

MORAL PIECES,

IN

Prose and Verse.

BY LYDIA HUNTLEY.

HARTFORD :

Sheldon & Goodwin.....Printers.

1815.

District of Connecticut, ss.

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THE PROTEST

ANNOUNCING TO YOU
THE RESULTS OF THE
ELECTION

INTRODUCTION.

*A DAMP and dewy wreath that grew
Upon the breast of Spring,
A harp whose tones are faint and few,
With trembling hand I bring.*

*The clang of war, the trumpet's roar,
May drown the feeble note,
And down to Lethe's silent shore,
The scatter'd wreath may float.*

*But He, who taught the flowers to spring
From waste neglected ground,
And gave the silent harp a string
Of wild and nameless sound ;*

*Commands my spirit not to trust
Her happiness with these :
A bloom that moulders back to dust,
A music soon to cease.*

*But seek those flowers unstain'd by time,
To constant virtue given,
And for that harp of tone sublime,
Which seraphs wake in Heaven.*

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MORAL PIECES.



A TRIBUTE.

THERE rose a plant from shades obscure,
Of weak and feeble stem,
Its shrinking leaves were closely curl'd,
And pale its infant gem.

And yet, a benefactress kind
The lonely stranger ey'd—
And lov'd, and watch'd the humble plant,
Which few had lov'd beside.

She hid it from the chilling storms,
For storms its bloom opprest,
And when the wintry blast arose,
She warm'd it in her breast.

With glance of tearful joy, she view'd
 Its promis'd verdure rise ;
 And oft its drooping buds she rais'd,
 To point them to the skies.

But as she cherish'd it, a hand
 Remov'd her hence away ;
 And sick'ning on her lowly tomb
 The broken flow'ret lay.

It rose—to seek the ray serene,
 The star of mercy threw ;
 It rose on life's eventful scene,
 To feel and tremble too.

Yet some have fenc'd it from the blast,
 And from the wintry air,
 And deign'd—tho' undeserv'd their smile,
 To shelter it with care.

Yes—they have cheer'd it :—they have sought
 To see its branches grow ;
 And have not scorn'd it,—though its stalk
 Was unadorn'd and low.

And if the fragrance of the skies
 Should to its buds be given,
 That fragrance shall to these arise,
 To virtue, and to heaven.

CONTEMPLATION.

OFT, when the morning draws her dewy veil,
 Or twilight slumbers on the shrouded dale,
 Or moon beams tremble thro' the whisp'ring trees,
 Or float on clouds before the western breeze,
 Or evening, in her starry mantle bright,
 Precedes the slow majestic train of night ;
 In that still hour the mind excursive roves,
 A heavenly voice the listening spirit moves.
 Then light wing'd forms appear with brow serene,
 And tempt the soul from this terrestrial scene.
 Her pow'rs no more can present objects move,
 And cold is earthly care, and earthly-love ;
 Memory hangs pausing o'er the unstain'd page,
 The prostrate passions all renounce their rage,
 Fear shrinks no more, and wrath forgets to frown,
 And fluttering fancy shuts her pinions down ;
 The roving thoughts restrain their wild pursuit,
 Ev'n crested vanity sits meek and mute,
 And sceptred reason, bowing on her throne,
 Yields to a Pow'r acknowledg'd, though unknown,
 The world allures—but clouds her glories blot ;
 The world may call ; the spirit hears her not.
 A still, small voice arrests th' expanding soul,
 The full, strong tides of inspiration roll,

A viewless harp responds—soft tones arise,
 And quick within an answering harp replies ;
 No more the vague and wild ideas float,
 Charm'd into order by that blended note ;
 But waking genius strives, with fondest care,
 To woo the magic music from the air ;
 'The strong, unmeasur'd minstrelsey to bind,
 In harmony by mortal pow'rs confin'd.



GOD DISPLAYED IN HIS WORKS.

WHO gave thee clothes to shield thy shrinking
 form ?

Who gave thee shelter from the wintry storm ?

Who gave the senseless beasts to be thy food ?

Spread for thy use the pure and limpid flood ?

Gave the quick ear to hear,—the mind to know,

The eye to sparkle, and the blood to flow ?

Who gave the day of health—the night of rest,

Joy at thy call, and comfort in thy breast ?

Who deals with kindest care thy chequer'd lot ?

Whose arm sustains thee tho' thou see'st it not ?

Whose watchful eye observes thy secret ways ?
 Who writes the record of thy fleeting days ?

Ask of the stream that rolls in torrents by ;
 Ask of the stars that light the darken'd sky ;
 Or of the fields array'd in garments fair ;
 Or of the birds that warble on the air ;
 Or of the mountain lilies wet with dew ;
 Or of the brutes, and they will tell thee who.
 Then lift thine eye to that unsullied throne,
 And raise thy heart to Him—thy God alone.



THE STORM AT MIDNIGHT.

ROVING spirit—rushing blast,
 Whither dost thou speed so fast ?
 Hurling from night's ebon car,
 The spear of elemental war ?
 Cam's't thou from the secret cell,
 Where the prison'd whirlwinds dwell ?
 Hast thou seen the awful court,
 Where the armed thunders sport ?
 Where the deafning tempest sings,
 Where the lightning whets its stings ?

Didst thou there obtain thine hour
 Of wild and temporary pow'r ?
 Gain the strength that wraps thy breast ?
 Win the cloud that forms thy crest ?
 Beg to wield the mighty scourge,
 To stir the main—and lash the surge,
 And wake the waves whose white heads rest
 Lightly on old Ocean's breast ?

Speed'st thou now to rouse the gale,
 That rends the white and shivering sail ?
 Speed'st thou now to break the sleep,
 Of those that ride the foaming deep ?
 To shriek like ghosts to those that roam,
 "Thou ne'er shalt view thy distant home."

Then go, thou angry tempest—go,
 Speed thee on thy task of woe,
 'T'ransverse earth from pole to pole,
 Crush the form—but save the soul.

PROCRASTINATION.

"LIVE well to day"—a spirit cries,
 To day be good—to day be wise ;

But something inward seems to tell,
Another day will do as well.

“ Now is the time—the accepted time,”
Speaks audibly a page sublime ;
Another creed is heard to say,
Wait till a more convenient day.

Enquir'st thou which of these is truth ?
Which to obey—unwary youth ?
Go—ask of nature in thy walk.
The rose-bud, dying on its stalk,
The fading grass—the withering tree,
Are emblems of thy fate and thee.
Ask of the stream or torrent hoarse,
To linger in its wonted course ;
Ask of the bird to stay its flight,
Bid the pale moon prolong her light,
And listen to their answering tone,
“ A future day is not our own.”

And is it thine ? Oh, spurn the cheat,
Resist the smooth—the dire deceit ;
Lest, while thou dream'st of long delay,
Thine hour of action pass away,
Thy prospects fade—thy joys be o'er,
Thy time of hope return no more.

Ask of the Roman—pale with fear,
While judgment thunder'd in his ear,

Who to the warning friend could say
 " I'll hear thee on a future day ;"
 Ask him if Time confirm'd his claim,
 Or that good season ever came ?

Go, ask of him, whom demons urge
 To leap this dark world's dizzy verge,
 Who on his thorny pillow pain'd,
 Sees no reprieve or pardon gain'd.
 Oh ! ask that dying man the price
 Of one short hour of thoughtless vice ;
 What would he pay—what treasure give,
 For one brief season more to live,
 One hour to spend in anxious care,
 In duty, penitence, and prayer !

Ask of the grave ; a voice replies—
 " No knowledge, wisdom, or device,"
 Beauty, or strength possess the gloom
 Where thou shalt find thy narrow home.

Delay no longer ; lest thy breath
 Should quiver in the sigh of death ;
 But inward turn thy thoughtful view,
 And what thy spirit dictates—do.

THE GIVING OF THE BIBLE TO THE ESQUIMAUX.

ROUND that wide bay whose waters sweep,
With slow—sad current, to the deep,
Hoarse billows beat the rugged shore,
Of cold and dismal Labrador.

There as the lonely sailor keeps
His night-watch o'er those awful deeps,
Sighs for his long deserted home
And hails the slowly rising moon,
Lo ! icy cliffs of fearful size
Flash death before his startled eyes,
Cleave his frail bark with thund'ring crash,
As lightnings rend the lofty ash.
His frantic shrieks of thrilling pain
Rouse from their beds the helpless train,
Who soon shall sleep nor wake again.
Cold to the raft their limbs congeal,
Their icy hearts forget to feel,
Dim close their eyes in silent sleep
On their last couch—the northern deep.

Perchance upon the flinty beach,
Their dry, unburied bones may bleach,

Where deserts stretch in trackless snow,
 And broad lakes rise that never flow,
 And rocks of frost, with frightful ledge,
 Hang sparkling o'er the water's edge.

There scarce the sun reluctant throws
 A faint beam o'er the polar snows ;
 But wakes to speed his glowing car,
 And shuns the icy coast from far ;
 Pale float his locks on frosted skies,
 As in the waste the torch light dies.
 There life's frail lamp with livid ray
 Burns coldly in its cell of clay,
 And lights a weak and dwindled race,
 Devoid of science, wit or grace.
 For them no spring, with gentle care,
 Paints the young bud and scents the air ;
 Nor autumn bids the loaded stem
 Scatter its fruitage fair for them.
 No storied page, or learned strife,
 Or arts that lend delight to life,
 Or lighted dome, or festive song,
 Shed lustre o'er their winter long.
 But wrapt in skins, by long pursuit
 Torn rudely, from the slaughter'd brute,
 Close throng'd in hidden vaults they rest,
 Within the drear earths' mouldering breast,
 Hear the wild storm above them pour,
 Or sunk in sleep forget its roar.

The long dark night, with heavy sway,
 Hangs frowning o'er their homes of clay ;
 The twilight dim—the infant moon,
 The pale sad stars that break the gloom
 Glance coldly on their living tomb.

Ah ! what can cheer that lonely spot,
 Or bind the sufferer to his lot ?
 The hand that spread those frigid skies,
 And gave the polar star to rise,
 The hand that stretch'd that frozen plain,
 And shew'd to man his drear domain,
 Gave, to enhance the scanty store,
 An humble mind that ask'd no more.

And yet a better boon than this
 In later times he gave,
 A warning voice, a call to bliss,
 A hope beyond the grave ;
 A page whose lustre shone to bless
 The lone retreat of wretchedness.

He reads, he weeps, his prayers arise
 To Him who hears a sinner's cries.
 Sounds soft as music seem to roll,
 Strong light is kindled in his soul,
 While deep repentance, earnest prayer,
 And grateful love are rising there ;
 And tears stand trembling in his eye
 That for *his* sins, his Lord should die.

Now when the storm more feebly blows,
 And cold plants creep through wasted snows,
 When summer lifts her fleeting wings,
 With ardour to his task he springs,
 Blesses the hand that gilds the scene,
 And kindly spreads the sky serene.

Nor wintry storms to him are drear,
 Though hoarse they thunder in his ear,
 Who in his humble cell at rest
 Feels peace divine inspire his breast ;
 And sees fair hope in roseate bloom
 Descend to share his clay built room.

Thus to his silent grave he goes,
 And meekly sinks to long repose,
 In firm belief at last to hear
 The strong Archangel rend the sphere,
 The trump proclaim the day of doom,
 A hand break up his ice-bound tomb,
 And bear him where no pain shall come,
 No winter shroud the scene with gloom,
 No stream congeal, no tempest rise,
 No gloomy cell or darken'd skies,
 No withering plant, no flinty soil,
 Or pining want, or fruitless toil,
 No lamp emit a glimmering ray,
 No setting sun forsake the day ;
 But light shall beam before unknown
 From Him who sits upon the throne,

And joy, and peace, and love shall cheer
 The son of wintry realms severe,
 Who, ransom'd by his Saviour's blood,
 Cleans'd in that fountain's healing flood,
 Still meek and uncomplaining trod,
 And found a mansion with his God.



DEATH OF AN INVALID.

HOW oft, reviving Invalid, would'st thou,
 When vernal plants diffus'd their blossoms fair,
 Salute the opening scene with cheerful brow,
 And hail the genial freshness of the air.

How oft would'st thou the passing hour beguile,
 Though health refus'd to flush thy cheek again,
 Oh, I shall miss thy custom'd morning smile,
 Though pale beneath the shaft of lingering pain.

Placid and gentle ev'n in life's decline,
 Though no fair hand thy lonely path did strew,
 Well pleas'd to see the joys of youth, though thine,
 Chill'd by the hand of age, were faint and few.

Buried and stiff, awhile thy form must rest,
 The cold, damp earth thy dream of life must blot.
 Thus all, like thee, shall sink on Natures breast,
 Like thee be mourn'd a moment—then forgot.



ON THE DOVE'S LEAVING THE ARK.

STILL did an unseen Being guide
 The lonely vessel o'er the tide,
 And still, with steady prow, it braves
 The fury of the foaming waves.
 While fierce the deluge pours its stream,
 The thunders roll—the meteors gleam,
 When Ocean's mighty cisterns broke,
 And earth like a rent cottage shook,
 And slowly as its axle turn'd,
 The wat'ry planet mov'd and mourn'd ;
 Though trembling at the tempest's ire,
 Or scorching in the lightning's fire,
 While holding in her firm embrace
 The remnant of a wasted race,
 Still o'er the waves the wandering ark
 Roam'd like some lone, deserted bark.

But now the storm has hush'd its ire,
 The warring elements retire ;
 And from his curtains, dusk and dun
 Look'd forth, once more, th' astonish'd sun.

What saw he there ? Young Nature's face
 With smiles, and joy, and beauty fair ?
 No ! not one feature could he trace
 To tell him life was ever there ;
 Save when that little bark was seen
 To shew him where her pride *had been*.

But now from that secure abode
 A winged stranger went,
 And from the casement open'd wide
 A joyful flight she bent ;
 High mounting seem'd to seek the sky
 With forward breast, and sparkling eye,
 Like captive set at liberty.

So went the dove on errand kind,
 To seek a mansion for mankind,
 Tho' scarce her meek eye dar'd to trace
 The horrors of that dreadful place.

The waves with white and curling head
 Swept above the silent dead,
 The heaving billows' dashing surge
 Hoarsely swell'd the hollow dirge ;

The heavy weight of waters prest
 The mighty monarch's mouldering breast,
 The giant chief, the sceptred hand,
 The lip that pour'd the loud command ;
 The blooming cheek—the sparkling eye,
 Now shrouded in the sea-weed lie.

But still the pensive stranger spread
 Her white wing o'er that Ocean dread,
 And oft her anxious eye she cast
 Across that dark and shoreless waste.
 For evening clad the skies in gloom,
 And warn'd her of her distant home.
 The stars that gemm'd the brow of night
 Glanc'd coldly on her wavering flight,
 In tears, the moon with trembling gleam
 Withdrew her faint and faded beam,
 And o'er that vast and silent grave
 Was spread the dark and boundless wave.
 With beating heart, and anxious ear,
 She strove some earthly sound to hear,
 In vain—no earthly sound was near.
 It seem'd the world's eternal sleep
 Had settled o'er that gloomy deep,
 Nor slightest breath her bosom cheer'd,
 Her own soft wings alone she heard.

But still that fearful dove preserv'd,
 With unabating care,

The olive leaf—the type of peace
 All fragrant, fresh, and fair.

With pain her weary wing she stretch'd
 Over the billows wide,
 And oft her panting bosom dropp'd
 Upon the briny tide.

The image of her absent mate,
 That cheer'd her as she strove with fate,
 Grew darker on her eye ;
 It seem'd as if she heard him mourn,
 For one who never must return,
 In broken minstrelsey.

Yet ere her pinions ceas'd their flight,
 Or clos'd her eye in endless night,
 A hand the weary wanderer prest
 And drew her to the ark of rest.
 Oh ! welcome to thy peaceful home,
 No more o'er that wild waste to roam.

When from this cell of pain and woe,
 Like that weak dove my soul shall go,
 And trembling still her flight shall urge,
 Along this dark world's doubtful verge
 O'er the cold flood, and foaming surge,
 Then may the shrinking stranger spy
 A pierc'd hand stretching from the sky,

Then hear a voice in accents blest,
 "Return—return unto thy rest,"
 Long prison'd in a wayward clime,
 Long wounded with the thorns of time ;
 Long chill'd by the wild storms that pour
 Around that dark, deceitful shore,
 Enter—where thorns shall wound and tempests
 rage no more.

THE SUSCEPTIBLE MIND.

HAST thou seen the Mimosa within its soft cell,
 All shrinking and suffering stand,
 And draw in its tendrils, and fold its young leaves,
 From the touch of the tenderest hand ?

Hast thou seen the young Aspen that trembles
 and sighs,
 On the breath of the lingering wind ?
 Oh ! these are but emblems, imperfect and faint,
 Of the shrinking and sensitive mind.

GRATITUDE.

LINES WRITTEN ON PLANTING SLIPS OF GERANIUM AND CON-
STANCY NEAR THE GRAVE OF A VENERABLE FRIEND.

LITTLE plant of slender form,
Fair, and shrinking from the storm,
Lift thou here thine infant head,
Bloom in this uncultur'd bed.
Thou, of firmer spirit too,
Stronger texture, deeper hue,
Dreading not the winds that cast
Cold snöws o'er the frozen waste,
Rise, and shield it from the blast.

Shrink not from the awful shade
Where the bones of men are laid ;
Short like thine their transient date,
Keen has been the scythe of fate.
Forth like plants in glory drest
They came upon the green earth's breast,
Sent forth their roots to reach the stream,
Their buds to meet the rising beam,
They drank the morning's balmy breath,
And sunk at eve in withering death.

Rest here, meek plants, for few intrude
 To trouble this deep solitude ;
 But should the giddy footstep tread
 Upon the ashes of the dead,
 Still let the hand of rashness spare
 These little plants of love to tear,
 Since fond affection with a tear,
 Has plac'd them for an offering here.
 Adorn the grave of her who sleeps
 Unconscious, while remembrance weeps,
 Though ever, ever did she feel,
 And mourn those pangs she could not heal.

Sev'n times the sun with swift career,
 Has mark'd the circle of the year,
 Since first she prest her lowly bier ;
 And sev'n times, sorrowing have I come,
 Alone, and wandering through the gloom,
 To pour my lays upon her tomb :
 And I have sigh'd to see her bed
 With brambles, and with thorns o'erspread,

For surely round her place of rest,
 I should not let the coarse weed twine,
 Who so the couch of pain has blest,
 The path of want so freely drest,
 And scatter'd such perfumes on mine.
 It is not meet that she should be
 Forgotten or unblest by me.

Ye plants, that in your hallow'd beds,
 Like strangers, lift your trembling heads,
 Drink the pure dew that evening sheds,
 And meet the morning's earliest ray,
 And catch the sun-beams as they play ;
 And when your buds are moist with rain,
 Oh shed those drops in tears again ;
 And if the blast that sweeps the heath,
 Too rudely o'er your leaves should breathe,
 Then sigh for her ; and when you bloom
 Scatter your fragrance on her tomb.

But should you, smit with terror, cast
 Your infant foliage on the blast,
 Or faint beneath the vertic heat,
 Or shrink when wintry tempests beat,
 There is a plant of constant bloom,
 And it shall deck this lowly tomb,
 Not blanch'd with frost, or drown'd with rain,
 Or by the breath of winter slain ;
 Or by the sweeping gale annoy'd,
 Or by the giddy hand destroy'd,
 But every morn its buds renew'd,
 Are by the drops of evening dew'd,
 This is the plant of Gratitude.

THE TEAR.

+

WHEN gentle pity moves the breast,
 And claims for others' woes the sigh,
 Or mild commiseration leads
 To kinder deeds of charity,
 Or the quick, feeling heart laments
 The woes of those it holds most dear,
 How graceful on the cheek is seen,
 The pure and sympathetic tear. ✕

✕

Or when the page of life is dark,
 And fled is every earthly trust,
 When no kind comforter is near,
 And the sad soul is in the dust,
 Or when the bursting heart laments
 O'er lost affection's silent bier ;
 At once to mark and sooth the grief
 There flows the sorrow-starting tear. ✕

There is indeed a grief that scorns
 The channel of a watery eye,
 But then it breaks the thread of life,
 Or heats the brain to agony.
 And Oh ! preserve the friends I love,
 From feeling such a pang severe,
 And give them in their hour of woe
 The secret solace of a tear. ✕

Among the boasted joys of youth,
 Fair friendship's form has met my view,
 And fondly I retun'd her smile,
 And still believ'd her promise true :
 Yet I have felt, but ask me not,
 What thus has chang'd my prospect drear,
 And what has taught me so to prize
 The treasure of a silent tear. †

LIFE.

LIFE is like a painted dream,
 Like the rapid summer stream,
 Like the flashing meteor's ray,
 Like the shortest winter's day,
 Like the fitful breeze that sighs,
 Like the wavering flame that dies,
 Darting—dazzling on the eye,
 Fading in Eternity.

Most elegant
OUR COUNTRY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE MORNING OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR
 INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4, 1814.

HENCE—ye rude sounds, that wake me from my
 sleep,
 And fright away my dreams, peaceful and pure.
 I shudder at the cannon's deafning roar,
 The martial echo, and the shout of joy
 Where joy is not. For say—can joy be there
 Where honour and the blissful time of peace
 Are parted names? And you, ye peaceful bells,
 That call the meek soul to the house of prayer,
 Why with your hallow'd voices will ye swell
 This morning tumult? Oh, that ye would leave
 Me to my slumbers; better 'twere to dream
 Of weariness and woe, to scale the cliff
 Snow crown'd and dizzy, see the foe approach,
 And when you spring to motion find the limbs
 Stiff—and the tongue enchain'd; or dare the flood
 Upon some broken bridge—Ah! better far
 To suffer for an hour, and rise in peace,
 Than to muse waking on disastrous war
 And glory lost. To wake, alas, and think
 That honour *once was ours*, and find it not,
 Is but to wake to pain. To see the wounds

Our bleeding country bears, and then to find
 No balm in Gilead—no physician there,
 Is more than torture. Hence! away, ye sounds
 Of revelry and mirth; your tones are harsh,
 Your melody discordant; for the heart
 Responds not to them. Ye, that joy so much,
 Look to the heights of Queenston; see the plains
 Where bleach the bones of valour; hear the voice
 Of treachery false-hearted; hear the tones
 Of jarring counsels; hear the widow's wail!
 Look where the troubled skies are red, with light
 Of flaming villages—and meteors wild
 Glare o'er the darken'd concave!

Who are these,
 That from their cold and humid beds arise?
 The chiefs of other days. They fought, they bled,
 When war was righteous, and they slept in peace.
 Dark on their brows, a frown indignant sits,
 And hollow voices on the midnight blast
 Tell of disgrace and death.—But do you say
 These are the visions of a fearful mind?
 And you are still for war? Then sound the charge,
 Urge on the combat—bid the battle rage—
 The victim bleed—the lonely orphan mourn.
 If deeds like these delight you, take your fill,
 And shout, and triumph, in the groans of pain.
 Since war you love, then arm you for the fight,
 Bind on the shield, and grasp the sword, and throw

A stronger fence around the endanger'd home
 Of those you love. And since for war you call,
 Prepare for war ; and train your infant sons
 To deeds of daring ; let no voice of peace
 Or mercy reach them, lest it enervate
 Souls given to war ; but let the tale of blood
 Sooth them to slumber, and the trumpet's clang
 Break up their cradle dream. Since war you will,
 Then arm you for the deeds and woes of war ;
 Stand firm and stedfast ; for your Country looks
 That those who urge her on so mad a course,
 Should not desert her in her day of need.

But let the Christian place a stronger trust
 In Him the God of Might, who sits serene
 Ruling the tumults of this jarring world,
 And marking for himself the righteous soul,
 Who, whether prison'd in a cell of pain,
 Or driven to fields of blood, or tost on waves
 Dark and tempestuous, at length shall rise
 With rapture to that calm and pure abode,
 Where war, and woe, and error cannot come.

ELECTION.

ON THE MEETING OF THE FREEMEN TO ELECT THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, SEPT. 19th, 1814.

I SEEM to hear a distant voice
 Thus feebly and imploring say,
 " My sons—supporters of my laws,
 Arouse ye at my call to day."

Is this my Country? She whose tone
 Was once so strong, so bold, so just;
 Now like a captive sad and lone,
 Why sighs she faintly from the dust?

Ask not: I cannot answer why;
 Turn from me, I would seek to mourn:
 But cast not thine indignant eye
 On yonder banner stain'd and torn.

Its hue was once like mountain snows,
 Which no rude foot had ever prest;
 And like the azure tint that glows,
 When summer suns the skies invest.

Now faded, dark, and foul with stains,
 Defac'd with blood, and soil'd with clay,
 A remnant round the staff remains,
 Oh ! save it, ere 'tis rent away.

And ask not why that sword is dyed
 In carnage reeking to the hilt ?
 The stains are dark that mark its side,
 But redden with the hue of guilt,

Yet Oh ! the land where saints have pray'd,
 And holy men, and heroes trod,
 Though for a season dark with shade,
 Is not forsaken of its God.

I trust some beam of hope will rise,
 To cheer this dim and troubled spot ;
 Some star of mercy light the skies,
 Though now its lustre glimmers not.

Then if one plant of peace be left,
 One stream that still with freedom runs,
 One branch not yet of bloom bereft,
 Oh, save it for your infant sons.

Like diamond be the shield you wear,
 Which no rash stain of blood shall dim ;
 Lift to your God the eye of prayer,
 And firmly fix your trust in Him.

ON THE CHARACTER OF COMMODORE MACDONOUGH.

THE scene of death is past ; the cannon's roar
 Dies in faint echoes on the distant wave.
 The Christian and the hero stands alone
 Encircled by the slain. No flush of joy,
 Or ray of triumph gilds his thoughtful brow ;
 For though his heart ascends in grateful praise
 To Him who heard his prayer, it sighs with pain,
 Lamenting o'er the woe his hand has wrought.
 That bosom, which amidst the battle's rage,
 Was calm and tranquil, feels the life-blood creep
 Chill through its channels, and that manly cheek
 Which kept its hue unblanch'd, when shrieks of
 death
 And agony arose, is pale, and sad,
 And wet with bitter tears for brethren lost.
 To them he turns his eye, but meets no glance
 Of answering friendship. On the deck they sleep
 Pale, ghastly, silent : while the purple stream
 Flows slowly ebbing, from their bosoms cold.
 One short hour since, he saw them full of life,
 And strength, and courage ; now the northern
 blast
 Sighs as it passes o'er them—whispering low,
 " Behold the end of man !"

Nor yet for friends alone, the victor sighs,
 The noble heart may mourn a fallen foe,
 And do no wrong to honour ; may revere
 His virtues, and lament, that cruel fate
 Bade those to meet so stern, who would have joy'd
 To join in friendship's pure and sacred bands.

He fought not for the vain applause of man,
 To light the flame of war in distant lands,
 Or carry fire, and sword, and woe, and death,
 Among the innocent ; but nerv'd his arm,
 And steel'd his ardent heart, to meet the sword
 Drawn on his native land, and urg'd to blood,
 By provocation strange, and the blind wrath
 Of erring man. He saw a martial host
 Press, with invading step, her vallies green,
 Pour o'er her placid lakes the storm of war ;
 Saw her smooth waters darken'd with the shade
 Of crowding fleets ; he saw the smoke arise
 In heavy volumes, from those splendid domes,
 Where legislation held her awful sway.
 He felt her sad disgrace, and heard a voice,
 Deep ton'd and piercing, call the brave to arms ;
 His was the heart to answer, and he rose,
 With confidence in heaven, and soul prepared.
 He stood the shock, and from the furnace flame
 Came forth like gold. And if this scene of woe
 Is still to last, may many heroes rise,
 Thus bright with rays, whose source is from
 within,

And clad in virtue's arms.

The temper'd sword, long bath'd in blood, may
break ;

The shield may be destroy'd ; the well aim'd dart
Err in its course ; the warrior's eye grow dim ;

But the firm soul, whose trust is plac'd above,
Shrinks not ; tho' loud that last, dread trump
should sound,

Whose warning voice shall rend the solid earth,
And give her glory to the whelming flame.



THE CONFLAGRATION AT WASHINGTON.

very good

WHAT sounds are these, that on the hollow blast
Of startled midnight reach the list'ning ear ?

