peterkin, he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
 " Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
 " Who put the French to rout ;  
 But what they fought each other for,  
 I could not well make out ;  
 But every body said," quoth he,  
 " That 'twas a famous victory."



“ My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by ;  
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly ;  
 So with his wife and child he fled  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword, the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing-mother then,  
 And new-born baby died ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

“ They say, it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won ;  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun ;  
 But things like that, you know must be  
 After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Malbro’ won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene.”

“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”  
 Said little Wilhelmine.

“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,  
 “ It was a famous victory.

“ And everybody praised the Duke,  
 Who this great fight did win.”

“ But what good came of it at last ?”  
 Quoth little Peterkin.

“ Why that I cannot tell.” said he,  
 “ But ’twas a famous victory.”

SOUTHEY.

## LIX. GOD MADE THE HEART.

God made the heart with every chord  
 Responsive to his love ;  
 To cheer, to bless, and keep his word—  
 Like angel hearts above !

'Twas made to feel for others' woe,  
 Life's sorrows to beguile ;  
 To soothe the tears the wretched know,  
 And bid the mourner smile.

'Twas made to be the charm of earth,  
 Where all affections meet ;  
 Where every human bliss hath birth,  
 And every hope is sweet.

'Twas formed the weak and sad to aid,  
 To bid misfortune flee ;  
 If man ne'er marr'd what God had made,  
 How heavenly earth would be.

SWAIN.

## LX. RUB OR RUST.

IDLER, why lie down to die ?  
 Better rub than rust.  
 Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—  
 " Die when die thou must ;  
 Day is walking, leaves are shaking,  
 Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—  
 " Better rub than rust :  
 Death perhaps, is hunger-proof,  
 Die when die thou must ;  
 Men are mowing, breezes blowing,  
 Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want ;  
 Nought for nought is just—  
 Won't do, *must* do when he *can't* ;  
 " Better rub than rust,  
 Bees are flying, sloth is dying,  
 Better rub than rust."

ELLIOTT.

## LXI. THE CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when I was very small,  
 When my whole frame was but an ell in height ;  
 Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
 And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms.  
 And rode a-horseback on best father's knee ;  
 Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,  
 And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me

Then seemed this world to me far less in size,  
 Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far ;  
 Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,  
 And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,  
 And thought, " O, were I on that island there,  
 I could find out of what the moon is made,  
 Find out how large it is, how round, how fair ! "

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,  
 Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night.

And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
 And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light ;  
 And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,  
 Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,  
 And all those pearls of heaven thick strung together,  
 Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say  
 The prayer my pious mother taught to me:  
 " O, gentle God ! O, let me strive alway  
 Still to be wise and good, and follow thee ! "

So prayed I for my father and my mother,  
 And for my sister, and for all the town ;  
 The king I new not, and the beggar-brother,  
 Who, bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,  
 And all the gladness, all peace I knew !

Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished ; —  
 God ! may I never, lose that too !

*From the Danish of Baggesen.*

LONGELLOW.

## LXII. THE ORPHAN.

My Mother, does thy gentle eye  
 Look from those distant stars on me ?  
 Or does the wind at the evening bear  
 A message to thy child from thee ?

The vesper bell !—'tis eventide,  
 I will not weep, but I will pray :  
 God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou  
 Alone canst be the orphan's stay !

Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest star,  
 Are equal to their Maker's love :  
 And I can say "Thy will be done,"  
 With eyes that fix their hopes above.

L. E. LANDON.

## LXIII. FIELD FLOWERS.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,  
 Bath'd in soft airs and fed with dew,  
 What more than magic in you lies,  
 To fill the heart's fond view !  
 In childhood's sports, companions gay ;  
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,  
 How soothing ! In our last decay,  
 Memorials prompt and true.

KEBLE.

## LXIV. SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

AH ! happy hills, ah ! pleasing shade,  
 AH ! fields beloved in vain,  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd  
 A stranger yet to pain.  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving forth their gladsome wing  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To become a second spring.

GRAY.

## LXV. TRY AGAIN.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down  
 In a lonely mood to think ;  
 'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,  
 But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,  
 To make his people glad ;  
 He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed ;  
 And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,  
 As grieved as man could be ;  
 And after a while, as he pondered there,  
 " I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropp'd  
 With its silken cobweb clue ;  
 And the king in the midst of his thinking, stopp'd  
 To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,  
 And it hung by a rope so fine ;  
 That how it would get to its cobweb home,  
 King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl  
 Straight up with strong endeavour ;  
 But down it came with a slippery sprawl,  
 As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stay'd  
 To utter the least complaint ;  
 Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,  
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,  
 And travell'd a half-yard higher ;  
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,  
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,  
 But again it quickly mounted ;  
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,  
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

“ Sure,” cried the king, “ that foolish thing  
Will strive no more to climb;  
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,  
And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more,  
Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute ;  
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,  
Oh, say will he lose or win it !

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,  
Higher and higher he got ;  
And a bold little run at the very last pinch  
Put him into his native cot.

“ Bravo, bravo !” the king cried out,  
“ All honor to those who *try* ;  
The spider up there defied despair ;  
He conquer'd, and why shouldn't I ?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,  
And gossips tell the tale,  
That he tried once more as he tried before,  
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,  
And beware of saying “ *I can't* ;”  
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead  
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair  
Of doing some goodly thing ;  
Con over this strain, try bravely again,  
And remember the Spider and King.

ELIZA COOK.

## LXVI. BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days !  
The minutes parting one by one like rays  
That fade upon a summer's eve.

But oh ! what charm or magic numbers  
 Can give me back the gentle slumbers  
 Those weary, happy days did leave ?  
 When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,  
 And with her blessing took her nightly kiss ;  
 Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—  
 E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

ALLSTON.

## LXVII. DEPARTED DAYS.

Joys of my early hours !  
 The swallows on the wing,  
 The bees among the flowers,  
 The butterflies of Spring,  
 Light as their lively moments flew,  
 Were not more gay, more innocent, than you.  
 And fugitive as they,  
 Like butterflies in spring,  
 Like bees among the flowers,  
 Like swallows on the wing,  
 How swift, how soon, ye pass'd away,  
 Joys of my early hours !

MONTGOMERY.

## LXVIII. TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, mother, for a moment think,  
 That we, thy children, when old age shall shed  
 Its blanching honors on thy weary head,  
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?  
 Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,  
 Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day,  
 To pine in solitude thy life away,  
 Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.  
 Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam,  
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,  
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,  
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;  
 While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,  
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

H. K. WHITE.

## LXIX. NIGHT SONG.

THE moon is up, in splendour,  
 And golden stars attend her ;  
 The heavens are clam and bright ;  
 Trees cast a deepening shadow,  
 And slowly off the meadow  
 A mist is rising, silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing  
 Round half a world, reposing  
 In calm and holy trust ;  
 All seems one vast still chamber,  
 Where weary hearts remember  
 No more the sorrows of the dust.

*From the German of Claudius.*

BROOKS.

## LXX. THE ANGEL BARQUE. \*

FROM the rosy western heaven,  
 Through the tinted mists of even,  
 Up the purple deeps of twilight,  
 Slowly sailed a snowy cloud ;  
 Coasting by the golden sky-lands,  
 Sweeping round the starry islands,  
 Sailed that barque, until the zenith  
 Was enveloped in its shroud.

