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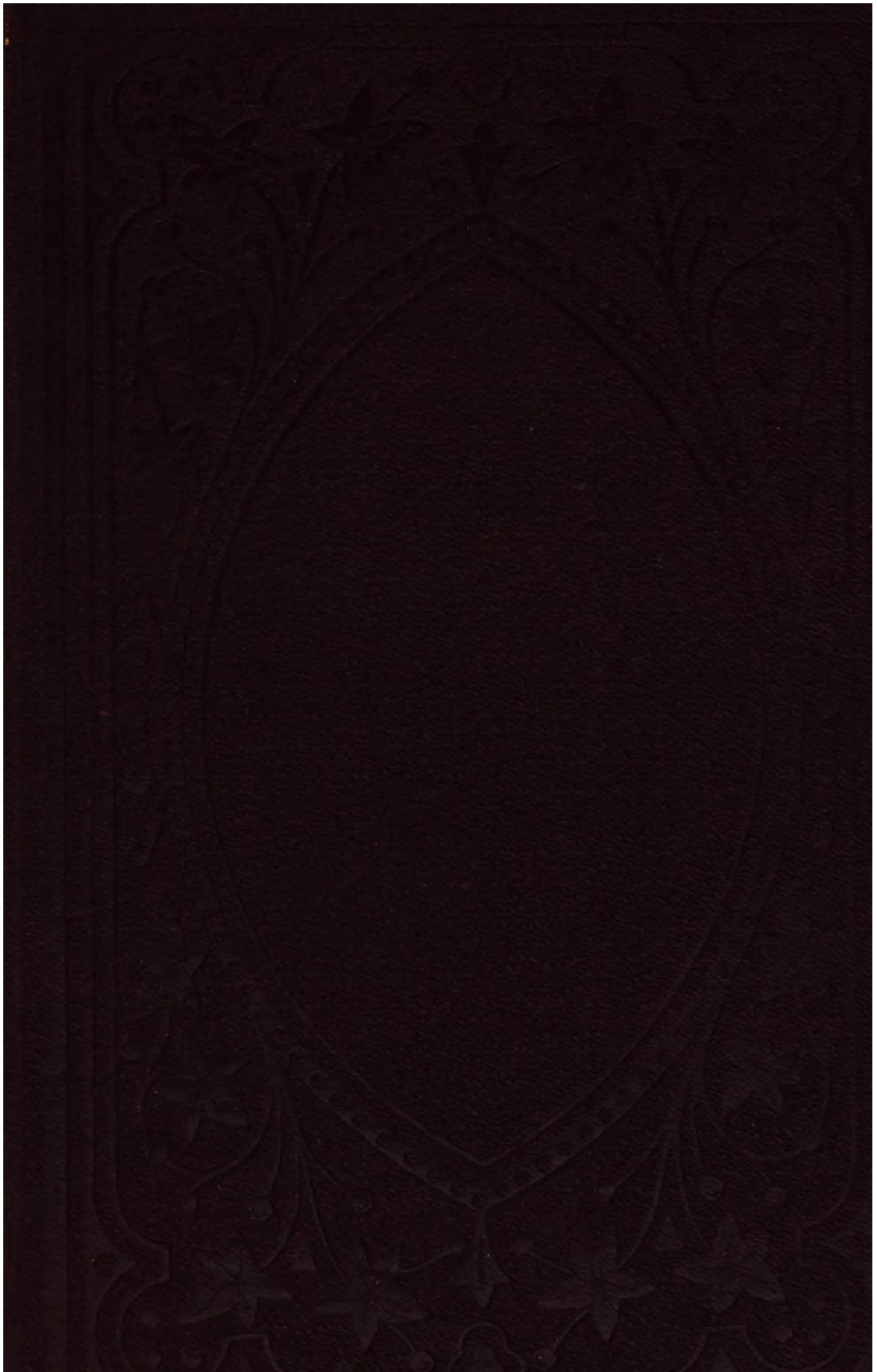
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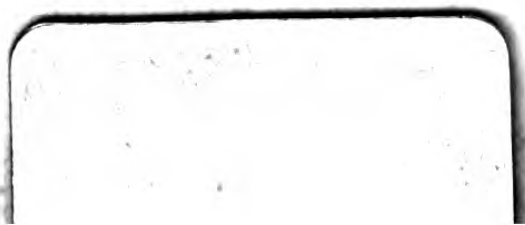


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P R E F A C E .

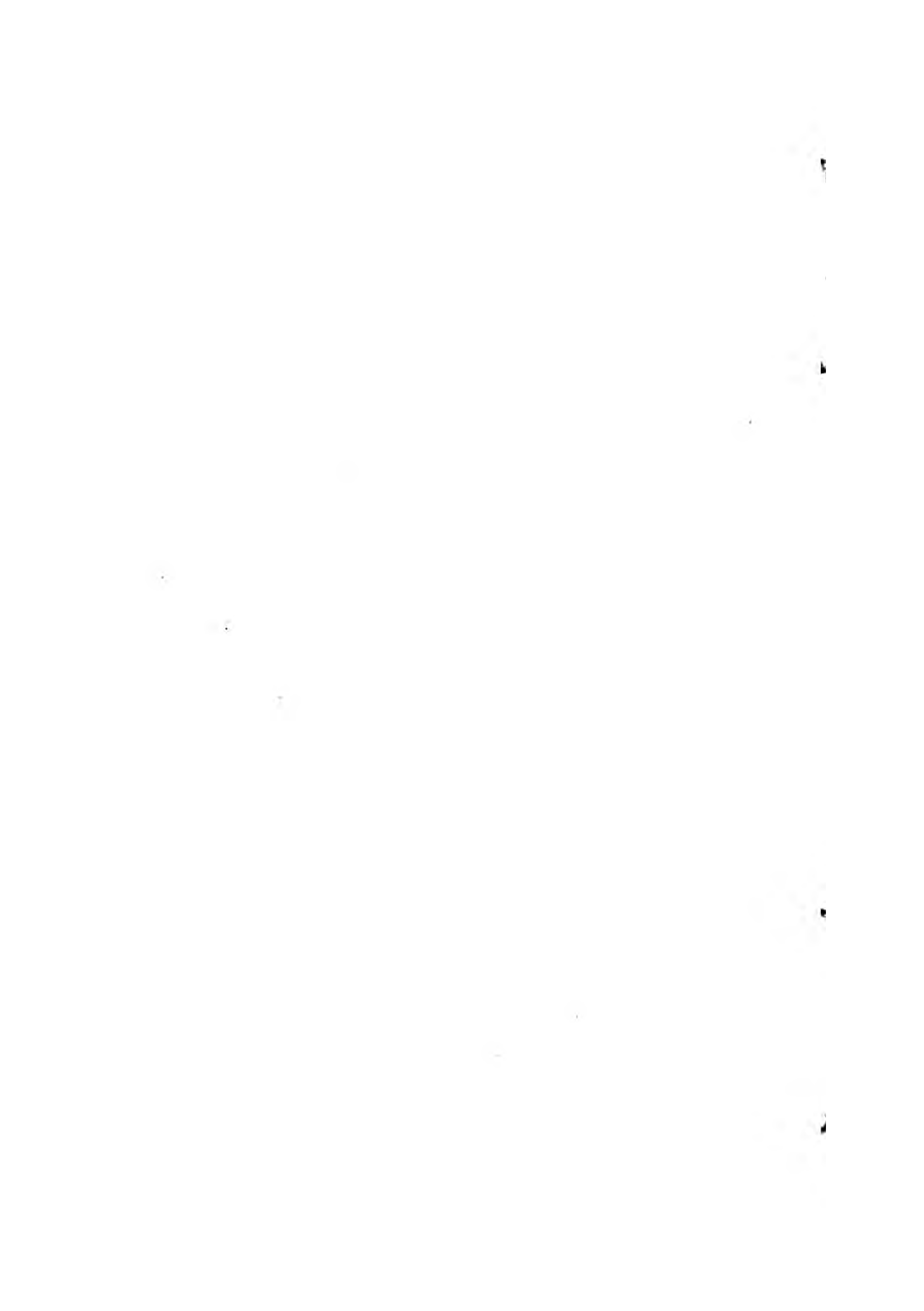
It hath been said that this is not an age of Poetry, and that so much matter-of-fact has been produced in rhyme it is useless to repeat, and that there is nothing now which has not been said before.

To all this I beg to give my experience of the youth of the land, who are ever ready to snatch up a bit of a song or rhyme that hath a moral in it, which I think is suggestive that poetry may again revive in the generations yet to come, and that the youth of Great Britain and her Colonies, and also America, may yet welcome "Moral and Historical Poems," and profit thereby.

There are those who will consider it a rash act, and that I am stepping out of the bounds of my station and common prudence; but nothing will please me more, if they amuse or instruct in many a humble home where they are read.

I shall then feel that the hours spent in composing them have not been spent in vain—leaving them in the hands of my readers, willing to abide by their judgment.

THE AUTHOR.



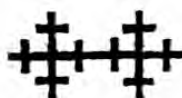
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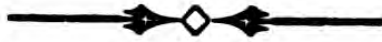
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POEMS.



Man before and after the Fall.

Now Eden was called a place of delight,
Where bright was the day and serene was the night ;
Where the fruits and the flowers in beauty did grow,
But where Adam did pine—no help-mate did know.

The birds and the beasts they all went in pair,
But Adam was doomed this good not to share ;
He might live as a king, reign o'er great and small,
But while in that state was not happy at all.

It was afterwards found, so I've understood,
To be lonely like that did Adam no good ;
So one night, in a sleep, when he could not see,
When he awoke in the morn, an help-mate had he.

She was beautiful fair, she was lovely to see :
'What a treasure I've got now come unto me !
She will help me through life in every way,
O long may she live, and long may she stay !'

She was bone of his bone, the same sinew and flesh,
Yet the wound it was healed, which was lately so fresh ;
For his Maker had brought him a Woman to share,
To help in the Garden, and cultivate there.

There both of them worked in that Garden of Flowers,
And each learned a little in Eden's fair bowers ;
They could wander about among the trees and the shade,
In the very first garden that ever was made.

But their Maker, who made them,—he told them as much,—
 One Tree in the Garden they were not to touch ;
 His rule and His law they both must obey,
 Or else in the Garden they no longer could stay.

It was soon after this that their troubles began,
 For they wanted the fruit, both the Woman and Man ;
 They tasted thereof, it proved bitter as gall,
 They both disobeyed, and that was the Fall.

Out of Eden they went—they were turned away ;
 On the land all around they might wander and stray ;
 But the soil they must till ; and, what was far worse,
 It should bear thorns and thistles—that was the curse.

O Eden ! lost Eden ! what would they not give
 By thy streams and thy bowers again for to live ;
 The thought it distracts them, and how shall they bear ?
 To think of the past nearly brings them despair.

But before they went out, God taught them to know ;
 He gave them a lesson, then taught them to sew :
 Though Eden they had lost, He showed them instead
 How they should be clothed, how they could be fed.

Their prospects were fair, for the beautiful Sun
 The Earth he did warm, and fresh pleasures begun ;
 Each day a new treasure was made or did spring
 In the leaves, or the flowers, or the birds that had wing.