They seem like shouts of conquest, join'd with
shrieks

Of mad despair, and the confusion wild

Of those that fear or fly. And see the flames

In spiry columns burst thro' wreaths of smoke

Redd'ning the brow of night. O scene of woe !

That pile superb, whose lofty dome arose

With pomp and pride, aspiring to the skies,
 Whose spacious halls once shone, with all that art
 Or wealth could give, to dazzle and adorn,
 A blazing pyramid of fire is seen.

Now its last ray illumines the glowing heavens,
 Darts, sickens, and expires. What ruthless hand
 Could spread the flames of vengeance, thus to blast,
 Destroy, and desolate. Embers conceal'd
 Of hatred and disunion, cherish'd long
 By treachery's secret breath, and madly fir'd
 By the wild torch of rashness, sprung to life.

Eternal Justice saw, and was incens'd ;
 And suffer'd them to rage ; and lo ! the flame
 Has caught our fairest domes ; it burns—it spreads,
 And who shall quench it ? Or with pow'rless strain,
 Or hand so weak as mine, shall dare to paint
 The horrors of that scene ? The costly pile
 Sinking in sheets of fire, and clouds of smoke ;
 The haste of flight, the agony of fear ;
 Pale apprehension, shuddering regret,
 And misery, and tears ? Ah ! who shall bear
 These shameful tidings, to our distant foes,
 Nor shrink with anguish at his Country's wound ?
 Who, to the nations of the earth, shall tell
Her infamy, who once with noble front
 Rank'd high among them ? Who of all her sons
 Can bear to gaze upon her eye, and say,
 “ Thy beauty is destroy'd, thy strength is slain.”
 And when in future days, with downcast eyes,

Around these blacken'd walls they ling'ring stray,
 And trace the mouldering ruins, and exclaim,
 With pausing wonder, "Tell us, why was this?"
 The burning blush will dye the hearer's cheek,
 Grief chain the tongue! Then let oblivion's veil
 In deepest folds forever shroud the scene!
 Snatch the recording pen, from him who seeks
 To make memorial of his country's shame;
 From her stain'd annals rend the page unblest;
 Break off th' unfinish'd lay; bid memory sleep,
 Or hide her tablet from a future age.

Yet Oh! my Country! Who can hide thy loss?
 Forget thy wounds, or mitigate thy woe?
 Around is darkness, and within is pain;
 Then let us look above! There is a ray
 That gleams from thence, an angel voice that cries,
 "Lift up the eye of faith; there yet remains
 "Hope for the righteous; for the weary, rest;
 "For the oppressor, vengeance." Still there
 reigns

A Judge Supreme, whom nothing can elude.
 And though his step is sometimes on the deeps,
 Shrouded in darkness, all his ways are peace,
 Are wisdom, truth, and mercy. Tho' his throne
 Is canopied with clouds, yet the meek eye,
 Now drown'd in tears, and dim with mists of time,
 Shall see, at last, its base was ever fix'd
 On righteousness, and everlasting love.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O THOU, whose words the mighty storms obey,
 The whirlwinds ravage, or the whirlwinds stay,
 At whose dread call the thunder springs to birth,
 The strong winds rack the firm and solid earth,
 And lightnings glare, and ocean foams with ire,
 And snow-clad rocks burst forth with flames of
 fire;

Yet whose least breath can hush the jarring strife,
 And wake the sever'd atoms into life,
 Send back proud ocean from the trembling land,
 And curb his power with a frail bound of sand,
 Hush the wild whirlwind—bid the thunder cease,
 And comfort nature with the smile of peace ;
 Canst thou, who vast eternity dost span ;
 Not change the heart, and turn the ways of man ?

As the soft stream forsakes its winding course,
 Yet ever speeds to its appointed source,
 So canst thou mould his powers, and bend his will,
 And fit him for thy sovereign purpose still ;
 In thee I trust—in this firm hope rejoice,
 Lift upward to thy throne my grateful voice.
 Bend to my prayers—thy needed strength im-
 part,

Awake my slumbering powers, confirm my heart,
 Renew my faith—restore my wonted rest,
 And teach me what thy will decrees is best ;
 On this firm rock, Oh, let my feet be staid,
 Until they tread that lone vale dark with shade,
 'Till my faint heart shall feel its latest pain,
 And throb no more in this cold breast again,
 'Till dying life to life eternal tend,
 Hope spring to joy, and faith in vision end.



**ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH
 OF A VENERABLE FRIEND.**

PAST was the day, and all its varied scenes
 Had sunk to rest. Now came the twilight grey
 With weary step ; and then the queen of night,
 With graceful motion, and with brow serene,
 Smil'd on the eye. But soon her faded cheek
 All pale and alter'd sunk behind the cloud :
 Thence rising slowly, with a sickly look
 And glance averted, fled with hasty step
 To hide her head among the shades of night.

Now all is gloom and darkness. Emblem fit
 Of human joys, that dazzle on the sight,
 Then fade, and vanish, and are seen no more.

And yet, in such a silent hour as this,
 So calm and placid, the full soul delights
 To dwell on what is past, or most of all
 To hold sweet converse with some absent friend
 Belov'd, departed, and beheld no more.
 To such a friend my pensive spirit flies,
 It seeks her in the tomb. Worn with the cares
 Of this hard life, and weary with the weight
 Of more than fourscore years, her head reclines
 Upon the couch, which nature has prepar'd
 For all her sons. White were her scatter'd locks
 With the cold snows of age, and deep her brow
 Was furrow'd with the heavy touch of care,
 Before these eyes had open'd on the light.

But yet no boasted grace, or symmetry
 Of form or feature, not the bloom of youth,
 Or blaze of beauty, ever could awake
 Within my soul that pure and hallow'd joy
 So often felt when gazing on that eye
 Now clos'd in death. Nor could the boasted
 pomp

Of eloquence, which seizes on the brain
 Of mad enthusiasm, emulate the theme
 So often flowing from those aged lips,

To point the way to heaven. O guide belov'd,
And venerated and rever'd in life !

But thou art not ; and many a year has past
Since I beheld thee, though my heart retains,
No dearer image ; when that heart has sunk
Beneath the sorrows of this wayward clime,
Pierc'd with its thorns, and sick'ning at its snares,
Then has thy spirit, in the placid light
Of memory, seem'd to rise, and whisper peace ;
Or in the doubtful visions of the night
Mild gleaming, bid the mourner not to droop.
'Twas ever thus ; for ah ! thou wert a friend
When first the journey of my life began,
And to thy last and agonizing gasp
That friendship fail'd not. Thou didst love to
sooth,

And dry the causeless tear of infancy,
That dimm'd an eye just waking on the light ;
And thou would'st join amid the sports and mirth
Of giddy childhood, bending low to hear
The long recital of those joys, and pains,
That swell or sink the little fluttering heart.
Small were the woes which then would force the
sigh

From the rent bosom, for the strength was small
Giv'n to support them. When with heedless step
I first began to tread the flowery maze
Spread for the foot of youth, how kind the voice,
That warn'd of snares, and dangers, unperceiv'd,

That taught to shun the beaten track of vice,
 And love the path of duty, love the way
 Of meekness and of mercy, not to prize
 That loud applause which captivates the ear
 And cheats the heart ; but seek to follow Him,
 Whose pure and spotless words will lead the soul
 To better mansions, and a better life.

These were thy words, O meek and lowly saint !
 But thou art taken from me—thou art gone
 Far from my sight, and never must my ear
 Receive the music of thy voice again.

Much I could mourn that thou art absent now,
 For much I need thy counsel and thy love,
 And oft I find my wayward footsteps stray
 From the blest boundary of that narrow path
 Leading to life. But yet an higher pow'r,
 A nobler principle, forbids to mourn
 That thou art taken from me, since my loss
 Is thine eternal gain : for so I trust
 That in the realm of joy thou art at rest.
 Oh, may I meet thee in the cloudless light
 Of that bright world, which no unhallow'd eye
 Or mortal passion ever shall pollute.

Were we assur'd this glory would be ours,
 How should we bless the hour of our release,
 Which seals the lips in silence, dims the eye,

And lays the pale cheek in the dust of death ;
 Unbinds the spirit struggling to be free,
 And points it homeward to its Father, God.

beauty

MALTA.

FAR Eastward, where the sea, with thundering
 tides,

Sicilian shores from Afric's soil divides ;
 Not far from where high Etna flames with dread,
 A little Island rears its rocky head.

Its broken cliffs allure the fresh'ning gales,
 And flowers and fruitage clothe the verdant
 vales ;

Mild breathes the air, as if to wake delight,
 And orange groves to soft repose invite,
 But still the rocky coast, with firmness proud,
 Repels the dashing surge, and billows loud.

Phenician lords first gave its natives law,
 'Till Greece with mightier sway awak'd their
 awe,

Though scarce the shallow soil and scant domain
 Could tempt the avarice of the haughty train.

Then Carthaginian darts in wrath were hurl'd,
 'Till Rome's proud sceptre nodded o'er the world ;
 And rising from her throne she bound with care
 This little gem to grace her flowing hair.

But soon her regal arm was bent and broke,
 And changing pow'rs enforc'd a changing yoke,
 Rough on her temples fell the Gothic rod,
 And Norman lords in stern dominion trod,
 'Till o'er her head an host was seen to wield
 The knightly sword, and shake the trophied shield.
 When later times with wondering eye beheld
 High crested valour guard her tented field ;
 While the trumps clanging sound, and thunder-
 ing shocks
 Of warlike weapons, rent her vaulted rocks,
 And round her walls the Turkish crescent gleam'd,
 And Turkish blood in ceaseless torrents stream'd,
 And sunk with shame the faint besieging band
 Fled few, and feeble, to their native land.

Once o'er these foaming floods and billows hoar,
 The tempest's wing a lonely vessel bore ;
 The mountain waves in awful fury rose,
 And cleaving gulphs the secret deeps disclose,
 The lightning's pointed shafts like darts were
 driven,

And thunders rent the darken'd vault of heaven ;
 Loud shriek'd the wild winds from their view-
 less path,

And lash'd the restless surge to foaming wrath,
 'Till with a maniac force, the raging blast
 The shatter'd vessel 'mid the breakers cast.

Sad, weary, faint, the unprotected train
 Trust their last fortunes to the faithless main ;
 Raise their weak heads above the billows' foam,
 And pine with anguish for their distant home.

The natives, watching from their sea girt isle,
 Saw the spent sufferers at their feeble toil,
 Held their bright torch above the surge's roar,
 Lent their kind hand to aid them to the shore,
 Gave a glad shelter from the driving wind,
 And with warm welcome cheer'd the sinking mind.

As round the blaze their sea-beat forms they
 drew,

Forth from the flame a hissing viper flew,
 Quick to a guardless hand, his venom'd dart
 Shot that keen poison, which corrodes the heart ;
 Utter'd the astonish'd natives as they view'd,
 " This wretched man is stained with guiltless
 blood,

" And though he scap'd the doom the seas might
 give,

" Yet righteous vengeance suffers not to live."

With stern and alter'd gaze they sadly wait,
 The fearful purpose of expected fate ;
 But when they saw the wound with venom fraught,
 No change—no horror in their guest had wrought,
 “A God ! a God !” their mingled voices cried,
 And thoughts of reverence thro’ their spirits glide.

Ah simple train ! ye knew not that ye saw
 A friend of Him who vanquish’d nature’s law,
 Who in his bright ascent still paus’d to say,
 “No deadly foe shall bar my servants’ way ;
 “On scorpions they shall tread, and feel no pain,
 “The sharp envenom’d dart shall strike in vain.”

Ye knew not that ye saw the man whose woes
 By him were felt as joys, who deadliest foes
 Undaunted met ; who “ counted losses gain ;”
 Who neither danger fear’d nor shrunk from pain ;
 Whom no reproach, or scourge, or threaten’d
 doom,
 Or present woes, or vision’d ills to come,
 Or heighth, or depth, or peril, flame, or sword,
 Could sever from the love and service of his Lord.

To you was giv’n with pitying love to impart
 Those courteous deeds that win the stranger’s
 heart,
 And though more spacious lands, perchance, display

A soil more rich, a titled train more gay,
 Yet, lonely Isle, thy praise is on a page
 That passes down to time's remotest age.

And in thy soil made soft by genial rain,
 An unseen hand has sown a wondrous grain,
 In later times,* by guardian spirits nurst,
 Tho' weak it springs, its verdure faint at first,
 Yet deep and wide the growing root shall spread,
 And high the cherish'd plant shall rear its head,
 'Till on its boughs the birds of heaven shall rest,
 And wounded nations in its fruit be blest.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUI- TION AT GOA.

IN distant ages, which the rolling stream
 Of time has wasted like a baseless dream,
 While o'er the earth the clouds of darkness hung,

* Referring to the late distribution of the Scriptures in that Island.

Forth from the deep abyss a monster sprung,
 At first a weak and wither'd wand he bore,
 The mask of sanctity his features wore,
 A holy zeal he prais'd, menacing loud,
 And to the holy church his head he bow'd,
 Arm'd with her thunders, as her champion rose,
 Though leagu'd in secret with her mortal foes,
 And dark resolves, and deeds of fiendish spite
 Lurk'd in his hollow bosom from the light ;
 Deep draughts of blood in secret cells would drain,
 His ear, like music lov'd the groan of pain,
 Forth to the rack the tortur'd form he led,
 And the fierce flames with guiltless victims fed,
 With bolts, and bars, his wretched prey confin'd,
 And claim'd dominion o'er the free-born mind.

His lofty dome rose frowning on the shore,
 Dark as his sins, and secret as his pow'r ;
 When midnight wrapt the world in Stygian shade,
 The first accursed stone was hewn, and laid,
 And in the cavern'd cells with malice fraught,
 Base cruelty and superstition wrought.

Mistaken zeal the pondrous arches rear'd,
 Paus'd o'er her work, and as she saw it fear'd,
 And close-veil'd mystery, with finger slow,
 Plac'd on the massy gates, the seal of woe.
 High on the dome, her audit terror kept,
 And in the cavern'd cells pale misery wept,
 And prison'd virtue toil'd with ceaseless care.

To feed the wasting lamp of dim despair,
 And helpless innocence, with fainting breath,
 Fell weak and tortur'd in the arms of death.

Long, his dire arm the humbled nations sway'd,
 And sceptred kings a fearful homage paid ;
 Harsh on the neck, the yoke of bondage prest,
 The belt of iron bound the throbbing breast,
 The smitten spirit sunk to rise no more,
 And nature trembled at the load she bore.

But while the monster, with infernal sport,
 Held the dark revels of his blood-stain'd court,
 A heavenly ray with quick effulgence stream'd
 Through those drear cells where light had never
 beam'd ;

He heard the bursting bars, the captives free,
 The breaking chain, the shout of liberty,
 Saw thro' his grate a form of heavenly birth,
 Light with soft step upon the grateful earth ;
 In frantic rage his blood-shot eyes he roll'd,
 His inward pangs his changing features told ;
 His champions fled, his guards forsook their
 place,

His mighty temple trembled to its base,
 Its cleaving arch receiv'd the sweeping blast,
 Its mouldering columns fell in ruin vast,
 Loud yell'd the fiend, with hopeless fury fir'd,
 And as his fabric sunk, his pow'r expir'd.

Hoarse moving thunders roar'd a mighty knell,
 The glad earth shouted as the prison fell,
 The pow'rs infernal shriek'd in hollow moan,
 And their grim monarch trembled on his throne.

A FAREWELL TO THE MONTH.

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! no rolling sun
 To me shall e'er thy light restore,
 And cheerfully thou go'st to seek
 Thy many sisters gone before.

I would, that all unstain'd and fair,
 The register that thou dost bear
 Of me—might be ; but yet adieu,
 And if I sigh, still be thou true.
 For thou to Heaven's assembled host,
 Must utter what of me thou know'st.

Nay—cast not back that look of pain,
 And echo not my sighs again !

Thou gav'st me time much good to do,
 And health—and privileges too,
 And if I fail'd, still blameless thou.

Thou brought'st me comfort from above,
 Sweet peace, and fond paternal love,
 No night of pain, or day of noise,
 But gentle, intellectual joys.

I hang upon thy parting glance,
 And bind thy memory to my heart ;
 Thy little life to me was sweet,
 Was sweet as friendship—so depart.



ADDRESS TO A NEW MONTH.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1812.

HAIL, stranger ! thou art welcome ! for I know
 Thou cam'st to guide me on my way, and haste
 My journey to my home. Thro' paths unknown

Dark with the sable of uncertainty,
 Thou point'st me, and I follow undismay'd ;
 For all thy course is mark'd and rul'd by Him
 Who cannot err. Oh ! that his pow'r might make
 Me active every hour, patient and kind,
 Grateful and cheerful, seeking to do good,
 Forgetting all the things that lay behind,
 And pressing firmly onward in the path
 Of duty and of peace. O stranger fair !
 Who com'st to aid me on this little stage
 Of life's uncertain road, thy smile is soft,
 And thy first deed is kind ; for first thou shew'st
 To me the brow of morn, gilded and bright,
 And as I gaze thou whisper'st in my ear
 That it is holy : so thou guid'st my steps
 To God's own temple, where the gathering crowds
 Resort to seek his face and chant his praise.

LINES,

On the death of the Rev. Mr. WASHBURN, of Farmington, Connecticut, during a storm at midnight, while on his passage to South-Carolina, for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his wife.

THE southern gale awoke, its breath was mild,
 The hoary face of mighty ocean smil'd ;
 Silent he lay, and o'er his breast did move
 A little bark that much he seem'd to love ;
 He lent it favouring winds of steady force,
 And bade the zephyrs waft it on its course ;
 So on its trackless way, it mov'd sublime,
 To bear the sick man to a softer clime.
 Then night came on ; the humid vapours rose,
 And scarce a gale would fan the dead repose ;
 It seem'd as if the cradled storms did rest,
 As infants dream upon the mothers breast.

But when deep midnight claim'd his drear do-
 main,
 And darkly prest the sick man's couch of pain,

The prison'd winds to fearful combat leap,
 And rouse the wrathful spirit of the deep,
 The impatient storms arose—their sleep was
 past,

The thunder roar'd a hoarse and dreadful blast,
 The troubled bark was tost upon the wave,
 The cleaving billows shew'd a ready grave,
 The lightnings blaz'd insufferably bright,
 Forth rode a spirit on the wing of night ;
 An unseen hand was there, whose strong con-
 trol,

Requir'd in that dread hour the sick man's soul,
 It struggled and was gone ! to hear no more
 The whirlwinds sweeping, and the torrents roar,
 The rending skies, the loud and troubled deep,
 The agonizing friend, that wak'd to weep ;
 No more to shrink before the tempest's breath,
 No more to linger in the pangs of death ;
 No more ! no more ! it saw a purer sphere,
 Nor surging sea—nor vexing storms were there ;
 Before his eye a spotless region spread,
 Where darkness rested not—or doubt or dread,
 And sickness sigh'd not there, and mortal ills
 were fled.

THE following productions were addressed by the author to a number of young Ladies placed under her care, and are here introduced in the form of Essays.

The first part of the document
 discusses the general principles
 of the system. It is divided into
 several sections, each dealing with
 a different aspect of the problem.
 The second part of the document
 contains a detailed description of
 the experimental apparatus used
 in the study. This includes a
 list of the materials and components
 used, and a description of the
 experimental procedure.

The results of the experiment are
 presented in the third part of the
 document. These results show that
 the system is capable of performing
 the task with a high degree of
 accuracy and reliability. The data
 are presented in a series of tables
 and graphs, which clearly illustrate
 the performance of the system.
 The final part of the document
 contains a discussion of the results
 and a conclusion. This part of the
 document discusses the implications
 of the results and suggests areas
 for further research.

In conclusion, the system described
 in this document is a promising
 approach to solving the problem.
 The results of the experiment show
 that the system is capable of
 performing the task with a high
 degree of accuracy and reliability.
 This suggests that the system may
 be useful in a wide range of
 applications. Further research is
 needed to determine the full
 capabilities of the system and to
 optimize its performance.

ESSAYS.

FILIAL DUTY.

AS a child, your first duty is obedience to your parents ; an obedience comprehending love, submission, and reverence. To this simple point are all your duties now confined ; but as you advance in life they will become more difficult and varied. Beware therefore of considering it of small importance how you conduct yourselves towards these parents. You are like a traveller entering upon an unexplored country, and these are your guides. As your judgment is not matured they must also be your counsellors. You are subject to afflictions and they will always be your comforters. Do not imagine that you are capable of directing yourselves, but laying aside all feel-

ings of obstinacy and self conceit, submit yourselves to their instructions, admonitions, and restraints. Be not however satisfied with submission only, for gratitude has more extensive claims. Reflect upon the nature of your obligations to those who have borne cheerfully with all the cares, anxieties, and labours, arising from your state of infancy and youth. They have protected you when helpless, instructed you when ignorant, loved you amidst all your errors, and will continue to love you even to the close of their existence. Favours like these you have never received from any other created being, therefore next to your father in heaven, you are bound to love and reverence your parents. Be dutiful and affectionate, studying their wishes in all you do. A different course of conduct will afflict those to whom you are bound by every tie of nature and gratitude, and lower you in your own opinion. You would not surely wound those whose kindness to you has been such as you at present cannot realize, or in future ever repay ; or fail in the first duty of your life, forcing hope to sigh at the promise of your future years.

Those who have been eminent for piety and true wisdom, have invariably performed the requisitions of this most interesting connection. If you are anxious for their fame, be careful not to

neglect this part of their example. Our holy Saviour, when he reasoned with the Jewish doctors, and astonished them by his wisdom, obeyed the commands of his mother and was subject to his parents. It seems almost unnecessary to make use of arguments to enforce a duty which the light of nature teaches, and which even among savage nations is often scrupulously performed. And yet experience is daily proving, that it is not enough to know the path we are to tread, we need constantly to be reminded that we are in danger of deviating from it. Let us listen to the voice of Him who cannot err, proclaiming to us who are children, "Honour thy father and mother." Yet because the human heart is hard, and the ear dull, unless softened and roused by some sentiment of self interest, the same voice adds, with unspeakable condescension, "that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Let this encouragement, held out to us by infinite goodness, stimulate the exertions of those who have begun well, and reform the practice of those still in error. Whenever we are disposed to stifle the warning voice of duty, or turn a deaf ear to that of Him who speaketh from above, let it be remembered that at a future day, this folly will be found to "bite as the serpent, and sting as the adder."

NOVEL READING.

READING is not only a pleasant recreation, but, under proper regulations, the best employment for our leisure hours. It becomes either salutary, or pernicious, according to the choice we make of our books, and the time we devote to them. It is possible to be dissipated even in reading good books; this however is so seldom the case with those of our age, that it is hardly an evil to be guarded against. But there is a kind of dissipation to which most young people are prone, extremely injurious in a variety of ways. That is the reading of novels, without limit as to number, or discretion in the choice. This is not only a waste of time which can never be recalled, but has the worst possible effects upon the mind, by unfitting it for every other kind of intellectual enjoyment. Youth is the season for the acquisition of knowledge, but whoever is much devoted to a love of works of fiction, will find it impossible to pursue, with any effect, such a course of study, as will enlighten her understanding, strengthen her mind, or amend her heart. On the contrary she will find her mind enervated, her wishes uncertain and contradictory,

her temper capricious and whimsical, and her views of life so incorrect and extravagant, that in the world where it must still be her fate to live, she sees nothing but what is offensive, because it is unlike the visionary world she has formed in her own imagination. It is not from the reading of such works that we can expect to acquire that firmness of character, which is necessary for those, who hope to support, with dignity and submission, the sorrows, pains, and infirmities, to which we are all exposed. The precepts found in them are not generally those of wisdom, patience, or sobriety. They are much more apt to excite vanity, and prompt a desire to imitate some unnatural or inconsistent character. It must be acknowledged that these are not the characteristics of all novels; there are some, where feeling and fancy are made the vehicles of an excellent moral lesson, where at the same time that they warm the imagination, they mend the heart, and place the motives for great and good actions, in so strong a point of view, without extravagant, or unreasonable embellishment, as hardly to fail of leaving a good impression. But works of this description bear a small proportion to those which are tinged with folly and vanity, whose characters, though dazzling, and placed in various attractive attitudes, are utterly unfit for imitation, and the admiration of

which can only lead to mischief. Their principal attractions consist of endowments which imply no real merit, and they are usually under the influence of one single passion, wrought to such a pitch of extravagance, as in real life would be completely ridiculous. Reading of this kind is too apt to inspire an excessive love of admiration, and desire to possess personal beauty ; and gives us such false notions of the world in which we are to perform our part, that the most respectable occupations, or duties of domestic life, become irksome and tedious.

We must not expect to realize the scenes with which we are so much delighted. This world is a state of trial, we must therefore expect pain ; it is a state of probation and calls for the exercise of virtue ; of imperfection, and we must look beyond it for purity and felicity. The knowledge of our own hearts is essential to respectability and happiness ; the permitting ourselves to indulge in the visionary scenes of romance is unfavourable to self knowledge, and commonly perfects us in nothing but giddiness and self conceit. If we have occasional recourse to works of fancy for amusement, let us do it but rarely, and select those works with care. At this season of our lives, there is no time to be lost in the acquirement of knowledge ; a future opportunity

may never be within our power, we should therefore bend our attention to such productions as will, while they convey useful knowledge, strengthen the mind, and mend the heart. And above all, let us prize that volume, which points the way to truth, and which speaks of mansions reserved for the faithful “incorruptible, undefiled, and that cannot fade away.”



MEMORY.

MEMORY is that retentive power of the mind, by which it preserves the ideas and impressions it has received. It is of great importance in all the various employments and professions of mankind, and may be easily weakened by neglect, or strengthened at pleasure. It is more under our control than the powers of perception, fancy, or imagination, and ought therefore to be cultivated, to counteract the inequality which these must otherwise occasion ;

since their possessors would have a great variety of original and brilliant ideas, even without external advantages, industry, or unusual degrees of application. It is so much in the power of all, to fix firmly in their minds what they have once admitted there, that some moral philosophers have asserted that memory is only a habit of *fixed attention* ; and that though we cannot always acquire what we wish, we may always remember what we please. This theory is supported by instances of persons who have received from nature a very weak memory, yet by study and application have strengthened it to every useful and laudable purpose. Without this faculty, knowledge loses its value ; education becomes ineffectual, and it is impossible to excel in any literary department.

Careful study, and constant practice, are necessary to mature it where it exists, and to acquire it where it does not ; and ideas are thus arranged, consolidated, and treasured in the secret recesses of the mind, to be brought forth for future use, ornament, or delight. That ready recollection by which the knowledge possessed is brought into immediate exercise, as momentary exigences may require, is a different department of memory ; more complicated, and less easily acquired. This requires judgment to

select wisely from the store-house of the mind, and promptness to apply what is selected, at the moment when it will produce the best effect.

As the want of this is most deeply realized in society, so it is most easily acquired by free and rational conversation. Were the importance of this qualification sufficiently considered, it would more frequently turn the unprofitable channel of discourse, and introduce subjects which might at once draw forth, and enrich the latent treasures of the mind. The first act of the memory compares, compounds, and secures a stock of ideas ; the other selects from that stock whatever may entertain, convince, or instruct others. But if this latter exercise of memory is peculiarly useful to those who associate much with the world, its most pleasing office is to lead the mind through the cells which she has stored, or the gardens which she has planted, that it may collect sweetness, or study wisdom, or refresh itself after the cares and perplexities of life.

Mémoire is also a criterion of moral taste : For the mind will cherish those ideas that are most congenial to it ; and if those which frequently recur leave the deepest impressions, it follows that what is most congenial to the taste, we remember best. Thus we often meet with

one who remembers, accurately and with ease, historical facts, ancient or modern ; another, dates and eras ; a third, revolutions and conspiracies. There are some who have stored their memories with biographical sketches and moral essays, or the various departments of narrative and poetry ; while others are wholly absorbed in the passing events of the day, the variations of the political atmosphere, the fluctuations of society, pieces of scandal, fashions, manners and amusements ; unconscious that they are holding up to an attentive observer, a mirror of their own intellectual habits, and a key to unlock the secret cabinet of the mind.