Summers six had come and parted,  
 Since upon that sea uncharted,  
 Once before came seraphs, sailing  
 On a skyward-tending track.

\* LITTLE Calvin, a blue-eyed, fair-haired, child, of six summers, was dying, and he bade his father and mother come near the bedside, that he might bid them farewell. "Mother," said he, "will you not go with me?" "Where are you going, my child?" asked his mother. With his eyes fixed upward, he answered, "To Heaven mother," and in a moment was in the arms of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."



Then a leaf of God's evangel  
They had left—a tiny angel  
On thy bosom, gentle mother ;—

Now they come to call it back,  
All his earthly mission ended,  
On his little couch extended,  
Lay he, watching with the spirit,  
As his azure eye grew dim ;

Though by others all unnoted,  
Watching where the vessel floated,  
And the wooing angels waited,  
For he knew they came for him.

Many sweet "good-byes" he told ye,  
Close his little arms enfold ye—  
Father, brother, pressing near him,  
Shutting heaven from his view.  
But to thee he clung the nearest,  
Thou the fondest, best, and dearest,  
As he murmured, "Oh my mother,  
Will not *you* go with me too ?"

"Where ? oh ! where, my child ?"—"To Heaven !"  
Sighed the passing spirit. Even  
Caught the cadence of the chorus,  
As the angel-barque swept on :  
Sailing up the ether slowly,  
"It has reached the haven holy,  
And lies moored within the shadow  
Of Jehovah's great white throne.

L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

## LXXI. HOME! CHILDHOOD'S HOME !

HOME ! childhood's home ! though sever'd far,  
How oft in fancy's dreams I greet thee ;  
How oft beneath night's dewy star,  
Thy cherish'd forms arise to meet me.

Too transient bliss ! from dreams alone  
The exile can his solace borrow :  
The morning breaks—the spell is gone—  
He wakes, and to a world of sorrow.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

## LXXII. HEAVEN.

God's blessings fall in plenteous showers  
 Upon the lap of earth ;  
 It teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,  
 And rings with childhood's mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,  
 Where sin and death abound;  
 How beautiful beyond compare  
 Will Heaven itself be found.

MONTGOMERY.

## LXXIII. THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,  
 So slowly mov'd about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied—  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping, when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
 Another morn than ours.

HOOD.

LXXIV. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNA-  
CHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,  
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
 Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord !

BYRON.

## LXXV. WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields !  
 That bloom by mountain streamlets, 'mid the heather,  
 Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—  
 Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,  
 And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem  
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,  
 Than those that flourish round a garden-wall ;  
 And I can image you, as in a dream,  
 Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small ;  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth  
 Are fix'd as in a queenly diadem ;  
 Though lowly ye, and most without a name,  
 Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,  
 As light erewhile into the world came,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are where'er ye grow !  
 The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—  
 Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise  
 Wherever sunbeams fall, or winds do blow ;  
 And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !  
 Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,  
 And shaded o'er by green and arching trees :  
 I often wish that I were one of you,  
 Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !  
 The evening star grows dim, and fades away,  
 And morning comes and goes, and then the day  
 Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;  
 But ye are watchful wheresoe'er ye stray,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !  
 The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,  
 And in your native woods and wilds to be.  
 All hearts, to nature true, ye strangely move ;  
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,—  
 I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—  
 The dingle deep—the morland stretching wide,  
 And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side,  
 Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell,  
 And, though the worldling, scorning, may deride—  
 I love ye all !

## LXXVI THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;  
 I heard a voice ; it said, " drink, pretty creature, drink !"  
 And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
 A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all alone,  
 And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;  
 With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,  
 While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,  
 Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.

" Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone  
 That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare !  
 I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair. -  
 Now with her empty can the maiden turned away :  
 But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamp she looked ; and from a shady place  
 I unobserved could see the workings of her face ;  
 If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,  
 Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing :

" What ails thee, young One ? what ? Why pull so at thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?  
 Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;  
 Rest, little young One, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

What is it thou would'st seek ? What is wanting to thy heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? and beautiful thou art :  
 This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no peers ;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears !

If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,  
 This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ;

For rain and mountain-storms ! the like thou need'st not  
fear,  
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

Rest, little young One, rest ; thou hast forgot the day  
When my father found thee first in places far away ;  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by  
none,  
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home :  
A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst thou roam ?  
A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee yearn  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in  
this can  
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,  
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough ;  
My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

It will not, will not rest !—Poor creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee ?  
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor  
hear.

Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair !  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there ;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again !"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;

And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song ;  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must  
belong,  
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with  
such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own."

WORDSWORTH.

## LXXVII. THE CALM OF EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea .  
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;  
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

WORDSWORTH.

## LXXVIII. THE BLIND BOY AND HIS SISTER.

"Oh, brother," said fair Annie,  
To the blind boy at her side ;  
"Would thou could'st see the sunshine lie  
On hill and valley, and the sky  
Hung like a glorious canopy  
O'er all things far and wide !

“ Would thou could'st see the waters  
 In many a distant glen ;  
 The mountain flocks that graze around ;  
 Nay, even this patch of stony ground,  
 These crags, with silver lichen crowned,  
 I would that thou could'st ken !

“ Would thou could'st see my face, brother,  
 As well as I see thine ;  
 For always what I cannot see  
 It is but half a joy to me.  
 Brother, I often weep for thee,  
 Yet thou dost ne'er repine.”

“ And why should I repine, Annie ?”  
 Said the blind boy with a smile ;  
 “ I ken the blue sky and the grey ;  
 The sunny and the misty day ;  
 The moorland valley stretched away  
 For many and many a mile.

“ I ken the night and day, Annie,  
 For all ye may believe ;  
 And often in my spirit lies  
 A clear light as of mid-day skies :  
 And splendours on my vision rise,  
 Like gorgeous hues of eve.

“ I sit upon the stone, Annie,  
 Beside our cottage door,  
 And people say, ‘ that boy is blind,’  
 And pity me, although I find  
 A world of beauty in my mind,  
 A never-ceasing store.

“ I hear you talk of mountains,  
 The beautiful, the grand ;  
 Of splintered peaks so grey and tall ;  
 Of lake, and glen, and waterfall ;  
 Of flowers and trees ;—I ken them all ;—  
 Their difference understand.



“ The harebell and the gowan  
 Are not alike to me,  
 Are different as the herd and flock,  
 The blasted pine-tree of the rock,  
 The waving birch, the broad green oak,  
 The river, and the sea.

“ And, oh, the heavenly music,  
 That as I sit alone,  
 Comes to mine inward sense as clear  
 As if the angel-voices were  
 Singing to harp and dulcimer,  
 Before the mighty Throne !

“ It is not as of outward sound  
 Of breeze, or singing bird ;  
 But wondrous melody refined ;  
 A gift of God unto the blind ;  
 An inward harmony of mind,  
 By inward senses heard.

“ And all the old-world stories,  
 That neighbours tell o' nights ;  
 Of fairies on the fairy mound,  
 Of brownies dwelling under ground,  
 Of elves careering round and round,  
 Of fays and water-sprites ;

“ All this to me is pleasantness,—  
 Is all a merry show ;  
 I see the antic people play,—  
 Brownie and kelpie, elf and fay,  
 In a sweet country far away,  
 Yet where I seem to go.