And how many a blessing there is to be found
 Springing out of the Earth by tilling the ground ;
 But man he must labour, that man may be fed,
 That's how God hath ordered He'll give us our bread.

By the sweat of thy brow, and in no other way,
 Will I give you abundance as long as ye stay ;
 But I give you the sun and the beautiful rain,
 And that is how you may be happy again.

The world you live in, though not Eden of old,
 Shall bring forth in plenty both silver and gold ;
 For I made a decree, and I ordered a plan,
 How there should be plenty of labour for man.

In the depths of the earth, my wonders are there ;
 I have hidden the coal, which man must make bare,
 To warm him when cold, to cheer him at night,
 To make it more pleasant life's battle to fight.

Beneath many a hill have I hid iron ore,
 So useful to man, no mineral more ;
 That the spade and the plough might work over again ;
 The land that is bare may bring plenty of grain.

There is many a rock and many a stone
 I have given to be useful in building alone ;
 If man will but labour, and by Reason be led,
 I have given him means to cover his head.

The trees of the forest—the oak and the ash,
 Which for use and for beauty there are few to surpass ;
 The cedar, the fir, the elm and the pine,
 Are all for man's use, and are all of them mine.

The fruit of the Earth—the apple and pear,
 The fig, and the grape, I caused to be there ;
 I have given the plum, the nut, and the pine,
 The berries and date, I caused to be thine.

In the garden I have given the cabbage and kale,
 The onions, and peas, that the food should not fail ;
 The potato, the turnip, the lettuce and bean,
 The carrot, and parsnip, to feed thee I mean.

In the fields which I give, in the pastures around,
 There very much feeding for cattle is found ;
 There's the pig, and the sheep, the ox and the deer,
 Pork, mutton, and beef, and venison are there.

The wild things of the Earth—the rabbit and hare,
 And birds that have wing, I caused to be there :
 Some are for food, and some are for praise,
 God gave them to man, and taught them their ways.

Tea and coffee, tobacco, and every herb,
 God hath given to man, and this is His word ;
 For their use and their good, by Him they are sent
 That man must find out for him they are meant.

To win you, and tell you, and show you again,
That if you have sorrow you should not complain ;
For this is God's wisdom—He tells you His plan—
He gives all these things for His creature, man.

As the Spring of your life the seed-time should be,
If you lift up your heart in prayer unto me ;
Then will I hear you and give you as well,
In the land where ye live a place for to dwell.

I will brighten your path as in fine sunny hours,
As I do in the Spring by the leaves and the flowers ;
But they come from the earth—to dust they decay,
And in a very short time they all pass away.

How lovely the Summer in the sun and the shade !
What a blessing in this for man hath He made !
If we only look round there is plenty for all,
The rich and the poor, the great and the small.

To teach them, to show them, that they should grow too,
As the fruits and flowers in a fine Summer do ;
In wisdom and goodness, and in every grace,
Then in Eden again will He give them a place.

In the Autumn He gives on the hill and the plain ;
Ye can see the land covered with fine golden grain ;
It tells you, as plain as the corn in the ear,
That Summer is past, and Winter is near.

The fruits of the Earth will be soon gathered in,
And in a very short time, both women and men ;
For the leaves they turn brown, they wither away,
And they say very plainly that we all shall decay.

The Autumn it tells us when this life is o'er
We should be laden with fruits to be laid up in store,
In actions and works that we've done among men,
Then we may get back to fair Eden again.

To feed you when hungry, to quench you when dry,
Every thing He hath sent that will you supply ;
That nothing you need want—mark, it is His desire—
He hath sent for man's use, His invention, the fire.

He hath given His sabbaths, they are His delight,
That ye may serve Him by day as well as by night,
For this hath He given one day in the seven,
That ye may come back again to the Eden in Heaven.

If ye will serve Him, and prove faithful and true,
There is many a blessing He will give unto you,
His Spirit and grace will he put in your heart,
May it always be with you and never depart.

Henceforth in your heart His Spirit He'll place,
Let no evil actions or thoughts Him efface ;
Go faithful along by faith and by prayer,
And He'll bring you again to Paradise there.

But if in your heart base passions arise,
And all His best counsels ye hate and despise,
He declares in His wrath He will send you away,
No longer in the land shall ye wander and stray.

In the bottomless pit thy portion shall be,
Where vengeance, and fury, and Satan ye'll see.
Mark, this is your doom, He says this in His ire,
Thy end is not Eden, but eternal fire.

As Adam in Eden the Garden did dress,
So you in the land will He prosper and bless ;
Thy first early fall will he freely forgive,
Blot out your transgressions as long as ye live.

Let righteousness, kindness, and mercy, be then
The aim of our lives while we live here as men ;
Go, help thy poor brother, if thy brother have need,
Then thy Maker, who made thee, will bless thee indeed.

The home ye have here shall soon pass away—
Help the wretched, the needy, as long as ye stay ;
You might have been him, or he might have been you :
This is just how I reason, and this is my view.

Let our hearts, then, be open to every call—
The forlorn, the cast-down, the wretched, and all,
The sick, and the aged, and the broken in heart,
And may God's blessing be with you and never depart.

For our life is a vapour, it is only a span,
 And it passes away as fast as it can,
 In moments and days, in weeks and in years,
 And the longest of time it soon disappears.

Our sons and our daughters must all pass away,
 Their youth and their strength shall also decay ;
 Our Maker He gives us His law one and all,
 And, day after day, His voice it doth call.

Come unto me, all ye weary, and ye shall find rest,
 And for ever your home shall be with the blest ;
 Ye faithfully served while on Earth ye did steer,
 Ye shall dwell with me soon in Eden up here.

He hath given these mercies, and then hath not done,
 For he hath given beside His own beloved Son ;
 He will hear you from Heaven—O, answer His plea !
 Forgive all your sins, and take them away.

If ye will but have faith : look up to the Cross,
 He hath given through Him, for Eden, man's loss,
 A place in the Heaven, a home in the sky,
 He will take you up there whenever you die.

There shall ye dwell, with your Saviour quite near ;
 He heareth from Heaven, and will answer a prayer
 Thy spirit shall be with the just and the blest—
 This is thy home, and this is thy rest.

I have given you an account, as far as I can,
 Of God's dealings with Adam, who was the first man :
 In each day that we live, and in every hour,
 Creation goes on with a wonderful power.

In each bird that puts forth new wonders, we see
 Each birth's a creation, and formed only by Thee,
 From the dust of the ground, as in Eden so fair,
 When Adam was made by his Maker there.

Give praise unto Him, who, by His wonderful power,
 Hath given all this instead of Eden's fair bower ;
 Let us serve Him by day as well as by night,
 For great is His power, and great is His might.

And then He will take us, when our labour is done,
 To a beautiful place, where there's no need of the sun ;
 For He will give us a home in Heaven above,
 Where no end will be found to His fatherly love.

Lines on a Smile.

I like to see a happy face when it doth wear a smile,
 Something is there which plainly tells the heart knows little guile ;
 It tells of innocence and bliss, it says there's peace within,
 I like to see a smiling face, for it doth pleasure bring.
 The little infant that I see nursed with a mother's care,
 I like to see the infant smile, I then its pleasures share.
 I rejoice to see the prattling child, when she is two or three,
 When she looks in her mother's face, and smiles on all she sees ;
 I know she has no trials then, her grief is not begun,
 Her little actions then do seem to me so full of fun,
 To see her running up and down after a toy or ball,
 I say there's pleasure in a child when she is very small.

I like to see in joyous youth when merry at their play,
 Their eager run and smiling look, for care hath fled away ;
 It tells me these are happy days, and very soon they pass,
 Yet some of them may early be cut down like withered grass ;
 But still it leaves a pleasure there when, in smiling happy youth,
 He loved his book, he loved his play, and always spoke the truth.
 And when to early manhood or womanhood they come,
 How nice to meet them with a smile as they do pass along ;
 It tells me that their heart is light, the brow it knows no care,
 For all is sunshine now to them, there is no tempest there ;
 How good to hear their pleasant words or note their merry glee,
 The smile upon their joyful face is quite a charm for me.

Let joy then on the youthful brow be ever there and stay,
 May they ever have a smile for all, and sorrow flee away.
 And when in manhood's sterner life, when some of us know grief,
 How glad am I to see a smile, it always gives relief ;
 For cares and sorrows sometimes come as years they roll along,
 But when I see a gladsome face I say there's not much wrong.
 The merry birds that sweetly sing they all a lesson teach,
 That man should always cheerful be, is what they say to each,
 They never seem to pout or stew, repine, or even fret,

That joy is always in their song we never should forget.
 Do we not see the beauteous flowers, in sunshine all array,
 They tell us we should be as glad and smiling look as they.
 No good can come if we should spend our life in vain remorse,
 That surely is a grievous thing, and what I call a curse.
 The aged ones I like to see with a smile upon their face,
 It says to each and every one we may grow old in grace.
 Then let us never crabbed be, or surly look and stern,
 But bear our ills quite patiently, let not our anger burn;
 Then if all look bright, who need revile?
 There's nought on earth can beat a smile.

The Fall of Tyre.

Oh Tyre, that ancient city, whose place was near the sea,
 Thy fall is now foretold, I will lament for thee,
 Because thou among the nations was lifted very high;
 There dwelt those merchant princes that many isles supply.
 Thou boasted perfect beauty, but I spurn thee in mine ire;
 Because thou despised my people, I will punish thee, Oh Tyre!
 Thy daughters in the field no more they shall be seen,
 I will cut them down as grass that with a scythe hath been;
 Thy strength it shall be broken, thy mighty towers shall fall;
 I will send a king to conquer, who will lay low thy walls.
 With chariots and with horsemen, he comes out of the north;
 His troops they are in companies, with much people he comes forth.
 And cruel shall he be, he shall slay all thy daughters,
 Their beauty will not save them, beside thy deepest waters.
 Oh how I feel for them, for their sorrow and their woe,
 To be cut down by men, how hard to serve them so!
 The warriors of yore spared not the maiden's cry,
 For they where cruel men, had a mission to destroy.
 In future wars that come, Oh spare the maiden's pain!
 And sucklings at the breast, stay, with thy sword refrain.
 Renowned ye were for beauty, but they shall spare thee not,
 The place where thy foot hath trod shall be alike forgot.
 Thy fair looks will not save thee, nor yet thy chaste desire;
 Cut down by cruel men, deaf to the lover's fire;
 They will not once respect them, nor trust their nuptial bed;
 There is a curse upon them, they shall mingle with the dead.
 Oh, why should this be so? and why is this, O Tyre?