Memory is also valuable as a source of intellectual delight. When affliction has embittered the present, or age cast its shade over the future, it presents in the past, a picture at once consolatory and alluring. Thus we find the aged invariably attached to the days that are gone, more than to those that are passing, or to come ; even recollected pain loses its anguish, and the traces of memory though broken and imperfect are delightful to the eye that has grown dim to the illusions of hope. But to us, my young friends, who have never felt affliction to disgust us with life, or age to paralyze the ardour of fancy, still to us memory opens a full source of pleasure.

Between the disputed pleasures of memory and anticipation, I do not hesitate to give a decided preference to the first. One presents a vivid picture of the future; the other a faithful transcript of the past. The brilliancy of the first attracts for a time, but reason perceives it to be drawn by the mutable pencil of fancy, that the curtain of futurity rests upon it, and involves it in darkness. She looks on the tablet of memory; its traces are less glaring, but more perfect; they dazzle less, but are not fictitious. One charms us while we are under the sway of fancy, the other while we are controlled by reason; and we are taught to feel those to be the highest pleasures, which are tasted by a mind rational and serene. On this part of the subject, I will borrow the beautiful expressions of a poet :

“ Lighter than air, hope’s summer visions fly,
 “ If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky,
 “ If but a beam of sober reason play,
 “ Lo, fancy’s fairy frost-work melts away.
 “ But can the wile of art, the grasp of power,
 “ Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 “ These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 “ Pour round her path a stream of living light,
 “ And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 “ Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.”

‘To you, my young friends, who are acquiring an education, I cannot express the peculiar worth and importance of memory. Of what use will it

be, to listen to, or repeat sentiments however good, if they pass away as soon as they are repeated? Of what advantage will it be that you acquire knowledge with facility, if the mind neglects to retain it? If you are sometimes excusable for not learning with ease, you can never be so, for forgetting what you have learned, since that depends upon your own choice, and not on the peculiar construction of the mind. Make use of every expedient, therefore, to strengthen this important faculty. Give an undivided attention to what you wish to learn, and be not satisfied with *once repeating* a lesson, but meditate upon its contents until they are firmly engraven on your mind. Accustom yourselves always to render an account of what you read, either to yourself, or to some other person. Every night examine what you have learned during the day; compare it with what you have previously acquired, and be not soon wearied with this exercise, for if you really wish to strengthen your memories, you will consider no exertion too laborious. Despise not to receive a lesson of wisdom even from inferior creatures. Does the ant when she has carefully collected her load, forget to deposit it in her granary? Of what advantage is it to the bee, that she selects the most fragrant flowers, that she is skilful in extracting their essence, that she bears a larger load than her companions, if when she reaches

her cell she neglects to store her sweetness? You are now collecting stores of intellectual sweetness for the approaching winter of life, it may be a winter darkened with depression, infirmity, or sorrow. If you will then wish for internal resources, when the streams of external enjoyment have become embittered; if you will then need an asylum to retreat to, when the tempest of trouble is beating without, prepare now those resources, and furnish that asylum. Conquer now that folly and levity which will inscribe the tablet of remembrance, with traces not grateful to the calm eye of retrospection. Guard against associations of ideas which you would blush to pronounce, lest the pure sources of recollection should become polluted; and think no exertion too great to strengthen a talent which can cheer the days of depression and decline.

But do we not sometimes hear of the pains of memory? How can a faculty like this become painful to its possessor? Is it because it reminds us of past losses and disappointments? No! these the hand of time disarms of their anguish, and to the submissive mind they are converted into blessings. Is it the recollection of injuries or unkindness? No! these the Christian will repay with forgiveness and gentleness, and thus extract good out of evil. Is it then the remembrance of departed friends, who cherished and guided us,

in the paths of rectitude and piety? We believe these have gone to a better country, and the hope of meeting them there, and the memory of their virtues, console the heart of the mourner. What then can excite the pains of memory; if it is neither loss, or disappointment, unkindness, injury, or the death of beloved friends? It is the recollection of time *mispent*, and of *duty forsaken*! These awaken the pang of memory, and turn the eye with terror from the past.

Guard faithfully, my dear young friends, these avenues of regret, and in every situation and circumstance of life you will be happy. Neither age, sorrow, or disappointment can destroy your peace of mind, if you are supported by the consciousness of having performed your duty.



ON A JUST ESTIMATION OF THE CHARACTER OF OTHERS.

HABITUATED as we are to the varied intercourse of society, it is impossible to remain long in the world, without forming some esti-

mate of the characters that surround us. Towards some we feel attracted, by others repelled ; some, while we scarcely know why, awaken our esteem ; and others, without sufficient reason, may be thought of with aversion and mentioned with disgust. The quality of our taste, the predominance of our feelings, or even the casualty of circumstance, may produce associations of ideas, confirmed by habit into predilection or enmity. To search for the cause of these varying opinions, to examine the foundation of these attachments and prejudices, and to reduce them all to the rule of equity is the office of the judgment, that most important effort of the reasoning powers. In forming our estimate of mankind we are too apt to be influenced by the distinctions which we perceive among them ; and to view with a great degree of deference the wealthy, the powerful, and the honourable. But the distinctions in society, which are wisely appointed by Providence for the ultimate good of the whole, are no criteria of individual merit. The vicious, the unprincipled, and the cruel, often arrive at the summit of power, and are seen wielding the sceptre of dominion, and clad in the robe of royalty ; while the virtuous pass through life in obscurity, unheeded and perhaps unknown. Wealth, honour, and power are often acquired by injustice, preserved with pain, and lost in a moment ; so that at once fluctuating and inconclusive, they can give no character.

of their possessors, and furnish no solid basis for the judgment to rest upon.

We, who are young, are also too much inclined to form a sudden and favourable opinion from a prepossessing appearance; but beauty of form, and regularity of feature, those external gifts of nature, imply so little merit in the wearer, that by nourishing vanity they frequently prevent the acquirement of knowledge and real excellence; and a pleasing and graceful deportment, though deservedly an object of admiration, is often assumed to conceal depraved motives, and a malicious heart. If we, who have seen little of the world, have never been convinced of this by our own observation, the pages of history will enlighten us, and even the part that we have lately read together, furnishes repeated testimony. Richard the II. of England, under a graceful and dignified demeanour, concealed a frivolous mind, and a capricious, tyrannical temper; and Edward the IV. whose manners were so prepossessing, that he was acknowledged to be the handsomest and most accomplished man of his time, habituated himself to every vice which can flow from pride, licentiousness, or cruelty. You will doubtless recollect from scripture history, that Absalom, whose hands were defiled with a brother's blood, and whose base arts drove an affectionate father from his throne, and from his dwelling, by his af-

fability and insinuation "stole the hearts of the men of Israel." If those who possess real goodness are sometimes too neglectful of its exterior graces, those who are conscious of radical defects usually study and practise, with the greatest success, the innumerable arts of insinuation. The exterior graces, therefore, which attract and dazzle the eye, imply no internal excellence, and offer no solid foundation for esteem or confidence. Neither from the talents of others, are we to estimate their real worth in the scale of existence. The knowledge of what is good, does not always lead to the practice of it; and the power of doing well is sometimes neglected or perverted. Those whom brilliancy of genius or solidity of learning might have qualified to instruct and to bless mankind, have sometimes exerted them only to conceal or to gild the deformity of vice; to put darkness instead of light; to untwist the strongest bands of society; to undermine the foundations of virtue, and to wrest from their fellow men the hopes of immortality.

The records of ambition and infidelity are darkened with such examples. Their steps have been marked with the tears of the oppressed, the miseries of the deluded, and the blood of many victims. They have passed through life as terrors to the living, and sunk among the dead while none lamented them. Others, whom nature had endow-

ed with no uncommon qualifications, have so directed their powers to the attainment and advancement of good, and so virtuously fulfilled "the plain intent of life," as to be considered blessings in society, ornaments to their own age, and benefactors to posterity. Moderate abilities, habitually exerted on the side of virtue, often gain the highest esteem and veneration ; while great talents perverted, enhance the future misery of the possessor and give melancholy proof of the depravity of man.

But perhaps you enquire, how are we to judge of mankind, if neither their stations in society, their personal accomplishments, or mental qualifications, are an allowed criterion ? Estimate them not by the *stations* they occupy, but the *manner in which* they fill those stations ; not from what they *appear* to be, but what they *really are* ; not from what they are *qualified to know*, but from what they are accustomed to *perform*. Esteem those who discharge the duties of life faithfully, though their sphere be limited, or their station obscure :

" Who does the best his circumstance allows,

" Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more,"

DR. YOUNG.

Let the standard of real goodness be your standard of judgment, and not those adventitious dis-

tinctions which may be possessed without virtue, and lost without a crime. All beings are either good or evil, as they imitate or oppose the Great Author of all good ; as they obey or transgress those laws which are given to advance their own greatest happiness, and the welfare of their fellow creatures. The love of goodness, wherever implanted, will expand and display itself in the virtues of the heart and of the life. Wherever these are perceived, though in poverty, depression, or servitude, they are the transcript of a Divine Original ; wherever you find them, though humbly clad, or despised among men, revere them ; they are the genuine, though imperfect image of Him, who is good, and who doeth good unto all. Genuine virtue does not proclaim its own excellence, does not obtrude itself upon the notice of others, does not seek the applause of men ; yet this is the standard of character, and the true criterion of judgment, which neither fluctuates, disappoints, or deceives.

I hope, my young friends, that you will perceive the importance of justly appreciating the characters of those who surround you in the world, and who, from the duties, wants, and connections of society, may have it in their power to influence your future enjoyment. Never suffer yourselves to like or dislike without sufficient cause ; let your attachments be sanctioned by

reason, and your enmities mitigated by candour ; let not the eye of the mind be blinded by prejudice, deceived by a gilded surface, or dazzled by the tinsel and trappings of time ; but resolutely bear testimony in favour of virtue, however neglected, and of goodness, however despised, till eventually the admiration of virtue in others, may awaken you to practise it yourselves, and the love of goodness here, lead you to its perfect reward hereafter.



ON SELF KNOWLEDGE.

BY those who have made critical observations on the powers and pursuits of man, it has been pronounced his most uncommon acquirement, to become acquainted with himself. We may penetrate into the characters of those who surround us ; we may learn the habits, dispositions, and language of foreign nations ; we may become acquainted with all the peculiarities of the globe that we inhabit ; the course of its riv-

ers, the height of its mountains, and the treasures that are concealed in its secret caverns ; we may follow science as she soars to the heavens, find the places of the planets, call them by their names, compute their distances; magnitude, and periods of revolution ; yet if we span the whole circle of the universe, we may return and find mysteries in the little empire within, to perplex our researches, and baffle our keenest penetration. We have heard much of the “*monitor within* ;” but whoever attempts to trace her actions to their first spring, and her designs to their real source, will be convinced that she has also an *advocate within*. When this advocate perceives the eye of the mind turned inward, she endeavours to elude its pursuit, but if she finds it bent on resolute search, she casts obstacles before it, spreads a veil over what it seeks to investigate, softens errors into virtues, speaks of crimes as inadvertencies, and endeavours to blind the eye of reason the judge, and to silence the voice of conscience the accuser. This is the natural pride and vanity of the human heart ; it assumes as many shapes as fancy can devise ; it flies from reproof, and when truth is painful “ loves darkness better than light.” Her object is to keep the soul ignorant of itself, to deceive it into compliance, to flatter it into submission, till her own empire is firmly established, and that bound in perpetual slavery. But both our duty and happiness re-

quire that this dominion should be broken, and the first step towards it is to think humbly of ourselves. We are beings who have received much, and are accountable for it ; placed in a state of trial, with a law of rectitude before us, to see whether we will obey, or swerve from it ; subject to many afflictions, liable to many errors, bearing within us much which needs to be regulated, reformed, or taken away, and bound to an eternal destination of happiness or misery. What is there in this description to justify vanity ? Every thing around excites us to watchfulness ; every thing within to humility. We should esteem it a great unhappiness to have a friend whose real sentiments were concealed from us, and whose character we could not investigate ; how much more uncomfortable and dangerous, to remain ignorant of our own. Self knowledge is not the growth of an hour, or matured by a single experiment, but is attainable by perseverance, and amply rewards its toil. It is necessary to self government ; for we must become acquainted with our prevailing errors, and their probable sources, before we can be successful in reforming them ; we must understand the disease, before we apply the remedy. The mind, from a knowledge of her most vulnerable parts, knows better where to apply her strongest guards, how to arouse her slumbering energies to some difficult virtue, and how to quell those mutinous passions which strive

for the mastery, till, like some wise monarch who has reduced his realm to submission, she at length wields her undisputed sceptre, and tranquilly exercises her hereditary rights. Self knowledge is necessary to improvement ; hence, its great importance to the young, whose business it is to improve. She who wishes to acquire knowledge must be convinced that she possesses little ; and if she candidly observes her own deficiencies, the limited nature of her attainments, and the imperfect use she makes of those attainments, she will feel inclined to that humble and teachable disposition which is the beginning of all wisdom. It is the attempt of vanity to repress this conviction, to make the mind contented with low degrees of knowledge, to puff it up with shewy accomplishments, because, like all despotic governments, her sway is built upon the ignorance and weakness of the subject.

Self knowledge is favourable to the virtue of candour. When we perceive errors and imperfections in others, this teaches us that we are chargeable with the same ourselves ; and when we feel inclined to condemn some more visible failure, this points us within our own hearts to the same sources of frailty, and teaches us that in the same circumstances our own conduct might have been equally censurable. This represses the spirit of scandal and detraction, that friend

to the misery of human life ; this teaches us not to judge severely, lest we be judged ; and from the conviction that we ourselves are “ compassed with infirmity,” excites that charitable temper which, to use the inimitable illustration of scripture, “ beareth all things, forgiveth all things, and thinketh no evil.”

It is favourable to our own enjoyment. Most of the repinings and discontents of mankind arise from their entertaining too high an opinion of themselves. This leads them to expect too much attention from others, and to be angry when they do not receive it ; to fancy slights, ill treatment, and partiality, when there is none intended ; and to be outrageous when they meet with real injuries. They become the slaves of suspicion and jealousy, and their moments of solitude are embittered with unpleasant reflections. But self knowledge teaches us not to expect more deference than we really deserve ; not to be envious when others are raised above us ; and not to overrate our abilities, and place ourselves in situations where we are not qualified to perform a good part. Thus it saves us much repining, unhappiness, and disgrace, leads us to be grateful for little instances of kindness, and to be patient when we are injured and misrepresented. For if those actions, which are “ despised among men,” have arisen from pure and disinterested motives,

it teaches us to extract a pleasure from those very motives, which human applause could never have bestowed.

It is necessary for our acceptance with heaven. It excites humility ; and with this we must be clothed, before we can hope for the divine favour. If an high opinion of our own merits makes us so disagreeable and disgusting to our fellow creatures, how sinful must it cause us to appear in the sight of One who sees all our hidden imperfections ; whose eye pierces every disguise by which we deceive others, and possibly delude ourselves, and in whose sight our greatest follies and errors are more excusable than our pride ! The assurances of his favour are given only to those of an humble and contrite heart ; he has promised to bring down the “ loftiness of man, to scorn the scorers, but to give grace unto the lowly.”

Self knowledge is favourable to the promotion of piety. It has already been said that it is the parent of humility ; and without humility there can be no piety, either in the sight of God or man. She, who cultivates an acquaintance with herself, will perceive that the frequency of her errors demands constant watchfulness, and that her strongest resolutions often betray their trust ; she will feel the necessity of goodness, and her own ina-

bility to keep its law perfectly. A deep feeling of these wants and weaknesses, will teach her the necessity of divine assistance, and her dependence upon a Superior Being; and will increase the fervency of her petitions, that "what is dark he would illumine, what is low raise and support."

Do not suppose, my young friends, that a knowledge of your own hearts, will be only a source of self reproach and mortification. If the sight of latent errors gives pain to your spirit, that pain is salutary, and bears with it a sure remedy, the desire of reformation. But it will not always act the part of an accuser, it will sometimes point out to you disinterested motives, and virtuous actions, and present you the exquisite reward of conscious rectitude. Strive then to gain a knowledge of your own hearts, and to scrutinize carefully the actions of your lives.

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
 " And ask them what report they bore to Heaven."

DR. YOUNG.

Erect a tribunal within, before which the deeds of every day shall pass in nightly review. Give it power to censure folly, to encourage goodness, and to search those hidden motives which elude the eye of man. You will find yourselves both animated to virtue, and deterred from transgres-

sion by the thought of meeting, in the silence of your apartment, a condemning, or an applauding judge, an image of that tribunal before which we must all stand at the great day of scrutiny.

ON COMPOSITION.

ONE of the most important branches of a regular education, is the art of writing accurately the thoughts that arise in our minds. This exercise can scarcely be commenced too early, or practised too much, for it continually excites new ideas, and aids the mind in the progress of knowledge. Its first requisite is to acquire a habit of reflection; its next, to array those reflections in a suitable garb. Without the first, the most ornamented style is weak and deficient; without the last, the most just and noble sentiments often lose their effect. Our native tongue, though inferior to the ancient languages in sublimity, and to some of the modern ones in harmony, admits of many degrees of refinement, elegance, and

variety. That it well expresses force and energy we see in the writings of Johnson, Young, and Milton ; that it can move with ease, gracefulness, and beauty, Addison, Beattie, and Blair have taught us ; while the innumerable works in the historic, poetical, and descriptive departments prove that it is endowed with native strength, and highly susceptible of ornament. Even in our own country, we have many writers, who understand and exemplify the peculiar refinements of their native language. The pages of Washington and Hamilton ; of Ames, Franklin, and Ramsay, often exhibit those undefinable touches of simplicity and eloquence which are never attainable by ordinary writers.

We have often felt, my young friends, the fascination of sentiments clothed with elegance and sublimity ; and though we do not ourselves aspire to those high departments of literature, still the art of writing our thoughts, with accuracy and facility, is an object worthy of our strict attention. To assist in this attempt rhetoricians have classified the various figures of speech, and given rules for metaphor, allegory, and personification, hyperbole, comparison, and apostrophe. But these technical terms, and amplifications, may be thus simplified for us females. To think with clearness and accuracy, and to express those thoughts concisely, and with that degree

of ornament which flows from simplicity, and purity of taste. I would particularly recommend to you the epistolary style, because it is of easy attainment, and enters into all the uses of common life. It may be either sportive or sentimental; descriptive or pathetic; argumentative or consolatory; it may select its materials either from the stores of memory, fancy, or imagination; for it admits of the most incalculable variety, and its best ornaments are ease and simplicity. Most of you have felt how it alleviates the pain of separation, and animates the best feelings of sympathy and of friendship. The image of an absent acquaintance excites such a multitude of ideas and sentiments, that the judgment scarcely knows which to select, or the pen which to express, and the mind realizes such pleasure in the employment that it returns reluctantly even to the delights of society. We often gather from the page of a writer, a more correct transcript of his mental powers, than his conversation would have afforded us. Men of the most profound erudition have frequently dazzled so little in mixed company, that from their writings alone could be estimated the solidity of their talents, and the compass of their knowledge. There is often attendant on true genius, a delicacy which so fears to wound the feelings of another, a diffidence which so distrusts its own powers, that the possessor is kept silent when he might have spoken with pro-

priety, or blushes without cause for what he has uttered. To such a mind the harsh and censorious tempers which are found in society are a terror, and it is in solitude alone that the ideas are freed from their bondage, and the expressions from their constraint, and the pen which aids the progress of this secluded delight is resigned reluctantly, as a friend, that has imparted the highest degree of intellectual enjoyment.

Among those who have preferred writing, to uttering their thoughts, we find the example of Virgil, who spoke seldom, and with hesitation, and was so unassuming in his manners that when the people thronged to see him as he passed, he would escape into obscure streets to avoid their gaze. Cowper, except before intimate friends, was almost uniformly silent, and Goldsmith, whose writings display beauty of sentiment and elevation of language, was in discourse trifling and frivolous. That acute and penetrating metaphysician, the elder President Edwards, never strove to display his talents in conversation, but says "as far as I can judge of my own abilities, I think I can write better than I can speak." The accomplished Elizabeth Smith, who in the compass of a short life acquired the knowledge of ten different languages, was so far from that loquacity which often marks superficial attainments, that it was difficult to draw her into conversation.

It is in the writings of these illustrious characters that we find originality of thought, justice of sentiment, and force of reasoning, occasionally elevating our conceptions, convincing our judgments, and softening our feelings. Many more examples might be adduced of those who prefer the exercise of composition to that of conversation, and who, in silently meditating upon some rational subject, and in recording the spontaneous flow of ideas and reflections, have felt a silent satisfaction, and an enlargement of mind, never found among the restraints, or the gaieties of society. I hope, my dear girls, that each of you will realize the pleasures of that exercise, which you now view as a burden, for if it was not of real utility, I would never recommend it to you. Often accustom yourselves to select some subject worthy of your meditations, and write your thoughts as they rise, striving by degrees to give them form and consistence, regularity and beauty. It is the privilege of our nature to think and to reason. To her who cherishes good thoughts, it can never be a burden to express them on paper, while she is confident that they will meet with no ungenerous criticism. But as you strive to inure yourselves to this important exercise, be careful that what you produce is strictly *your own*; for though a similarity of sentiment or expression may accidentally occur between those who consider the same subject in the same point of view,

yet to pass the sentences of another as your own, is a practice to which no good and generous mind can descend. You would shudder at the thought of defrauding another of his property ; is it not equally unjust to defraud him of his literary labours ? You despise the dishonesty of him who passes counterfeit coin ; would you not despise also the dishonesty of him who should impress his own name upon the writings of another ? This artifice is easily detected, and like every other recoils upon him who practises it, by depriving him of all the real improvement he might derive from the exercise, and exposing him to the contempt of every judicious mind.

But you, I hope, will ever prefer your own thoughts, however rude and unpolished, to the borrowed sentiments of another, from which the eye of penetration would turn away disgusted, and the voice of conscience secretly condemn the deception. Think often upon rational subjects, and it will soon be easy and pleasant to express those thoughts. Pursue with perseverance the appointed path to knowledge and to virtue ; the future good will overbalance the present exertion ; and suffer me once more to repeat my most earnest wish, that each of you may now acquire what will render you respectable, useful, and beloved throughout the untried scenes of your opening journey ; and that each of you from the cares,

toils and variable pleasures of mortality, may enter where error, and pain, and inconsistency are forever excluded.



ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

THERE are certain propensities and emotions implanted in our nature, which are discernible in the early stages of infancy, and often survive the decay and debility of age. Their language is so universal as to be scarcely modified by the different customs of distant nations or remote ages; so unequivocal as to be understood equally by the learned and ignorant; and so strong as frequently to imprint indelible lines upon the countenance. These are the passions. By their due regulation they promote enjoyment, or by improper latitude embitter the cup of human life. And as in the vegetable kingdom, nature is said to have distributed no poison without its correspondent remedy, so in the moral world there exist powers to counteract, to restrain, or to conquer these latent principles

of action. The rules that are friendly to the government of one may apply with trifling variation to all; and the following remarks shall be confined simply to the passion of anger. This is a mingled emotion, and is said to combine a "sense of injury with a purpose of revenge," yet is secondary to none in the suddenness of its growth, the firmness of its root, and the violence of its operations. It has been known to rouse all the powers of the soul to sudden combat; to rend the firmest bands of amity and affection; to destroy in a moment what the labour of years had scarcely effected, and the united efforts of ages could never reinstate. To conquer this passion requires a vigorous and habitual exertion; for if some are less constitutionally inclined to it, or less exposed to the causes that excite it than others; yet none ever obtained a habit of constant sweetness and self command, without many internal conflicts, because none are exempt from vexations, or insensible to the risings of resentment. It is not blameable to feel quickly or deeply; but it is both blameable and weak, to suffer such feelings to disarm our reason, and raise a mutiny in the soul.

To meet, not only the peculiar vexations of our lot, but those more trifling provocations which are often the greatest trials of the temper, to meet these not with insensibility, but with

calmness and cheerfulness, is both important and laudable ; important, because our duty and interest require it ; and laudable, because it is obtained by a victory over ourselves. As the power of this passion lies in the suddenness of its impulse, overpowering reason, and prompting to rash words, or hasty deeds, so its most obvious and natural antidote is a habit of deliberation. If the heart, when its first risings are felt, would stay to enquire, why is this tumult ? From whence proceeds this agitation ? If it would then indulge but a moment of reflection, the danger would be past ; for there are very few instances in the whole circuit of human life that require the aid of this passion, and none that justify its excess. Are we offended at those vexatious incidents that we cannot control ? Then we are offended at Him who does control them, and in such anger there is wickedness. Are we opposed in a favourite argument ? Let us not sacrifice that composure which might enable us to retrieve lost ground, or defend what remains, nor cast away the advantages of dispassionate investigation. Are we provoked or injured ? Let us not add a more formidable injury of our own, the waste of spirits, the disturbance of present enjoyment, the destruction of the calm temperament of the soul.

Shall we, for any vexation, provocation, or injury, tolerate within ourselves that baleful agent

which has so often wrought misery, sown discord and disunion, arrayed brother against brother, and friend against friend, sundered the bonds of man's fellowship to man, desolated kingdoms, and covered the face of the earth with blood? It is terrible in its combinations and effects, and even its lowest degrees are subversive of social and individual happiness. It is peculiarly reprehensible in our sex, whose most necessary ornament is a spirit of meekness, gentleness, and forbearance; and so boisterous and turbulent is this in its exercise, that it is distinctively termed by some critics, "an unfeminine passion." It is supposed by some that its lineaments give spirit and dignity to the character upon particular occasions. But covet not such a spirit, or such a dignity as this. It is an unamiable spirit, a dignity that inspires no true respect; and in cases where energy is requisite, firmness and determination will accomplish more than all the violence of passion.

In us who are young, an irritable, contentious temper is deeply inexcusable; for if there ever exist seasons, situations, or causes that palliate it, those palliations do not belong to us; to whom the cares of maturity, and infirmities of age, are unknown; whose spirits are unbroken by disappointment; whose path is illumined by hope; to whose eyes the imagery of nature is

beautiful and new; and into whose hearts the whole creation seems to breathe a spirit of peace, harmony, and benevolence. This is the season to be amiable, grateful, and happy; and an ascendancy is most easily acquired over those latent passions which by indulgence will “grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength.” Strive therefore, to acquire that habitual self command, which in future life, if future life be yours, will be often called for, and powerfully exercised. Let no contest be declined because it is difficult; no point conceded because it is trivial; for this is a warfare where victory ensures victory, and defeat produces defeat.

Habits are confirmed by exercise, and strengthened by reflection; therefore meditate frequently on the advantages of that calm repose, which arises from a settled and peaceful state of the mind, and endeavour to transplant that peace to your own bosoms. Consider the complicated evils of disordered passions, and resolve to range the warring subjects under the banners of reason. Think with that forcible and pathetic poet :

“ A soul immortal, wasting all its fires,

“ Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or disturb'd

“ At ought this world can threaten or indulge,

“ Resembles Ocean into tempest rous'd

“ To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.”

With such views accustom yourselves to reason and to deliberate, until you have established, upon a solid basis, the peace and serenity of a well regulated mind. Let the influence of living and recorded examples lead you to reflection, resolution, and correspondent exertions. Your own observation has doubtless selected many examples from the pages of history, and I will notice merely the distinguished Mrs. Rowe, who throughout her whole life was supposed never to have uttered an illnatured expression ; and the accomplished Miss Elizabeth Smith, who moved under the pressure of adversity with invariable calmness, sweetness, and humility. It is scarcely necessary to remind you, that in the scriptures many of the “ prophets and apostles were examples of suffering affliction and of patience.” But I particularly recommend to your study that most perfect model, the life of Him who suffered more deeply than any man, yet “ spake as never man spake ;” who, “ when he was reviled, reviled not again, and when he suffered, threatened not.” Yet because the most powerful examples sometimes fail to influence the conduct, because the strongest habits of reflection and self control have been known to yield to the momentary impulse of passion, let us follow, as the safest guide, that religion which regulates, purifies, and renovates the evil principles of our natures, and in as much as it “ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy

to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits," is most justly styled "*the wisdom that cometh from above.*"



ON INDECISION.