“ But better far than this, Annie,  
 Is when thou read'st to me  
 Of the dear Saviour meek and kind,  
 And how he healed the lame and blind,  
 Am I not healed ?—for in my mind  
 His blessed form I see !

“ Oh, love is not of sight, Annie,  
 Is not of outward things ;  
 For, in my inmost soul I know  
 His pity for all mortal woe ;  
 His words of love, spoke long ago,  
 Unseal its deepest spring !

“ Then do not mourn for me, Annie,  
 Because that I am blind ;  
 The beauty of all outward sight ;  
 The wondrous shows of day and night ;  
 All love, all faith, and all delight,  
 Are strong in heart and mind !”

MARY HOWITT.

## LXXIX. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead ;  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoo thed down his lonely pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
 And we heard the distant and random gun  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

#### LXXX. CORN FIELDS.

In the young merry time of spring,  
 When clover 'gins to burst ;  
 When blue-bells nod within the wood,  
 And sweet May whitens first ;  
 When merle and mavis sing their fill,  
 Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,  
 And summer groweth bold,  
 And in the garden and the field  
 A thousand flowers unfold,  
 Before a green leaf yet is sere,  
 The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then as day and night succeed,  
 And summer weareth on,  
 And in the flowery garden-beds  
 The red-rose groweth wan,  
 And hollyhock and sunflower tall  
 O'ertop the mossy garden-wall :

When on the breath of autumn breeze,  
 From pastures dry and brown,  
 Goes floating, like an idle thought,  
 The fair, white thistle-down ;  
 O, then what joy to walk at will,  
 Upon that golden harvest-hill !

\* \* \* \* \*

O golden fields of bending corn,  
 How beautiful they seem !—  
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,  
 To me are like a dream ;  
 The sunshine and the very air  
 Seem of old time, and take me there !

MARY HOWITT.

### LXXXI. 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 blow.

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 sweet-briar 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 hasten'd 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 the 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 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.

## LXXXII. A SIMILE.

Oh ! sweet and placid moon, thou image fair  
 Of mild integrity and conscious innocence,  
 How gently and serenely dost thou pass  
 Amid the dark and envious clouds that seek  
 To blot and cover o'er thy radiant beams—  
 But all in vain, they do but add tenfold  
 To thy calm beauty gliding meekly on—  
 They catch the fair reflection of thy smile,  
 Then leave thee in unsullied purity.

MARY BURROWS.

## LXXXIII. THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

Our evil actions spring  
 From small and hidden seeds ;  
 At first we *think* some wicked thing,  
 Then *practise* wicked deeds.

Cain once, perhaps, might start  
 At what he soon might do ;  
 But they who trust an evil heart,  
 May prove as vile as he.

With many a fair pretence  
 It tempts us further on,  
 And hides the dreadful consequence,  
 Till life and hope are gone.

Oh ! for a holy fear  
 Of every evil way,  
 That we may never venture near  
 The path that leads astray !

Wherever it begins,  
 It ends in death and woe ;  
 And he who yields to little sins  
 A sinner's doom shall know.

MRS. GILBERT.

## LXXXIV. THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.

Among the deepest shades of night  
 Can there be one who sees my way ?  
 Yes !—God is like a shining light,  
 That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,  
 May I not sin without control ?  
 No !—for a constant watch He keeps  
 On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,  
 Where human feet had never trod,  
 Yet there I could not be alone ;  
 On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven ; he frowns in hell ;  
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea ;  
 I must within his presence dwell ;  
 I cannot from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee, he shows me where ;  
 Tells me on His lap to fly ;  
 And while he sees me weeping there,  
 There's only mercy in his eye.

MRS. GILBERT

### LXXXV. THE MOWER.

HARK the mower's whistling blade,  
 How steadily he mows !  
 The grass is heaped, the daisies fade,  
 All scattered, as he goes.

So time, as with a stern delight,  
 'Mid human havoc towers ;  
 And sweeps, resistless in her might,  
 Kingdoms as grass and flowers.

The flowers of life may bloom and fade,  
 But He in whom I trust,  
 Though cold, and in my grave-clothes laid,  
 Can raise me from the dust.

BOWLES.

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### LXXXVI. HYMN OF THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

DARKER and darker fall around  
 The shadows from the pine ;  
 It is the hour with hymn and prayer  
 To gather round thy shrine.

Hear us, sweet Mother ! thou hast known  
 Our earthly hopes and fears,  
 The bitterness of mortal toil,  
 The tenderness of tears.

We pray thee first for absent ones,  
 Those who knelt with us here—  
 The father, brother, and the son,  
 The distant and the dear.

We pray thee for the little bark  
 Upon the stormy sea ;  
 Affection's anxiousness of love,  
 Is it not known to thee ?

The soldier, he who only sleeps,  
 His head upon his brand.  
 Who only in a dream can see  
 His own beloved land.

The wandering minstrel, he who gave  
 Thy hymns his earliest tone,  
 Who strives to teach a foreign tongue  
 The music of his own.

Kind Mother, let them see again  
 Their own Italian shore ;  
 Back to the home which, wanting them,  
 Seems like a home no more.

Madonna, keep the cold north wind  
 Amid his native seas,  
 So that no withering blight come down  
 Upon our olive trees.

And bid the sunshine glad our hills,  
 The dew rejoice our vines,  
 And bid the healthful sea-breeze sweep  
 In music through the pines.

Pray for us, that our hearts and homes  
 Be kept in fear and love ;  
 Love for all things around our path,  
 And fear for those above.

Thy soft blue eyes are filled with tears ;  
 Oh ! let them wash away  
 The soil of our unworthiness :  
 Pray for us, Mother, pray !



We know how vain the fleeting flow'rs  
 Around thine altar hung !  
 We know how humble is the hymn  
 Before thine image sung.

But wilt thou not accept the wreath,  
 And sanctify the lay ?  
 We trust to thee our hopes and fears ;  
 Pray for us, Mother, pray !

### LXXXVII. HEAVEN.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given :  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;  
 There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of even ;  
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb ;  
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven ;  
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray.  
 Serve but to light the troubled way ;  
 There's nothing calm but Heaven !

MOORE.

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### LXXXVIII. THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,  
 My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;  
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,  
 And silent thoughts my only pray'rs.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,  
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,  
 Or, when the stillness of the sea,  
 Ev'n more than music, breathes of thee !

I'll seek by day, some glade unknown,  
 All light and silence, like thy throne !  
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heav'n, on which 'tis bliss to look,  
 Shall be my pure and shining book,  
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
 The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack  
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;  
 Thy mercy in the azure hue  
 Of sunny brightness breaking through !  
 There's nothing bright, above, below,  
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,  
 But in its light my soul can see  
 Some feature of thy Deity !  
 There's nothing dark, below, above,  
 But in its gloom I trace thy love,  
 And meekly wait that moment when  
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

MOORE.