Dressed in thy broidered garments, and in thy rich attire.
 Bid adieu to all thy lovers, for none of them can save ;
 Cut down in womanhood to find an early grave.
 I feel it as I write it, my heart it bleeds for thee,
 Those ancient maids of Tyre, but it is thy decree.
 He will raise a mount against thee, and he shall make a fort,
 He shall lay thee low as dust, this was never once thy thought.
 He shall set engines too of war, and they shall make a breach,
 And will spare thee not at all, though they should him beseech ;
 He has horsemen in abundance, and they shall tread thee down,
 Destroy thy pleasant houses and bring them to the ground ;
 In the anguish of thy heart, his sword will spare thee none,
 For he only is a tyrant, thy evil days are come ;
 Thy pleasant song shall cease, no more the harp is heard,
 Silent are all thy men, they cannot speak a word.
 I will make thee like a rock, the top of which is bare ;
 Thou shall be a place to set a net, to cast about a snare.
 Tyrus, the isles shall shake when they hear thy wounded cry,
 For I have sent him not to save, but only to destroy ;
 Then shall thy merchant princes fall in the midst of thee,
 They shall come down from their thrones, those princes of the sea ;
 They shall put off their broidered garments, and lay aside their robe,
 They shall be clothed with trembling, destroyed where they abode.
 Oh how shall those that knew thee, take up a lamentation,
 Because thou art destroyed, men of a mighty nation.
 Thou wast a renowned city once, full of seafaring men,
 But thou shalt be destroyed and not be seen again ;
 Thy sturdy mariners shall cease from off the earth,
 Because thou hast despised and knew not Judah's worth ;
 I will make thee desolate like the cities that are not,
 The deep shall cover thee, thy site shall be forgot ;
 Though thou be sought for long, yet will I lay thee low,
 Like the people who lived of old, I have willed ye too shall go.
 I will make thee too a terror, ye shall be found no more ;
 Thy glory it is ended, thy pleasant days are o'er ;
 Thy builders they had made thee a beauteous place and city,
 Now thou must be destroyed, and none for thee must pity ;
 Yet were thy ships the finest that ever ploughed the deep,
 They too shall be destroyed, none of them ye shall keep.
 The fir trees gave the boards of which thy ships were made,
 The cedar trees of Lebanon no more they shall thee aid.
 Out of the oaks of Bashan have they made thy oars,
 Thy benches were of ivory from Chittam shall be no more.
 Egypt brought thee linen to spread upon thy sail,
 And broidered work as well, but it also shall fail.

Young, handsome, amiable, intelligent,
 And popular, too, and in a high degree.
 Then Catherine of Spain she over was sent,
 To be the wife of such a king as he.

The Pope he gave consent for him to wed,
 He had previously sent o'er a dispensation,
 She was the widow of his elder brother, dead,
 And Spain was then, as now, a Catholic nation.

And for many years the reign of king Henry
 Was marked by no unusual incident,
 For Wolsey, as low a Churchman as could be,
 He managed most affairs for Parliament.

The king was much engaged in politics ;
 With neighbouring France he carried on a war ;
 And James the Fourth of Scotland played some tricks,
 Against his own step-brother he did stir—

But lost his life in one thousand five hundred and thirteen,
 With the greater part of his nobility, and then
 At Flodden Field the battle it was seen :
 The land quieter became when they were slain.

About this time, some changes very great
 Were coming o'er men's minds, with great desire. *
 Though Rome had fallen, she was once a mighty state,
 And no longer held great sway as an empire.

She rather sought another way to find,
 To rule o'er men with greater bigotry—
 That was in their religion—and o'er their mind
 She hoped to have the universal sway.

As Luther's teachings they were gaining ground,
 And Henry still he had a taste for learning,
 Before a quarrel with the Pope he found,
 He wrote a book the Catholic faith confirming.

The Pope was pleased, and so he penned a note
 Unto the King of England for his skill,
 When he had read the book the king had wrote—
 " Defender of the Faith " is the title still.

But Ah, how sadly vain and impotent !
 The mind of man not always is at rest ;
 Whatever then as now was her intent,
 In all her mummeries and gewgaws drest,

She could not sway the minds of England's men,
 For they could rise above the outside show :
 No Romish priest could here hold sway again ;
 Men see themselves a clearer way to go.

This seemed to come about because king Harry
 Was not content to live like wedded men ;
 For, in spite of priest or Pope, he said he'd marry,
 And he put away this Catherine, his queen

Because he fell in love with her attendant,
 One of the maids of honour she had been,
 And of queen Catherine's love he'd not a remnant,
 So he annulled the marriage, and had Ann Boleyn.

But his was such a fickle love, it had no stay :
 I wish it could be said he had no hope
 Or pretext to put his second wife away—
 But it was good for England he shook off the Pope.

Poor Ann Boleyn!—for she soon fell a prey
 To the lust and lechery of the king !
 And in order that he might have his way,
 A false accusation against her he did bring.

She was beheaded in the Tower—so records tell—
 To read her history I could almost murmur,
 That she who was a queen, how soon she fell
 Beneath the axe, because he loved Jane Seymour !

Abbeys, monasteries, and priories, he put away,
 Claimed the proceeds, and called it confiscation ;
 And so he ruled the people in his day ;
 Thus England became through him a noted nation.

For they were rich in gold and silver too ;
 One-third of England's land they owned or had
 No poor-laws then were made, the fact is true—
 They dealt to all the poor who needed, bread.

That was a bold attempt the Church to plunder ;
 A daring act to set up himself as head ;
 If priests, and monks, and friars, all did thunder,
 Yet in his heart he wished the Pope was dead.

But, as I said before, king Henry did not spare,
 But turned all out into the fields and lanes ;
 And many an aged friar had nought but care,
 And all their former ease was turned to pains.

By Henry's order, monasteries were supprest,
 He served them all alike throughout the nation ;
 And wandering friars in black or white were drest,
 Sought alms themselves who had dealt out many a ration.

For here the hungry poor they always sought,
 And had relief whenever they applied,
 And beggars, too, if on them they had nought,
 By monks or friars, or both would be supplied.

And travellers, too, when they were on a journey,
 Would often call at the monastic gate
 For a night's lodging—yet why does that concern me?—
 Supper and breakfast they had each to eat.

But England gained by such a Reformation,
 And all the convents too they were supprest ;
 But how the poor nuns fared throughout the nation,
 I ne'er have heard or read—for that is best—

Except they may have turned to wives and mothers,
 And lived an honest life in that new sphere ;
 This better than that they should make a bother,
 And play their games with monks and friars near.

Not very prudent, when friars and nuns they met,
 Yet in those days there were many erred outright ;
 They wrote unto the Pope that they might get
 Indulgences for what none need recite ;

So I have read, my author it was Luther,
 Who knew it well, it need not cause surprise ;
 He was a monk, to no such ways a suitor,
 Therefore his telling I shall not despise.

Besides, he preached, and told the people plainly
 Of all the doings within the monastic walls ;
 And people ope'd their eyes, when he told them, namely,
 That all their ways and doings there should fall.

And so they did in England—ne'er first to see the error
 Of all such places scattered through the land ;
 Soon they were put down, which caused a terror—
 King Henry did it with a daring hand.

And then we read that soon they had the Bible,
 In there were no teachings for such ways as those ;
 Priests, monks, and friars they led a life that's idle,
 And well it was that Luther did expose

Their follies and their frailties, else had we
 Been in priesthood darkness until now ;
 Unless some other monk had stood up to be
 The champion of true light, and tell us how

We might in a pure way all serve our God,
 And not give up our civil rights as men ;
 Then ever Rome or monkish priest hath trod ;
 Then down with convents and monasteries again.

Unless they are supervised by the civil power,
 And see at times how subjects there are treated ;
 Else Englishmen again may see the hour,
 If bigots ruled, old England's laws defeated.

But I have digressed from my narration
 About king Henry and his third wife,
 For soon there was another great vacation—
 The birth of a prince cost the new queen her life.

Though Henry by his will had shook off Rome,
 Yet still he held her doctrines undisputed,
 And enforced them daily by his will at home,
 As long as he thought well, and it him suited.

But very soon a change came o'er his views ;
 He changed his opinions in his hour of need,
 And sent o'er England the dreadful news,
 He thought a vast deal more of Luther's creed.

And being possessed of despotic power,
 And popular,—that seems stranger still,—
 He on the religious houses his ire did shower,
 And robbed them of their rights against their will.

In fifteen hundred and thirty-seven this same act
 Made such a lasting talk throughout the nation ;
 When priests, and monks, and friars—it is a fact—
 Had lost their all, 'twas called the Reformation.

Yet while he England ruled, he too was cruel ;
 And many good men living in his day,
 Were burned at stakes, put on the fire as fuel,
 Because they served God in their own way.

These laws a stigma on his name they fix,
 And leave behind a name for no discretion ;
 He branded good men, called them heretics,
 But on their noble deaths made no impression.

They died the death of martyrs, by the fire,
 The names of some are registered above ;
 They changed their robes for a more bright attire,
 To praise their God, and sing redeeming love.

After the death of Seymour, who left an infant son,
 Henry wooed again, and a German princess won ;
 This time 'twas Ann of Cleves, whose person pleased him not,
 So he soon divorced her, and the riches she had got.

She might think it very high to be wife unto a king,
 To be beloved by him must be a pleasant thing ;
 She soon found out her error, when she gave her wedded hand,
 She had better stayed at home, nor left her native land.

Like a bird that flies astray, which hath its nest forsook,
 He chose for his fifth wife a niece unto a duke : *
 Poor foolish thing, she yielded—she had better single been,
 Rather than marry a king, to be England's queen.

O day of ill omen, to be wife unto a king !
 Hers was a bitter end too fearful to relate,
 He soon made out some failing, which against her he did bring,
 It was that of early error which sealed her fate.

* Catherine Howard was Niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

He broke the marriage contract, forsook the nuptial bed ;
 Well for her friends and kindred had she never been !
 She would not in that case have lost her head,
 And England too she had not lost a queen.

Bishops and priests he burnt, and put them out of hand,
 If in religious matters they opposed him——
 I pause to think what Englishmen could stand ;
 Had they been brave or wise they had deposed him.

Will any venture now among fair womankind,
 To be for the king's sixth wife his reigning star ?
 A gentle woman yields—prudent, cautious, kind ;
 She was a widow, named Catherine Parr.

With so many gone before her, what will be her fate ?
 But Love is painted blind—she should have felt a secret horror,
 Though Henry was a king, and sat in regal state,
 Trembling, she should have yielded, and feared the morrow.

Yet he had sycophants and flatterers, who
 Would do his bidding in every day or hour ;
 Yet some of these, and they were not a few,
 Did pay their debt at stake, at fire, or tower.

But now his days are drawing to a close,
 He lame has got—adieu to all his learning ;
 Feared by his friends, and hated by his foes,
 King Henry the Eighth died, and no one mourning.

On Peace of Mind.

That peace of mind of sterling credit,
 I could almost ask who ever had it ?
 And yet there's some who seem to say
 It never from them goes away.

They are the happy ones on earth ;
 Ask not in what class is their birth,
 It may be high, it may be low,
 But that we need not want to know.

They may be married or be single,
 With whom this peace of mind doth mingle ;
 They may be young, or may be old,
 In whom this blessing doth unfold.

They may be rich, have gold in store,
 Yet are content, nor crave for more :
 They may be poor in their small way,
 Yet have peace of mind both night and day.

But are there some who do repine
 If it be damp, or if it be fine ?
 They never seem to be content
 With all the blessings that are sent.

If the sun doth shine, they wish for rain,
 Or if its dull, its just the same ;
 Or if its frost, or if its snow,
 Repining they for ever go.

Oh how my heart this hates to hear,
 In every class, in every sphere !
 For not to trust the powers above,
 It is to doubt our Maker's love.

Why were we ever made at first,
 And cared for ?—not to be accurst ;
 Why ?—not for ever to repine,
 Or live a life to wail and whine,

But to be content with our own lot,
 If we have much or little got,
 For Providence will full supply
 Our wants on earth until we die.