THERE are few constitutional misfortunes that lead to more unhappiness and disgrace than a wavering, unsettled disposition. In all its aspects of ambiguous expression, variable opinion, and contradictory behaviour, it is blameable and hideous. It is always open to censure, and is often the parent of deceit, dissimulation, and treachery. Let its first appearance in infancy and childhood be checked as the harbinger of much sorrow; let its earliest shoots be crushed, or they will spring up to misery and shame. As indecision of character has often ruined the most brilliant prospects, so an habit of dissimulation has darkened and defaced many minds which nature formed fair and beautiful. As we are travellers in a country where many paths tangled

and irregular present themselves, it is necessary that we should decide which to follow, and what object to pursue, lest while we are choosing, and varying, and wandering, "life's poor play" should end, and an unseen hand take us away. We must not only have resolution to decide, but firmness to oppose; because evil solicitations, and flattering seductions often meet us in the very path of duty. Let it be impressed on the mind of youth, that nothing virtuous, noble, or heroic, can be accomplished without resolution, firmness, and integrity. / What would Washington, the deliverer of his country, have been without these virtues? What would he have been, had he wavered when the whole weight of a nation's grievances was laid upon him? Had he shrunk, when the trumpet of war sounded, and a proud foe approached to meet an irresolute and ill-provided band; had he sunk, when popular odium oppressed him; when hardship and weariness enfeebled him, and his native bowers invited him to return to ease, happiness, and the welcome of love? But he resolutely suffered for those whom he loved, and who for a time were insensible to his merits; he endured to the end, and now his name is immortal. / Firmness in declaring the truth upon every proper occasion is the natural and commendable fruit of integrity. / Of this, our great poet Milton was a striking instance. His hatred of all disguise and subterfuge sometimes

exposed him to danger in his journeys among different nations, but his firmness pursued fearlessly the path which the rectitude of his heart pointed out. "He had in him," says a judicious critic, "the spirit of an old martyr." Our temptations to depart from good resolutions, and the wavering temperament of our own hearts, teach us the necessity of striving for a habit of firmness. With calm deliberation we should examine the position we are to take, we should be influenced by pure and innocent motives ; and because our strongest determinations are weak, and our highest wisdom fallible, we should seek by prayer the counsel of God. Thus resolving, we should be less subject to errors in judgment ; thus practising, we should save ourselves many hours of regret, self-accusation, and hopeless repentance. The scriptures contain frequent reproofs of a changeable temper, and excitements to integrity : " My beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for ye know that your labour is not in vain."

ON MODESTY.

MODESTY, considered as proceeding from inward purity, and correct intentions, claims a high rank among the virtues. Viewed in its effects upon the manners and the deportment, it ranks equally among the graces. It is an essential part of the female character, and the essence of feminine attraction. Without it, there may be regularity of features, but no beauty; symmetry of form, but no grace; brilliancy of wit, but the heart will refuse its approbation. A pleasing exterior, and elegant accomplishments will fail to delight, if they are seen united with an unblushing front, and a forward demeanor. These in the other sex are displeasing; in ours, insupportable.

But that modesty, which it is desirable to possess, differs extremely from bashfulness, and from false delicacy. One is the excess of diffidence, and may exist without modesty; the other is the counterfeit of modesty, always liable to suspicion, easily detected, and assumed to conceal radical defects. Real modesty is the offspring of merit and of humility. It is frequently united

with great abilities, and great acquirements, but it seeks not to display its excellencies ; does not court the notice of others. It is “ not obvious, not intrusive,” as one fine writer has expressed himself ; and another has called it “ the sanctity of manners.” That these concise and beautiful delineations of modesty may apply to each of you, united with every amiable virtue, and laudable feminine attraction, is the sincere wish of your friend.



ON GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE is the emotion of a noble and susceptible heart excited by acts of benevolence, and directed towards a benefactor. It is a gentle affection, softening and harmonizing the mind : it is also an active principle prompting to the exercise of the social virtues, and leading to a mutual interchange of good offices. We may learn to estimate it more correctly, by considering the enormity of the vice of ingratitude. We

feel a strong mixture of indignation and abhorrence towards a man who has traduced his benefactor ; a friend who has injured a friend ; or a child who has forsaken a parent. It is an ancient maxim that “ if you have called a man ungrateful, you have said the worst, you cannot add to his baseness.” In all ages of the world, and even among savage nations, ingratitude has been stamped with abhorrence.

Let us turn from the idea : let us contemplate the excellence and propriety of a grateful disposition, and endeavour to cherish it with assiduity. As the first among our earthly benefactors we must each of us recognize our parents. They have sustained us with kindness in infancy, in childhood, and in youth ; they have supplied us with the means of education ; they have rejoiced in our joys ; in “ our afflictions they have been afflicted.” Ardent affection should mingle with the remembrance of these favours ; and our gratitude should prompt us to study their wishes, and to advance their happiness by becoming diligent, useful, and amiable.)

Let us, also, recollect all who have been in any degree our friends or benefactors. To think of these without affection is ingratitude ; to feel gratitude, and not testify it, is forgetfulness, a forgetfulness approaching to neglect. While we

thus look around us in search of these benefactors, to whom we owe the homage of a grateful heart, can we forget Him who is the author of all our mercies ; our guide in perplexity ; our friend in misfortune ; our defence in danger ? We cannot lift up our eyes without beholding monuments of his kindness, and of his love. Let us rejoice in his goodness, and offer up our thanks for his guardian care. And may not one of us ever deserve the reproof which was once addressed to an offender by a prophet of the Lord : “ Him in whose hand is thy breath, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not *glorified*.”



ON HAPPINESS.

WE are all engaged in the pursuit of happiness. There are many different means by which it is pursued, but all search for the same object ; and among those means there are none more respectable and effectual than constant and useful employment. While the hands are indus-

triously employed, or the mind directed to the acquisition of knowledge, time passes pleasantly, and we enjoy the consciousness of not having lived in vain. Habitual, well-directed activity will shut out the intrusion of melancholy, and close many of the avenues by which vice in the hour of idleness may enter. Indolence enfeebles both the body and the mind ; unfits them for exertion, and deprives us of many rational pleasures. We are not formed for it ; and when we permit its influence, the whole animate and inanimate creation appears to address us with the voice of reproof. All nature is active around us. Day and night succeed each other ; seasons change ; the globe on which we exist continually revolves. One generation passes away, and on its ruins another arises ; this also is swept away and forgotten—"time waiteth for no man." In this world of changes, in this scene of activity, shall we be as idle spectators ? Let us look within ourselves, and observe the powers of our own minds ; active, intuitive, capable of progressive improvement. Were these powers entrusted to us for no valuable purpose ; were these given to be buried in the earth ? No ! they are a part of the works of Him, who has made nothing in vain. To each of us a part is given to perform ; and since we have now a season for improvement, let us, as an incitement to activity, remember that our life is short. "What thine

hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no wisdom, knowledge or device, in the grave whither thou goest."



ON YOUTH.

YOUTH is the season when habits are most easily formed; when principles are most permanently established. That knowledge which expands the soul, and enlarges its capacity for happiness, is more easily acquired at the period of youth; because the mind is then usually unburdened with care, and unsoured by disappointment. This is the period for improvement of every description; a period which, if neglected, will occasion future disgrace, and, if mispent, may be lamented, but can never be recalled. It has been very elegantly and truly said, "If the Spring put forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away in indolence, maturity will be contemptible, and old age miserable." Let

the spirit of this beautiful comparison animate us to greater diligence in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and to greater perseverance in vanquishing opposing difficulties. Recollect also that habits are now most easily formed. The youthful mind, where discordant passions are not suffered to predominate, is like wax to the soft impression of the seal. Take care to stamp upon it only the images of virtue and of piety. Strive to lay the foundation of an amiable and an useful character. Endeavour to gain a spirit of meekness, of gentleness, and of sincerity. Accustom yourselves to condescension and forbearance. Let each of you look carefully into her own character, and reform what she there finds amiss, remembering that every error, in which she persists, removes her still farther from the path of duty. Above all, never practise dissimulation. It strikes at the root of every virtue, and undermines the foundations of all happiness. Cultivate candour and sincerity ; they will endear you to the good and to the judicious. Endeavour to realize the importance of establishing good habits ; of forsaking errors ; and of acquiring those sources of intellectual pleasure which will continue unimpaired, when the enjoyments of youth are departed, and its bloom forever gone.

You have gained as it were a little eminence in the journey of your life. Behind you are the

scenes of infancy and childhood, mingled and blended together. Before you lies the untravelled path of your existence. Fancy perhaps tells you that it will be always clothed with flowers, and smiling with verdure. Yet suffer not the meteor of fancy to obscure the calm light of reason, or prevent you from listening to the voice of experience. Let the advice of your parents and friends be dear to your heart ; this will moderate the rashness of youth, and restrain its volatility. But while you submit to the judgment of others, neglect not to read that volume, which above all others is full of instruction and true wisdom. It was given you from heaven, as a counsellor to your experience, and a guide to your wanderings. Read it daily ; it gives knowledge and discretion ; and if studied with humility will lead to truth. From these holy scriptures we receive another argument to illustrate the importance of the season of youth. We have seen that it is the proper time to acquire knowledge and virtuous habits ; we there hear, in the voice of inspiration, that it is also the time to remember our Creator. We are none of us too young to remember him, and to love him. Let us therefore endeavour to fulfil his commands, to improve time diligently, and to walk humbly before him. By persevering in the path of duty, we shall be useful and happy. We are now all of us young. But a time approaches when we shall be young no more. Let

us therefore improve these moments wisely, that when they are past we may reflect on them with pleasure. Those who have spent their youth in indolence, or vain amusements, go down to the vale of life neither respected or beloved. But may we assiduously improve these hours, so precious and so transient; may we strive to gain whatever is useful and pious, and thus lay up a good foundation for the time to come.

ADDITIONAL POETICAL PIECES.

ON the summit of a Mountain, in Connecticut, is a small lake, near which stands a country house, four hundred feet above a fine valley, which it immediately overlooks. From the North end of the water, the rocks rise abruptly, an hundred feet higher, crowned by lofty forest trees, above whose branches a dark, grey Tower is seen, resembling the rock on which it stands, and commanding a distant view into the neighbouring States. The following is an attempt to describe this place, which bears the name of

MONTEVIDEO.

HOW sweet upon the mountains brow
To stand and mark the vales below ;
The peaceful vales that calmly sleep,
Conceal'd, emerging, silent, deep ;
The forest shades remote from noise,
The houses dwindled into toys ;
Or turning from this gentle scene,
So mute, so distant, so serene,

Scale the steep cliff, whose ample range
 Gives to the eye a bolder change ;
 The verdant fields which rivers lave,
 The broken ledge where forests wave,
 The distant towns obscurely seen,
 The glittering spires that gem the green,
 The pale, blue line that meets the eye,
 Where mountains mingle with the sky,
 The floating mist in volumes roll'd,
 That hovers round their bosoms cold,
 Woods, wilds, and waters, scatter'd free,
 In nature's boldest majesty.

Mark, on the mountain's cultur'd breast,
 The mansion-house in beauty drest ;
 Above, to brave the tempest's shock,
 The lonely tow'r that crowns the rock ;
 Beneath, the lake, whose waters dark
 Divide before the gliding bark,
 With snowy sail, and busy oar,
 Moving with music to the shore.

And say while musing o'er the place,
 Where art to nature lends her grace,
 The crimes that blast the fleeting span
 Of erring, suffering, wandering man,
 Unfeeling pride, and cold disdain,
 The heart that wills another's pain,
 Pale envy's glance, the chill of fear,
 And war, and discord come not here.

How sweet around that silent lake,
 As friendship guides, your way to take,
 And cull the plants whose glowing heads
 Bend meekly o'er their native beds,
 And own the hand that paints the flow'r,
 That deals the sunshine and the show'r,
 That bears the sparrow in its fall,
 Is kind, and good, and just to all.

Or see the sun, with morning beam,
 First gild the tow'r, the tree, the stream,
 And moving to his nightly rest,
 Press through the portal of the west,
 Close wrapt within his mantle fold
 Of glowing purple dipp'd in gold ;
 And then to mark the queen of night,
 Like some lone vestal pure and bright,
 Move slowly from her silent nook,
 And gild the scenes that he forsook.

And then that deep recess to find,
 Where the green boughs so close are twin'd ;
 For there within that silent spot,
 As all secluded—all forgot,
 The fond enthusiast free may soar,
 The sage be buried in his lore ;
 The poet muse, the idler sleep,
 The pensive mourner bend and weep,
 And fear no eye or footstep rude
 Shall break that holy solitude.

Unless some viewless angel guest,
 Who guards the spirits of the just,
 Might seek among the rising sighs
 To gather incense for the skies,
 Or hover o'er that hallow'd sod,
 To raise the mortal thought to God.

O gentle scene ! Whose transient sight
 So wakes my spirit to delight,
 Where kindness, love, and joy unite ;
 That tho' no words the rapture speak,
 The tear must tremble on the cheek,
 The lay of gratitude be given,
 The prayer in secret speed to heaven.

Here peace, long exil'd and opprest,
 By those she came to save, distress,
 Might find repose from war's alarms,
 And gaze on nature's treasure'd charms ;
 Beneath these mountain shades reclin'd,
 Sing her sad dirge o'er lost mankind,
 Or on mild virtue's tranquil breast,
 Close her tir'd eye in gentle rest,
 Forget her wounds, her toil, her pain,
 And dream of Paradise again.

ON VISITING THE DESERTED GARDEN OF FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE morning smiles on these deserted walls,
 But no bright lustre cheers the lonely halls,
 Strong bolts and bars exclude th' accustom'd
 guest,
 By friendship lur'd, by constant kindness blest,
 Who came with gladness, pleas'd, prolong'd his
 stay,
 Reluctant rose, and grateful went his way.

Fair o'er those winding paths the sun-beam plays,
 But no light footstep o'er their verdure strays,
 Still the strong pillars hold the mounting vines,
 Round the white arch the clasping tendril twines,
 The garden smiles, the roses breathe perfume,*
 The myrtle blows, but who shall watch their
 bloom ?

The purple plumbs, the untrodden alley strew,
 The peach lies blushing in the nightly dew,
 The fallen apple, in its rind of gold,
 Shines, softens, and returns to kindred mould,

* The monthly roses then in bloom.

Save what the roving boys, in truant hour,
 Snatch with rash hand, with eager haste devour,
 And gazing sadly on the loaded tree,
 Grieve that such sweets should e'er untasted be.

Clos'd are those blinds thro' which I us'd to
 trace

The smiling features of * * * * *'s face,
 And when no more I hear her accents say,
 "Come in, my friend, O yet, a moment stay;"
 No sound is heard amid the silent view,
 Save the lone kitten's long, despairing mew,
 My lay responsive joins the dismal strain,
 As sad and slow, I wander back again.

Yet though your loss, dear friends, I daily mourn,
 And selfish sorrow sometimes says, "return,"
 Still the rash word mature reflection blames,
 And back the quick, unfinish'd sentence claims;
 No! stay, and view those scenes with beauty
 fraught,

Joy in the charms your tasteful care has wrought,
 Rest in the shades of innocence and ease,
 Catch the pure spirit of the mountain breeze,
 And taste those rapturous hours, not often known,
 Which nature sheds on virtue's friends alone.

But when drear Autumn's stern and nipping air
 Shall strip the heights of Montevideo bare,

And when brown and shapeless foliage flies,
 Smit by the fury of the rending skies,
 Before the hoary frost, and snowy flake,
 Shall bind the billow of the gentle lake,
 Oh, haste, the joys of other climes to prove,
 Haste, to the genial warmth of social love ;
 Draw the strong bolts, that bar the entrance free,
 To the fair dome of hospitality,
 Cheer with reviving smiles a pensive train,
 And make the eye of friendship bright again.



THE employment of transcribing, and the various concerns of a school, having rendered it almost impossible to invent or arrange any thing new, gave rise to the following effusion.

THE DESERTION OF THE MUSE.

'TWAS night ! but by an airy form,
 My eye was waking kept,
 Which gliding near me, seem'd to seek
 The pillow where I slept.

She strove to frown, but still her brow
 Was innocent and mild ;
 And though her words were somewhat stern,
 Their tones were sweet and wild.

“ Cast not,” she said, “ a stranger’s glance ;
 Not thus we us’d to greet,
 We know each other well, although,
 Of late we seldom meet.

I saw you, when a child you sat,
 And ponder’d o’er the fire ;
 And deign’d to stoop that you might see,
 And try to reach my lyre.

You prest its strings with so much joy,
 And such a smile serene,
 I fondly hop’d you soon would learn,
 What gratitude might mean.

Amid your light domestic toils,
 I rov’d with footstep free,
 And oft you laid your needle down,
 To take the pen from me.

When lonely, pausing o’er your book,
 You walk’d at close of day,
 Well pleas’d to trace my dawning smile,
 You threw that page away.

I met you in my mountain dress,
 And sandals wet with dew,
 All unadorn'd, and yet I thought
 That I was fair to you.

My lyre was often out of tune,
 Its tones were rude and small,
 Yet were they e'er so weak or rough,
 You gladly heard them all.

But now how chang'd ! for when I smile,
 And bring my sweetest rhyme,
 You coldly bid me ' go my way,
 And come another time.'

For you must stay to ' copy off'
 And polish what you wrote,
 And try to soften if you can
 My unharmonious note.-

Even when I come, in all my charms,
 To catch your fickle view,
 You, starting, turn your back, and cry,
 ' The clock is striking two.'

Now, what has two, or nine o'clock
 To do with you and me ?
 And what delights you in your school,
 I'm sure I cannot see.

Yet, when your strange excuses o'er,
 You sit and muse alone,
 And seem to look as if you wish'd
 Again to hear my tone.

I come ; and then with curious glance,
 My scanty robe you eye,
 And count my curls, and measure where,
 Each flowing tress should lie :

And wonder why such tasteless wreaths
 Of faded flow'rs I wear,
 And chide because I could not stay,
 'To dress myself with care.

And when you ask to hear my song,
 And I begin to play,
 You utter, ' that is out of tune,'
 And snatch the lyre away.

Now since you have so soon forgot,
 My service, and my truth,
 My kindness to your childhood shewn,
 My friendship for your youth ;

Go, seek some other muse, who loves
 Your heavy task to bear ;
 For since your ways so much are chang'd,
 I cast you from my care."

She spake, and hid her glowing face,
 Within the veil of night,
 And gazing as the vision fled,
 I trembled with affright ;
 Then rose in sadness from my bed,
 And lo ! I could not write.

AN EXCUSE FOR NOT FULFILLING AN ENGAGEMENT.

WRITTEN IN SCHOOL.

MY friend, I gave a glad assent
 To your request at noon,
 But now I find I cannot leave
 My little ones so soon.

I early came, and as my feet
 First enter'd at the door,
 " Remember" to myself I said,
 " You must dismiss at four."

But slates, and books, and maps appear,

And many a dear one cries,

“ Oh, tell us where that river runs,

And where those mountains rise ;

And where that blind, old monarch reign'd,

And who was king before,

And stay a little after five,

And tell us something more.”

And then my little A * * * * † comes,

And who unmoved can view,

The glance of that imploring eye,

“ Oh, teach me something too.”

And who would think amid the toil,

(Tho' scarce a toil it be,) .

That through the door, the muses coy

Should deign to peep at me.

Their look is somewhat cold and stern,

As if it meant to say,

“ We did not know you kept a school,

We must have lost our way.”

Their visit was but short indeed,

As these light numbers show ;

But Oh ! they bade me write with speed,

My friend, I cannot go.

† A child deprived of the powers of hearing, and of speech.

THE RISING MOON.

BENEATH the soft glance of the slow-rising
moon,

Where the landscape was silent I rov'd,
While pleasures departed by memory were shewn,
And I thought of the friends I had lov'd.

The mild breeze of eve through the branches that
sigh'd,

Let fall its pure dew on my cheek,
And my heart, as it quicken'd its rapturous tide,
Felt more than my language could speak.

“ I give, Holy Father, my being to thee !

Oh, deign to accept of the boon ;

Most humbly I render this sacrifice free,

As I gaze on the fair, rising moon.

Protect me from folly, preserve me from change,

From darkness, and errors, and cares ;

And while thro' this field of temptation I range,

Oh, break thou its charms and its snares.

And soon may I reach that blest mansion afar,
 Where the toils of this journey are o'er ;
 Where the pale rising moon, and the mild evening
 star
 Shall shed their weak lustre no more.

SABBATH MORNING.

CANST thou let thy spirit lie
 Cold with inactivity ;
 Canst thou press thy couch of rest,
 Cherish torpor in thy breast,
 On the day thy God has chose,
 On the day thy Saviour rose ?

Break the seal that binds thine eyes,
 Sleeper ! from thy sleep arise !
 Wake, as morning wakes from night,
 Rise, and Christ shall give thee light.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

THE boasted joys of time, how swift they fly,
 Rent from the heart, and hidden from the eye !
 An hour they flourish, in an hour decay,
 Bend to the earth, and fade, and pass away.
 But we, frail beings ! shrinking from the storm,
 We love these skies which gathering clouds de-
 form,
 We lean too fondly on our house of clay,
 Though every blast may sweep some prop away ;
 Yet wounded oft, as oft renew our toil,
 To raise a fabric on this mould'ring soil,
 And still we strive, forgetful of the grave,
 To sink an anchor in the tossing wave.

But He, who marks us in our vain career,
 Oft smites in pity what we hold most dear ;
 Spreads o'er the face belov'd the deathful gloom,
 And hides a parent in the lonely tomb ;
 Makes the sad heart his strong correction feel,
 Wounds to admonish, and afflicts to heal ;
 Reminds the spirit of her heavenly birth,
 And breaks her strong alliance with the earth,
 Warns her to seek for better climes, prepar'd,
 To give the faithful soul a full reward.

There may we meet, dear friend, where pain
 shall cease,
 Where grief shall end in joy, and care in peace,
 Where no sweet hope in bitterness shall end,
 No sad tear fall to mourn the buried friend ;
 No parting hour arrive, no hand divide
 Those by eternity's strong bands allied ;
 No sin shall rise, no folly stain the soul,
 But one unclouded year forever roll.



MORNING THOUGHTS.

AWAKE ! awake ! the rosy light
 Looks through the parted veil of night ;
 Awake ! arise ! short space hast thou
 On earth, and much thou hast to do :
 Another morn to thee is given,
 Another gift from bounteous heaven
 Is lent to thee, while many sleep
 To wake no more on earth again ;
 Is sweet to thee, while many weep,
 Deep sunk in grief, or torn with pain

Oh, spring to life ! with joy renew'd,
 And pour the strain of gratitude,
 On bended knee, with holy fear,
 With humble hope, with faith sincere.

Before the sun shall raise his head
 To smile upon the blushing day,
 Or from his chamber rush to lead
 The young, and thin-rob'd dawn away.

Before the morn with tresses fair
 Shall sail upon the waveless air,
 Oh, let thy soul ascend as free,
 Thy heart be tun'd to harmony,
 And meekly to thy Maker bear,
 The early vow, the early prayer,
 Unstain'd with shades of earthly care.

Kneel like a suppliant at his feet,
 Yet like a child address his throne,
 And let an hour so calm, so sweet,
 Be sacred to thy God alone.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REPROOF VERSIFIED.

" WHY weep'st thou, fair One?" Ah! a ruth-
 less stroke,
 " A painted vase, that much I lov'd has broke."
 Another mourner, still the sage espied,
 " And why weep'st thou? My son! my son!"
 she cried.

Deep lost in thought, the man of wisdom mov'd,
 And thus his lips their utter'd grief reprov'd ;
 " How vain the tears that from those eye-lids
 stray,
 " To wet the fragments of a vase of clay ;
 " And vain alike to mourn our mortal birth,
 " Or hope a deathless date, for a frail child of
 earth."

THE ADIEU.

THE evening moon was bright and fair,
 The dews of Spring had chill'd the air ;
 And as I pac'd the gloomy shade,
 The dark rock hanging o'er my head,
 I thought a mournful spirit said,

Adieu ! Adieu !

And sad, my heart with echoing tone
 Sigh'd back again the closing moan ;
 The hour, by fate's dark curtain hid,
 Comes gliding on, the shades amid,
 When I, to all I love must bid,

Adieu ! Adieu !

Ye, who have strove to lead my youth,
 In ways of wisdom, ways of truth,
 Have sooth'd my heart, or charm'd my ear,
 Companions sacred, friends sincere,
 Instructors, parents, guardians dear,

Adieu ! Adieu !

Ye scenes in nature's hues array'd,
 The glowing dawn, the twilight shade,
 The dews of morning, blaze of noon,

Ye sparkling stars, and pale-fac'd moon,
 And fount of light—resplendent sun,
Adieu ! Adieu !

I journey to a blissful spot,
 Where your fair light is needed not ;
 And through the vale of deathful gloom,
 And through the darkness of the tomb,
 I hasten to a better home,
Adieu ! Adieu !



**FOR THE BLANK PAGE OF A NEW
 BIBLE.**

LET not the eye that idly seeks for mirth,
 Fix on this page inspir'd its roving look ;
 Nor let the heart absorb'd in love of earth,
 Expect its cordial from this holy book.

The upright soul that scorns deceit and art,
 The eye mild gleaming thro' the contrite tear,
 The meek in spirit, and the pure in heart,
 Alone can find divine instruction here.

This sheds a lustre o'er the darken'd skies,
 When the thick clouds of care and sorrow roll ;
 This, when the storms descend, and billows rise,
 Holds a firm anchor to the troubled soul.

This, when the bloom of youth, the hour of ease,
 And star of fortune veil their fickle ray,
 When friendship's smile, and love's fond accents
 cease,
 Shall lead to raptures more sublime than they.

This, from the wreck of joy that hope shall bring,
 Whose bright eye pierces thro' the mists of time ;
 And from the urn of hope shall spread the wing,
 That wafts the spirit to a purer clime.

EVENING THOUGHT.

The evening zephyr on its wings
 The sigh of recollection brings,
 For days and seasons past ;

And with it too, a voice it bears,
 Trust to your God, your hopes and cares,
 Your fears, your comforts, and your pray'rs,
 While days and seasons last.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON hearing her observe that "accomplishments or talents ought not to excite vanity, but to lead our hearts in gratitude to our Bountiful Creator."

SWEET is the blush of vernal rose,
 And sweet the glance that beauty throws,
 And fair the light whose varied ray,
 Marks feeling's glow, and fancy's play ;
 But when in gentle accent flows,
 The precept pure, that wisdom shows,
 The mental eye with rapture fraught
 Surveys the semblance of the thought,
 And sweeter is the meed it pays,
 Than that which wakes the flatterer's gaze.

And, fair one, when the hues that paint
 The youthful cheek, grow dim and faint,
 And when the voice of softest tone,
 Must falter in its final moan,
 And nought remain of life or grace,
 But what the eye in tears must trace,
 The pious soul from error freed,
 The thought that wak'd the virtuous deed,
 Shall rise above the closing tomb,
 Shall bloom where blight can never come.



VAIN PURSUITS.

Some rejoice in pleasure's beam,
 Some in fortune's glittering stream,
 Some in beauty, some in pride,
 Some in honour's treacherous tide ;
 While with giddy haste they pass,
 Like the insect o'er the grass.

Darkness shades the fickle beam,
 Dims the beauty, dries the stream,
 Breaks the spell that blinds the eyes,
 And with the dream, the dreamer dies.



REGARD DUE TO THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

THERE is a plant that in its cell,
 All trembling seems to stand,
 And bend its stalk, and fold its leaves,
 From each approaching hand.

And thus there is a conscious nerve,
 Within the human breast,
 That from the rash or careless hand,
 Shrinks, and retires—distrest.

The pressure rude, the touch severe,
 Will raise within the mind,
 A nameless thrill, a secret tear,
 A torture undefin'd.

O you, who are by nature form'd,
 Each thought refin'd to know,
 Repress the word, the glance, that wakes
 That trembling nerve to woe.

And be it still your joy to raise
 The trembler from the shade,
 To bind the broken, and to heal
 The wounds you never made.

When e'er you see the feeling mind,
 Oh, let this care begin,
 And though the cell be rude or low,
 Respect the guest within.



A SUMMER MORNING.