### LXXXIX. THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart  
 of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd  
 sire :  
 " I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive  
 train ;  
 I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord ; oh ! break my  
 father's chain."  
 " Rise ! rise ! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd  
 man this day ;  
 Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on  
 his way."  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his  
 steed ;  
 And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's foam-  
 ing

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, they met a glitter-  
 ing band,  
 With one that mid them stately rode, like a leader in the  
 land :  
 Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,  
 The father,—whom thy grateful heart had yearn'd so  
 long to see.  
 His proud beast heaved, his dark eye flash'd, his cheek's  
 hue came and went :  
 He reach'd that grey-chair'd chieftain's side, and there  
 dismounting, bent ;  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent ; his father's hand he took ;  
 What was there in its touch, that all his fiery spirit shook ?  
 That hand was cold ; a frozen thing, it dropp'd from his,  
 like lead ;  
 He look'd up to the face above ; the face was of the dead ;  
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fix'd  
 and white ;  
 He met at length his father's eyes, but in them was no  
 sight !  
 Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed ; but who can  
 paint that gaze ?  
 They hush'd their very hearts who saw its horror and  
 amaze :  
 They might have chain'd him, as before that noble form  
 he stood ;  
 For the pow' was stricken from his arm, and from his  
 cheek the blood.  
 " Father !" at length, he murmur'd low, and wept like  
 children ; then—  
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike  
 men—  
 He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high re-  
 nown ;  
 Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat  
 down.  
 And, covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly  
 mournful brow,  
 " No more, there is no more," he said, " to lift the sword  
 for now ;  
 My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father, oh ! the  
 worth,  
 The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth !"

Up from the ground he sprung once more, and seized the  
 monarch's rein,  
 Amid the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train ;  
 And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-  
 horse led,  
 And sternly set them face to face, the king before the  
 dead.  
 " Came I not here upon thy pledge, my father's hand to  
 kiss ?  
 Be still ! and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what  
 is this ?  
 The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer,  
 where are they ?  
 If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul, put life in this  
 cold clay.  
 Into those glassy eyes put light ; be still, keep down  
 thine ire ;  
 Bid those cold lips a blessing speak ;—this earth is no  
 my sire ;  
 Give me back him for whom I fought, for whom my  
 blood was shed ;  
 Thou can'st not, and, O king ! his blood be mountains on  
 thy head !"  
 He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell ; upon the silent  
 face  
 He cast one long, deep, mournful glance, and fled from  
 that sad place :  
 His after fate no more was heard, amid the martial train ;  
 His banner led the spears no more among the hills of  
 Spain !

MRS. HEMANS.

## LXL. THE MOTHER OF THE MACHABEES.

THAT mother view'd the scene of blood ;  
 Her six unconquer'd sons were gone ;  
 Fearless she view'd—beside her stood  
 Her last—her youngest—dearest one :  
 He look'd upon her and he smiled ;  
 Oh ! will she save that only child ?

“ By all my love—my son,”—she said,  
 “ The breast that nursed,—the womb that bore—  
 Th’ unsleeping care that watch’d thee—fed,—  
 ’Till manhood’s years required no more ;  
 By all I’ve wept and prayed for thee,  
 Now, now, be firm and pity me.

“ Look, I beseech thee, on yon heav’n,  
 With its high field of azure light ;  
 Look on this earth, to mankind giv’n,  
 Array’d in beauty and in might ;  
 And think, nor scorn thy mother’s pray’r,  
 On Him who said it—and they were !

“ So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,  
 Nor, recreant, shun the glorious strife ;  
 Behold ! thy battle-field is near ;  
 Then go, my son, nor heed thy life ;  
 Go, like thy faithful brothers die,  
 That I may meet you all on high.”

Like arrow from the bended bow,  
 He sprang upon the bloody pile ;  
 Like sun-rise on the morning’s snow,  
 Was that heroic mother’s smile :  
 He died—nor fear’d the tyrant’s nod—  
 For Judah’s law and Judah’s God.

CALLANAN.

## LXLI. LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 “ This is my own, my native land !”  
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d.  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn’d  
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no minstrel-raptures swell :

High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown ;  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from which he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung,

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires ; what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band,  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !

SCOTT

## LXLII. MY SPIRIT IS GAY.

My spirit is gay as the breaking of dawn,  
 As the breeze that sports over the sun-lighted lawn,  
 As the song of yon lark from his kingdom of light,  
 Or the harpstring that rings in the chambers at night ;  
 For the world and its vapours, though darkly they fold,  
 I have light that can turn them to purple and gold,  
 Till they brighten the landscape they came to deface,  
 And deformity changes to beauty and grace.

Yet say not to selfish delights I must turn,  
 From the grief-laden bosoms around me that mourn ;  
 For 'tis pleasure to share in each sorrow I see,  
 And sweet sympathy's tear is enjoyment to me.  
 Oh ! blest is the heart, when misfortunes assail,  
 That is armed in content as a garment of mail,  
 For the grief of another that treasures its zeal,  
 And remembers no wo but the wo it can heal.

When the storm gathers dark o'er the summer's young  
bloom,

And each ray of the noontide is sheathed in gloom,  
I would be the rainbow high arching in air,  
Like a gleaming of hope on the brow of despair.  
When the burst of its fury is spent on the bow'r,  
And the buds are yet bow'd with the weight of the  
show'r.

I would be the beam that comes warming and bright,  
And that bids them burst open to fragrance and light.

I would be the smile that comes breaking serene,  
On the features where lately affliction has been ;  
Or the heart-speaking scroll, after years of alloy  
That brings home to the desolate tidings of joy ;  
Or the life-giving rose-odour borne by the breeze,  
To the sense rising keen from the couch of disease ;  
Or the whisper of charity, tender and kind ;  
Or the dawning of hope on the penitent's mind.

Then breathe, ye sweet roses, your fragrance around,  
And waken, ye wild birds, the grave with your sound ;  
When the soul is unstain'd, and the heart is at ease,  
There's a rapture in pleasures so simple as these.  
I rejoice in each sunbeam that gladdens the vale,  
I rejoice in each odour that sweetens the gale,  
In the bloom of the spring, in the summer's gay voice,  
With a spirit as gay, I rejoice ! I rejoice !

G. GRIFFIN.

### LXLIII. THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land ;  
Light up the beacon pyre !  
A hundred hills have seen the brand,  
And waved the sign of fire.  
A hundred banners to the breeze  
Their gorgeous folds have cast—  
And hark !—was that the sound of seas ?  
A king to war went past !

The chief is arming in his hall,  
 The peasant by his hearth !  
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
 And rises from the earth.  
 The mother on her first-born son  
 Looks with a boding eye—  
 They come not back, though all be won,  
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound  
 The falchion to his side ;  
 E'en for the marriage-altar crown'd,  
 The lover quits his bride.  
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,  
 By earthly *clarion* spread !  
 How will it be when kingdoms hear  
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

MRS. HEMANS.

#### LXLIV. PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea !  
 Who lovest on mariners to shine,  
 These votive garments wet, to thee  
 We hang, within thy holy shrine.  
 When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,  
 Amid the warring waters tost,  
 From earthly aid we turn'd to thine,  
 And hoped, when other hope was lost.  
 Ave, Maris Stella !

Star of the vast and howling main !  
 When dark and lone is all the sky,  
 And mountain-waves, o'er ocean's plain,  
 Erect their stormy heads on high ;  
 When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,  
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;  
 The Star of ocean heeds their cry,  
 And saves the found'ring bark at sea.  
 Ave, Maris Stella !