Then let us never once complain,
 If we have struggles, try again ;—
 But trust the Power that gives us breath,
 Through all our lives and unto death.

Then peace of mind may always be
 In humble life or in prosperity ;
 Then forward go, both rich and poor,
 Have peace of mind for evermore.

On Envy.

If Envy half our hearts would share,
 And not content with what we are,
 But long for something we have not,
 And which we find another's got.

I find its like a running stream,
 Whose waters foul or putrid seem ;
 In many a breast it finds a place,
 For what good end I ne'er can trace.

If one is head of all the rest,
 How soon we see this monster drest !
 Its not confined to young or old,
 Who make a flourish in the world.

We see some persons fond of learning,
 Others grace and eloquence adorning ;
 In another strength, beauty, power,
 On whom the world its plaudits shower.

Some men there are, who, with a sigh,
 Will envy another's ancestry ;
 Or if they land or gold possess,
 Wish self had more and others less.

It seems like a malignant spirit
 That hates to see another's merit ;
 It may be in Parliament's debate,
 Where Envy strides with rampant hate.

To hear one plead in language strong,
 Their country's or a nation's wrong ;
 And whatever good they may profess,
 Envy strives to make them less.

It may be in England charming fair,
 One who unfolds in beauty rare,
 And there some fingers point with scorn,
 And say how very low she's born.

Some say she's beautiful, but vain ;
 Proud, haughty, flirty, that's her stain ;
 Perhaps secretly they this relate,
 Or in malignant words insinuate.

Thus many a gentle maiden's smile
 By envious hearts is turned to guile.
 Or is the object talked a man,
 They know when all his faults began.

He is rich and proud as any lord,
 But all his wealth was got by fraud,
 He hoards it up, the tale will follow—
 Though he makes a show its false and hollow.

Or the man may be in humble life,
 'Mong busy workmen finding strife ;
 Should he be handy, jovial, mellow,
 They soon call him a shabby fellow.

And all because he does his best,
 And strives to shine among the rest ;
 Thus Envy it hath pinions got,
 And is sure to find an evil spot.

Thus beauty, genius, and diligence,
 Envy besmears with much pretence ;
 Would that it from this world would fly,
 When that Day comes, Envy it will die.

A Cheerful Heart.

A cheerful heart hath pleasure which the churl can never know,
 It is like the rising sun, which shines when all around is snow,
 And melts it like the icicles which hang beneath the eaves ;
 So is to me the countenance whom trouble never grieves.

A merry, cheerful look to all is surely a good thing,
 Warm is the heart of such a man, like the lark upon the wing ;
 He lifts his heart to God on high for comforts that are past,
 He thanks Him for His favors now, and hopes they are not the last.

Some people spend their lives shut up, and hide themselves from
 As if they in a dungeon lay shut out from comforts too ; [view,
 Everything is gloomy and forbidding, this is their foolish way,
 They go mourning and complaining on alike from day to day.

They may have little in this world, but think they may have less,
 Are afraid that little they may lose, no bright hopes they possess,
 But look always on the dark side, and never can enjoy,
 The present is no good to them, future evils they descry.

There's no religion in the soul, a cheerful heart to make,
 They look on life's crumbling things, these they cannot forsake ;
 They meet their troubles half the way, things which may never
 Foreboding evil to themselves, or to their house or home. [come ;

Oh could they see with other eyes, and only look above,
 And trust a gracious Father's hand, who always works by love ;
 The industrious bee does not complain as she flies in sunny hours,
 But cheerful she goes buzzing on among the choicest flowers.

Selecting honey where she can, and quickly passes by
 The poisonous flowers, nor rest upon the thorny bush that's nigh ;
 From the bee let us a lesson learn—the dark side never trace,
 Like noxious flowers which bees they shun, but have a cheerful
 heart and face.

Then let us strive with all our might, in every class and sphere,
 To see the good and shun the ill, and cast away all fear ;
 Then we shall have a cheerful heart, our mind will be at rest,
 Let's use the present blessings now, then on earth we may be blest.

On Woman.

Woman, fairest of creation !
 Made for man in every station ;
 One on whom we can depend,
 Trust her as our dearest friend.

In every joy, in every care,
 In every sorrow she will share ;
 Oh who can't love a woman then,
 Who brings such pleasures unto men ?

Her will I love because she's kind,
 Her form so fair, so bright her mind,
 What is the miser's wealth or store
 Compared to her I most adore ?

It is fleeting, yet will she
 Your constant friend and companion be ;
 So while upon this earth I steer,
 Her I will love, her name revere.

And when the days of youth are gone,
 And age or sickness creepeth on,
 Her gentle friendship will be there
 To soothe you with a woman's care.

Oh who can hate a woman then ?
 The joy, the comforter of men !
 Her I will love, her friendship seek,
 Until my tongue shall cease to speak.

The Children going to School.

Come, children, rise up early out of bed ;
 Begin the day with prayer, father said,
 Then dress you quickly, wash you and be clean,
 For children then they look fit to be seen.

Your shoes were cleaned, I doubt not, overnight ;
 You look as well again if they are bright ;
 Now breakfast get, then off to school you go,
 For you must learn to read, to write, and sew.

Be sure you mind, then, as you get there
 Before the school begins, in time for prayer ;
 Be cheerful then, and, as you settle down,
 Be in good humour—never have a frown.

Now, mind your lesson, children, girl, and boy,
 Don't fill your head with idle games or toy,
 But be in earnest now you are at your lesson,
 For youth is the time to receive good impression.

Come, boys, remember all your teachers say,
 And do the sums you have set for each day ;
 To grammar and your spelling pray attend,
 For these, thy golden days, they soon may end.

And let the little girls all give good heed
 To all that's told them, and learn well to read ;
 And when the hour arrives that children play,
 Be all good friends, nor quarrel any way.

For this is what good people like to see,
 When children at their play they all agree ;
 Then when the dinner hour is past and gone,
 Forget your play, and put good humour on.

You learn much quicker, and you learn it right,
 If in your little heads you have no spite ;
 And when the schooling for the day is done,
 Prayers are said, and every one goes home.

Come, mind your manners to your teacher mild,
 And say Good-bye to every little child ;
 And if you've far to go, mind and make haste,
 What idle boys may tell you give no place ;

But hasten home unto your mother dear,
 Who loves to see you when you soon appear.
 Thus little children they should pass the day,
 And be no idlers in the school or way.

Do as you are bid, and have no vain excuses,
 For all thy mother tells thee has its uses ;
 Good children then will get their mother's praise,
 And God, who always sees them, loves their ways.

Thy father also hopes that ye may grow
 Not rich or great, but early wisdom know ;
 For this may lead you to a home of rest,
 In brighter worlds to come among the blest.

So shall thy early days be not forgot
 When thou art called to fill some other lot ;
 And in thy school-boy days learn all you can,
 You'll find it useful should you grow a man.

He also hopes that ye may both excel,
 If in the merry play it may be well,—
 But rather in thy learning he would see
 Thee flourish there, and in the front rank be.

And in thy youthful days begin do thou
 In duty's path, and triumph even now ;
 Then blessings great will ever on thee rest—
 Go forward then, and do thy very best.

Let no deceit be ever on thy tongue ;
 Speak always truth, and never say what's wrong,
 For every liar shall have a part that's hot,
 Fire and brimstone is to be their lot.

For God, who lives above, can always see
 All malice, envy, and will punish thee :
 If thou shouldst err, my children dear, that way,
 Remember all I've said—go not astray.

And now the darkness comes, the day is fled ;
 Let prayers be offered, and each get to bed ;
 And may God bless you, keep you everywhere—
 This is thy father and thy mother's prayer.

On Beauty.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

Beauty is a fading thing,
 And takes so many people in ;
 Beauty's lovely to the eyes,
 Pray young man learn to be wise.

When early youth would wish to find
 A heart congenial to its mind,
 Be slow to choose, and then beware,
 There's changes in the charming fair.

Let not the charms of Beauty call,
 Nor you a victim to it fall ;
 But search the heart, peruse it o'er,
 Before you enter Beauty's door.

Favour and grace, when both combined
 With wisdom in fair womankind,
 Bid fair to win the stripling's heart,
 But pause, and take a prudent part.

Weigh well beforehand in the scale,
 Before you leap, and Love prevail ;
 The nuptial knot when once secure
 May bring you sorrow evermore.

For some have found, when its too late,
 That early love did turn to hate :
 Youth and maidens pray beware,
 Tread not the path that enters there.

Who serve their God in early life
 Would best befit thee for a wife,
 Would lead thee right one day in seven,
 To end at last in hopes of Heaven.

The Parish Clerk.

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE WRITTEN ON THE LATE PARISH
 CLERK OF A VILLAGE IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

Oh ye who dwell in houses fine,
 Not of you I now write,
 Nor yet of one called a divine,
 But an aged poor man quite.

For in his lifetime he had been
 Parish Clerk for many a year ;
 I often heard him say Amen,
 That was his humble sphere.

It is now forty years or more,
 When I was quite a child,
 I saw him at the old church door,
 And he always looked so mild.

It was a pleasure this good man to see,
 He ne'er looked sour or stern ;
 I feel sure a christian man was he,
 And now his loss I mourn.

To the children too he always had
 A good kind word to say ;
 And if any there behaved bad
 He would not send them away,

But tell them all, and kind he would,
 They had one day in seven,
 And children then they must be good,
 Or they would never get to Heaven.

I have often thought of him since then,
 And of all that he did say ;
 But ne'er shall I see him again,
 He too hath passed away.

He was to me a dear old man,
 When his locks were very grey ;
 I always liked to see him then,
 And hear what he did say.

He lived his span—above fourscore,
 He was cheerful to the last ;
 And those who do despise the poor,
 No hard word on him cast.

I saw him on a small bed lie,
 And a little girl to mind—
 His grandchild, who would often try
 His pipe to light and find.

I took my children to his bed,
 And there he blest us all ;
 Though he is now long since dead,
 It made my tears to fall.

I thought of Jacob, who of old
 Had done the very same
 To Joseph's children who'd been sold,
 And into Egypt came.

My heart was full, I turned away,
 I heaved a heavy sigh ;
 I thought that man he has his day,
 And then he has to die.

I breathed a prayer that God would take
 His soul to Him on high ;
 And that He would, for Jesu's sake,
 Receive him when he die.

I saw him then on earth no more,
 For soon his spirit fled ;
 And soon must all, both rich and poor,
 Lie down in earth's cold bed.

And in a village graveyard, on
 A stone unto his name,
 The inscription there, upon Old John,
 Near the church to tell the same.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age,
 The scripture tells the reason,
 Like a shock of corn in nature's page,
 That is gathered in at its season.

May we too learn a lesson then
 From the poor old clerk who said Amen.

Canons' Ashby.

I sometimes fancy that I often tread
 On ground which should have been held sacred,
 For even here there's many a monk hath fed
 Where now there's room for envy, love, or hatred.

For in this place in ancient times there stood
 A Catholic priory—so records tell—
 In which there lived both friars and canons good,
 And near unto the church they all did dwell.

That was a dismal day for Ashby canons
 When first the edict it went forth to shew
 That they must lose their home and all their mammon—
 Such days as these they ne'er before did know.