FAIR on the features of the morn,
 A blush of purple glows,
 While waking plants, and opening flowers,
 Their fragrant breath disclose.

While clust'ring mercies seem to bloom,
 And in my path to meet,
 May grateful tho'ts spontaneous rise,
 And pour their incense sweet.



THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

THE queen of night rode bold and high,
 Her path was white with stars,
 Her cheek was sanguine, and her eye
 Glanc'd on the blood stain'd Mars.

No word she spake, no sign she made,
 Save that her head she bow'd,
 As if a cold, good night she bade,
 To some departing cloud.

A fleecy robe was loosely cast,
 Around her graceful form,
 She hid her forehead from the blast,
 Hoarse herald of the storm.

But soon she staid her rushing car,
 And check'd her rapid rein,
 For morn beheld her from afar,
 And frown'd upon her train.

The queen of night, and rosy morn,
 Together might not dwell ;
 One came to rouse the slumbering dawn,
 The other sought her cell.



THE COURAGE OF CESAR.

ONCE o'er a dang'rous sea with weary oar,
 A feeble bark the mighty Cesar bore,
 The tempest roar'd, the trembling steersman
 fear'd,
 When thus a firmer tone his spirit cheer'd ;
 " Fear not O Pilot ! brave the stormy sea,
 " Thou bearest Cesar, and his fate with thee."

So thou, O Christian, when thy helm is lost,

And on the sea of life thy bark is tost ;
 Fear not the billows hoarse, or tempest dark,
 For thy Redcemer guides the cleaving bark.

MORNING.

THE morning clouds afar are roll'd,
 The birds awake my rest,
 And see a ray of liquid gold
 Comes darting from the east.

What shall I render to the friend,
 From whom my blessings flow ?
 What shall I say to thee, my God,
 Whose hand supports me so ?

Oh, raise my earth-born soul above,
 Bid all my pow'rs adore,
 Nought can I render for thy love,
 But this request for more.

EVENING.

COOL evening's breath is calmly shed,
 And o'er the earth, damp vapours spread,
 Lost is her robe of infant green,
 And clos'd the eye of day is seen.

But Oh, an eye that never sleeps,
 Its silent watch o'er Israel keeps,
 A temper'd shield is o'er him spread,
 An arm of love sustains his head,
 A seraph voice, is in his ear,
 Sleep sweetly, for thy God is near.



THE EQUANIMITY OF ZENO.

ONCE came a friend, whose cheek was wet with
 tears,
 And gave this message to the Stoic's ears :

“ O man belov'd ! thy firmest strength prepare,
 To meet the tidings I am doom'd to bear ;
 A dreadful storm thy wrecking ships did sweep,
 And whelm thy riches in the howling deep.”

“ Receive my thanks, O Fortune ! thou hast
 drove
 Me to my studies, and my learned grove,
 My books, my toils, which cheer the lengthen'd
 day,
 And for whose loss thy gifts could never pay.”



FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH
 OF THE REV. MR. HOOKER.

SAD o'er thy damp and lonely bed,
 The herbage springs, the long grass sighs,
 The sculptur'd stone erects its head,
 And sorrow lifts her tearful eyes.

But ah ! the guise of woe, how vain,
 The sculptur'd stone, the mourner's tear,
 To him who scap'd this world of pain,
 Smiles calmly in a purer sphere.

REFLECTION.

AS I pensively sat at the close of the day,
When its cares, and its labours were o'er,
To muse on the tracks of my wandering way,
Or the path I had yet to explore:

It seem'd on the lip of the evening, there sigh'd
A warbling and tremulous tone,
As if the soft stream, in its murmuring tide,
Had call'd to the stars as they shone.

“Set not on the things of the earth your delight,
Nor give to its pleasures your heart;
Lest you sigh at their wounding, or mourn for
their flight,
Or sink as you see them depart.

And then shall your spirit so anxious repose,
And then shall your heart be at peace,
In the grave, where your wearisome journey
shall close,
In heaven, where your sorrows shall cease.”

A THOUGHT.

THE youthful hope, the youthful smile,
That gild our journey o'er,
Like man, but stay a little while,
Then sink to rise no more.

**THE EVILS OF HASTE.**

THE rash resolve, the headlong course,
The heart too quickly set,
Make bitter work for deep remorse,
And for a long regret.

Then bow to hear this lesson meek,
And let it check thy pride ;
Be swift to hear, and slow to speak,
And cautious to decide.

TRUST IN THE ALMIGHTY.

OH, lift thy thought above the gathering gloom,
 Above the falling friend, the senseless clod,
 Above the knell, the shadow, and the tomb,
 And let thy sad glance seek the orphan's God.

He, when the rains descend, and surges roll,
 Bounds the rough billows with his mighty span,
 He breaks the tempest, calms the troubled soul,
 Stills the wild storm, and heals the heart of
 man.

He rules the pride of elemental strife,
 He bids the tumults of the nations cease,
 And from the troubles, and the storms of life,
 Spreads forth the white wing of the angel—
 peace.

What though our hopes forsake this barren
 ground,
 What though our branch of earthly trust be
 riven,
 And frail as dew our mortal joys be found,
 We still may hope for bliss at last in Heaven.

TERRESTRIAL LIFE. 23. 1809

†
 Life, passing like the morning ray,
 Speeds swiftly on its rapid way,
 And closes, with the closing day,

So pass away the generous mind,
 The faultless form, the soul refin'd,
 The friend sincere, the parent kind.

So pass we all : the heart must fail,
 The dim eye close, the cheek turn pale,
 As sinks to earth this fabric frail.

And thou, whose eye may view this line,
 When low in dust my limbs recline,
 Though dead, I speak, that fate is thine.

Go, seek his love, whose blood was shed,
 In streams on awful Calvary's head,
 Go, cleanse thee in that torrent red :

'Then happy, whoso'er thou art,
 If here thou stay, or hence depart,
 For Christ shall bear thee on his heart.

VANITY.

AH ! why should vanity enslave
 A mortal journeying to the grave ?
 Ah ! why should pride inflate a breast,
 So soon beneath the clods to rest ?
 Yet still we yield to folly's reign,
 And strive to break her sway in vain.

O holy Saviour, hear our prayer,
 Behold our toil, our fruitless care,
 And let thy Spirit crush the foes
 That so disturb our soul's repose.



DECEPTION.

WHO can detect the bosom's hidden pain,
 When peace, and love, and beauty, light the scene,
 Ah, who can tell what sins the heart may stain
 When smiles of mirth and pleasure deck the mein ?

For oft hypocrisy will smile serene,
 Veiling her falshood with a semblance fair,
 Soothing her victim while she toils unseen,
 To wind him fast in her destructive snare,
 While disappointed hope and misery are there.

PSALM CXIX.

*“ Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then
 have perished in my affliction.”*

HAD not thy righteous law been my delight,
 When friends forsook and earthly comforts fled,
 And cruel foes display'd their envious spite,
 Most surely I had sunk among the dead,
 And cold oblivion's dew had rested on my head.

Yet still I live, Oh, let my praise arise,
 To Him who, cloth'd with majesty and might,
 And seated in his temple of the skies,
 Sends gifts to man, with peace, and life, and light ;
 But thou, my soul, art vile and sinful in his sight.

Oh, lead me from those paths with error fraught,
 Whose snares too oft my heedless steps betide ;
 Restrain the hasty speech, and roving thought,
 And fear of feeble man, and causeless pride,
 And all the secret ills that in my heart reside.

ON HEARING A TOLLING BELL.

CAST out and banish'd from thy sight,
 I cannot live without thy love,
 I cannot dwell without thy light,
 In earth below, or heaven above.

Cast me not off: my strength is small ;
 What can I in the day of death ?
 Forsake me not, or else I fall,
 My life is but an airy breath.

**TO A FRIEND ON THE FIRST DAY OF
THE NEW YEAR.**

AS the strong oak, when its green boughs are
riven,
Firm on its base still lifts its head to heaven,
As the pure stream which, rushing from its source,
Bounds o'er the rocks which seek to bar its course,
So meet the ills of life ; until the sea
Of time, shall meet the tide, of vast eternity.



**ON THE DEPARTURE OF MRS. NOTT, WITH
THE MISSIONARIES FOR INDIA.**

ADIEU to her to whom my soul was dear,
Of life unblemish'd, and of heart sincere,
A long adieu ! for never, never more,
Must that lov'd footstep press its native shore.
Friend of my heart ! now parted far from me,
Borne on the bosom of the faithless sea,
Thou soon must o'er the wilds of Asia stray,

Where the rude Hindoo holds his devious way,
 Where'er thou art, my spirit flies to thine,
 Bound with the cord of sympathy divine,
 And faith still looks beyond this scene of pain,
 Where holy friendship's bands shall ne'er be rent
 again.

FRIENDSHIP.

The emotions arising from mutual, unlimited friendship and entire confidence, are

SOMETHING than pleasure dearer, more elate
 Than doubtful hope ; more pensive too than joy ;
 More pure than love. They form a band of such
 Confirm'd alliance, so constrain the will,
 Sooth the rough passions, mingle with such art
 The hopes, the fears, the raptures of the soul,
 That selfishness is lost, and one free aim
 Inspires two spirits, while one magic band
 Entwines each heart, and so unites their strength
 That pressing onward they despise the front

And force of opposition ; foil the shafts,
 Of envy, meet the armed hosts of care,
 And find stern grief of half her power disarm'd
 Then if these souls unite in virtue's cause,
 Their mystic union never shall dissolve,
 Or in this life, or in the life to come.

**EXCLAMATION DURING A STORM OF THUN-
 DER AND LIGHTNING AT MIDNIGHT.**

OH, praise Him while the thunders roll,
 And while the lightnings dart,
 And praise Him in that grateful strain,
 & The incense of the heart.

DEDICATION FOR A BOOK OF POETICAL
EXTRACTS, TO A FRIEND.

TO aid the garland yet untwin'd,
And gently swell this budding wreath,
A wild and mountain flow'r I bind,
And o'er its leaves the lyre shall breathe,

And as you seek for varying sweets,
The future chaplet to compose,
Tread lightly o'er those lone retreats,
Where genius hides, and beauty glows.

Ask from the opening rose its bloom,
Ask of its buds their tissued fold,
Seek the meek violet's perfume,
And bow to cull the snow drop cold.

Choose freely from the gay parterre,
Or groves where oaks their shadows cast,
And climb the cliff where high in air,
The evergreen endures the blast.

From cold recess where forests wave,
Pluck the wild laurel bold and free,
And gather from the Christian's grave
The cypress and the rosemary.

And blend with these the varying stalks,
 That fancy's hand in sport may strew,
 Or wisdom scatter in her walks,
 Or pity bring all damp with dew.

And if you rove in lonely hour,
 Where rudely rocks on rocks are pill'd,
 Perhaps some unexpected flow'r
 May pour its sweetness on the wild.

But all in vain this anxious round,
 In vain the sweets by genius given,
 Unless with these that flow'r is found,
 Whose rich perfume ascends to Heav'n.

TRANSIENT JOY.

HOW from the changeful tablet of our days,
 Fleets the light trace of joy. First through the
 clouds

Serene it breaks, and on the lucid ray
 The pleas'd eye fixes. Hap'ly too the heart
 Hangs there too fondly ; and perchance the soul,

Cheer'd by an April smile, forgets to seek
 For clearer sunshine, and a sky more pure.
 Then o'er the lustre of that silver beam,
 A dark shade passes, such as dims the pride
 Of all below ; it sickens, it expires.
 Seek not with eye intense to pierce that cloud,
 Or tear that veil away : It must not be !
 Nor raise the murmuring of the lip perverse,
 Nor arm the heart with impious pride ; for oft,
 The heart unhumbled, rising in its wrath,
 Provokes more vengeance from the mighty hand
 That in the cloud, and in the sunshine works,
 Moves on the waters to abase the proud,
 And raise the humble. Will the hand that guides
 The fall of the pierc'd sparrow, and unmark'd
 Suffers no hair to scatter from the head
 Of man his fav'rite, let the sigh of grief
 And tear, and prayer, of patient suffering, rise
 Unnoticed, unregarded ? Oh ! what tongue
 Shall dare to say our God is merciless.
 What mortal hand shall lift itself to blot
 The purpose of his wisdom. Let the eye,
 That in his smile or in his frown perceives
 The teachings of a father, aid the heart
 That meekly says—my God ! thy will be done.

BIRTH DAY.

X THOU, whose kind hand, and ever watchful care,
 Presents another year, and wakes my prayer,
 Guide thou my steps, direct me in my course,
 Crush vain resolves, and errors strengthen'd
 force ;

Impart the meek desirè, the hope sublime,
 The thought that soars above the scenes of time,
 The hand that toils untir'd for other's good,
 And sets the seal to duty understood,
 The humble heart, the sympathy sincere,
 The smile for joy, for misery, the tear,
 Balm for the wounded, for the drooping—aid,
 A tranquil trust when ills of life invade,
 The conscience clear, that leads to sweet repose,
 And the warm thrill that pure devotion knows. X

† Let gratitude to those who kindly strew
 My path with flow'rs, be uniform and new ;
 And still my spirit reach each fair degree
 Of gratitude to those, and love to thee.

What shall I ask, or what refrain to say,
 Where shall I point, or how conclude my lay ?
 So much my weakness needs ; so much thy voice
 Assures that weakness, and confirms my choice.

Oh, give an active life of peace and truth,
 Strength to my heart, and wisdom to my youth ;
 A sphere of usefulness—the boon to fill
 That sphere with duty, and perform thy will ;
 An angel's zeal to grace my little span,
 And the meek soul of him who died for man. ✕

✕
 And when at last the heavy shades shall fall,
 Of that dark dream which comes but once to all,
 Whether in youth, maturity, or age,
 Oh, let thy gentle care my pains assuage,
 My faith support, my gather'd fears remove,
 And tell my spirit of thy pard'ning love.
 Then with firm heart I'd tempt the foaming tides,
 Which this dark land from that of bliss divides,
 Lift the dim eye to catch the smile of Heaven,
 Nerve the rent heart that feels its sins forgiven,
 Meet with calm brow the dashing billow's roar,
 And land with safety on the eternal shore.



A MOON-LIGHT SCENE.

THE evening blast is wild and loud,
 Like winds of winter bleak,
 And slowly through a wat'ry cloud,
 The pale moon lifts her cheek.

Perhaps upon the troubled wave
 Of life's tempestuous sea,
 Some pensive mourner veils her brow,
 As sad and mournfully.

While round the adverse tempests fly,
 And clouds of sorrow roll,
 And no kind voice is heard to sigh,
 In mercy to the soul.

But where the bending concave seems
 To meet the mountain fair,
 I see a bright, unclouded sky,
 And moon-beams quiver there.

And tho' the virtuous soul may sink,
 With clouds and storms opprest,
 It finds at last a peaceful cell,
 Where all the weary rest.

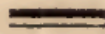


REQUEST.

OH, may my future hours be given
 To peace—to wisdom, and to heaven,
 My hopes disdain a mortal birth,

My joys ascend above the earth,
 My steps retrace the path they trod,
 My heart be fix'd alone on God.

So, when the scenes of time shall fade,
 And life's frail lamp be dark with shade,
 A seraph's voice shall sooth my breast,
 And lead me where the weary rest.



CARES OF EARTH.

Whoever has attempted to fix all the powers of his mind upon intellectual or religious attainments, must have felt and mourned the intrusion of restless projects and worldly pursuits, which, under the name of necessary diligence, or laudable economy, usurp places not belonging to them, and check the noblest fruits of the soul.

O cares of earth! how vast and strong ye rise,
 To keep the spirit from her kindred skies;
 To blind the eye which looks on things divine,

And cool the heart where Christ's own love might
shine.

Why hold ye o'er my soul this restless power ?
Why steal ye thus upon the midnight hour ?
Why will ye on my secret haunts intrude,
And break the charm of much lov'd solitude ?
For whether evening stars with splendour shine,
Or morning lead the dawn, or day decline,
Or meek retirement spread her soft control,
Or intellectual joys inspire the soul,
Or active zeal the ready powers command,
Or high devotion lift her sceptred hand,
Or sad contrition wake the secret tear,
Still, still, ye vain pursuits, ye strive to hover
near.

Not always thus your burden shall I bear ;
The silence of the tomb !—Ye come not there ;
The pure abodes of bliss ye shall not stain,
The spirit freed and cleans'd ye shall not pain.
To this vain world is your short reign confin'd,
This empty bubble dancing on the wind ;
A little while your boasted arts renew ;
A little while—and then, a long and last adieu.

AN ADDRESS

FROM A YOUNG PUPIL AT SCHOOL FAR FROM HOME, TO HER COMPANIONS, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

ASK me not why I rise with brow so sad,
 Or why I come in sable vestments clad,
 For on my lips the painful answer dies,
 And secret woes within my bosom rise.
 Far, far away I see a distant scene,
 Tho' forests rise, and lakes are spread between ;
 Yet there the sad eye turns, and views with pain
 A mourning mansion and a weeping train :
 Low o'er a recent grave, the mourners bend,
 Where sleeps in dust, the father and the friend.

Cold is that heart which shared in all my joys,
 And deaf the ear that lov'd a daughter's voice,
 And stiff the hand that dry'd my infant tears,
 And lost the guardian of my early years.

Ah ! who can tell how many pains and woes
 Thrill'd thro' that frame before it found repose.
 Yet in those days of grief, I was not near,
 To soothe one pang, or one lone hour to cheer ;
 And when he sunk to rest, I was not by
 To catch the last glance of the swimming eye ;

Or hear what fond parental love might say,
 Ere its last sigh convulsive died away.
 Yet oft before my eyes, this scene will glow,
 And wake the tho'ts that only wake to woe ;
 And then it seems as if a distant knell,
 Sigh'd on the passing gale—'farewell—farewell.'

And if at griefs like these, the soul should melt,
 You will not wonder, who yourselves have felt ;
 Then ask not why I mourn departed bliss,
 No heart is cold to such a claim as this.

Yet not to shade the cheerful face with gloom,
 Or draw one tear from youth's fair eye I come :
 Ah ! no, my friends beloved, companions true,
 I rise a mournful monitor to you.
 While fragrant flowers your op'ning path array,
 And fond paternal love your toils repay ;
 While from those hands such untold favours flow,
 Recount your debt, and muse on what you owe.
 The deeds of love, the thousand nameless fears,
 That mark'd the progress of your infant years ;
 The patient hand, forgetful of its toil,
 Ev'n though it till'd a cold, or stubborn soil ;
 The anxious heart that thrill'd with ceaseless
 pain,
 Lest you should make its future presage vain ;
 The eye that often wak'd, and watch'd, and wept,
 While you have wandered, or while you have
 slept ;

The sympathetic joy, the kind intent,
 The fervent prayer, the knee in secret bent ;
 Oh, muse on these along your flowery way,
 'Then ask your heart, and what hast thou to pay ?
 Return with anxious care the due reward,
 No painful task they claim, no service hard ;
 With watchful eye, with prompt obedience seek
 What the heart dictates e'er the lips can speak ;
 Still bow your minds to mild instruction's sway,
 Nor cast the morning of your lives away ;
 Still shun the paths of vice, the devious ways,
 Where levity allures, and folly strays ;
 Let sober reason all your actions guide,
 And crush the seeds of vanity and pride ;
 Receive with grateful hand the blessings given,
 And raise the thoughtful eye, and heart to heaven.
 Be studious and sincere, be meekly wise,
 Bound with their hopes your own enjoyment lies :
 Fulfil this law of love, this service due,
 And soothe those hearts that beat so strong for
 you.

Then when the hour shall come I now deplore,
 When those dear parent guides are yours no
 more ;

And when with filial care, and solemn dread,
 Your arm shall pillow the expiring head ;
 Or when with sad and shrinking heart you stand,
 To feel the pressure of the stiffening hand,
 Or wipe the death dews from the pallid face,
 Or shrinking feel the last and cold embrace,

Then the sad tears that filial love must pay,
 The gentle hand of hope shall wipe away ;
 And mem'ry kind shall spread a spotless page,
 Like some broad shield to break affliction's rage ;
 And through the skies shall gleam to soothe your
 pain,

This parting signal, " we shall meet again ;"
 And though weak nature droops opprest with
 woe,

Firm faith shall raise the spirit bending low,
 And on the ear shall pour an heavenly strain,
 Of climes remote from care, and loss, and pain,
 Where pure and sacred bands, shall ne'er be rent
 again.



" WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT,
 BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

AS gathering clouds are seen to fly
 Across the fair and summer sky,
 As vapours damp the gales of spring,
 As discords jar the tuneful string,
 So o'er our lives with sadness flow

The dark and heavy shades of woe ;
But short their power—the frowns they cast,
Like April storms are quickly past.
One day, perhaps, our skies they dim ;
One night, the couch with tears may swim ;
But morn dispels the sable shroud,
The sun of mercy lights the cloud ;
An unseen power, with mild control,
Restores the weak and weary soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 introduction of the subject, and to a discussion of the
 various methods which have been employed for the
 purpose of determining the true value of the
 quantity in question. The author then proceeds to
 a detailed examination of the different methods
 which have been proposed, and to a comparison of
 their respective merits and demerits. The
 result of this examination is, that the method
 proposed by the author is the most accurate and
 the most convenient. The author then proceeds to
 a detailed description of the apparatus which
 is required for the execution of the method, and
 to a description of the manner in which the
 experiment is to be conducted. The author then
 gives a list of the results which have been
 obtained by the method, and a comparison of
 these results with those which have been
 obtained by other methods. The author then
 concludes with a summary of the results, and
 a statement of his own opinion as to the
 value of the quantity in question.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.



WE are creatures of circumstance, inclination, or habit. One influences us, one impels us, one fixes us. Some are so much influenced by changing circumstances, that they have no rectifying principle, but revolve with the wheel of fortune. Some are led by inclination into the paths of vanity or vice ; but habit finally fixes us all, associates us to some set of ideas, stamps upon us some kind of character, and marks us down for the future participation of joy, or for the “ blackness of darkness forever.”

.....

When we least expect happiness, it is often nearest ; when we most desire it, it is frequently farthest from our reach. Is not this to repress the pride of human foresight, to humble the

vanity of anticipation ; and since we know not what a day may bring forth, to teach us our complete dependence upon him “ who holdeth in his hands the keys of life and death ?”

.....

Physiognomy is an uncertain standard of character. The emotions to which a person is most subject may, indeed, mark correspondent lines upon the face, if their exercise is violent or protracted. But how at first sight can we gain that hidden knowledge of human nature, which after many years of painful study we often fail of attaining? We may suppose that we are but imperfectly acquainted even with our intimate friends, if we consider how little we know of our own prevailing errors, our own imperceptible motives of action ; and recollect that the sages of antiquity pronounced it the most difficult part of knowledge, for man to know himself.

.....

Why will some sects deny the necessity of literary knowledge to Clergymen? While the opposers of religion assiduously cultivate human learning, and strengthen the weakness of their cause by their own erudition, should its advocates be deprived of an useful weapon, and the “ children

of this world be wiser in their generation than the children of light !”

.....

How can any one deny the depravity of human nature, who perceives in his own heart the inroads of pride, envy, and opposition to God ; who sees even in the infant mind, seeds of rebellion and ingratitude ; who beholds a globe once so fair from its Maker’s hands, polluted with blood, and the hatred of man to man ; who knows that the Son of God suffered the death of the cross, that our sin might be taken away ; and who hears the voice of Omnipotence proclaiming of man, “every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually ?” Nothing but the Spirit of God, can make us sensible of our situation, for a part of our punishment is already begun—“having eyes we see not, having ears we hear not, having hearts we do not understand.”

.....

When we indulge anger at any provocation, we prepare work for repentance. When we practise deception, we renounce the inward support of rectitude. When we seek for the favour of the world, we encourage vanity. When we neglect to speak in the cause of piety, we forfeit

our own peace of mind, and lose our claim upon that divine assistance without which we can do nothing.

.....

When the feelings have been designedly wounded, that kind of assiduity which is employed under the idea of effacing the remembrance, often fails of its effect, by leading the mind back to the cause which produces the uncommon attention, and which also at first produced the pain. This is a complex idea; but he who understands but little of human nature, knows that it is easier to gain the forgiveness of twenty offences, easier to appease the most violent anger, than to heal a wound intentionally inflicted upon an inoffensive and susceptible heart. The wisest of men has said—"The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit, who can bear."

.....

It is not enough that we refrain from speaking evil of our enemies, if we indulge thoughts of enmity towards them. Let none think that by placing a guard upon his expressions, he fulfils the law of Christ, if within his heart joy rises at the distress of those who hate him. We must not rest in the externals of duty, we have a judge

who “regardeth not the outward appearance;” neither let us deceive ourselves, by thinking we have already obtained victory over our own hearts, when those roots of bitterness spring up within them, which hereafter must be gathered, “and bound in bundles to burn.”

.....

Omit a duty for once, and it will be more difficult to execute when necessity compels its performance. From what knowledge I have of my own character and propensities, I find that I am inclined to delay, to procrastinate, and to neglect favourable opportunities, either from not duly appreciating them, or from a vain hope that they will return again.

.....

Friends, benefactors, and enemies are neither more or less to us than an Omnipotent Being sees fit to make them. Favours and insults, gifts and injuries, are neither sent us at random, nor without a good design; and it should be our constant prayer that we may never frustrate the intended good, nor miss the lesson of improvement which the page of providence spreads before us.

I hope I can bear ingratitude and ill treatment to myself; and may heaven preserve me from returning the same to others. Any misery is supportable but the consciousness of having deliberately broken the good law of duty. Sins against light, and against love, are a heavy weight to the spirit, and leave a wound which the hand of divine grace only can heal; a stain which nothing less than the blood of the Son of God can wipe away.

.....

The disagreeable occurrences of life require us to watch strictly over our hasty spirits. When we are fatigued with exertion, when our hearts are joyless, and our arms nerveless, and we find ourselves annoyed by vexation, perplexity, or contradiction, then is the time for us to double our mental guard, to hold strict sway over the mutinous powers, and to reflect deeply upon the precept—"He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city broken down—without walls."

.....

The more we encourage plans of earthly employment, emolument, or happiness, the more we put out of view the things unseen and eternal. In this there is a warfare.—"The flesh standeth

against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh ;” and nothing but the stroke that separates them can destroy this opposition.

.....

Why should man fear death? Why should we fear to tread a narrow passage to a better world ; to pass the portal of a temple immortal, not made with hands? It is the fear of futurity that plants thorns in the pillow of death. For if we were assured of the favour of Him who ruleth in that unseen world, if we were confirmed in our title to that incorruptible mansion, though the parting from present things might be painful, or the passage from them dreadful, yet we should lift up our heads, and rejoice, knowing that our redemption drew nigh.

.....

If you yield to difficulties you encourage weakness of mind, and prepare yourself to be often overcome and held in bondage. If you were an inhabitant of Russia or Lapland, would you say, I cannot go out to my usual occupations because the snow falls, or the ice has covered the streets? Would you not rather wrap your garment about you, and meet the present inconvenience for the sake of a future good? You inhabit a world

where difficulties, vexations, and disappointments spring up in the paths of knowledge, duty, and enjoyment. They are placed there as an exercise of your patience, your fortitude, your perseverance : go forth with this armour, and you shall prevail ; shrink, and be a slave forever.

.....

Want of sincerity is observable in many of the Christians of the present day. They exhort, but do not practise ; they believe, but do not feel. The consequence is that they neither enjoy what they profess, nor give others reason to suppose that they understand what it implies.

.....

Religion is supposed by the world to be a system of rigour and austerity, marking its miserable votaries with the traces of melancholy, and supplanting all the innocent affections of life. How careful ought its professors to be, that their deportment evince no unsociability, moroseness, or want of courtesy !

.....

Why should we mourn that we are so weak, and exposed to afflictions ; when one liveth to

strengthen our weakness, and to sanctify our afflictions, if we will only ask him in faith, nothing doubting?

.....

Those who know nothing of the duty of prayer, except its formal performance, would be astonished to learn what strength it imparts for the difficulties, trials, and perplexities of life.

.....

Can a mind wholly absorbed in the things of the world have a sincere desire, and ardent hope of Heaven? Can a heart that longs supremely for the grandeur and false splendour of life be right in the sight of God? Can a spirit that looks disdainfully upon merit unarrayed have a right estimation of man? Surely no. But take heed, thou that inscribest these sentences, lest thine heart harbour anger, acrimony, or revenge, lest in judging another, thou condemnest also thyself.