Star of the dark and stormy sea !

When wrecking tempests round us rave,

Thy gentle virgin-form we see,

Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.

The howling storms that seem to crave

Their victims, sink in music sweet ;

The surging seas recede, to pave  
The path beneath thy glist'ning feet.

Ave, Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild !

Who, pitying, hear'st the seaman's cry,

The God of mercy, as a child,

On that chaste bosom loved to lie ;

While soft the chorus of the sky

Their hymns of tender mercy sing,

And angel voices named on high

The Mother of the Heavenly King.

Ave, Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blest name

The waves sleep silent round the keel,

The tempests wild their fury tame,

That made the deep foundations reel ;

The soft celestial accents steal

So soothing through the realms of wo,

That suffering souls a respite feel

From torture in the depths below.

Ave, Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas !

Whom rainbow-rays of mercy crown,

Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,

O'er all that to the depths go down,

With hymns of grateful transport own ;

When gathering clouds obscure their light,

And heaven assumes an awful frown,

The Star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave, Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres  
 To hymn thy holy name essay,  
 In vain a mortal harp aspires  
 To mingle in the mighty lay !  
 Mother of God ! one living ray  
 Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,  
 When storms and tempests pass away,  
 To join the bright immortal choirs.  
 Ave, Maris Stella !

ANON.

## LXLV. A CALM.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone ?  
 When warring winds have died away,  
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
 Fresh as if Day again were born,  
 Again upon the lap of Morn !  
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
 Hang floating in the pure air still ;  
 Filling it all with precious balm,  
 In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—  
 And every drop the thunder-show'rs  
 Have left upon the grass and flow'rs,  
 Sparkles, as'twere that lightning-gem,  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them !  
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
 And each a different perfume bears,—  
 As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs !  
 Blest pow'r of sunshine ! genial Day,  
 What balm, what life is in thy ray !

MOORE.

## LXLVI. TO A CANARY BIRD.

WHILE all the noisy raving town  
 Is drown'd in recreation,  
 With thee, my bird, I'll sit me down,  
 In sober meditation.  
 This world, for all it knows, my bird,  
 Is oft to pity blinded,  
 And sorrow's cry is seldom heard  
 But where 'tis little minded.  
 But thine's a friendly little heart,  
 And when my own is aching,  
 Thy mirth can make its griefs depart,  
 Ev'n though 'twere almost breaking.  
 That moral has no charm for me  
 That's wreath'd in blinding letter ;  
 I'll find in musing here with thee,  
 One easier learn'd and better.  
 At eve, high perch'd, with rounded breast,  
 And wing wrapp'd in so fairly,  
 Thou seem'st to bid me seek my rest  
 While yet the night is early.  
 When through my window morn hath flung  
 Its first uncertain gleaming,  
 Notes startling high and loud and long  
 Dispel my idle dreaming.  
 If thoughts of care my mind engage,  
 Thy song reminds me daily,  
 That ev'n within a captive's cage  
 The heart can flutter gaily.  
 Thus by thy simple life we see  
 What lessons men have near them,  
 From things all reasonless like thee,  
 If they would stoop to hear them.  
 Our human guides, their counsel all  
 Abound in precepts ample,  
 But ah ! how short of thee they fall,  
 For thine is all example.

D. GRIFFIN.

## LXLVII. BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought, with an indignant mien,  
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;  
 Every burning word he spoke  
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes  
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
 'Tis because resentment ties  
 All the terrors of our tongues.

" Rome shall perish—write that word  
 In the blood that she has spilt ;  
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,  
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

" Rome for empire far renown'd,  
 Tramples on a thousand states ;  
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

" Other Romans shall arise,  
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;  
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
 Harmony the path to fame.

" Then the progeny that springs  
 From the forest of our land,  
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,  
 Shall a wider world command.

" Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway ;  
 Where his eagles never flew,  
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
 Pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Bending as he swept the chords  
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow :  
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;  
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe. .

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
 Empire is on us bestow'd,  
 Shame and ruin wait on you.

COWPER.

### LXLVIII. THE STAR.

No cloud obscures the summer sky.  
 The moon in brightness walks on high,  
 And, set in azure, every Star  
 Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance  
 To yon bright firmament's expanse ;  
 The glories of its realm explore,  
 And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense  
 The marvels of Omnipotence ?  
 Seest thou not there the Almighty's name  
 Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,  
 That sparkle through the shades of night ;  
 Behold them !—can a mortal boast  
 To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little Star, whose rays  
 In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;  
 Each is a world, by him sustained  
 Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,  
 Hath circling planets of its own,  
 And beings, whose existence springs  
 From him, the all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know  
 No stain of guilt, nor tear of woe ;  
 But raising still the adoring voice,  
 For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, oh ! child of clay !  
 Amid creation's grandeur, say ?  
 E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
 E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand  
 Which spread the ocean and the land,  
 And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
 Hath, ev'n for thee, a Father's care !

Be thou at peace ! the all-seeing eye  
 Pervading earth, and air, and sky,  
 The searching glance which none may flee,  
 Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

MRS. HEMANS.

## LXLIX. HOME.

ARE there who, always fond of changing,  
 Still in quest of pleasures roam ?  
 From scene to scene for ever ranginng,  
 Unconscious of the sweets of HOME ?

Oh ! what a thousand tender pleasures,  
 To the wanderer quite unknown,  
 Lurk in the winning sphere she measures,  
 And number the delights of HOME.

There the heart congenial meets you,  
 There affection's sunbeams play,  
 Dear domestic duties greet you  
 In this spot, where'er you stray.

Tan'd to love's delightful measure,  
 There you hear the soothing tone,  
 And the rosy smile of pleasure  
 Lights a welcome to your HOME.

Free from vain or pert intrusion,  
 The swiftly circling minutes fly,  
 And within this dear seclusion  
 Ambush'd joys and pleasures lie.

Droops the heart with pain or anguish,  
 Do the spirits feel a gloom ?  
 Oh, how healing love's soft language,  
 How endearing then is HOME !

There the heart with freedom swelling,  
 Meets enjoyments yet to come,  
 Social joys adorn this dwelling,  
 And shade that lovely nook called HOME.

Magic circle of attraction,  
 Haunt of innocent delights !  
 Friendship's gentlest sphere of action,  
 Where every soothing charm invites.

How I love to trace the beauties  
 That rise within thy hallow'd dome,  
 How I joy to meet the duties,  
 The pleasurable cares of HOME.

PENWARNE.

### C. A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,  
 And counted the sands that under it be ?  
 Hast thou measured the height of heaven above ?  
 Then may'st thou mete out a Mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on  
 To the throne of God some wandering son ?  
 Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ ?  
 Then may'st thou speak of a Mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee  
 Go forth on her errands of industry ?  
 The bee for herself hath gathered and toil'd,  
 But the Mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone, with the traveller Thought, afar,  
 From pole to pole, and from star to star?  
 Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,  
 The heart of a Mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,  
 There is not a truth by wisdom taught,  
 There is not a feeling, pure and high,  
 That may not be read in a Mother's eye.

And, ever since earth began, that look  
 Has been, to the wise, an open book,  
 To win them back, from the lore they prize,  
 To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,  
 The heavens the glory of God declare!  
 But louder than the voice beneath, above,  
 He is heard to speak through a Mother's love.