The ground on which it stood is near forgot ;
 I often tread it going to and fro ;
 And many pass it, and they know it not,
 For wood, and grass, and roads have turned it so.

No ruins stand to mark the sacred place
 Where many a monk hath held his nightly vigil ;
 No stone is left to tell, with loving grace,
 Where good men dwelt—the place it now is level,

Except the fine old church and stately tower,
 That still is left, where good men they can pray ;
 But no clock is there to tell the time and hour—
 The ancient peal of bells is swept away.

The vineyard-garden still it doth remain,
 Where many a monk hath worked in days of yore ;
 The old grey walls are covered o'er again
 With trees and vines—the like hath grown before.

Beyond, is the canon's walk, a raised bank ;
 It still remains for modern feet to tread ;
 And friars and monks, we've only them to thank,
 Who left a monument now they are dead.

The stews below are stored with little fish,
 Not such as monks or canons ever meant,
 For forty they would scarcely make a dish,
 Or satisfy one poor man in Lent.

Yet are the fish ponds on a larger scale,
 Teeming with larger fish which we admire ;
 And anglers going there do seldom fail
 To carry home the load they may desire.

The ancient house, with its more warlike tower,
 Hath stood the blast of many a Winter's day,
 With its fickle clock, which sometimes tells the 'hour,
 Is slowly, crumbling to decay.

The terraced garden, with its old grey wall,
 Some distant views affords to those who see
 The lions rampant and the cedars tall,
 The nearer avenue of timber trees.

Relics of chiseled stones of ancient art,
 Which lie in heaps or scattered here and there,
 From which the master here he would not part,
 He delights in ancient things as well as rare.

The little park, with all its fallow deer,
 The timber trees, now going to decay ;
 The limes and elms, and noisy rooks to cheer,
 Are all worth seeing on a Summer's day.

The fowls and pheasants, and the keeper's cot,
 The swans reposing by the water's side ;
 The spotted sheep, which look like Jacob's lot ;
 The shepherd's statue and the dog's beside.

The fine old oaks, the orchard, and the well
 Flows on with steady pace, it doth not stay ;
 The stream which fed the monastery, they tell,
 Supply Ashby House and cottages to-day.

The Ashby canons they have passed away,
 And well it was for England and poor men ;
 Canons and friars long since have had their sway—
 May monasteries and monks ne'er rise again.

The Honey Bee.

Two beehives in my garden stand
 For bees, there Winter's home ;
 They live on sweets they can command,
 They sip it from the comb.

Where did they get their honey from ?
 Was it in idle play ?
 Or did they fly about, and roam
 In Summer's sunny day ?

They early in the morning went,
 And called at many a flower,
 Because they by their queen was sent—
 They did not mind a shower.

And on the fruit trees which they see
 They stop and give a call ;
 And there they sip, for they are free
 To taste the flowers of all.

I have seen them fly from their retreat,
 To seek the flowers of lime ;
 And there they get much that is sweet,—
 But its in the Summer time.

Now what is this to all around ?
 It tells us every one
 That we should work and till the ground,
 For the Summer soon is gone.

The emblem of our life is there :
 We should begin in early Spring
 If we would get with toil and care,
 Like bees upon the wing.

Our homes, domestic joys are made,
 And purchased with our toil,
 It may be in some busy trade,
 Or it may be on the soil.

It will yield us back some honey too,
 And make our homes look bright ;
 It will purchase for us comforts new,
 For Winter's chilly night.

Our life, its sunshine and its showers,
 They are together joined ;
 But if we waste away the hours,
 No honey shall we find.

Domestic joys spring not from ease,
 But through our busy lives ;
 And man he should be like the bees,
 In their humble little hives.

For Winter is to them their rest,
 'Tis like the night to men ;
 Then they at early Spring come drest,
 In their humble garb again.

Not like the dandy wasp so fast,
 Who only comes to steal,
 Who flies about, and rests at last
 Where ripe fruits do reveal.

Who seek the fruits and not the flowers,
 Like dressy girls or men ;
 Who flirt and waste away the hours,
 A short, merry life have then.

But then, when Winter comes, their day
 Soon, very soon, is o'er ;
 They have wasted Summer time away,
 And no honey have in store.

Take a lesson from the honey bee,
 In youth save what you can,
 But always in an honest way,
 And grow a useful man.

Then when sickness comes or life decays,
 Ye have a home wherein to dwell,
 Stored with the fruit of early days,
 Like honey in the cell.

Two beehives in my garden stand,
 Bees live contented there ;
 May we get sweets from off the land,
 While God our lives shall spare.

Infancy.

Born we are a helpless thing,
 And from the dust at first we spring,
 Among creation's host ;

Cared for we must be at first
 By gentle hands, be dressed and nursed,
 That's all we have to boast.

The little infant that is born,
 Comes naked in the world forlorn,
 Requires another's aid ;
 Then, surely, man need not be proud,
 He has nought to boast from birth to shroud,
 This ne'er can be gainsayed.

Birds and beasts, both tame and wild,
 Are not so helpless as a child ;
 Proud man, remember this !
 Ye should be taught in early days,
 It's not thy clothing, but thy ways
 Will lead thee at last to bliss.

Youth.

How shall I state the age called youth ?
 When he is old enough to know, for truth,
 Which way is right or wrong ?
 Is it at eight ? is it at ten ?
 Or older ? still that he can tell to men,
 Amidst a judging throng.

That what he hears he understands,
 Can tell the meaning and demands,
 Or the nature of an oath ;
 Has sense enough to answer true,
 Any question that is put by you,
 To speak is nothing loath.

Boys sometimes, when they are young,
 Forget to curb the lips, the tongue,
 To this all will not agree ;
 But if right in early youth, they sow
 Good ways, in time are sure to grow,
 Which will a blessing be.

For they are running now a race,
 If spared, they fill the elder's place,
 When time hath laid them by ;
 So should our youth good ways pursue,
 Be brave and honest, just and true—
 On God may they rely.

Be slow to tread forbidden ground,
 Learn by the hardships which around
 They see in those that err ;
 Take warning while there yet is time !
 Shun haunts of pleasure, vice, and crime ;
 In good paths may they bestir.

Then may they earthly blessing find,
 And in early youth that peace of mind,
 When in wisdom's way they go ;
 Oh stay then, hearken and be wise,
 And seek in early youth that prize
 Which age would wish to know.

Time.

Oh Time! that precious thing to all, which in youth we waste away,
 In all around I see thy trace—things hastening to decay ;
 I see it in the timber trees, the aged elm and oak,
 I see it in the uprooted ash, which fell without a stroke.

I see it in the looks of men, when grey is turned their hair,
 I see it in the wrinkled looks of those who once were fair.
 Time leaves its mark on all around, it is not on man alone,
 The ancient castle crumbling falls that's built of wood or stone.

The monuments in sacred ground, where most of us hope to lie,
 They tell at most a fleeting tale, for time doth them destroy ;
 Each fall and tumble in their turn, and leave behind no trace,
 To tell in future years that come some dear one's resting place.

The armies and the hosts of men, all that have ever been,
 Old Time he plays his tricks on all, no longer are they seen ;
 Let hearts and hands in friendship join, no longer now delay,
 For we too are, like all around, fast hastening to decay.

And every day makes one the less in which we have to live,
 It also adds to that account which all will have to give ;
 For youth so very soon is gone, the aged cannot stay,
 And then there comes the unknown Land, when we shall pass away.

O teach us, Lord, while living here, to look with loving eye,
 On all the erring sons of men and daughters tenderly,
 And give to each a word of hope, beseech them to refrain,
 By all the kindness we possess, and win them back again.

Then when our reckoning day it comes, for time doth fly so fast,
 May we be found among the throng that served God to the last,
 Then hear the gracious answer given when this frail life is o'er,
 'Come faithful ones along with me, and dwell for evermore'!

Health.

Shall early youth, in knowledge training,
 Seek for themselves some good they're aiming ?
 The first, then, it is told ;
 For far beyond, in priceless worth,
 Is the possession here on earth,
 More precious too than gold.

It is the body to have health,
 This is to all the greatest wealth,
 Though poor men don't this see ;
 How many, who in coaches ride,
 Would give their gold, and much beside,
 Like Naaman, to be free.

Then early learn to regulate
 The food you eat or do partake,
 These rules they should be such ;
 Take just as much as ye have need,
 And never like a Gormand feed,
 That's never take too much.

It is not the quantity ye eat
 Will nourish most or make life sweet,
 This truth I now declare ;

But stay when Reason says you should,
 And take no more of what is good,
 Nor leave have none to spare.

Then physic strong ye need not try,
 Which doctors they can well supply—
 This is a truth indeed ;
 Learn all these things while ye are young,
 Abstain from drinks or liquors strong,
 Take no more than ye need.

If far from home, and men you press,
 You know the rules you should possess,
 Be not too forward, bold.
 To early youth I tell this tale ;
 Go by it then, and never fail,
 Then in time ye may get old.

The earth supplies the things we need,
 That man may by his reason feed,
 For all enough is found :—
 Then praise thy God while ye partake,
 And ask it all through Jesus' sake—
 These blessings from the ground.

Poetry.

When the earth it looks quite bare,
 Then we can eye it ;
 In the blossoms sweetly fair,
 There we spy it ;
 In Creation everywhere,
 Nature's poetry is there,
 None can deny it.

On the rugged mountain brow,
 Thy track is there ;
 On the valleys where they plough
 With so much care ;
 On the rosy tints of morn,
 Or in the growing crops of corn,
 Or fallows bare.

In the setting of the sun,
 With golden view,
 Who hath his daily course to run,
 And warms us too :
 He tells of that bright land of bliss—
 There is true poetry in this,
 And rainbow's hue.

In the angry waves that roar,
 Or ocean's spray,
 That beats in columns on the shore,
 Upon the quay :
 Wonders are seen upon the deep,
 Where mariners in silence sleep,
 Both night and day.

In the rolling of the tide,
 Or rippling rill ;
 In the murmuring brook beside,
 That oceans fill ;
 In the mighty rivers' flow,
 As onward to the sea they go,
 Majestic still.

In the thunder clouds that roar,
 Which make us fear ;
 In the heavy rains that pour,
 Like mourner's tear ;
 In the lightning from the sky,
 When timid hearts in terror fly—
 Poetry is here.

In the tempest's mighty storm
 We see Thy power ;
 When trees are uprooted torn,
 We hide and cower ;
 In the fleecy clouds that go,
 When the gentle zephyrs blow,
 From hour to hour.

In the dark and stilly night,
 When none can see ;
 Or when the stars are shining bright,
 Or meteors flee ;
 When the moon's more gentle ray,
 Her shadows on the ground doth play,
 From many a tree.

In the joyous birds that sing
 So cheerily,
 Or when flying on the wing,
 There verily,
 When their little ones they feed,
 When they find them all they need,
 So merrily.

When the swallows take their flight,
 At early dawn ;
 When they return, a pleasing sight,
 And rest till morn :
 When they twitter or they sing,
 Leave at Autumn, come at Spring,
 As newly born.

In the flowers of many a hue,
 With sweetest smell,
 Which grow on banks, in valleys too,
 In many a dell.
 There God's handywork is seen,
 In the grassy pastures green,
 What tongue can tell ?