.....

Let us desire a disposition to return good for evil; and to walk stedfastly in the path which our duty points out, not abashed, discouraged,

or irritated by the watchful observations of those who decry religion, and hate its professors.

.....

Egotism and vanity are weapons which we use against ourselves. We wish to stand high in the opinion of others ; but nothing destroys our own dignity more than the repetition of the pronoun *I*. We wish to appear gracefully in the eyes of others ; yet nothing destroys the attraction of beauty more effectually than vanity. “ *In simple manners all the secret lies.*”

.....

When we have recovered from dangerous illness there is an error into which our earth-bound minds are apt to fall. This is entertaining our friends, with every symptom and variation of our malady, instead of the praise of our great physician. Few say, “ Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night ?”

.....

* Any affliction is more supportable than the consciousness of having mispent our time, and neglected opportunities for usefulness. The re-

proach then falls upon ourselves, and this kind of “wounded spirit who can bear.”

.....

One error is liable continually to follow us, and destroy the good effect of our best resolutions. This is a spirit of procrastination, a neglect of favourable opportunities for usefulness, until those opportunities are past beyond recal. Then follows the fruitlessness of regret, and the bitterness of self reproach.

.....

If it is sometimes difficult to know how to direct our course, yet the path of rectitude is always open before us, and we need not hesitate to pursue it. The ambiguities of others sometimes perplex our designs, let us be careful that no ambiguity of ours may ever be a stumbling block in the way of others.

.....

What is there in the human mind so tremblingly vulnerable, that even the suddenness of blunt sincerity, or the hasty speech of thoughtlessness should wound it like the thorn of unkindness? Those tender and undefinable feelings must often

thrill and vibrate to the rude touch, unless they become gradually hardened by the rough intercourse of the world.

.....

X In all that overtakes us, whether joyful or afflictive, we should recognize the hand of Providence. Not a sparrow falleth without it ; how much less shall the children of men pass unnoticed, unregarded, and unprovided for !

.....

X Disagreeable circumstances will meet us in the passage of human life, and we must be prepared to sacrifice to them neither our self possession, nor our inward repose.

.....

How can any say that we may merit an everlasting reward by the imperfect obedience of this fleeting life ? If our humble faith and patience are at length clothed with a spotless robe of righteousness, who wrought out this robe for us ? Can impurity merit perfection ? Can poverty pay an infinite ransom ? “ Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? Not one.” There must be some righteousness which we have not

wrought ; some reward which we have not merited ; for how can the withering insects of time compass Eternity ?

.....

It is a blessing, that the world furnishes us with so few satisfying pleasures ; and that in our approaches, to what are supposed its purest fountains, we so often find them mixed and vapid. This withdraws our grasp from its perishable possessions ; *drives* us to the strong hold of hope ; shuts us up to the faith of the gospel ; and if the heart sometimes sickens at its delusions, it learns that in heaven only it can find peace.

.....

There is a hand that writes *vanity* upon every mortal possession and hope. There is a touch colder than marble, which freezes the illusions of fancy. There is a power that severs the close woven web of man's felicity, and cuts the strong cordage of the heart. He struggles awhile against that dart which pierces to "the dividing asunder of soul and spirit ;" and, forgetful that he is of the dust, shudders at the voice which proclaims, "unto dust shalt thou return."

Real benevolence imparts willingly, and is thankful to Him who furnishes an opportunity of so doing. Fashionable benevolence aids those institutions which are applauded among men, and repeats how much she has given. Covetousness sometimes parts with a portion of its gains, fancying it will merit either prosperity or favour from God. My Saviour! is this the lesson of benevolence which thou hast taught us, and is it of little consequence how we obey thy perfect law of love?

.....

Infidelity often shelters itself under the mask of love to mankind, and a desire to break the shackles of superstition. Thus have many who are called Philosophers been, for a long time, labouring to undermine the fabric of enjoyment and hope. Can it advance the felicity of man to disbelieve the existence of a God? Or quicken him to watchfulness to cast away the idea of his own accountability?

.....

How often do we have cause to lament that our good resolutions are weakened by the cares and perplexities of life, and frequently overthrown by sudden and unexpected occurrences!

Let us not seek the applause of men, or the pomp and vanity of life ; for they will prove hindrances to the race eternal. But let us patiently bear every appointed trial, looking unto Him who, for our sakes, was content to bear reproach and to be crucified.

.....

The Almighty alone can soften our disappointments, that they may not weaken the strength of the inward man ; and apply them, so as to change our losses into gain, and our tears into victory.

.....

Of how little value are the flowers and thorns, the obstacles, or accommodations, of this narrow region, through which we pass as travellers and as strangers ? What avails it where we pitch our tent which may be shaken and destroyed in a moment ; or what reception we meet at the inn where we must remain but for a night, if we are at last found worthy to be numbered with angels, and to have our lot among the saints ?

.....

How does the office of a parent, call for all the teachings of affection, and all the vigilance of ex-

ample; and how does it impel to all the holy violence of prayer, lest the plant should at last furnish fuel for everlasting burnings!

.....

“Man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth.” Neither the use, respectability, nor enjoyment of the present life depends on external treasures. Far less are the hopes and felicities of the world to come influenced by such slight and variable causes. “The poor of this world hath God chosen, rich in faith, and heirs of his kingdom.”

.....

It is thought by some that where there is a taste for literature, and advantages for its cultivation, improvement and success are almost inevitable. But what are the most persevering exertions without the divine favour? Nay—“It is God that giveth the increase.” The health of the body, the health of the mind, and the prosperity of the soul, must be sought after in the same manner, and found only in the same source.

.....

All actions that proceed from a principle of vanity, must in their end, be unproductive, and, in their retrospection, bitter.

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1813.

A BIRTH day, a new month, a new season, and a new journal, meet me at the same moment ! Reflections press upon each other, and the spirit is solemnized. A few years since, and I was not ; a few years to come, and I shall not be. We receive daily conviction of the vanity of earthly enjoyments, the fallibility of our own powers, and the unstable character of our own hearts. Might I not apply to myself, what the dying Patriarch addressed to his first born Reuben ?—" Unstable as water thou shalt not excell." While we are compelled to perceive our imperfections, we must acknowledge the constant watchfulness and love of that benevolent Being who dealeth not with us according to our sins. He is kind to us, while we are forgetful of him ; he preserves us, though we see him not ; he is near us when we sleep, when we wake, and when we wander. The past year has been marked with health, peace, and an employment which I love, and have often desired. My request is to be better prepared for its various duties, to be confirmed in it, as long as I shall be enabled to do good, and to have the affections

of those who are entrusted to my care. My prayer is, to be made an instrument of real good to my fellow creatures, and that all my selfish feelings may be absorbed in love to God, and to man. Many errors have stained my life. May their dominion be broken, their effects counteracted, and their record blotted from the dread book of remembrance. The past has been a year of few changes, but God only knows what are appointed to me in this. Perhaps it will lead on my last and final change. May I often reflect upon that solemn event; and may this year exceed my whole life for well directed exertions, piety, and preparation for it. Will God watch over me in all my wanderings with the tenderness of a father, will he mercifully order all my earthly changes; and when that hour shall come, which comes to all, will he not purify my spirit, and take it into his rest; because one intercedes for us, who is strong to suffer and mighty to save.

PSALM CXIX. 96.

“ I have seen an end of all perfection.”

I HAVE seen a man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger—he felt no sickness—he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous like his body, he was perplexed at no intricacy, he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him, I said, “ What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!”

I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud ; his broken frame was like some ruined tower ; his hairs were white and scattered ; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigour of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies ; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—he is my brother ; of his daughter—I know her not ; and he enquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene,—“ Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection.”

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet ; and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning ; her lips moved, and there was harmony ; and when she floated in the dance, her light form like

the aspen seemed to move with every breeze. I returned—but she was not in the dance, I sought her in the gay circle of her companions but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an opened grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence : “ Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence she was at first taken, consign we the body of our sister.” They covered her with the damp soil, and the cold clods of the valley ; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave, and as he wept he said,—“ There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness that continueth in man ; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection.”

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports ; it rejoiced, and again it wept ; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, “ It is beautiful.” It was like the first pure blossom which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge—it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn, and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, “Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honourable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered: they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family. And his heart answered secretly, “By my wisdom have I gotten all this:” so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along I heard the complaints of the labourers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears

of the most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved—the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight—I said in my bitterness, “I have seen an end of all perfection;” and I laid my mouth in the dust.

THE ROSE.

I SAW a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. - Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and the owner hung over it with delight. I past by again, and behold, it was gone—its stem was leafless—its root had withered; the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it—he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and

when he saw that its glory was departed, he cast it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it, for now it pierces the spoiler, even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hand of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember she standeth upon slippery places, “and be not high minded, but fear.”

POETICAL PIECES.



PARAPHRASE OF PART OF THE BOOK OF AMOS.

I FROM no princely stock or lineage came,
My father bore no prophet's honour'd name,
Nor fame, nor power upheld his humble lot,
Nor wealth, nor splendour deck'd my native cot:
A shepherd's garment clad my youthful form,
Made rough by toil, and harden'd to the storm ;
I led o'er hills and dales, wild streams and rocks,
The wand'ring footsteps of my herds and flocks:
I pointed where beneath the furrow sprung
The first, soft herbage, delicate and young ;
I led them where the murm'ring waters wound
Their fruitful course, along the moisten'd ground ;
And when the noontide sun with fervent heat,
Upon their drooping heads too fiercely beat,
I guided where the mountain's shelt'ring head ;

Its sable shade across the landscape spread ;
 And while they sunk in rest and slumbers meek,
 I wander'd forth my simple meal to seek ;
 The juicy wild fig, and the chrystal tide,
 My strength renew'd, and nature's wants supply'd.

And then, when evening slowly drew her shade,
 And on the dewy lawn my flocks were laid,
 Wrapt in my mantle from the chilling wind,
 I gave to holy thoughts my wakeful mind :
 The stars that in their mystic circles move,
 The sparkling blue of the high arch above,
 The pomp of night, her slow majestic power,
 The solemn silence of her midnight hour,
 The gentle softness of the unveil'd moon,
 All seem'd to speak of Him, the Everlasting One.

From solemn musing, heavenly visions stole,
 With sleep's soft footstep on my thoughtful soul,
 Till in the purpled east, the morning star
 Departing, wak'd me to my daily care.
 Once as I rose from slumbers soft and sweet,
 And found my lambs reposing at my feet,
 And saw the morning light the hills invest,
 Gleam o'er the forests, gild the mountain's breast,
 Dart on the sparkling streams, and shoot its way
 Through the dark vales where slumb'ring vapors
 lay,
 It seem'd within my breast a light there shone,

More clear and splendid than the rising sun,
 And while my every nerve with rapture thrill'd,
 A Power Supreme my soul in silence held.

Prone on the earth my bending knees I bow'd,
 My rais'd eyes fixing on a crimson cloud,
 Which from its cleaving arch this mandate bore,
 "Go, shepherd, lead thy much lov'd flock no
 more."

My trembling lips now prest the soil I trod,
 "Shepherd! forsake thy flock, and be the Seer
 of God."

Uprising at the heavenly call, I laid
 My crook and scrip beneath the spreading shade,
 "I go, I go, my God," my answering spirit said.

Through the rough stream I dash'd, whose foam-
 ing tide

Came whit'ning from the mountain's hoary side ;
 O'er rocks I bounded, thro' dark forests ran,
 To seek the busy haunts of guilty man.
 Yet pressing on my path, I heard with pain
 The echoing footsteps of a distant train ;
 I saw my snowy lambs approaching near,
 And wondering at their master's bold career ;
 With gentle look, and piteous moans they stood,
 To ask of me their guidance and their food.

A moment pausing in my anxious race,
 I dash'd the gathering tear-drop from my face,

For as I look'd upon my fleecy pride,
I thought who now their wandering steps should
guide ;

But still within the holy impulse burn'd,
And soon its answering thoughts my heart return'd :

“ My tender lambs, my unfed flock, adieu,
My God, a shepherd will provide, for you ;
One kind as I have been ; whose care shall guide
You, where fresh pastures smile, and fountains
glide :

A hand unseen, a voice and purpose true,
Divide you from my charge, and me from you.”

And who shall hesitate when God commands ?
Whether to foreign climes, or heathen lands,
His messenger he sends, who feels with pain,
Nature's strong bands his summon'd step detain !
But woe to him if bands like these control
The heavenly purpose planted in his soul,
If glittering stores, or scenes in childhood trod,
Or joys of home, or ties of kindred blood,
Shall draw his wavering heart, more than the call
of God.

What tho' my shepherd's coat, and rustic ways,
Ill suit the prophet's venerable grace ;
What tho' the charge I bring be dark with fear,
And sound but harshly on the guilty ear ;
What though my heart its last red drop shall
drain,

And I must slumber with the prophets slain ;

Yet He, who summon'd from that distant rock,
 The rough-clad man to leave his fleecy flock,
 With strength will gird him, for his wants provide,
 And hush the clamors of the sons of pride,
 Or from these climes where fears and dangers roll,
 Receive to endless rest the weary martyr'd soul.

Untir'd and undismay'd my way I led,
 Where proud Samaria's outstretch'd ramparts
 spread ;
 Yet long before I pass'd its outer gate,
 I saw the work of judgment and of fate.
 It seem'd a fearful desert scorch'd and dry,
 Spread its brown heath, to meet the wondering
 eye ;
 The vanish'd verdure, and the wasted plain,
 Disclos'd the march of a devouring train,
 Before whose face the earth was green and fair,
 Behind a wilderness all parch'd and bare ;
 The pining herds, a poor and piteous train,
 Sought their accustom'd food, but sought in vain ;
 Some wild with anguish rang'd the mountain's
 side,
 Some stood despairing in the meadows wide ;
 And some with wasted flesh, and panting breath,
 Sunk gazing, mute and motionless in death.

And when I saw, my soul with grief was cleft,
 For sinful man, to Heaven's displeasure left;
 And low to earth, I bent my mournful head,
 Like one who mourns his dearest comfort dead.
 "My God! I cry'd, my God! arise and see
 Thy judgments, and thy people's misery;
 The sick land mourns, the haughty sinners pine,
 Thy wrath devours without, and guilt within.
 Ah! who shall now their wasted strength repair,
 If thou hast cast them, ever from thy care?"

An answering voice was heard—it spake to me;
 God spake from Heav'n—"This judgment shall
 not be."

I rose with transport from my deep distress,
 And as I journey'd on, his name did bless.

Soon nature's languid form, reviving fair,
 Sang praises to the God who answers prayer;
 The host of worms, that cover'd all the ground,
 Vanish'd away, no longer to be found;
 Spread forth each curling leaf, and withering
 stem,
 The faded bud disclos'd its secret gem;
 The naked earth her vivid robes assum'd,
 And fragrant scents the summer gales perfum'd.

But yet a little while the glittering blade,
 Of Heav'n's displeasure, in its sheath was stay'd,
 A flame succeeds, its furious ravage spread,

By wrath first kindled, and by justice fed :
 So wide it rag'd, that scarce its quenchless sweep,
 Would heed the limits of the watry deep.

Ah ! who shall stay its force, or crush its power ?
 Our God—preserve us in this awful hour !
 Again I pray'd, and wept, and deeply mourn'd :
 “ This also shall not be,” the same dread voice
 return'd.

Repent—Repent ! ye rebel race ! I cry'd ;
 Go, mourn, and seek your God, ye sons of pride ;
 At that dread name, with fearful rev'rence bend,
 Ye sinful seed of Abraham, his friend.

Ye scorn the stranger, on the poor ye press,
 Ye wound the widow, and the fatherless,
 Ye scoff at justice, every sin ye know,
 And give to idols, what to God ye owe ;
 Scorn and contempt, upon his laws ye cast,
 And think ye to escape his righteous wrath at last.
 Stain'd with your guilt, the page of fate unrolls,
 Its crimson lines shall enter to your souls ;
 Captivity and pain, its records shew,
 Deep lamentation, mourning, tears, and woe.

Your palace shakes ! a sword in life-blood dy'd,
 Is drawn all reeking from your prince's side :
 The sounds of treason clamour in the air,
 Murder, and strife, and foul revolt are there ;

Yet woes on woes shall tread, and pity weeps
O'er your fall'n city, and your slaughter'd heaps.

O ye, who sink in couches, soft with down,
And all your crimes in wine and music drown,
Who wrest the garment from the shiv'ring poor,
And snatch his pittance, to increase your store ;
You, first the plagues and wants of war shall vex,
The captive yoke shall hang upon your necks,
And you shall groan in servitude and scorn,
As one who sorrows o'er his dead first-born.

O sinful nation ! of thy God accurst,
Thy glory gone, and bending to the dust ;
The arm that held thee in its fond embrace,
Shall hurl thee forth, to thine appointed place.

Go, hide thee in Mount Carmel—dive the deep ;
Go, seek the slimy cells, where serpents creep,
Make thro' the earth's dark dens, thy secret path,
Thou canst not shun the purpose of his wrath !
“ But who art thou ? ” The haughty ones reply'd,
“ Presumptuous man ! ” with frantic rage, they
cry'd,
“ Flee to your woods, your mountains, and your
flocks,
Go, drive your few sheep on the ragged rocks ;
Who bade thee, herdman, leave thy wand'ring
throng ?
Who made thee judge of violence and wrong ? ”

*“ He who beheld me at my humble toil,
 Content and cheerful, in my native soil ;
 He who perceives you, from the frowning skies,
 And all your rage and impotence defies ;
 He call’d me from my flock and pastures fair,
 He gave the message which I boldly bear ;
 And which I bear ’till death : so spend your ire,
 And wreak what vengeance your mad souls de-
 sire.*

Say, whose strong arm compos’d this wond’rous
 frame ?

Who quench’d the fury of the rushing flame ?
 Who fill’d with spacious orbs, the empty space ?
 Who made the mighty sun to know his place ?
 Who hung upon the cloud the dazzling bow ?
 Who from his cistern, bade the waters flow ?
 Who turneth light to darkness, night to death ?
 Who giveth life, and gathereth back the breath ?
 Who drives thro’ realms immense, his flaming
 car ?

To visit Orion, and the morning star ?

Who gave this pond’rous globe, with nicest care,
 To balance lightly on the fluid air ?
 Who rais’d the mountains to their lofty height ?
 Who speeds the whirlwind in its trackless flight ?
 Who darts thro’ dark disguise, his piercing ken,
 To read the secret thoughts and ways of men ?
 Who gave the morning and the midnight birth ?
 Whose muffled step affrights the trembling earth ?

Who bound the sea, and touch'd the rocks with
flame ?

The Lord, the God of Hosts, is his tremendous
Name."

LINES,

ON hearing a venerable friend sing at midnight, a short time previous to her death, in consequence of the derangement of a mind, once of the strongest and most amiable character.

'TWAS when drear midnight cast its shadows
deep,

A distant voice awoke me from my sleep ;

First—slow and sad, it pour'd a mournful tone,

Like sighs o'er parted bliss, and pleasures gone ;

Now to gay hope, the mounting notes were set,

Rose high to joy—then sicken'd to regret,

Now wild, like mirth, the sprightly numbers flew,

Then, shrill and piercing, breath'd a last adieu.

This was the voice that, when with causeless
fears,

Or early grief o'er flow'd my ready tears,

In childhood's dawn, or youth's delusive day,
 Would sooth that grief and charm those tears
 away.

This was the voice that lull'd the ear of pain,
 Made penury and anguish smile again ;
 Soft as the dew, that heals the broken plant,
 Pour'd its mild accents on the soul of want ;
 Bade pale regret its wild complainings cease,
 And lur'd the wanderer to the fold of peace.

Now like a harp, whose tuneful chords unstrung,
 Is on the damp and drooping willow hung,
 It gave in echoes to the fitful wind,
 The mournful music of a broken mind.

Yet as the bird, whose sweet and dirge-like
 strains,
 With harmony unwonted fill the plains,
 Who by some presage warn'd of fate's decree,
 Pours her soft tones in dying melody ;*
 So on my ear, that midnight music fell,
 As from the death-tow'r, sounds the long and last
 farewell.

While faint and low the closing murmur sigh'd,
 And on the ear of night, the cadence dy'd,
 The boding spirit sunk, with woe distress,
 And down the cheek, the floods of sorrow prest ;

* The Swan.

At last my closing eye forgot to weep,
And o'er it past the viewless wand of sleep.

Dark visions came, all broken and distress,
Uncall'd, unsought, the enemies of rest ;
Such as wild fever draws in fearful guise,
Before the restless mourner's half-clos'd eyes.

Strange forms were seen of more than mortal
birth,

And hollow voices whisper'd from the earth ;
Wild storms arose, contending billows dash'd,
And thro' the gloom, a sudden lustre flash'd ;
When lo, a silver lamp, whose stately spire,
All bright and vivid, glow'd with heavenly fire,
Cast its pure light o'er streams, that murmur low,
Gleam'd on the mountains, cheer'd the vale of
woe ;

But as I gaz'd, the beam afar was borne,
The spire was quench'd, the silver lamp was gone.

Then sable waters rose with angry sweep,
A lonely vessel founders on the deep ;
While thunders peal, and livid lightnings gleam,
And troubled spectres glar'd upon the dream.

Then rose a Gothic dome, with arch sublime,
Whose lofty towr's withstood the shocks of time,
Its spacious halls receiv'd the welcome guest,
Tho' sick, or weak, or famish'd or distress ;

While from its windows gleam'd a steady ray,
 To light the traveller on his lonely way.
 But thundering from below, a viewless shock
 Heaves the strong base, and rends the marble rock ;
 Quick from its cope the sunward beam declin'd,
 Thro' its long arches shriek'd the hollow wind ;
 The pond'rous columns on the earth were thrown,
 The trembling earth return'd a hollow moan ;
 Sad o'er the spot a mournful cypress hung,
 The long grass wav'd, and mossy hillocks sprung.

Yet, round a mouldering arch, a lonely form
 Twin'd a damp wreath that trembled in the storm,
 Breath'd o'er its leaves, the sighs of gratitude,
 And with fond tears the drooping flowers bedew'd.



TO A FRIEND,

*Whose correspondence had been interrupted by domestic
 occupations, and the various cares of a matron.*

THUS ancient matrons, high in virtue rais'd,
 Whom princes honour'd, and whom sages prais'd,

Like you, the needle's various labours taught,
 And in the loom, and at the distaff wrought ;
 Hence, spoils of industry adorn'd their home,
 And with new lustre glow'd the arts of Rome.

Ah ! sweeter far, o'er such a charge to bend,
 To calm domestic life, a joy to lend,
 Than cloth'd in royal robes, the guise of pain,
 To wield a sceptre o'er the shrinking train ;
 Toss on the wave of pow'r, or dictate proud,
 Or rule the fancies of a fickle crowd ;
 Or pass in fields of blood the deathful day,
 Urge on the battle, point the fierce array,
 Drive over fallen ranks the reeking car,
 Rage, toil, and revel mid the din of war ;
 Renounce each female grace, each soft intent,
 To snatch the prize, that nature never meant,
 To win a short applause, to build a name,
 To grasp the fleeting shade of sullied fame ;
 Gleam o'er the historic page, as meteors move,
 To claim our wonder, not awake our love.

Oh, sweeter far, in shades obscure to hide,
 Where meek content, and piety reside,
 Where heaven-born virtue sheds a lucid ray,
 And intellectual joys inspire the day,
 While o'er the scene no waves of discord roll,
 To quench the light of mercy in the soul.

And sweet like thee, dear friend, with pensive eyes,

To watch the plants of reason as they rise ;
 Hang o'er your clusters, like the bending vine,
 And teach the infant tendril where to twine ;
 Guard from the mildew's taint, the frost severe,
 Repel the noxious weed that ventures near ;
 Lead the young leaves to lift their drooping heads,
 And drink the purest dew, that evening sheds ;
 Curb the aspiring shoots that mount too high,
 Lest in the blast the forward hope should die ;
 To turn the clear stream to the spreading root,
 Catch the first promise of a grateful fruit ;
 Bind the young buds, whose stalks the winds have
 riven,
 And prune the boughs, and point their way to
 heaven.

But who can paint the thrill of extacy,
 With which a mother meets her babes on high ?
 Perchance the tempest's rage, with furious strife,
 Had driven them darkly o'er the sea of life ;
 Perchance the shafts of death, that ceaseless rove,
 Had early pierc'd the brittle band of love ;
 Perchance the wide-stretch'd zone, or Ocean
 waves,
 Had roll'd between their long-divided graves ;
 Now safely scap'd from earth's delusive shore,
 Now join'd in glory to divide no more,
 What mortal hand can touch that raptur'd string,
 Whose high-rais'd tones salute th' Eternal King ?

"Lo! these are they whom thou to me didst trust,
 These souls immortal, then enshrin'd in dust ;
 I took them trembling, at thy high decree,
 Receive, instruct, and render back to me."
 Thoughtful I strove with mild affection's sway,
 To blend with reason's dawn, religious ray ;
 To smooth the path of duty, lure the course
 Of those fair streams up to their parent source ;
 By night, my waking thoughts on these were bent,
 By day, to thee, the fervent prayer was sent,
 That the bright star of heaven might light their
 eyes,
 And e'vn in youth their wayward hearts be wise ;
 But vain had been the anxious, watchful care,
 In vain the ceaseless, fond maternal prayer,
 Had not a viewless power with love divine,
 Matur'd the work, and crown'd the great design.



ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

O CHILD of innocence and bliss,
 And gentle mirth, and joy benign,

Fond friendship's wish, affection's kiss,
And warm solicitude are thine.

If ever from yon vaulted sky,
Angelic hosts to earth descend,
On thee they sure would cast an eye,
And o'er thine infant slumbers bend.

For no dark deeds of guilt or shame,
Of falsehood, arrogance, or strife,
Of cruel pride, or cold disdain,
Have ever mark'd thy spotless life.

I, stopping in the giddy maze
Of youth, to catch a smile from thee.
And pleas'd to look upon the days
Of careless, guiltless infancy ;

Perceive as with a vision'd eye,
The throngs of care, and woe, and dread,
Which pressing on in sable dye,
Are hovering round thy cradle bed.

Sternly, impatiently they wait,
The time when thou shalt be their prey,
For well they know this peaceful state
Excludes their proud and bitter sway.

Could she, who with a mother's love,
hy pliant form has just embrac'd,

But see the woes that thou must prove,
 The bitterness which thou shalt taste ;

The nameless pangs thine heart must know,
 The anguish that will fright thy sleep,
 Her smile would sicken into woe,
 And she would seek alone to weep.

O thou, who thus the eye hast veil'd,
 The book of fate so slowly given,
 I thank thee, that thou hast conceal'd
 From man the prescience of heaven.

Ah, when upon thy troubled soul,
 The ills of life shall closely press,
 May resignation's meek control,
 Allay the tumult of distress.

For often in affliction's school,
 Though the sad heart perceives it not;
 Virtue is gain'd, and wisdom's rule,
 That never, never is forgot.

When o'er thy fading joys declin'd,
 The sounding waves of sorrow roll,
 Perchance, thou then that hope may'st find,
 Which proves an anchor to the soul.

Or should the friends whom thou shalt love,
 Thy fond and fearless heart deceive,

Thou still may'st find a friend above,
Who never will forsake or grieve.

O child of innocence and bliss,
And gentle mirth, and joy benign,
Fond friendship's wish, affection's kiss,
And warm solicitude are thine.



THE CARELESS HEART.

SAY, can'st thou tell me what is like the heart,
That cold and careless ne'er performs its part?

A garden, left neglected, waste, and bare,
Where light the wandering people of the air,
To catch the scatter'd seed that moulders there.

ON THE CHARACTER OF A VENERABLE FRIEND.

OH, could my humble page one feature save,
 Of that dear friend who moulders in the grave,
 Or through one soul a generous love diffuse
 Of her pure virtues, her exalted views,
 Or to one heart a thought of goodness give,
 Then not in vain this humble page should live.