EMILY TAYLOR.

## CL. WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

WHAT is that, mother?—

The lark, my child.—  
 The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,  
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,  
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,  
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays  
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—

The dove, my son.—  
 And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
 Constant and pure by that lonely nest,  
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
 For her distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—  
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.



What is that, mother?—

The eagle, boy.—

Proudly careering his course of joy,  
Firm, in his own mountain vigour relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun.  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on  
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
Onward, and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The swan, my love.—

He is floating down from his native grove ;  
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;  
He is floating down by himself to die ;  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.  
Live so, my love, that when Death shall come,  
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

## CII. THE ENGLISH COTTAGE DOOR.

How lovely is a cottage door,  
At sunset's dewy close,  
How sweet, when labour's toils are o'er,  
The scenes each hamlet shows.

Then manhood's brow throws off its care.  
Woman puts on her smile,  
And sportive infancy doth share  
The joys of home awhile.

And happy, smiling faces meet  
The rustic porch before ;  
While playmates fond, each other greet  
Around the cottage door.

Ah! who would leave our happy land,  
Where peace and plenty dwell,  
To roam upon a foreign strand,  
Whose wonders travellers tell.

The orange sheds its sweet perfume  
 Beneath Ausonia's skies ;  
 But we've the apple's clustering bloom,  
 The orchard's rich supplies.

The cocoa and the date-tree spread  
 Their boughs in India's clime,  
 The yellow mango hangs o'erhead,  
 And stately grows the lime.

But we've the cherry's tempting bough,  
 The currant's coral gem ;  
 What English child will not allow  
 That these may vie with them ?

Italy boasts its citron groves,  
 And walks of lemon-trees ;  
 Ceylon its spicy nuts and cloves,  
 That scent the summer breeze ;

But we've the peach, and nectarine red,  
 The ripe and blooming plum,  
 The strawberry in its leafy bed,  
 When holidays are come.

The purple vine its harvest yields,  
 France on thy fertile plain ;  
 But we've the yellow-waving fields  
 Of golden British grain.

The swelling fig from Turkey comes,  
 And China sends her tea,  
 Well known to all our British homes,  
 The Congou and Bohea.

The East and Western Indies give  
 The sugar's useful cane,  
 Whose culture makes the Negro live  
 Too oft a life of pain.

Each climate bears the varied fruit  
 Best suited to its soil ;  
 God sees what every race will suit,  
 And fits them for each toil.

Heaven on our favoured land hath smiled;  
 From want and war we're free ;  
 The noble's heir, the peasant's child,  
 Alike have liberty.

Here no conscription doth alarm  
 The trembling mother's heart ;  
 Here, no oppressor's tyrant arm  
 Tears son and sire apart.

Grateful we'll praise the Mighty hand  
 That sheds such blessings here,  
 Protecting still our native land  
 From ills that others fear.

Still let us love this spot of earth,—  
 The best where'er we roam,  
 And duly estimate the worth  
 Of a true English home.

MRS. WILSON.

### CIII. DIVINE IMPRESS.

THERE's not a tint that paints the rose,  
 Or decks the lily fair,  
 Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,  
 But heaven has placed it there.

At early dawn there's not a gale  
 Across the landscape driven,  
 And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,  
 That is not sent from heaven.

There's not a grass, a single blade,  
 Or leaf of lowest mien,  
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a tempest dark and dread,  
 Or storm that rends the air,  
 Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,  
 But heaven's own voice is there.

There's not a star whose twinkling light  
 Illumes the distant earth,  
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,  
 But mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dews distil  
 Upon the parching clod,  
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,  
 That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,  
 The ocean deep, or air,  
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,  
 For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,  
 Wherever space extends,  
 There heaven displays its boundless love,  
 And power with mercy blends.

SANDON.

#### CIV. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield !  
 Hark to Nature's lesson given  
 By the tuneful birds of heaven !  
 Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles sweet philosophy,  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
 God provideth for the morrow !

Say, with richer crimson glows  
 The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
 Than we, poor citizens of air ?  
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
 Yet, we carol merrily.  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
 God provideth for the morrow !

One there lives whose guardian eye  
 Guides our humble destiny ;  
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
 Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
 Fearless of the snare and lime,  
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;  
 God provideth for the morrow !

HEBER.

## CV. PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all, eternal Mind,  
 In uncreated light enshrined,  
     Immensely good and great ;  
 Thy children formed and blest by thee,  
 With filial love and homage, we  
     Fall prostrate at thy feet.

Thy name in hallowed strains be sung,  
 Let every heart, and every tongue  
     Thy solemn concert join ;  
 In loving, serving, praising thee,  
 We find our chief felicity,  
     But cannot add to thine.

Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign reign  
 Throughout creation's ample plain  
     Let ev'ry being own ;  
 Lord, in our hearts where passions rude,  
 With fierce, tumultuous rage, intrude,  
     Erect thy peaceful throne.

As angels round thy seat above,  
 With joyful haste, and ardent love,  
     Thy blest commands fulfil,  
 So let thy creatures here below,  
 As far as thou hast given to know,  
     Perform thy sacred will.

On thee we day by day depend.  
 Our being's Author, and its end,  
     Our daily wants supply.  
 With healthful food our bodies feed,  
 Our souls sustain with living bread,  
     Our souls that never die.

Extend thy grace to every fault;  
 Each sinful action, word, or thought,  
     Oh ! let thy love forgive ;  
 For thou hast taught our hearts to show  
 Divine forgiveness to our foe,  
     Nor let resentment live.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,  
 To lead unwary minds astray,  
     Permit us not to tread,  
 Unless thy gracious aid appear,  
 T'avert the threat'ning evil near,  
     From our unguarded head.

Thy sacred name we thus adore,  
 And thus thy choicest gifts implore  
     With joyful, humble mind,  
 Because thy power and glory prove,  
 Thy kingdom built on wisdom, love,  
     Unceasing, unconfined.

ANON.

## CVI. SUMMER MORNING SCENE.

THE meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east,  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
 And from before the lustre of her face  
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step  
 Brown night retires ; young day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect, wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
 Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn.

Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limpers awkward : while along the forest glade  
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze  
 At early passengers. Music awakes  
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
 And thick around the woodlands hymns arise.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due, and sacred song ?  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
 Total extinction of the enlightened soul !  
 Or else to feverish variety alive,  
 'Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams !  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than nature craves ; when every muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ?

THOMSON.

## CVII. LIGHT FROM RELIGION.

If all our hopes and all our fears,  
     Were prison'd in life's little bound ;  
 If, travellers through this vale of tears,  
     We saw no better world beyond ;—

O what would check the rising sigh ?  
     What earthly thing could pleasure give ?  
 Who then in peace could ever die ?  
     Or who would breathe or wish to live ?

Where life a dark and desert moor,  
     Where clouds and mists eternal spread  
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
     And tempest thunder overhead ;

Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
 And not a floweret smiles beneath ;—  
 Who could exist in such a tomb ?  
 Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

Yet such were life, without the ray  
 From our divine religion given ;  
 'Tis this which makes our darkness day ;  
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.

Bright is the golden sun above,  
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;  
 And all is joy, and all is love,  
 Reflected from a world to come.

BOWRING.