In the snowy flakes that fall
 Beneath our feet,
 When, like a cloak, it covers all
 With frozen sleet ;
 When Thy wonders they display,
 The bravest hearts may feel dismay,
 When snow we meet.

In the crowded city town,
 Where art began ;
 In the country hamlets round,
 The home of man ;
 In the busy noise and hum
 Of workmen, all add to the sum—
 Life's but a span.

In the bleating of the lamb,
 Its nature's voice,
 Which runs beside its fleecy dam,
 Its mother's choice ;
 And in a loving woman's eyes
 There is the poetry we prize—
 Man should rejoice.

The God who made them lives above,
 None can Him see ;
 Yet still he is a God of love
 To all that be ;
 Beyond the glorious skies He's there,
 None that seek Him need despair,
 That to Him flee.

In the merry hum of bees,
 In humble cell,
 That honey find from flower or trees,
 That man can sell :
 In God's bounties everywhere,
 In sunny lands or climates bare,
 Where man doth dwell.

On the hills or mountain side,
 Where vineyards grow,
 Or where the forest trees beside,
 Waves to and fro ;
 In barren crags, or gardens fair,
 Nature's poetry is there,
 To heal our woe.

The Beggars.

Old England's getting to a pitch,
 Persons are joining with the rich,
 For so the news goes round ;
 Policemen, acting in disguise,
 Have turned to watchers and to spies,
 To put poor beggars down.

The trio, joined together, find
 To relieve a beggar is unkind,
 But send him off to jail,
 And make him work, these solons say,
 For daily bread from day to day,
 Then begging it will fail.

The tramps and vagrants are watched too,
 If selling wares of doubtful view,
 Or grinders with a wheel ;
 For half of those you see about
 We fancy rogues, without a doubt,
 Who come about to steal.

And so kind charity is ended,
 They say old England will be mended,
 If they serve poor beggars so.
 In ancient times good monks they fed
 The poor and needy with their bread,
 And told them where to go.

Ah, good old times for travelling men,
 The poor laws were not thought of then,
 No bastiles then were needed ;
 Kind charity did then abound
 In halls and monasteries around,
 Poor wretches then were heeded.

But those who lie on downy bed,
 Like the rich Dives, who Lazarus fed
 On crumbs beneath his table.
 Ye hunt a man that lies on straw,
 And make for him some stringent law,
 To curb him if ye are able.

Who would have thought to see the time
 When poverty would be called a crime ?
 If men cannot work procure,
 Let gentle hearts with kindness fill,
 Give to the wretched wanderer still,
 Out of your bounteous store.

And He who watches from above
 The hearts of men, the God of love,
 Can all your actions see ;
 If bread ye deal not out to men,
 When the trumpet sounds He'll tell you then
 Ye did it not to me.

Depart, ye cursed in mine ire !
 Thy end it is eternal fire.

Soap and Water.

It is past my art, I cannot hope
 To ever make a rhyme of soap,
 Or tell of half its uses ;
 If all the people in the street
 Would use it well, they would be sweet,
 For dirt there's no excuses.

Rain water comes down from the sky,
 And if we will but it apply,
 With soap and brush as well ;
 Then it will open every pore,
 Help keep diseases from the door,
 Its good we wish to tell.

That all the young may learn the way
 To wash and cleanse them every day ;
 And men of busy trade
 When they from toil and labour stray,
 And at early morn before away,
 Or early they may fade.

It is good for workmen who supply
 The things we wear, or want, or buy,
 Made by their busy hand ;
 And peasants, tillers of the soil,
 Who through all the long day toil,
 Working on the land.

If there's a sight above the rest,
 It is a child clean washed and dressed,
 Which we always like to see ;
 Then let us wash in water clear,
 It will brighten all, their spirit cheer,
 Both of high and low degree.

Like tears that fall from either eye,
 So comes the rain down from the sky,
 To earth it is refreshing ;
 When from sorrowing eyes the big drops fall,
 In old or young, in great or small,
 Then near may be the blessing.

I have told to those who wish to hear,
 The use of soap and water clear,
 It is good both day and night,
 And those who use it health may gain,
 Take off the dirt, the mark or stain
 Displeasing to the sight.

January.

Storms or tempests o'er my head,
 I hear them as I lie in bed ;
 Howling winds, with hail or rain,
 Come beating at the window-pane.

It is the North-East blast, I fear,
 For January it is here ;
 Hearken ye on downy bed,
 Think of the poor who cry for bread.

With shaky limbs and tattered clothes,
 The beggar to the union goes ;
 For Winter stern has now come round,
 And brought a white coat for the ground.

The snow it crumps beneath my feet,
 With the frail ice or frozen sleet ;
 Somehow I like to see it here,
 When cold January is severe.

On lake or pool the young are seen
 On New-Year's Day, if frost is keen :
 With skates they venture on the ice,
 As nothing less would them suffice.

I have seen too, with my naked eye,
 With bated breath, and heaved a sigh,
 I have seen the fickle ice give way,
 And end a comrade's little day.

The joyous sport is ended then,
 For who will venture there again ?
 Yet many there express a hope
 He may be saved with pole or rope.

Some daring hands with vigour strive
 To save the little boy alive ;
 But succour it hath come too late,
 The boy has met a watery fate.

From that place where he did sink,
 He was a corpse brought to the water's brink ;
 I can fancy now I see him lie,
 With dripping clothes and sightless eye.

I shunned that spot for many a year,
 For there I shed a bitter tear ;
 I cared again for ice no more,
 I safer felt on land or shore.

When in January ice is here,
 Then it is these scenes appear ;
 Let boys and girls a lesson learn,
 Then none will a lost comrade mourn.

February.

When February it is here,
 Then the aconites appear ;
 The snow-drop now begins to peep
 From the bed where it did sleep :—
 Somehow, this month, I don't know why,
 Doth often bring a weeping sky.

The crocus now begins to smile,
 With its head above the soil ;
 Like a lover that was spurned,
 Now it has again returned :
 Welcome too we bid it come,
 At hall or at the cottage home.

There is another flower we greet,
 The little daisy under feet ;
 For often we upon it tread,
 In its green and grassy bed ;
 And children run to pluck its flower,
 Whenever there's a sunny hour.

The violet from its snug repose,
 Now and then its colour shows,
 In some little corner, nook,
 To show you it is not forsook ;
 And cheers us as its done before,
 Ere childhood's days were passed and o'er.

Somehow we like to see them now,
 As children decked them on their brow,
 Or twined them up in little strings,
 When they themselves were little things :
 They now peep from their hiding place,
 Like Modesty which shows her face.

The first bud of the gilliflowers,
 Like beauty showing after showers ;
 The little primrose in its bed,
 With its colours brown and red,
 Bring consolation to the mind,
 As those who early seek shall find.

Another pretty flower we know,
 Its where we see the pansy grow ;
 Emblem of the inward thought,
 If we would prize it as we ought :
 When it gives its early flowers in Spring,
 It should to us sweet pleasure bring.

And yet I know the simple child
 Will scarcely find them growing wild ;
 They bring a pleasure unto me,
 When I the first in garden see :
 I think then of His tender love,
 Who made them all, and lives above.

Now the birds that fly on wing,
 Their early notes do sweetly sing ;
 I hear them as I sit and write,
 Beside a little taper light :
 Joyfully their song they raise,
 Singing their Creator's praise.

For well I know, thou little bird,
 Thy song is in the morning heard ;
 Man should from thee a lesson learn,
 Give praise, ere day-break doth return,
 To Him who gives thee comforts too,
 Before thy work thou dost pursue.

The ring-dove cooes, the noisy rook
 Builds on the tree long since forsook ;
 Thrushes pair, and blackbirds sing,
 And tell the first approach of Spring :
 The birds they Nature's laws obey,
 When they sing, or build, or fly away.

February brings its rhyme ;
 On the Fourteenth is the time,
 When lovers do their missives send
 To one whom they may call a friend :
 If Cupid shoots his arrows right,
 They seldom harm, but give delight.

Youth and Beauty would repine
 If they never got a valentine ;
 Its been a custom long ago,
 When letters were sent to and fro :
 With verses, caricatures, rhymes,
 The young are pleased with these pastimes.

And sometimes these will end in love,
 And parties couple, like the dove ;
 Contented with their choice and lot,
 The parson then soon ties the knot :
 When they at Hymen's altar stand,
 They're joined together heart and hand.

At times we get wind, snow, and sleet,
 Which often in our faces meet ;
 There's sometimes frost—but often rain
 Will patter on the earth again :
 February's month, like Sorrow's eye,
 Is reckoned far more wet than dry.

March.

Hark, the hollow winds they blow,
 But melted is the ice and snow,
 By which the springs and rivers feed—
 March is a windy month indeed.

In numbers now the little lambs
 Run beside their fleecy dams ;
 That is a sight which pleases, too,
 The farmer and the shepherd true.

To see them sport, and play, and run,
 So innocent their mirth and fun ;
 Skipping fast, with easy grace,
 Like horses starting for a race.

I've watched them many a time with joy,
 When the sun is in the sky ;
 Like childhood's days they seem to me,
 Playing in their merry glee.

Busy are all the farmers now ;
 The ploughman whistles at the plough ;
 Now the peas and beans they sow,
 By the drill, or broadcast throw.

And then the boys will eager try
 To scare the tiresome birds that fly ;
 For pigeons, and the rook so black,
 Would steal it should he turn his back.

And merry now upon the wing,
 Are the little birds that sing ;
 I hear the skylark in the air,
 Sweetly sing his morning prayer.

I hear the rippling winding brook
 Singing out of Nature's book,
 With a sound it runneth on,
 Which says the melted snow has gone.

The fruit trees now with blossoms swell.
 Now burst their buds, bright hopes to tell
 Of a good and bounteous crop in store,
 That man may feast on fruits once more.

Now the daisy, with a grace,
 Shows once more its smiling face,
 Teaching those that on it look,
 A lesson out of Nature's book.

Though clouds and tempests may dismay,
 Yet trials here they pass away ;
 And, like the little daisy flower,
 They brighter shine for Sorrow's hour.

The primrose, crocus, violet,
 Their time of flowering don't forget ;
 They speak, in Nature's voice, that Spring
 Will soon be here, and reign as king.

March, thy winds blow loud and shrill
 O'er town and hamlet, plain and hill ;
 Spare vessels on the ocean's breast,
 Blow gently there, and be at rest.

Then will the mariner rejoice,
 For winds they are but Nature's voice ;
 Then hearts will sing thy praises more,
 As safe they go from shore to shore.

April.

April flowers, I prize thee still,
 The hyacinth and daffodil,
 The tulip and the gilliflower,
 And the pretty primrose flower—
 Telling us of childhood's day,
 When we at merry games did play.

The violets in abundance grow,
 Blue and white they make a show ;
 Telling us that Spring is come
 In their little modest home ;
 And children gather handfuls, where
 They grow, and bloom, and scent the air.

Many other flowers a lesson teach,
 As the blossom of the lovely peach ;
 Plum trees, and apricots as well,
 Of a future crop they tell,
 That man should praise his Maker more,
 Who sends the fruit for man to store.