And Oh, that I, who saw her here below,
 Who knew those deeds the world could never
 know,
 Her inward peace, amid affliction's rage,
 Her meek and graceful dignity of age,
 Her quickly feeling heart, her moisten'd eye,
 When pain was heard to mourn, and want to sigh,
 Her tenderness for youth, her alms for woe,
 Her hand in secret stretching to bestow,
 Her liberal views, her self-instructed mind,
 Active and strong, with seraph goodness join'd ;
 Who saw the path her lonely footstep trod,
 Not chosen by the world, tho' mark'd by God ;
 Who saw her tending down the vale of time,
 With thoughtful energy, with hope sublime ;

Who saw her sinking in her last repose,
 Saw her lov'd life receive its gentle close ;
 Oh, might I with this image in my eye,
 But learn like her to live, like her to die ;
 Or though a narrower sphere to me is given,
 Still in that sphere be emulous of heaven ;
 Oh, might I from her fond monitions learn,
 To heed my last, my infinite concern ;
 Then not in vain her life, her lessons free,
 Then not in vain will be her death to me ;
 And when with tortur'd nerve, and labouring
 breath,
 I pant upon the icy couch of death ;
 Then peace shall beam upon my darken'd eyes,
 And hope within my fainting heart arise,
 That she I lov'd on earth, may meet me in the
 skies.



THE SOLITARY STAR.

PURE planet, whose propitious ray
 Illumes the darkness of my way ;

O gentle Star, whose light is thrown
 O'er the sad path I trace alone :
 Have all thy sisters gone to rest,
 That thou alone with golden crest,
 And wrapt within thy mantle white,
 Should softly gleam upon my sight ?
 For as a friend thou seem'st to guide
 My steps, and journey by my side.

To view me with a mournful eye,
 To veil thy face as if to sigh,
 Then meekly bending down thine ear
 The accent of my woes to hear.

O mild effulgence of the sky,
 Whose gentle beams of heavenly light,
 Soft float in liquid splendour by ;
 And pour upon the raptur'd sight.

Ray of that ray, which heav'n pervades,
 Light of that light, which never fades ;
 Still deign to guide me as a friend,
 And when my earthly wanderings end,
 When death shall close my swimming eyes,
 May mercy's peaceful star arise,
 And point me to that heavenly shore,
 Where I shall need *thy* light no more.

AN EMBLEM.

I'VE seen a drop of morning dew,
 Like some fair gem serene,
 That sparkled on a verdant bough
 All clad in summer green.

The rising sun absorb'd the tear,
 And drank it as it shone ;
 The winds of winter cleft the bough,
 It moulder'd and was gone.

The drop of dew is like the bloom
 And morning of our span :
 The bough that wither'd in the blast
 Is like the life of man.



THE CONFIDENCE OF ALEXANDER.

“ HOW can'st thou sleep O King ! devoid of fear,
 “ When dangers thicken, and when foes are near ?

“ How can'st thou sleep ? They throng around
thy rest,

“ And scarce the arrow stays that wounds thy
breast.”

“ And what think'st thou can harm my helpless
head ?

“ My friend Parmenio watches near my bed.”

But thou, O Christian, hast a firmer friend,
Who near thy steps, and o'er thy couch does bend ;
So rise securely, and securely sleep,
For ever at thy side, that watchful guard shall
keep.



THE VANITY OF LIFE.

AS waves the grass upon the earth to day,
Which soon the wasting scythe shall sweep away ;
As smiles the flow'ret in the verdant field,
Which soon before the passing blast shall yield ;
So flourish we upon our beds of clay,
So grow a while, so droop, and so decay.

Dust turns to dust, with ashes, ashes blend,
 But upward, upward let the soul ascend ;
 To God who gave it, let the spirit go,
 While the frail form returns to earth below.
 A few may sigh upon the grave's cold brink,
 A few salt tears the broken soil may drink,
 A few sad hearts in agony may bleed,
 And pay that tribute, which they soon shall need.

While these frail honours wait the mould'ring dust,
 Say, smiles the spirit with the kindred just ?
 Shine its pure garments in the white rob'd train ?
 Or sound its groans amid the realms of pain ?
 Ah, who can tell ? The cause is God's alone,
 Hereafter thou shalt see, and bless that dark un-
 known.



PARTING.

FEW friends have we on earth, and when they
 part,
 The nerve unwinds whose tension tears the heart ;
 And the wan brow all blanch'd with sorrow, turns ;
 Cold, sunk, and pallid as the clay it mourns.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER OF CHRIST.

COME, see the mountain where thy Saviour
knelt,

The sad, lone place where he his vigils kept;
Come, feel the midnight blast, his bosom felt,
The cold night-chills, that o'er his temples crept,
While guilty, stupid man all heedless slept;
And far away his friends forgetful rove;
And cans't thou say for me he wak'd and wept,
For me he agoniz'd, and pray'd, and strove;
Nor feel one pang of pity, or one thrill of love?



ON HEARING A BELL TOLL BEFORE RISING.

SAD sounding bell! to me thou seem'st to say,
Awake, thou sleeper, rise, and come away;

For while thou slumberest on thy couch of rest,
The hand of death within thy sphere has prest ;
And one, whose piercing glance thou us'd to meet,
Whose step was active, and whose voice was
sweet,

Has tasted pain, has deeply drank of woe,
Has struggled strongly with the frowning foe,
Has passed the portal arch, whose massy door,
Once turning on its hinge, shall turn no more ;
Has trod the darkly silent vale, and gone
A trembling stranger, to a world unknown.

Nought that she lov'd on earth could bribe her
stay,

No friend could go to cheer her on her way ;
No wealth, to purchase welcome could she bear,
Nor even her worth, could buy a ransom there ;
No pompous titles sounded as she came,
No earthly honours swell'd the blast of fame :
What then, alas ! has the lone stranger brought ?
Nought but the spotless robe, by her Redeemer
wrought.

THEY ROVE FOREVER.

LINES written on reading a line of Dr. Young's, describing the motion and order of the planetary bodies.

"They rove forever, *without error* rove."

WE too rove ever ; first with infant dream,
 We hang like insects o'er a summer stream ;
 With childish step midst opening sweets we rove,
 Sooth'd and applauded by the voice of love ;
 Then high with youth, we rush o'er painted
 lawns,
 Half hidden flowers, and still more hidden thorns ;
 Mature, we wander on in paths of care,
 And mute, and sad, our various burdens bear ;
 Ev'n too, in age we rove ; with spirit bent,
 Tho' light be dim, and nature's force be spent ;
 But rove we without error, as we go ?
 Here pity sighs, and truth must answer, *No.*

TRIBUTE TO AN INSTRUCTOR.

AS when an eye, accustom'd to survey
 The changeful aspect of an April day,
 Turns back regretful to the early dawn,
 And the fair smile that dew'd the face of morn;
 So I, from youth's delusions, wild and vain,
 Its boasted pleasures, and its mingled pain,
 Look back to childhood's fair, and pictured, scenes
 again.

And most I love those soft and blended shades,
 Where youth just glimmers, and where childhood
 fades,
 On which fond memory sheds a lustre, more
 Than hope, or fancy, on the future pour.

Oh, deem it not intrusive, vain, or free,
 That this weak lay should pour itself to thee,
 Rever'd instructor, for before mine eyes,
 Thine image in those vision'd scenes will rise;
 And memory hastening as with filial love,
 Would wreath its brow with garlands she has
 wore.

What most I prize, I first receiv'd from thee;
 Knowledge till then had shewn few charms for me,

For often had cold rigour harshly doom'd,
 The buds of promise withering e'er they bloom'd,
 And glanc'd with stern regard a chilling eye,
 Upon a mind that shrunk it knew not why.
 And thou alone didst guide a timorous mind,
 Wise as a teacher, as a parent kind ;
 With careful hand its wayward course withheld,
 Allur'd, not forc'd, encourag'd, not compell'd ;
 The shrinking eye look'd up, the soul was cheer'd,
 Felt as it learnt, confided e'er it fear'd ;
 And first by emulation's ardour mov'd,
 Prest onward in the path which soon it lov'd.
 Those intellectual joys by thee were shown,
 Which charm when youth's light giddiness is
 gone,
 And haply but for thee, ah, never had I known.

A plant of feeble stem thou would'st not break,
 Or bruise its buds because their bloom was weak,
 Or blight it with a cold and cheerless shade,
 Or scorn it, tho' it rose from lowly bed.
 But propt its humble stalk with kindest care,
 Rais'd its wan buds to feel a fresher air,
 And o'er its narrow leaves and bending head,
 The dews of knowledge and of virtue shed.
 Gave to its shrinking root a firmer soil,
 Though its scant foliage scarce repaid the toil ;
 And now of stature frail, and low degree,
 More rude and worthless, than it ought to be,
 It turns to him who first its soil renew'd,

It lifts to him its buds, and blossoms crude,
And loads the passing gale with gratitude.

Yet more than what I speak, to thee I owe,
And blessings, more than strains so weak can show.
Thy warning voice allur'd my erring youth,
To seek the path of piety and truth ;
And heaven's first hopes, as early sun-beams roll,
Dawn'd from thy prayers upon my anxious soul.

Scorn not the muse who comes in rustic dress,
These thanks sincere and artless to express,
And breathe her wishes for thy happiness.
Around thy house may guardian angels bend,
Thy slumbers watch, thy wakeful hours defend ;
And her whom gentle fate has led to twine
Her earthly hopes and destinies with thine,
And all who claim thy labour or thy care,
Thy daily study, and thy nightly prayer,
Still to thy hopes be true, and in thy blessings
share.

Oh, ever free from doubt, and pain, and strife,
Flow on the current of thy tranquil life !
Pure as the dew-drop on the flow'ret's heads,
The youthful spring in rich profusion sheds ;
Bright as the star whose crescent gilds the dawn,
And marks the foot-steps of the glowing morn ;
Blest in those joys which hearts like thine may
prove,

The kind returns of tenderness and love ;
 Firm in those hopes that heal the wounds of woe,
 Which hearts at peace with God alone can know ;
 High in that holy charge so wisely given,
 To lead an earthly flock the way to heaven.

So may'st thou live, 'till honours more divine,
 More perfect peace, more lasting joys are thine ;
 'Till from a lofty and a cloudless sphere,
 Shall burst those sounds, too sweet for mortal ear,
 " Come, good and faithful servant, thy reward is
 here."



ON SEEING THE MOON ATTENDED BY A
 SOLITARY STAR, JUST BEFORE SUN-RISE.

LEAVING the cell of her companion, night,
 She sought her bow'r which vestal lamps adorn,
 But paus'd, and stay'd, and linger'd in her flight,
 To change stol'n glances with the youthful morn.

All unattended too, she chose to tread,
 Save that one solitary star was seen,

Darkly to wrap a mantle o'er its head,
And page the mystic footsteps of the queen.

Her veil was all undrawn, her eye was fair,
But ah! her cheek grew pale, her lustre dim;
For dark-rob'd night, high-seated on his car,
Was heard to call the wanderer on with him.

Sternly he staid his chariot 'till she came,
His cold eye glancing on her, unapprov'd,
The star attendant glow'd with angry shame,
And rising morn beheld her as she mov'd.

P O P E.

“CURST be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
“ That tends to make one honest man my foe,
“ Give virtue, scandal; innocence, a fear;
“ Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.”

Too well may be applied to this fine writer, the following imitation.

SHAME to the man! how well so e'er he write,
Who mingles fair with foul, and wrong with right;
Gives pain to virtue, spotted robes to truth,
And crimsons o'er the bashful cheek of youth.

RAPIDITY OF TIME.

EV'N while we pause, the rapid date
 Of life comes rushing on,
 The sad heart feels the stroke of fate,
 We tremble and are gone :

Gone and forgot, the mourning eye
 May moisten as we sleep;
 But time shall sooth the rushing sigh,
 And dry the eyes that weep.

A little mound of turf, alone
 Shall shade our senseless breast ;
 The clay-cold sod, the burial stone,
 Made dark with storms, with moss o'ergrown,
 Shall mark our place of rest.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A PACKET OF GERANIUM LEAVES.

'TIS said by Cynics harsh and stern,
 The sweets of life are frail and few ;
 But is not gentle friendship one,
 That we around our paths may strew ?
 It surely is : I therefore send,
 An emblem of its sweets to you.

TWILIGHT.

I SAW, ere the landscape had faded in night,
 The slow-moving twilight with gesture sublime,
 As I pensively watch'd the decline of the light,
 And listen'd, absorb'd to the foot-fall of time.

And I said to my heart, as it rose in my breast,
 " What wakes thee to sorrow, what moves thee
 to mourn ?"

And my heart answer'd quick, with emotion op-
 prest,
 " I grieve for the hours, that must never return."

In the pale hand of twilight, a tablet appear'd,
 Though veil'd in her mantle, and muffled with
 shade ;
 That this had recorded my errors I fear'd,
 And I knew that its traces were never to fade.

EVENING EXAMINATION.

AND now let sable night assert her power,
 And summon back the late departed hour,
 And call the pausing soul with care to trace
 The lines that mark its half averted face.

The frown of pride, or semblance of content,
 The deed of duty done, or time mispent,
 The meek resolve, firm hope, or wandering bold,
 The vain desire, or cherish'd, or controll'd,

Eye fix'd on heaven, or page with error stain'd,
Does memory smile, or is thy conscience pain'd ?

Of all thy wanderings, view the vast amount :
This is the emblem of thy last account.



THE PARTING FRIEND.

FAIR on the bosom of the Spring,
The trembling flow'ret glows,
But passing storms are on the wing
To chill it ere it blows.
Yet though beneath the verdant spray,
The dew-drops seek to hide,
Before the sun's meridian ray,
Those glittering gems are dried.

And such has been our transient glance,
As sweet, as quickly flown,
A smile, a word, a friendly wish,
And all is clos'd and gone :

But while in scenes of distant joy,
You rove with footstep free,
Soft to your heart, this simple strain
Shall say, "*remember me.*"

Perhaps we part, no more to meet,
And who, my friend, can show
What scenes of sorrow, or of joy,
Await us here below ?

Though life to us is in its morn,
And youthful pleasures court,
Its fairest rose conceals a thorn,
Its longest space is short.

But Oh ! there is a better state,
Where hopes unfading bloom,
There is a brighter land that gleams
Across the darken'd tomb.
There may we meet, in that blest home,
Where none shall sigh with pain,
Where hours of parting never come,
Nor human frailties stain.

THE BIRTH DAY OF A YOUNG LADY, WHO
HAD RECENTLY LOST HER MOTHER.

THIS op'ning year, this rising day,
Of pensive thought, and grateful joy,
Might well for you awake the lay,
And still a better lay employ.

Could I but pour the strain of praise,
That sighs so soft on beauty's ear,
The tribute due to wit, and grace,
How justly were they offer'd here.

But no, a rude, unpolish'd strain,
Presumes the mental charm to trace,
And mark how virtue's youthful train
May fill a parent's vacant place.

Mark how around that urn they glide,
With beams like morning radiance clear:
That urn which drank the recent tide
Of sad affection's filial tear.

To you, those younger plants shall spread,
As round their fair maternal stem.

To you, shall raise the blooming head,
 And ope the fair, unfolding gem.

May' each its future path explore,
 Like those pure streams which gently lave,
 Uncheck'd, unstain'd, some verdant shore,
 And join in peace their parent wave.



THE LONGEST DAY.

FROM us, if every fleeting hour
 Improvement's boon may ask,
 Surely the longest day may claim
 A long, and arduous task.
 But since the longest day must end,
 The fairest life decay,
 Let wisdom's hand, and wisdom's voice,
 Direct our youthful way.

And when we rise, let morning's eye
 Convey the lesson sweet,
 And e're we sleep, let evening's sigh,
 The sacred rule repeat ;

Patient to render good to all,
 Within our bounded sphere,
 The active deed, or grateful wish,
 Or sympathetic tear.

To raise the heart to Him, who gives
 Our path with hope to shine,
 Meekly receive the offer'd joy,
 And silently resign ;
 To let no fear disturb the breast,
 No doubt obscure our sky,
 Since virtue cannot live unblest,
 Or unrewarded die.



TO A YOUNG FRIEND SLEEPING.

SOFT fall upon that closing eye,
 The taper's trembling rays,
 While sweetly o'er thy peaceful brow,
 The smile of slumber plays.

May guardian seraphs' snowy wings
 Still o'er thy couch be spread,

And ever may their viewless shield
 Protect and guard thy head ;
 'Till thou within a purer sphere,
 Shalt soar with those who watch'd thee here.



PARAPHRASE ON CLEOPATRA'S ADVICE TO
 MARK ANTHONY WHEN ANGLING.

“ **FIX** not thine eyes upon that shallow brook,
 “ Nor lure the silly fishes to thy hook,
 “ Let cities, thrones, and empires be thine aim,
 “ And like a Roman get thyself a name.”

Fix not thy hopes upon an airy dream,
 Nor lose thy short line in this troubled stream ;
 But seek the nobler prize to virtue given,
 And like a Christian fix thine eye on Heaven.

IMPROVEMENT OF SCIPIO'S BOAST.

" I HAVE no soldier that would count his life
 " Too dear should I require it at his hand ;
 " He the rough surge would brave—the battle's
 strife,
 " Or from the high rock leap at my command."

This was the boast of Scipio—Christian—hear !
 Thou hast a chieftain of more equal laws,
 Count not thine ease, or thine existence dear,
 If thou may'st win at last His great applause.



THE REPLY OF THE PHILOSOPHER ANAXARCHUS.

IN ancient times a tyrant's wrath decreed,
 The hated wise man by his arts to bleed.
 He, while the murd'rous blows with rage were
 dealt,

Spake thus serene as if no pain he felt,
 “Ye bruise the shell, the wither’d husk ye break,
 Ye sink the boat, but *me* ye cannot shake.”

Oh! fear not them whose hand may pierce the
 heart,

And cannot harm the never-dying part :
 But fear ye Him who rends the clay-built cell,
 And dooms the spirit to the pains of hell.



ANTISTHENES.

THE REPLY OF THE PHILOSOPHER ANTISTHENES TO THE ENQUIRY
 WHAT HE HAD GAINED BY HIS LEARNING.

“IT makes me happy in my lone retreat,
 “And with my heart it gives me converse sweet ;
 “And why should he be much inclin’d to roam,
 “Who finds a better banquet still at home ?”

And those may say, who by their Saviour blest,
 Bear heavenly science planted in their breast,

“This in my slumber guards my helpless head,
 And when I wake it cheers me on my bed,
 And when I walk it rises for my guest,
 And when I speak it answers in my breast,
 It soothes my sorrows, guides me when I roam,
 And when I die it gently leads me home.”



APPLICATION OF THE ROMAN PRECEPT,

“*Take heed—Cato sees you.*”

THE Roman teachers said—“Beware of sin,
 Injustice to thy friend, or guilt within,
 See that ye break not our most just decrees ;
 Take heed to what ye do, for Cato sees.”

And Oh ! were they who bow'd to flesh and blood,
 More wise than we who serve the living God ?
 Forgetful Christian ! learn like them to fear,
 Not because Cato sees, but God is near.

THE SECLUSION OF BASIL.

THE good man mourn'd that sin pursu'd him
still,

That while he lov'd the good he chose the ill ;

A kindling anger at his follies burn'd,

And sadly from the world his steps he turn'd ;

The pathless desert, brown and barren, sought,

And gave himself to prayer and holy thought.

But still he wept and sigh'd—" I fled from sin,

And sinful man, and lo ! it lurks within !

I from the world and all its snares did part,

But ah ! the tempter lingers in my heart."



THE FIRST MORNING OF MAY.

MAY ! I hail thy first-born morning,

Every charm its brow adorning,

Zephyrs sporting, music waking,

Streams their icy fetters breaking,

Hope expanding, joy reviving,
Nature in her beauty living.

Let my heart accordant raise
Purest incense, grateful praise ;
Let my voice with accent free
Swell the song of harmony.

Let me quit this idle chime,
Wooing numbers into rhyme,
Sorting words, and killing time.
Inward let mine eye-beams glide
View my thoughts' uneven tide,
Roving, wandering far and wide :

Deeds on little purpose bent,
Faithless to the good intent,
Time on trifles vainly spent,
Deeply mourn, be wise—repent.

EVENING REFLECTION.

ALONE I sit, but yet no pensive sigh,
 Of discontent, or loneliness is here ;
 For solitude has shed her purest joy,
 And barr'd the entrance of unhallow'd care.

And from her cell, comes forth with shrouded head,
 The veil'd moon shrinking from the gazer's sight ;
 As if some unseen hand her steps had led,
 Silent and slow to meet the waiting night.

And aged night, clad in his best attire,
 Seems to compose his brow tho' late so stern,
 To copy youth, to bid his frowns retire,
 And let his starry eyes with lustre burn.

O Planet ! hide not thus thy silver ray,
 Lift up thy veil, and let thy smile be seen,
 Till silent night confess thy magic sway,
 And every bright star own thee as a queen.

Yet more effulgent than thy brightest beam,
 And warmer than the cold star's distant ray,
 May Mercy's light upon my spirit stream,
 When she from earth shall wing her unknown
 way.

H Y M N.

GOD spake—and Chaos heard his voice,
 And nature rose from sleep,
 And lo, this firm and solid earth
 Sprang from the liquid deep.

He spake—and light's transparent ray
 Silver'd each sparkling wave ;
 He spake—and twilight led the day,
 To Ocean's silent cave :

And darkness rais'd his giant size,
 Deep frowning in his might,
 While thousand, thousand starry eyes
 Look'd from the cell of night.

The day-star and the trembling morn
 Seem'd hand in hand to move,
 While morning matins tun'd the harps
 Of Seraphim above.

The earth with herbs, and plants, and flow'rs,
 Luxuriantly was drest ;
 And herds, and flocks, were seen to move,
 Upon her verdant breast :

And Ocean spread his glassy wave,
 And peopled was the flood ;
 And high upon the pathless air,
 The wing'd musicians rode.

But more to swell the song of joy,
 And fill the boundless plan,
 Clad in the robe of innocence,
 Forth walk'd majestic man.

Oh, had he lov'd the God, that stamp'd
 His image on the clay,
 And had he kept his gentle law,
 How fair had been his way !

But whirling in a thoughtless course,
 Ingloriously he fell,
 And sadly does my song forbear,
 That mournful fall to tell.

For as a stream whose restless wave
 Forsakes its parent source,
 Ungrateful man has found his way,
 Embitter'd with remorse.

VICTORY.

WAST not to me the blast of fame,
 That swells the trump of victory,
 For to my ear it gives the name
 Of slaughter, and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
 Wave not so high the victor's plume ;
 They point me to the bosom goar'd,
 They point me to the blood-stain'd tomb.

'The boastful shout, the revel loud,
 That strive to drown the voice of pain,
 What are they but the fickle crowd
 Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain ?

And ah, through glory's fading blaze,
 I see the cottage taper, pale,
 Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
 Where unprotected orphans wail :

Where the sad widow weeping stands,
 As if her day of hope was done :
 Where the wild mother clasps her hands,
 And asks the victor for her son :

Where the lone maid in secret sighs,
 O'er the lost solace of her heart,
 As prostrate, in despair, she lies,
 And feels her tortur'd life depart :

Where midst that desolated land,
 The sire lamenting o'er his son,
 Extends his weak and powerless hand,
 And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe
 Have rifled sweet domestic bliss ;
 And tell me if your laurels grow,
 And flourish in a soil like this ?

THE FIRST WINTRY MORNING.

AWAKE ! and let the grateful lay
 With joy to Heaven's high palace rise,
 Before the bright, rejoicing day
 Returns to light the glowing skies :

Before the throng shall leave their beds,
 Their various labours to pursue ;
 Before the smoke, aspiring spreads
 Its curling volumes light and blue.

The flowers that in their sweetness rose,
 The mountain's bosom to adorn,
 Now hide their meek and drooping brows,
 Before the stern and wintry morn.

The plants that once with joy elate,
 Now shrink before the wintry gloom,
 Remind my spirit of the state,
 To which must haste our youthful bloom.

But when these charms, so bright and frail,
 Shall shrink, and wither, and decay,
 Say, is there nought to countervail
 The good that time shall take away ?

There is a joy that lights the eye,
 When beauty, youth, and strength are past,
 When all our earthly pleasures fly,
 Like leaves before the wintry blast.

There is a joy that checks the throng
 Of chilling cares, and sorrow's shock,
 That strikes its anchor, deep and strong,
 In Heaven's imperishable rock.

Grant me this joy, and when my soul
 Her farewell to the world shall sigh ;
 When unknown seas beneath me roll,
 And lift their deathful billows high ;

Then when my frail and fainting sight,
 To this receding world is dim,
 The lustre of my Saviour's light
 Shall brightly mark my way to Him.



TO A FRIEND, ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH
 ANNIVERSARY OF HER MARRIAGE.

YOU say, that life to you has been
 A mix'd and chequer'd dream,
 That hours, and days, and years have flown,
 As rapid as a stream.

You tell me that your youthful prime
 Like morning shadows past,
 That every year of fleeting time
 Grew shorter till the last.

You tell me that those days of dread,
 That fill the heart with pain,
 Will be remember'd like the shade,
 That ne'er returns again.

But if a more extended space,
 Than I on earth have known,
 Should leave so *light*, so *faint* a trace
 As scarcely to be shown ;

Oh, what is life ? Let wisdom meek
 Return the slow reply,
 Say, what is life ? To move, to speak,
 To look around—and die.



THE RAINBOW.

THE glowing arch, that crowns the passing
 storm,
 And sooths the angry thunders as they rise,
 Lifts o'er the watry cloud its lovely form,

And sheds its glory o'er the bending skies,
 With radiance caught from Heaven, but quick re-
 ceding dies.

The eye that loves to view its dazzling rays,
 And rove with rapture o'er its melting grades,
 And glad prolong its unabating gaze,
 Yet strives in vain to mark the varying shades,
 Where one soft tint begins, and where a softer
 fades.

So shines the path of virtue, bright and fair,
 With gentle traces, and soft blending lines,
 Her train of duties scarcely shewing where,
 One woos the soul, or one her charge resigns,
 'Till in a stream of light, the finish'd glory shines.



THOUGHTS ON CHILDHOOD.

STILL roves the mind among the varied scenes
 Of former days ; and pausing as she treads
 Their chequer'd paths, she seems to hear a sound

Like Ossian's music, pleasant to the ear,
 And mournful to the soul. It is the voice
 Of days departed, and I seem to hear
 Their chiding spirit borne upon the blast.
 May I escape the pale and gliding ghosts
 Of mispent hours ; be shielded from their glance
 Dark and terrific ; rather may I hear
 The plaintive murmurs of those hours of woe
 Long past, but not forgotten. They are like
 The troubled sighing of the eastern gale,
 Passing o'er broken ruins. But a breath,
 Sweet as the sigh of morn, mild as the breeze
 That sweeps the harp of Eolus, meets my ear.
 Days of my childhood, is not this thy voice
 So changeful and so sweet ? Ah ! well I know
 That doubtful melody : it soothes my soul.

I see the pictur'd hours, I see the shades
 Of infancy and mental darkness pass,
 As I have seen the night's dim shadows fleet.
 Forth steps the morning on the misty hills,
 Trembling and unconfirm'd ; and the dim lamp
 Of reason, scarcely lighted, aids her dawn.
 While slowly on a dark mysterious world
 Enters a stranger, but of little note
 Save to the eye of fond parental love.

O Spirit, universal and unseen !
 Prompting the heart of man to kindest deeds
 Of care, forbearance, or anxiety,

Teaching the eye to flow, the heart to beat,
 The knee that never bent to bend in prayer :
 Kind nurse of life, how much we owe thy pow'r !
 To thee we owe it, that our feeble race,
 More helpless than the brutes, are not like them
 Suffer'd to perish. 'Tis thy secret hand
 That lifts the young mind like some sickly plant
 To see the light, to taste the dews of heaven,
 To feel the sun-beams, shielding its soft leaves
 From chill unkindness, that dire frost of life ;
 Propping its stalk, and cherishing its buds ;
 Leading the fragrant waters to its root,
 And taking thence the noxious weeds, that seek
 To drink its moisture, withering every hope.

O pure affection ! waken'd with the sigh
 Of infancy—still wheresoc'er I go
 Cheer my lone spirit, and Oh, suffer not
 My numerous errors to abate thy glow,
 Warmer than friendship, and more fix'd than love.