### CVIII. THE STARRY FIRMAMENT.

I GAZE upon yon orbs of light,  
 The countless stars that gem the sky ;  
 Each in its sphere serenely bright,  
 Wheeling its course,—how silently !  
 While in the mantle of the night,  
 Earth, and its cares, and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,  
 And throne of grandeur ! can it be  
 That souls whose kindred loftiness,  
 Nature hath framed to rise to thee,  
 Should pine within this narrow place,  
 This prison of mortality ?

What madness from the path of right,  
 For ever leads our steps astray,  
 That, reckless of thy pure delight,  
 We turn from this divine array,  
 To chase a shade that mocks the sight—  
 A good that vanisheth away ?



Awake, ye mortals, raise your eyes  
 To these eternal starry spheres ;—  
 Look on these glories of the skies !  
 And see how poor this world appears,  
 With all its pomps and vanities—  
 With all its hopes, and all its fears.

Who can look forth upon this blaze  
 Of heavenly lamps, so brightly shining  
 Through the unbounded void of space,  
 A hand unseen their course assigning ;  
 All moving with unequal pace,  
 Yet in harmonious concord joining.

Who sees the silver chariot move  
 Of the bright moon ; and, gliding slow,  
 The star whose influence from above  
 Sheds knowledge on the world below,  
 And the resplendent queen of love,  
 All bright and beautifully glow.

Who that hath seen these splendours roll,  
 And gazed on this majestic scene,  
 But sighed to 'scape the world's control,  
 Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,  
 To burst the bonds that bind the soul,  
 And pass the gulf that yawns between ?

LORD HOLLAND.

## CIX. THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs  
 Of yonder grove its current brings,  
 Plays on the slope a while, and then  
 Goes prattling into groves again,  
 Oft to its warbling waters drew  
 My little feet, when life was new.

When woods in early green were drest,  
 And from the chambers of the west  
 The warmer breezes, travelling out,  
 Breathed the new scent of flowers about,  
 My truant steps from home would stray,  
 Upon its grassy side to play,  
 With blooming cheek and open brow,  
 As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,  
 And I had grown in love with fame,  
 Duly I sought thy banks, and tried  
 My first rude numbers by thy side.  
 Words cannot tell how bright and gay  
 The scenes of life before me lay,  
 Then glorious hopes, that now to speak  
 Would bring the blood into my cheek,  
 Passed o'er me ; and I wrote on high  
 A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not, upon yon hill  
 The tall old maple's verdant still  
 Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,  
 How swift the years have passed away,  
 Since first, a child, and half afraid,  
 I wandered in the forest shade.

Thou ever joyous rivulet,  
 Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet ;  
 And sporting with the sands that pave  
 The windings of the silver wave,  
 And dancing to thy old wild chime,  
 Thou laughest at the lapse of time.  
 The same sweet sounds are in my ear  
 My early childhood loved to hear ;  
 As pure thy limpid waters run,  
 As bright they sparkle to the sun ;

As fresh and thick the bending ranks  
 Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;  
 The violet there, in soft May dew,  
 Comes up, as modest and as blue ;  
 As green, amid thy current's stress,  
 Floats the scarce rooted water-cress ;

And the brown ground-bird in thy glen,  
 Still chirps as merrily as then.  
 Thou changest not—but I am changed,  
 Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;  
 And the grave stranger come to see  
 The play-place of his infancy,  
 Has scarce a single trace of him  
 Who sported once upon thy brim.  
 The visions of my youth are past—  
 Too bright, too beautiful, to last,  
 I've tried the world—it wears no more  
 The colouring of romance it wore.  
 Yet well has nature kept the truth,  
 She promised to my earliest youth ;  
 The radiant beauty shed abroad,  
 On all the glorious works of God,  
 Shows freshly to my sobered eye  
 Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,  
 And I, all trembling, weak, and grey,  
 Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold  
 My ashes in the embracing mould,  
 May come for the last time to look  
 Upon my childhood's favourite brook,  
 Then dimly on my eye shall gleam  
 The sparkle of thy dancing stream,  
 And faintly on my ear shall fall  
 Thy prattling current's merry call ;  
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright,  
 As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall die— and on thy side,  
 As ages after ages glide,  
 Children their early sports shall try,  
 And pass to hoary age and die.  
 But thou, unchanged, from year to year,  
 Gaily shalt play and glitter here ;  
 Amid young flowers and tender grass  
 Thy endless infancy shall pass,  
 And singing down thy narrow glen,  
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

BRYANT.

## CX. THE NEW MOON:

WHEN, as the garish day is done,  
 Heaven burns with the descended sun,  
 'Tis passing sweet to mark  
 Amid that flush of crimson light,  
 The new moon's modest bow grow bright,  
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel  
 A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,  
 When first the wandering eye  
 Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,  
 That glimmering curve of tender rays  
 Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings—  
 Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—  
 The hopes of early years ;  
 And childhood's purity and grace,  
 And joys that like a rainbow chase  
 The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream  
 Of freedom, when that virgin beam  
 Comes out upon the air ;  
 And painfully the sick man tries  
 To fix his dim and burning eyes  
 On the soft promise there.

And there do thoughtful men behold  
 A type of errors, loved of old  
 Forsaken and forgiven ;  
 And thoughts and wishes not of earth,  
 Just opening in their early birth,  
 Like that new light in heaven.

BRYANT.

## CXI. FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end :  
 Where this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—  
 Beyond the reign of death—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath ;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown—  
 A long eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till *all* are passed away ;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day ;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

## CXII. A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky  
 The midnight moon ascends ! her placid beams  
 Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque  
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope ;

Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage grey  
 And massy, motionless they spread ; here, shine  
 Upon the crags, deepening with blaker night  
 Their chasms ; and there the glittering argentry  
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams,  
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day  
 Rests on the hills ; and oh, how awfully  
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament  
 The summits of Auseva rise serene !

The watchman on the battlements partakes  
 The stillness of the solemn hour ; he feels  
 The silence of the earth, the endless sound  
 Of flowing water soothes him ; and the stars,  
 Which, in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,  
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth  
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,  
 Draw on with everlasting influence  
 Towards eternity the attempered mind.

SOUTHEY.

### CXIII. DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that infant brow,  
 And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose  
 On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,  
 And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes  
 There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt  
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence  
 Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound  
 The silken fringes of those curtaining lids  
 For ever. There had been a murmuring sound  
 With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,  
 Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set  
 His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile  
 So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,  
 Death gazed and left it there ;—he dared not steal  
 The signet ring of heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

### CXIV. ISAAC ASHFORD, THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,  
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford died.  
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean ;  
 His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene :

Of no man's presence Issac felt afraid,  
 At no man's question Issac looked dismayed :  
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;  
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face :  
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
 Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved :  
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,  
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest, mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,  
 And gave allowance, where he needed none ;  
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh :  
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress ;

Yet was he far from stoic pride removed :  
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :  
 I marked his action when his infant died,  
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried :  
 The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,  
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,  
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;  
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,  
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;  
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew  
 None his superior, and his equals few ;

But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace :  
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,  
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;  
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast  
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;  
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,  
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
 Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain ;  
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,  
 And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride,

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,  
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;  
 I see no more those white locks, thinly spread  
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head :  
 No more that awful glance on playful wight,  
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,  
 To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,  
 Till " Mister Ashford " softened to a smile ;  
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
 Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there ;  
 But he is blest, and I lament no more,  
 A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

CRABBE.