April, thy month is ushered in,
 And with jokes the boys begin ;
 I remember, as we went to school,
 We tried to make each other fool ;
 Not thinking, as we then begun,
 We are April fools till life is done.

April again, proverbial true,
 Sunshine and showers belong to you ;
 I waited for thy gentle rain,
 But not a word did I complain :
 True are the works of God most high,
 When rain it cometh from the sky.

Birds sing at morn their little song,
 And cheer us as we walk along ;
 They build their nest in hedge or tree,
 For little boys to watch and see ;
 And they will steal their nest away,
 With all the pretty eggs they lay.

Who will the little fellows blame ?
 When we were young we did the same ;
 We robbed the little bird that sings,
 And put their pretty eggs on strings ;
 Like misers, too, we prized our store,
 Whate'er we had we longed for more.

The swallows now come to my door,
 They twitter as they've done before ;
 Birds of passage, birds of flight,
 I welcome thee both day and night :
 Who told thee when to go or come ?—
 Ye are welcome to my cottage home.

Beneath the eaves, or tiles, or thatch,
 Build there thy nest, thy young ones hatch,
 And tend them with a mother's care,
 There's food enough and some to spare :
 For well I know how long ye stay ;
 When Autumn comes ye fly away.

Now the industrious honey bee
 Comes out of the hive to see
 All the flowers April doth give,
 That they may honey get and live ;
 They call at many a flower they meet,
 And cull from them the honey sweet.

The ground, the trees, and little flowers,
 Are all refreshed by April showers ;
 The sun by day, the moon by night,
 When April comes they give delight :
 Man should rejoice in songs of love,
 To Him who lives and rules above.

In April, too, we sow and plan,
 And busy is the husbandman ;
 Many a seed begins to grow
 Which the gardener may sow :
 Nature's laws we must obey—
 We live, we die, and then decay.

When April comes, we see them fly,
 The white and coloured butterfly ;
 The cuckoo comes again, to sing
 His merry notes while on the wing ;
 Telling us that Spring is here,
 By all the things we see and hear.

April's sun and showers, its understood,
 Expand the leaves, and burst the bud,
 For trees and hedges they are seen
 Clothed in robes of living green :
 Thus Nature's God and Nature's voice,
 Bids everyone on earth rejoice.

May.

Oh! is it not a pretty sight?
 Hedges clothed in green and white!
 Children too I hear them say

It is the merry month of May;
 All are delighted, all agree,
 Pretty flowers they like to see.

The little girls their garlands bring,
 Standing at the door they sing
 A merry song while people see
 The garland or the flowery tree;
 The earth she gives again her flowers,
 These are children's merry hours.

All the colours of the sky
 Cannot bring to us more joy
 Than the flowers so gay and sweet,
 Which children carry in the street,
 Shouting with a merry glee,
 Round the village May pole tree.

Ancient maidens, long ago,
 Upon May morn went to and fro
 To gather May dew in the spring,
 As children now their garlands bring;
 But ancient customs wear away
 Like living things—they all decay.

In many a bush, or hedge, or tree,
 Nests of little birds we see;
 Spare the young, and let them sing
 Their merry notes in early Spring;
 Voice of Nature, voice of song,
 To the feathered tribes belong.

The rooklets from their nest on high,
 From bough to bough they hop or fly,
 The old rooks flying here and there,
 Feed them with a mother's care,
 Till the sportsman with his gun,
 Shoots them and their day is done.

Glorious are the works of Nature,
 Given by our great Creator;
 In the blossom on the tree,
 There Thy mighty hand we see,
 Pointing us up to the skies,
 Where our greatest treasure lies.

The lap of earth it doth display
 Its beauties in the month of May ;
 For the garden flowers and wild,
 How they please man, woman, child,
 Now we have in Nature's flowers,
 A picture fit for Eden's bowers.

We dig the ground, the seed we sow,
 Thy rain and sun both make it grow ;
 With all his might man he should toil,
 For bread it comes out of the soil,
 And every one should understand
 It is good to work with head or hand.

In the field the blade it grows,
 And now the farming man he hoes
 The beans, the barley, or the wheat,
 That man he may get bread to eat,
 And flowers they cheer him on his way,
 In the merry month of May.

June.

Dear to me is the month of June,
 With its fragrant flowers and sweet perfume ;
 When birds they fly with their young away,
 And the air it smells of new mown hay.

The mower he rings on his blade of steel,
 As he sharpens his scythe in the open field ;
 The grass by his hand is known to fall,
 And that is how death will cut us all.

Sweet is the scent which breathes in the air,
 We walk in the fields and find it there ;
 In fragrance of flowers, and how they display,
 There is sweetness in June we could wish to stay.

The merry haymakers, beneath a bright sun,
 Work hard for the master till the labour is done ;
 Wild roses in bloom, garden flowers they look gay,
 Oh stay with us longer, don't hasten away.

The honey bee works hard among the wild flowers,
 Home loaded he comes, for many long hours
 Culling sweets from the flowers and honey as well,
 Which he packs in a hive and puts in a cell.

Sweetest month of the year with thy genial sky,
 Ye are dressed like a bride for the nuptial tie :
 On the daisies we tread, pluck many a flower,
 As once they were gathered in Eden's bower.

Now the brightest of flowers in beauty are seen,
 And the rose in the garden is callèd a queen ;
 The wildlings of Nature smile at every turn,
 And the loveliest green is seen in the fern.

If flowers have a charm in their language and meaning,
 Then June is the month all around they are beaming ;
 Oh linger still longer, another short day,
 And stay like a lover, don't hasten away.

July.

July with heat oppressing,
 Gladly now we seek the shade ;
 Yet still we can see a blessing
 In the flowers that bloom and fade.

In the stacks of new mown hay
 That hath been gathered in,
 In the fruits which now display,
 For the use of fellow men.

In the growing crops of corn,
 By Nature's power wrought out,
 That mankind who are born
 May live and move about.

In the garden now we see
 Fruits of the earth near ripe,
 The loaded honey bee,
 The cottier with his pipe.

The boys and girls each one
 They seem so full of glee ;
 The cricketers, the lookers on,
 Who shall the conquerors be ?

With croquet on the lawn,
 Where many friends they meet ;
 Tread the grass now lately mown,
 As time goes swift and fleet.

Where the ladies young and old,
 And gentlemen beside,
 Will play, but not for gold,
 But for love they cannot hide.

With kindred hearts together,
 They are loth to part at all,
 They forget the time—and rather
 The night dews would never fall.

In July the sun and heat,
 They cause the flowers to bloom ;
 Though we seek the shade retreat,
 Beneath spreading trees or room.

Now boys will sport and play
 In water warm and clear ;
 Maids gather flowers like May,
 But soon they disappear.

July with heat oppressing,
 Ye many comforts bring ;
 Long may ye leave a blessing,
 And we thy praises sing.

August.

Choicest month of all the year ;
 August cometh, nay, is here,
 Bringing on his gladsome feet
 Stores of provender to eat.

See, the trees with fruits are bending,
 Nature to her duties tending ;
 Ripened fruits and ripened grain
 Extending far o'er hill and plain.

Loaded like a burdened beast,
 Creation gives to all a feast ;
 August comes with wealth untold,
 Bringing ripened corn like gold.

Delicious fruits, which now appear
 On many a tree around us near,
 Telling us to live and trust
 On Him who brings them from the dust.

Not half so busy as in Spring
 Are the bees upon the wing,
 Because the early flowers are o'er,
 The honey's sealed for Winter store.

The birds they fly about in haste,
 They share alike kind Nature's feast ;
 No earthly thing need now complain,
 A table's spread on earth again.

Laid up now is many a treasure,
 For future use or future pleasure ;
 Do we, with thankful hearts and true,
 Sing Nature's praises ever new.

Go then, man, with all thy might,
 And serve thy God by day and night,
 Who sends the Summer, Autumn, Spring,
 That we may to Him in Winter sing.

Choicest month of all the year,
 August cometh, nay, is here ;
 Use the bounties that are sent,
 From day to day, and be content.

September.

September comes with dog and gun,
 The sportsman hies away,
 Both seem delighted with the fun,
 As through the fields they stray.

The corn is cut, the fields are bare,
 Except the weeds and stubble,
 In which sometimes they kill a hare,
 Which pays them for their trouble.

The partridges in coveys fly,
 Good sportsmen do not slumber,
 He early with his dog doth hie,
 And soon he thins their number.

The crops of corn are gathered in,
 For Winter days are coming ;
 The men are shouting ' Harvest Home !'
 No longer bees are humming.

September hath its burdens too,
 Gathered in for Winter store ;
 Fruits are ripe, and seen to view,
 Like blessings for the poor.

Then is spread for all a feast,
 The birds now get their fill ;
 Sheep are grazing, and the beast
 Is fed for man to kill.

The country, over hill and vale,
 Shows forth in full review ;
 At times it tells a silent tale,
 That the Summer's going too.

Beside the hedge-rows children go,
 With eager look and merry,
 There wild fruit, like red corals, show,
 And children pluck the berry.

The days are drawing in apace,
 We want at night the lamp /
 That men may o'er their paper trace,
 This gives them new delight.

And so September comes and goes,
 'Tis pleasant, most refreshing,
 For in this month the steamer blows,
 And farmers do their threshing.

October.

October's called a month for fruits,
 For mansion, hall or cot ;
 And now are gathered up the roots
 The cooks boil in the pot.

The orchards too for apples, pear,
 Are cleared if they were loaded ;
 You look about to find one there,
 But all are got and hoarded.

The busy leaves they fly about
 With brown or golden hue ;
 Naked seem the trees without,
 In October farmers brew.

And so the seasons go and come,
 Man, like the leaves, shall fall ;
 Fast he travels to that home,
 Which is the lot of all.

The fields are ploughed o'er again,
 The drill man sows the wheat,
 Then it only wants the rain,
 And the glorious sun and heat.

The horses now for hunting train,
 And the swallows fly away,
 I look about for them in vain,
 But no longer will they stay.

The sight of them it did me good,
 For them I had my hobby,
 And ofttimes I beneath them stood
 As they roosted in the lobby.

The servants passing to and fro,
 Look out for a new home,
 Many a one we used to know
 Have left, and fresh ones come.

The garden flowers are taken in,
 These like the fruits we store,
 Till brighter days again begin,
 Or till Winter's storms are o'er.

These, like a dream when we awake,
 Have vanished like a shadow ;
 We praised them for their beauty's sake,
 But they're gone and we feel sadder.

At many a town the cheese is sold,
 At what farmers call a fair,
 And people go, both young and old,
 To see the merry frolics there.

Some of them do come loaded back,
 While many are not sober ;
 The people may have cause to crack,
 That's a busy month October.

October.

October hath come round again,
 Now's the time to sow the grain ;
 The farmers sow the beans and wheat,
 That man he may get bread to eat.

The corn they sow, it hath a dressing,
 If He who ruleth gives His blessing ;
 He only makes the corn to grow,
 Which the husbandman may sow.

Though the ground with toil and care,
 By the ploughman's skill looks bare,
 Yet very soon it will be seen
 Clothed in a dress of living green.

Great God of Nature ! still we see
 In all Thy works a mystery ;
 Thy goodness everywhere is found,
 Above, below, and all around.

What though flowers of every hue,
They vanish like a shadow too ;
Let us not their absence mourn,
Wait awhile, they will return.