THE CREATION.

BEING the first number selected as a specimen of a series of pieces on scripture subjects, intended for the use of young people.

WHEN night and Chaos reign'd with awful
 sway,
 And o'er the uniform'd earth thick darkness lay,
 The Almighty voice awoke the kindling strife,
 And call'd the dormant elements to life.

“*Let there be light ;*” a sudden ray there came,
 Like ether, pure, and piercing as the flame ;
 “*Let day arise ;*” a blush of purple flow'd ;
 The young dawn trembled, and the morning
 glow'd ;
 “*Let night divide the empire of the day,*”
 And frowning darkness claim'd his ancient sway.

Then like an arch the azure skies were rear'd,
 The seas were gather'd, and the earth appear'd ;
 Clad with fresh flowers, and plants of gentle root,
 Herb yielding seed, and tree presenting fruit.

Then, where the curving skies the Ocean prest,
 The Sun, all glowing, darted from his rest ;

Pale cast the moon her first, and timid glance,
And the stars sparkled o'er the blue expanse.

Mild Ocean's waves with scaly silver glow'd,
Birds soar'd in air, and hover'd o'er the flood ;
Above, around, the tones of rapture sigh'd,
“ *Live, and rejoice,*” the forming God reply'd,
“ *Sport on the cloud, and thro' the waters glide.*”

Next, rising slow, a mix'd and varied birth,
Unnumber'd beasts came roving o'er the earth,
They crept, they sported wild, they stalk'd with
pride,
Or cropt the grass, or drank the limpid tide ;
Some, with aw'd gaze, the wondrous scene sur-
vey'd,
And some slept fearless, in the cooling shade.

Serene, the great Creator clos'd his plan,
And stamp'd his image on the form of man ;
Gave life and motion to a mass of clay,
Eye speaking thought, and brow denoting sway,
Reason to judge, and majesty to awe,
Sole monarch, holding sway o'er all he saw.

Last, came a female form, more soft and fair,
And Eden smil'd to see the stranger there.

Then tones of joy, from harps seraphic rung,
The stars of Morning in their courses sung,

Earth echo'd back the shout of grateful love,
 From hill and valley, cavern, stream and grove ;
 Man fill'd with praise in silent rapture stood,
 God bow'd to view his work, and God pronounc'd
 it good.

TO A FRIEND.

SAY, hast thou seen a trembling plant,
 Of feeble bloom, and lowly birth,
 Which every passing blast might bend,
 In sadness to its mother earth ;

'Till some kind hand would pierce the shade,
 That hid it from the cheering sky ?
 Thine is that gentle culturing hand :
 The weak and trembling plant am I.

And while that plant of life shall taste,
 And press this low and earthly spot,
 The hand that rear'd it from the waste,
 Shall never, never, be forgot !

AUTUMNAL SCENE.

TO a friend, in whose company the author had witnessed a fine autumnal evening exhibition of clouds, from the bridge on Connecticut River, at Hartford.

WHILE faded nature meekly bends,
 To wear the robe that Autumn lends,
 How sweet her varying scenes to trace,
 Her changeful and retiring grace ;
 While from the bridge that arches high,
 The alter'd landscape meets the eye !
 The leafless trees, by winds distress'd,
 The shore, with ling'ring verdure drest,
 The passing sails that slowly glide,
 The river's deep, majestic tide,
 Which rolling on, with gather'd force
 From northern climes, in torrents hoarse,
 Here spreads a mirror, smooth and free,
 And seeks in haste the expecting sea.

And then that bold, aspiring tow'r,
 Like chieftain rising in his pow'r,
 Whose graceful form, and brow sublime,
 O'erlooks the crowd, and smiles at time ;
 Where gleam the city's fair retreats,

Her thronging roofs, and busy streets,
 Where wealth, with active labour meets ;
 Her distant groves, her lofty domes,
 Her holy spires, and cottage homes.
 And then, beyond, a distant scene
 Of cultur'd vales, extending far,
 All clad in Autumn's latest green,
 And shelter'd from the storm of war.

And lo, upon the western sky,
 What glowing scenes attract the eye,
 Where wildly spreads in bright array
 The pageantry of closing day ;
 Whose azure eye with frequent glance
 Looks gaily through the wide expanse,
 To greet the clouds that throng to pay
 Their homage to her gentle sway.
 For though no sounding herald calls
 To warn them from their airy halls,
 Yet still they summon all their pow'r,
 To cheer and gild the festive hour.

Some rob'd in white with snowy breast,
 Look from the windows of the west,
 And some, to join the mystic dance,
 With fair and glowing brow, advance ;
 Float sparkling on, retire, or roam,
 Like trembling lamp on Ocean's foam ;
 While mingling in their sportive race,
 And flitting light from place to place,

A glittering train the eye may trace,
 Like champions gay, with crimson vest,
 And golden helm, and saffron crest,
 Who lift the lance with gesture light,
 And hasten to the bloodless fight.

Then rise a few, in purple robe,
 Like kings to rule this rolling globe,
 In solemn state, with massy shield,
 And sceptre all in shades conceal'd :
 But close involv'd in deeper gloom,
 And thick'ning, gathering, as they come,
 A sable train with aspect dread,
 Like warring hosts with muffled tread
 Approach, and cast with angry sweep,
 Their fearful shadow o'er the deep.

Beneath their frown, these glories fade,
 And all the scene is wrapt in shade,
 For aged night, with envious eye,
 Beheld the joyous revelry,
 And sent that veil'd and hostile train,
 To shroud it with the hue of pain.

But gleaming o'er the mountain's breast,
 Just where its summit meets the west,
 A little spot of light is seen,
 All fair, and tranquil, and serene ;
 So pure, that no rude cloud may dare
 To cast its slightest image there :

So bright, as if its veil uncurl'd
The entrance to a better world.

From thence, the sun, releas'd from toil,
Has shed his soft, departing smile,
And glittering through a dewy tear,
Fled gladly to another sphere.

Perchance, this scene with beauty fraught,
Was shewn to wake sublimer thought ;
Perchance, was spread this evening sky,
To lure the fix'd, enraptur'd eye,
To trace upon its varying roll,
An emblem of the virtuous soul,
Who toiling on, through blasts of strife,
And shades of woe, and storms of life,
Perceives a mansion, pure and blest,
A cloudless sky, a ceil of rest,
And pressing on, where sorrows cease,
Thus sheds the parting beam of peace.

And quick, my trembling measure takes
The wish this glowing scene awakes,
Not that which decks the polish'd line,
Where art and melody combine,
But from a heart where feeling sighs,
And grateful memory lifts her eyes,
That warm and ardent wish will rise,
That such a cell of peace divine,
And such a rest in Heaven be thine.

ON THE CONVENTION AT HARTFORD.

DECEMBER 15th, 1814.

SAY, who are these that tread the darken'd scene,
 With cautious step and deeply thoughtful air?
 No crested helmet shades their lofty mien,
 No angry dart, or warring sword, they bear,
 And though their glance is bold, their brows are
 mark'd with care.

Around their locks a half-form'd wreath is thrown,
 Whose fading leaves, the deepning gloom increase,
 Twin'd from a plant, now exil'd and unknown,
 For whose return the prayer shall never cease,
 The sacred olive fair, that marks the men of peace.

Tho' prompt to ward the near impending stroke,
 And guard of freedom's stream the vital source,
 They tempt no conflict, no revenge provoke,
 But meet oppression in its daring course,
 With wisdom's ample shield, of Heaven attem-
 per'd force.

Ye sages firm! in dark and troubled times,
 To you, in accents sad, your country sighs,

In days of discord, violence, and crimes,
 Her guardians, and her friends, she sees you rise,
 Like ancient heroes bold, as humble Christians
 wise.

She sees no party views your aspects shroud,
 No rash resolves your steady course pervert,
 And points you high above the arching cloud,
 Where round the throne of Him who knows the
 heart,
 Bright watchful seraphs stand, and mark your
 arduous part.

Ye sages just ! the record of these days,
 Shall beam afar beyond your last abode,
 What now your counsels, or your hands, shall
 raise,
 The sword, the shield, the balance, or the rod,
 Will rise before your souls in the dread day of
 God.

For you the secret prayer to Heaven ascends,
 To Heaven for you, assembled hosts implore,
 When to the earth the contrite spirit bends,
 Or saints the tears of pure devotion pour,
 Your names escape their lips, while they their
 God adore.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE RICHMOND THEATRE

WHENCE were those sounds that swept upon
the gale,
And swell'd with echoes strange the troubled air ?
They seem'd like sorrow's agonizing wail,
The shriek of woe, the moaning of despair.

Where is that lofty pile with arches long,
And ample walls, and oft frequented door,
Whose evening tapers lur'd a sprightly throng,
To taste the pleasures of dramatic lore ?

Oh, spare the dread recital ! Let the stones
Which the still glowing embers half conceal,
Those blacken'd ruins, and those calcin'd bones,
The truth, that mocks the aid of speech, reveal.

The polish'd hand, the heav'n illumin'd face,
The eye that spoke the feelings of the soul,
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace,
Lie scorch'd and shrivell'd, like a parching scroll.

For while the unfolding plan, the changeful part,
With hope, or fear, alternate mark'd the mien,

At once ! a *real* terror fill'd the heart,
 And bursting flames involv'd the mimic scene.

And pressing on, where sinking columns blaz'd,
 Through folding clouds of suffocating smoke,
 And rushing o'er the fall'n, with breathless haste,
 The frenzied croud, in wild confusion broke.

The speechless father like a maniac mov'd,
 His fainting daughter clasping to his breast,
 The youth in anguish bore the maid he lov'd,
 But death and agony must shade the rest.

O scene of horror ! Night of deep despair !
 How each gay prospect, clad in fairest light,
 Fades at the storm of grief, or cloud of care,
 And sinks oblivious, in the gloom of night !

O bliss of earth ! How bright and insincere ;
 Unworthy of the pains we all bestow !
 The proudest hopes that deck this dazzling sphere
 But tempt the blast, and urge the darts of woe.

Then let us seek the joys of heavenly birth,
 Which the fierce flame, that lights the day of
 doom,
 And melts the basis of the solid earth,
 May purify, but never can consume.

WRITTEN ON SEEING AN ECLIPSE OF
THE MOON.

O GENTLE night's resplendent queen,
Of fair and placid brow ;
Whither has fled thy smile serene,
And where thy beauty now ?

A black'ning shade deforms thine eye,
A curtain dark and base ;
Sad emblem of the spots that dim
Our own imperfect race.

But, Planet, in a distant sphere
Where some, perchance, may gaze,
Thy visage still is pure and clear,
And unobscur'd thy rays.

And thus there is a better land,
Remote from cloud or strife,
Where constant virtue shines unstain'd,
And free from mists of life.

GENERAL ST. CLAIR.

NEGLECTED, and forgotten by his Country, poor and in obscurity, on one of the Allegany Mountains, in 1813, was still living the venerable Patriot.

DEEP in the western wild a mountain rose,
 Its base was green, its summit white with snows,
 Its shaggy cliffs were brown with endless shade,
 While on its bosom humid vapours play'd,
 And the soft sun-beams shunn'd it—half afraid.

Its cold, slow streams without a murmur crept,
 Or bound in icy bands like pris'ners slept,
 Save where the headlong cataract would dash
 Across the strong roots of the mountain ash?
 And sounding, rending, whirling in its course,
 Pour on the distant vale its gather'd force.

And tho' a summer breeze would sometimes sigh
 Among the trees whose branches sought the sky,
 The ruffian winds with wild and jealous sway
 Would drive the trembling stranger far away.

And here, thought I, might misery reside,
 Sullen regret, or disappointed pride,
 Or sick seclusion sigh o'er errors past,

Or mourning frailty seek repose at last,
 Or here remorseful agony might weep,
 Or stern misanthropy her vigils keep,
 Or in these midnight cells might murder wait,
 To lure the thoughtless traveller to his fate,
 Or men like fiends, forever lost to shame,
 Might perpetrate such deeds as have no name.

Yet in the centre of this fearful wood,
 High on a cliff a rustic cabin stood ;
 It seem'd not like the secret haunt of guilt,
 Where groans of anguish rise, and blood is spilt,
 But such as pining want would not refuse,
 And what unshelter'd poverty might choose.

Forth from its humble door unheeded goes,
 A man of many years, and many woes ;
 His eye was on the earth, his step was meek,
 The mountain winds blew coldly on his cheek,
 And on his mantle thin their vengeance seem'd
 to wreak.

He brighter paths, and better days, had seen,
 And high in honour's envied list had been ;
 Yet for no deed of wrong, no hateful crime,
 Pass'd he in solitude his exil'd time :
 Ah no ! if doubts like these within thee rise,
 Muse on his brow, and then those doubts despise.
 A mild and manly dignity is there,
 Tho' mark'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with care,
 Yet not obscur'd by shame, or darken'd by despair ;

And all abstracted from the world he seem'd,
 As if of other climes and spheres he dream'd ;
 For as he rov'd, the mental eye he cast
 Darkly on days, and hopes, forever past,
 And something like reproach he might have said,
 But said it not—and meekly bow'd his head.
 Not thus he look'd, when in the hall of state,
 The list'ning crowd approv'd the wise debate ;
 Not thus he mov'd, when to the trumpets clang,
 The rending earth, and hollow mountains rang,
 And dark'ning war-clouds gather'd o'er the plain,
 And the high steed disdain'd the rider's rein.

For this sad man was once his country's pride,
 Bred in her camps, and in her councils tried ;
 And when she first, serene in youthful charm,
 Gave her weak hand to prop a mother's arm,
 His dark eye flash'd, and on he rush'd to know
 A soldier's want, and weariness, and woe ;
 Dauntless in danger, unsubdu'd by pain,
 'Till gladness sparkled in her eye again.

And when, in later times, a host was seen,
 With haughty step to print her vallies green,
 And she arose with strength, he with her rose,
 And firmly aim'd his falchion at her foes ;
 Assum'd the statesman's robe, the warrior's crest,
 Mov'd when she call'd, and where she pointed,
 prest.

For her his arm was bar'd, his bosom burn'd.

For her his wakeful eye to Heaven was turn'd ;
 Nor deem'd it much that in her hour of woe,
 He, toil, and pain, and agony should know ;
 And little reck'd he that her hour of strife
 Should claim the strength and glory of his life ;
 But dream'd not once that she, for whom he rov'd,
 Would ever glance upon him, un approv'd ;
 Or through his panting side, with fury rude,
 Plunge the sharp point of dire ingratitude ;
 Or turning from him with a demon's rage,
 Strew with fresh thorns, the journey of his age.

Yet O my country, slumb'ring on the steep,
 That beetles fiercely o'er the foaming deep,
 A voice is on the breeze ; unseal thine eyes,
 The still, small voice of injur'd merit cries ;
 Arouse thine ancient spirit, rush to save
 A suffering servant, e'er he seek his grave.

O man of sorrows ! who wert wont to bear,
 Ev'n in thy youth the agony of care,
 Who like a rock in times of danger rose,
 Be greatly firm to bear thy weight of woes.
 Vet'ran, be firm ! for on a threshold dread,
 Thy weary, unsupported foot does tread,
 The threshold of the grave ; yet if no sin,
 No poison'd spring of action boil within,
 If on the arm of Deity thou trust,
 Mix, free from terror, with thy kindred dust.
 A day there is when thou shalt wake from sleep,

A world there is where thou shalt never weep,
 It brightly gleams o'er Jordan's troubled flood;
 A land where vice shall feel the avenger's rod,
 And virtue's sons in faith behold their God.



ON AN INFANT,

WHOSE COUNTENANCE DISCOVERED UNCOMMON TRACES OF
 THOUGHT.

SAY, on that brow with beauty fraught,
 What hand has mark'd so deep a trace,
 And given that cast of pensive thought,
 To what might 'seem an angel's face?

Parental care supplies thy want,
 Fulfills each wish thy soul can form,
 And spares no art to shield the plant
 Of promise from the adverse storm.

No grief has given thy sigh to flow,
 Nor has for guilt thy bosom bled;
 And thou hast never paid to woe
 The tear that love for thee has shed.

'The cares that fright the smile of sleep,
 And slowly steal away our bloom,
 'The time to mourn, to muse, to weep,
 To thee, sweet babe, are yet to come.

Yet who that loves with eye serene
 On peace and innocence to look,
 Would haste to pierce the sable screen,
 That curtains fate's eventful book?

No—let its doubtful page of pains,
 In Heaven's decreed oblivion rest;
 Nor murmur, while this truth remains,
 That what our God ordains, is best.

And though affection's eager hand
 Might seek to snatch more joy for thee,
 Dear infant, than thy God has plann'd,
 For this short life of vanity;

Yet if his love will guide thy ways,
 And light devotion's holy fire,
 And let thee breathe in Heaven his praise,
 What more for thee, can man desire?

INVOCATION TO SOLITUDE AND THE MUSE.

COME, silent nymph ! who lov'st the evening
shade,

Whose gentle step scarce prints the fallen dew,
Whose still small voice, ah, holy musing maid !
Would charm my early hours when life was new ;
Oh, come with her who on thy arm reclines,
With angel features, and an eye of fire,
Amid the loose folds of whose garment shines,
But half conceal'd, a sweet and magic lyre.
Her form as light as aspen when it sighs,
And answers to the breeze that swells and dies,
When on the cloud she soars, or skims the main,
Or stoops that mortal ear may hear her strain.

Oft has she gently paus'd with mute caress,
That I, with infant hand, her strings might press ;
Her soften'd aspect beaming looks of love,
As fearful o'er the lyre my hand would move ;
And all unknown the cause, I breath'd the sigh,
And soft unconscious tears o'erflow'd the eye,
While round me pour'd the solemn minstrelsy.

Oft leading fancy's train she sports with youth,
Or lights the sage's eye with rays of truth ;

With reason then she holds her measur'd tread,
 And seeks the path where wisdom's flowers are
 shed ;
 Next hand in hand with hope her track pursues,
 And brighter worlds in raptur'd vision views ;
 Now aids the prayer of piety to breathe,
 Gives light to life, or calms the hour of death.
 O deign, celestial pair ! my hours to cheer,
 Thy soft entrancing music let me hear,
 Awake such sounds as o'er the silent plain,
 In tones harmonious cheer'd the shepherd train,
 While Heav'nly splendour through the concave
 gleam'd,
 And faith beheld a ruin'd world redeem'd.

VICISSITUDES OF NATURE.

SEE from her secret cell, with changeful vest,
 And purple blush, approach returning day.
 With gentle smiles her youthful brow is drest,
 And as she moves upon the sunny ray,
 In sportive wreaths her glowing ringlets play ;

Then coy, and veil'd, her parting vigil keeps,
 Or bathes her forehead in the Ocean spray ;
 Then closely wrapt in twilights' mantle, sleeps,
 Wakes at the call of morn, and as she rises,
 weeps.

Night changes too ; tho' like a mourner clad,
 In sable suit, she passes o'er the scene,
 Her eye is dark, tho' not forever sad,
 But sparkles when the mild, majestic queen
 Moves from her palace with a step serene ;
 And o'er her robe a tinge of silver spreads,
 And tipp'd with rays, her ebon wand is seen,
 While her attendant stars decline their heads,
 Wait for her sceptred nod, and tremble as she
 treads.

The graceful year in every garb appears,
 First, sad and lonely, wrapt in chilling showers ;
 And then a bashful child with artless fears,
 Next as a blooming maiden crown'd with flowers ;
 Now like a matron lulls the infant hours,
 With softest tones, of sweet melodious chime,
 Then weak and hoary with enfeebled powers,
 And bent beneath the heavy hand of time,
 And last with magic strange, renews her youthful
 prime.

Whether the circling year with glowing locks,
 Or infant smiles, or weary step should rove,

Or dark with storms that rend the solid rocks,
 Or cloth'd in rays that gild the nodding grove,
 Or in her rapid flight, rejoicing move,
 Still to the mortal eye, each change is fair,
 And still awakes the strain of grateful love,
 From the meek soul that feels its Maker's care,
 And sees Him in His works, and loves to praise
 Him there.



MORNING PRAYER.

GIVER of light ! who point'st the glorious sun
 His destin'd way, and callest every star
 Forth by its name, and causest day and night
 To know their order, and to speak thy praise ;
 All powerful God ! to whom creation sings
 Her morning matins, let my mingling prayer
 Rise with the chorus, while the trembling dawn
 Dispels the shadows, and the damps of night.

Go forth, my soul, on high devotion's wing,
 And bear thy first vows to thy Maker's ear,

E'er nature wakes, or the rejoicing sun
Looks from his chamber on the rising morn.

O thou ! whose throne is in the circling Heavens,
Where the veil'd seraphs stand ; thou wilt not
scorn

The incense of the heart, for thou dost know
My frame, and thou rememberest I am dust.

But yet thine hand did mould this mass of clay,
And thy breath quicken it : nor should I blush
To lift my face to thee, to speak thy name,
And call thee Father, had not sin so stain'd,
Marr'd, and defac'd thy work. Still be my God,
Bend to my prayers, and send thy Spirit forth
To heal, and to enlighten, and to save.

Oh, as a parent guides and guards a child,
Oft wandering, yet belov'd, so guide thou me
This day. From inward foes, and hidden ills,
From snares of youth, from treachery of man,
Fruitless resolves, and fancies roving wild,
From vanity, and pride, and dark deceit,
Or whatsoever else might wake the sting
Of conscience, wound another's peace, or break
Thy holy law, save me this day, O God :
And let a warning voice say to my soul,
The pure and watchful eyes of the High Judge
Are on thy ways, and still a viewless pen
Moves, never weary, to record thy words,

Thy deeds, and hidden motives, on a page,
Not perishable, which the flame that burns
The scorch'd and shrinking Heavens, shall so
unfold,

That every eye may read. O God, thou know'st
All my temptations, my adversities,
My weaknesses and errors ; suit thy gifts
Unto my needs, and not to my deserts
Imperfect. But so guide me on this earth,
That when I leave it, I may see thy face
In peace, and sin no more. So shall my prayer
Rise ceaseless to thee ; and my soul shall rest
Upon thine arm of love, through every scene
Of this day's good or ill, or life or death.
And let my song of praise, O mighty God,
Rise with acceptance from this house of clay,
This earthly tenement, soon rent and broke :
And let me on the cold, dark flood of death
Be joyful in thee : let me wake the harp
Of seraph rapture, hymning to the praise
Of Him who was, and is, and is to come,
When time shall be no more, and death shall die ;
And ages after ages rolling on,
Fill not the circle of Eternity.

AT MID-DAY.

THOU art in every place, Being Supreme !
 Best seen and worship'd, in thy court above,
 Yet here on earth thy countenance doth beam
 With rays of terror, majesty, and love,
 And joys unspeakable thy smile do move ;
 And none may veil him from thy piercing sight,
 Escape thine hand, or from thy presence rove ;
 Or hide in secret cells close wrapt in night,
 For unto thee the darkness shineth as the light.

Thou dwellest where the curtain'd whirlwinds hide ;
 Where the arm'd thunder walks his lofty round ;
 Thou on the tempest of the night dost ride,
 Flames mark thy path, and clouds thy car sur-
 round,
 And mighty winds are rous'd, and surging bill-
 lows sound,
 While from thine eye the winged lightnings part ;
 Thou in the highest arch of Heaven art found ;
 In the dark regions of the earth thou art,
 And in the humble mansion of the contrite heart.

With fear I bow me at thine awful seat ;
 How to thy holy presence dare I press !

But hark ; a voice celestial seems to meet
 My waiting ear, and my intrusion bless,
 “ Spread before me your wants and your distress,
 Upon mine arm of strength your burdens cast,
 An intercessor fills the holy place.”
 I come ; the hour of terror now is past,
 I trust thou wilt not leave me comfortless at last.

Oh ! if the storms of life with bitter rage,
 Upon my sad, unshelter'd head should blow,
 If trembling down the cold, dark steep of age,
 My weak and unsupported step should go,
 My heart all sunk with weariness and woe,
 Or wheresoe'er my unknown path shall tend,
 Still let my bosom at thy presence glow,
 Still let my ceaseless prayers to thee ascend,
 And ever to my wants thy kind compassion lend.



EVENING PRAYER.

WHILE slow and soft the evening ray expires,
 And lights devotion's meek, unwavering fires,
 While dark rob'd night, on her composing breast,

Lulls all the vexing cares of earth to rest,
 My soul once more from vain delusions free,
 Lifts up her hopes and her desires to thee ;
 Low at thy much lov'd name her spirits bend,
 Eternal Father, and eternal Friend !
 Still as thine hand my op'ning journey gilds,
 Thine arm supports me, and thy favour shields ;
 My board supplies, my downy couch prepares,
 Gives all my gifts, and comforts all my cares.
 How can my heart such deeds of love forget ?
 How turn away from its increasing debt ?
 How hang on earthly hopes with fruitless pain,
 And wounded oft, so oft return again ?
 Yet while these scenes of joy around me rise,
 My conscious bosom heaves repentant sighs,
 Some turbid springs the chrystal fount pollute,
 Some noxious roots, display their bitter fruit,
 And ere the glow of grateful joy can rise,
 At memory's stern demand it fades and dies ;
 " Have not thine eyes been blind, thy feelings cold ?
 Hast thou not wander'd from thy shepherd's fold ?"
 Oh, raise again thy suppliant ! let her see,
 Her hope renew'd, her pardon seal'd by thee,
 Her foot made firm to press this troubled soil,
 Her arm made strong, for each appointed toil,
 And when the heart shall ask, the knee shall bend,
 Still to those prayers thy favouring ear extend.

Oh, break these ties of vanity, that bind
 In sway so strict the free, immortal mind,

Unseal my eyes, dispel the powers that keep
 The cold, dull heart in this perpetual sleep ;
 Let thy blest name awake my warmest praise,
 Thy presence awe me, and thy comforts raise,
 Thy Spirit cleanse, thy grace destroy my sin,
 Thy mercy soothe me when my days decline,
 Thine arm support me on that chilling flood
 Which shuts my mourning soul from Heaven and
 God.

Oh, place before my eyes in sad array
 The solemn scenes of that departing day.
 The wither'd form, the weak and pow'rless hand,
 The chill, cold drops that on the temples stand,
 The faint, lost voice, the long and bursting sigh,
 The last light fading from the started eye,
 The slow, deep groan by racking torture wrung,
 The last, sad dirge by trembling mourner's sung,
 The ghastly cheek, the heaving bosom pain'd,
 The heart-strings rent, the nerve of anguish
 strain'd,
 The death-dews resting on the stiffen'd form,
 The ready pit, the darkness, and the worm !

Ev'n at this distant view my spirits fade,
 And life's quick pulse moves fluttering and afraid ;
 But hark ! a secret sound is in my ear,
 " Fear not (it seems to say,) for I am near ;
 For tho' this form of clay may sink in pain,
 From earth first drawn, and bound to earth again,

Yet no dark vault shall claim the deathless mind,
 No chains of hell the struggling soul shall bind,
 That like a captive naked and afraid,
 Perceives its fetters burst, its ransom paid,
 Its crimes eras'd, its many sins forgiven,
 And short the way to an accepting Heaven."

This voice, O everlasting Friend, is thine !
 I cannot fear, or murmur, or repine ;
 I rise securely, and securely sleep,
 For near my bed thy watchful spirits keep,
 And on my waking eye thine eye is bent,
 And to my feeble steps thine aid is lent,
 And on my ear thy voice of promise sighs,
 And in my heart thy planted hopes arise.

What shall I dread tho' joy be drown'd in tears,
 And life be dark with frowns, and death with fears ?
 If thou wilt only deign my steps to guide,
 My heart to cheer, and o'er my thoughts preside ;
 Then with firm step each thorny path I'll tread,
 To trials bow my unrepining head,
 Bare my meek breast to each appointed dart,
 With calmness feel the last convulsive start,
 For thou wilt bear my sinking spirit up,
 God of my life, and fountain of my hope.

ERRATA:

- PAGE 34—line 1st, for *O Thou*, read *Thou at*.
48—line 7th, for *lay*, read *lie*.
49—line 7th, for *trackess*, read *trackless*.
67—line 21st, for *criteria*, read *criterion*.
80—line 12th, for *Fraklin*, read *Franklin*.
209—line 17th, for *wore*, read *wove*.