## CXV. THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

" WHAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,  
 For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all ?"  
 Said a young mother, as she fondly watched  
 Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice  
 That night in dreams :—

" Thou hast a little bud  
 Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love :  
 Give me that bud. 'Twill be a flower in heaven."  
 But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,  
 Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the lip  
 Blanched in its trance.

" Thou hast a little harp—  
 How sweetly would it swell the angel's hymn :  
 Give me that harp." There burst a shuddering sob,  
 As if the bosom by some hidden sword  
 Were cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had struck  
 The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud ;  
 The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain and broke—  
 And that young mother lay upon the earth,  
 In childless agony.



Again the voice  
 That stirred her vision:—"He who asked of thee  
 Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised  
 Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried  
 Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,  
 Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

## CXVI. SONG FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains  
 Roar down many a craggy steep,  
 Yet they find among the mountains  
 Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten  
 Ere the storm its fury stills,  
 Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
 On the heads of towering hills

What, if through the frozen centre  
 Of the Alps the chamois bound,  
 Yet he has a home to enter  
 In some nook of chosen ground.

And the sea-horse, though the ocean  
 Yield him no domestic cave,  
 Slumbers, without sense of motion,  
 Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the raven  
 Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
 Not the less she loves her haven  
 In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet ostrich till day closes  
 Vagrant over desert sands,  
 Brooding on her eggs reposes  
 When chill night that care demands.

Day and night *my* toils redouble,  
 Never nearer to the goal ;  
 Night and day I feel the trouble  
 Of the Wanderer in my soul.

WORDSWORTH.

## CXVII. TO THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past !  
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,  
 And fetters, sure and fast,  
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn  
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,  
 And glorious ages gone  
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,  
 Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground  
 And last, man's life on earth,  
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,  
 Thou hast my early friends—the good—the kind,  
 Yielded to thee with tears—  
 The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring  
 The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,  
 And struggles hard to wring  
 Thy bolts apart and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny  
 All passage save to those who hence depart ;  
 Nor to the streaming eye  
 Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide  
 Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee  
 Earth's wonder and her pride  
 Are gathered, as the waters to the sea ;

Labours of good to man,  
 Unpublished charity—unbroken faith—  
 Love, that 'midst grief began,  
 And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name  
 Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;  
 With thee are silent fame,  
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine, for a space are they—  
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;  
 Thy gates shall yet give way,  
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair  
 Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,  
 Shall then come forth, to wear  
 The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—No !  
 Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,  
 Smiles, radiant long ago,  
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat ;

All shall come back, each tie  
 Of pure affection shall be knit again ;  
 Alone shall evil die,  
 And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

BRYANT.

## CXVIII. THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set ; but all—  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care ;  
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;  
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—  
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth !

The banquet has its hour,  
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine,  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power  
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine !

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
 Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When autumn's hue shall touch the golden grain—  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?  
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?  
 They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam ;  
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home ;  
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there !

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set ; but all—  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

MRS. HEMANS.

## CXIX. THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,  
 Made every region please ;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
 How, with affrighted eyes,  
 Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep  
 In all its horrors rise :

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
 And fear in every heart ;  
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy set me free ;  
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer  
 My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea that roared at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, when death shall be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

ADDISON.

## CXX. VICTORIA'S TEARS.\*

" O MAIDEN ! heir of kings !  
 A king has left his place !  
 The majesty of Death has swept  
 All other from his face !  
 And thou upon thy mother's breast  
 No longer lean adown,  
 But take the glory for the rest,  
 And rule the land that loves thee best !  
 She heard and wept—  
 She wept to wear a crown !"

They decked her courtly halls ;  
 They reined her hundred steeds ;  
 They shouted at her palace gate,  
 " A noble Queen succeeds !"

Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,  
 Her praise has filled the town,  
 And mourners God had stricken deep,  
 Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.  
 Alone she wept,  
 Who wept to wear a crown !

She saw no purples shine,  
 For tears had dimmed her eyes ;  
 She only knew her childhood's flowers  
 Were happier pageantries !  
 And while her heralds played their part  
 Those million shouts to drown—  
 " God save the Queen !" from hill to mart—  
 She heard through all her beating heart,  
 And turned and wept,—  
 She wept to wear a crown !

\* When her present Majesty was first informed of her accession to the throne, she was so affected with the consciousness of the responsibilities which had in a moment fallen upon her that she wept ;—it is to this circumstance that the above simple and beautiful stanzas owe their origin.

God save thee, weeping Queen !  
 Thou shalt be well beloved !  
 The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,  
 As those pure tears have moved !  
 The nature in thine eyes we see  
 That tyrants cannot own—  
 The love that guardeth liberties !  
 Strange blessing on the nation lies  
 Whose sovereign wept—  
 Yea ! wept to wear its crown !

God bless thee, weeping Queen,  
 With blessing more divine !  
 And fill with happier love than earth's  
 That tender heart of thine !  
 That when the thrones of earth shall be  
 As low as graves brought down,  
 A pierced hand may give to thee  
 The crown which angels shout to see !  
 Thou wilt not *weep*  
 To wear that heavenly crown !

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

## CXXI. THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose soul is still prepared for death ;  
 Whose passions not his masters are ;  
 Untied unto the world by care  
 Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Or vice ; who never understood  
 How deepest wounds are given with praise ;  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;  
 Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend :—

This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR. H. WOTTON.

## CXXII. ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S SOLILOQUY.

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 owl and the brute.  
 O 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 a 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 of 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's mercy in every place,  
 And mercy, encouraging thought ;  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

## CXXIII. THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past  
 There lived a man—and who was he ?  
 Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
 That man resembled thee !

Unknown the region of his birth,  
 The land in which he lived unknown ;  
 His name hath perished from the earth ;  
 This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
 Alternate triumphed in his breast ;  
 His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear !  
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
 The changing spirit's rise and fall,  
 We know that these were felt by him,  
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er ;  
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled ;  
 Had friends—his friends are now no more ;  
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave  
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;  
 Oh ! she was fair, but nought could save  
 Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
 To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen :  
 Encountered all that troubles thee ;  
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;  
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
 That once their shade and glory threw,  
 Have left, in yonder silent sky,  
 No vestige where they flew !

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruins since the world began,  
 Of him afford no other trace  
 Than this—there lived a man.

MONTGOMERY.

## CXXIV TO THE CREATOR.

While thou O, Lord! art my Help and Defender  
 No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall.  
 The wiles and the snares of this earth will but, render  
 More lively my faith in my God and my all.

But when thou demandest the life Thou hast given,  
 With joy will I answer Thy merciful call;  
 And quit Thee on earth, to find Thee in Heaven,  
 My portion for ever, my God and my all.

Soul of our souls and Safe-guard of this world!  
 Sustain Thou only canst, the sick of heart,  
 Restore their languid spirits and recall  
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine.

WORDSWORTH.

## CXXV. PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

Now pray we for our country,  
 That India long may be  
 The holy and the happy,  
 And the gloriously free.

Who blesseth her is blessed!  
 So peace be in her walls;  
 And joy in her palaces,  
 Her cottages and halls.

ANON.