When the Winter days are past,
Again will beauty shadows cast ;
Then will the ground on which we tread,
With smiling flowers again be spread.

Tell me not, ye sceptics, blind,
That God is faithless or unkind ;
In every change we blessings see—
Faithful still to you and me.

In the falling leaf and sere,
Brown and yellow they appear ;
In the roots for Winter store,
Here we see Thy goodness more.

Shall we not keep thoughtful, sober,
For the gifts in month October ?
Let old and young, in every station,
Sing praise to God throughout the nation.

November.

Now comes November dull and dreary,
Longer night, but shorter day ;
Now the winds blow like a fury,
And the rustling leaves they play.

They fly about in all directions,
In our face, beneath our feet ;
When the trees lose their protection,
Then a blazing fire we greet.

Howl, ye winds! or fall ye dew!
Ye are all kind Nature's plan ;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, too,
Were made alike for man.

Now and then the sleet and hail
Beat about us as we go ;
Then at times the mists prevail,
Or faster comes the freezing snow.

Tender plants are now cut down,
 Beauty turning to decay ;
 November cometh with a frown ;
 Smiling flowers are gone away.

Men the ground for Winter dig ;
 Bulbs are planted now anew ;
 Fruit trees are planted, not too big,—
 That is work the poor men do.

Finished now for Winter store
 Are the roots for cattle-keeping ;
 Till Winter's stormy days are o'er,
 Now more time is spent in sleeping.

The seasons, as they come and go,
 They follow quick and fast,
 As rain that falls, or winds that blow,
 Like the keen November blast.

Hark ! we hear the distant sound
 Of the huntsman and his horn ;
 Now and then the cry of hound
 After Master Fox is borne.

Then the horses, with their master
 Dressed in scarlet or in black,
 Seldom racers can go faster,
 Keeping pace with noisy pack.

But sly reynard hies him too ;
 Over fields both green and fallow, *
 Men, dogs, and horses, fast pursue,
 Towards the distant shout and hallo.

But soon he's far away and past,
 If he hears the whip at all ;
 Its fun to see them riding fast,
 But greater still to see them fall.

At length, sly reynard he doth tire ;
 Fast, swift, dogs and horses rush ;
 The hounds in time get their desire,
 And some one gets sly reynard's brush.

These sports begin in Autumn time,
 And last the Winter through ;
 And here I end this little rhyme,
 And the tale for November too.

December.

Hush ye winds ! No longer flowers are seen
 Beneath our feet, as in the Summer time :
 Cheerless and cold is dark December keen,
 He cometh hoary with frost and rime.

For in the morning, when I look around,
 I see the earth look white and newly clad,
 And many marks of feet upon the ground,
 The icicles on eaves ; the poor look sad

Because they have no fire to keep them warm,
 Are short of food to eat, look pale and wan,
 They have not clothes to keep them from the storm
 Of snow and hail, pray help the poor old man.

Ye who are rich now open wide your hand,
 Let soup and meat be given to the poor ;
 And God will bless your work, ye noble band,
 That deal the bread out of your bounteous store.

For now is come the Christmas month, remember,
 In which good actions should in all abound,
 For on the twenty-fifth of cold December
 A little Babe was in a manger found.

He was the New Born that had come to save,
 Though He of humble parents was the child ;
 On earth He came, to us a pattern gave
 That Christians they may grow both meek and mild.

Let gifts and presents now abound, prevail,
 Good-will to all where only strife hath been ;
 Let all ill feelings now for ever fail,
 And only love and peace in all be seen.

Now deck the wall with green and mistletoe,
 And in the hall put up the holly bough ;
 And as in ancient times good-will did flow,
 So let it reign triumphant even now.

For why should hate and envy still prevail ?
 Let music sound and choirs redound with song !
 And let the bells awake, and never fail
 To break the silence which has reigned so long.

Let Christmas-fare be spread in every home,
 To rich and poor alike as on this day ;
 For now on earth a Saviour He has come—
 Let Christians join and meet Him on the way.

But not in riot, or in noisy mirth,
 Should we behold Him come as newly-born,
 But as a friend rejoicing in His birth,
 So should we meet Him on this happy morn.

Children and parents now together meet,
 And spend within your homes a happy day ;
 Friend, meet with friend, once more together greet,
 For quick the Christmas hours they pass away.

Since last we met as on this happy morn,
 Some they are called away, and gone to rest ;
 The ties of kindred are asunder torn,
 Now they have joined that choir among the blest.

Let every absent one be not forgot—
 Those who have left their home and native land,
 The rich, the poor, from halls or humble cot,
 For chilly climes or India's burning sand.

And those that languish on a bed of pain,
 Think of them with a sigh or silent tear ;
 At Christmas time we may not meet again—
 Farewell ! December, for it ends the year.

The British Poets.

I aim me not at Shakespeare, Byron, Pope,
 Nor all the scribblers of the ancient art,
 But that I need not mention—yet I hope
 Here and there with some to take a part.
 As now and then, in days gone by, I've read,
 In many an author, just a line or two ;
 But most of them, ere this, as I have said,
 Have left their works for modern ones to view.
 And so I hope, in time, to do the same ;
 To leave behind some record to be seen ;
 And though it is hard times to live for fame,
 I mean to leave some scraps that I have been.
 There's many things that I could say or write,
 Yet there's some I would with praises mention ;
 There's few of English bards I've had the sight,
 But what I've read I'll tell, pray give attention.
 I've read a line of Shakespeare now and then,
 And in his many writings he was true ;
 He could see the failings or the good in men,
 Could praise their virtues, expose their follies too—
 Not that I know much of the dramatic art,
 As I have not been in a theatre at all,
 To see the heroes each one take their part,
 Or hear the applaudits from the pit or stall.
 The character of woman well he drew,
 How she should act her part while in this life ;
 Their easy virtues, these too well he knew,
 Told well the part that she should act as wife.
 How men to one another they should be :
 Just in their dealings, honest in their purse ;
 Hold dearer still their name from slander free,
 For dark insinuations breathe a curse.
 Shakespeare ! thy works will live in English rhyme ;
 Thy plays and poems stand in bold review ;
 In many a language, and in many a clime,
 They read thy writings, and they call them true.

Of Dryden, poet, who flourished in his day,
 I have only seen some lines I could get at,
 But they were good—"The Powers above have sway"
 Is what he said, and I too hold with that.
 He owned that God, the Father of us all,

Hath by His power the world's foundation laid ;
 And when His creatures unto Him do call,
 He soon will hear their prayers and give them aid.
 I have seen some lines and poetry of Pope,
 Who wrote for all his " Universal Prayer ;"
 He looked above, around, with him, I hope,
 To see alike God's goodness everywhere.
 In all Creation's work to praise Thee still,
 For Thou hast made us from the earth and clay ;
 Return we must at length, when 'tis His will,
 To endless darkness or eternal day.
 Our gratitude to God should ever rise,
 Swell in our hearts to Him who lives above,
 Who rules the earth, and all our wants supplies,
 Who bought us with a price—redeeming love.

Thomson's poems describe the waters' roll ;
 They tell of His great power that rules the earth,
 Who doth the sun and all the orbs control,
 Alike when plenty crowns or when there's dearth.

It hath not been my lot to read of Young,
 Except a telling piece of rare blank verse
 Which I have seen about in youth, among
 Odd bits of scraps, which I could then rehearse.
 How complicate and wonderful is man, he told ;
 Each day we see it, and in every hour,
 While passing from this to a better world,
 Man, while he's living here, should trust His power.

To Addison, in his " Hymn of Gratitude "
 To that great God whose mercies ever flow,
 In early life, and when nntaught and rude,
 Thou taught me with thy verse how I should go.
 God's mercies flowing like the grains of sand
 Unnumbered lying on the deep sea shore,
 So will He lead us till we reach that Land
 Where trials never come, where grief is o'er :
 And while we travel through this vale of tears,
 From childhood's days through slippery paths of youth,
 Thou hast sustained us too in riper years,
 Thou still will lead and guide us of a truth.
 God grant His goodness it may ever rest,
 And keep our feet that they may never slide ;
 And that at last we may be with the blest,
 Through endless years along with Thee abide.

Sir Walter Scott, I nothing know of thee ;
 Yet have I heard thou wast a Scottish bard,
 Among the hardy sons of Scotland free ;
 I never read thy works—now that is hard ;
 For I in deep obscurity must pass,
 And be content with what comes in my way,
 Else would I purchase books, but that, Alas !
 I have not that to spare which for them would pay.
 For in my humble life I know full well
 That half the authors they are very poor ;
 The ups and downs in life that hath befell,
 Will only keep grim Want just from the door,
 And barely that if they have house and home,
 With wife and children going to and fro,
 To feed and clothe, who sometimes go and come,
 That's all which we can do where'er we go.

But why digress ? of Goldsmith I must write,
 For in my boyhood days I have gladly read
 His prose, and verse, and what he did indite—
 I have scanned them o'er when I should be in bed.
 Thy native village, down the hawthorn dell,
 Thy chest of drawers, the bed on which one lay,
 With all thy wandering stories, pleased me well,
 Both in long nights, or on a Summer's day.
 The good the Vicar of Wakefield did possess
 Hath rung my eyes to tears when quite a boy,
 And how I clung to him then more or less—
 Could I have paid his debts it had been my joy.
 I have read in early youth thy histories
 Of ancient Greece, and Rome, and England,
 When some hard words to me were mysteries,
 But still I read them through unto the end.
 I never owned at all thy book of rhymes,
 For what I have seen hath been odds and ends ;
 But should I live till I see better times,
 I may get one, at least, lost time to mend.
 For I should like to leave, when I am gone,
 The name of Goldsmith upon my book-shelf,
 As an heirloom unto my only son,
 That would be good though it may sound like self.

If Byron he comes next, I can't say much
 Of some of his writings for the very young ;
 There are some poems that they need not touch,
 For they might pass for lumber just among.

The good there are, and they are not a few,
 That touch the soul to tears when they are read ;
 I give to Byron his full weight and due ;
 I have scanned his works, but am not by them led.
 He was a soul with true poetic fire,
 Born of a noble race, a son was he ;
 His touching songs have waked the harp and lyre ;
 But he in married life did not agree.
 That caused critics to discuss him well ;
 A wide-spread fame had he with rich and poor :
 Who hath not heard the touching song, " Farewell " ?
 With hosts of others, but I won't say more,
 Except he was a scholar, but he knew
 The trials of this world, and what was grief ;
 The kindness that doth heal is known to few,
 And when he passed away he got relief.
 He left a lesson true for times to come ;
 To hide his failings it were far the best ;
 The peaceful life which reigns in house or home,
 He knew not here—but I must let him rest.
 Avaunt ! ye many that would the noble blame,
 And envy all the pleasures riches can afford ;
 For happiness consists not in a name,
 The poor may this possess much as a lord.
 The rich are daily surrounded by temptation ;
 The splendour of this world may take away
 Those happy hours of peace ; and they help rule the nation,
 And this too brings them cares by night and day.
 The sweet retirement of the peasant life,
 In humble cot, with children by their side :
 Thine Byron, was a life of care and strife,
 With all thy wealth, thou hadst not a friend to guide,
 Else had thou shone, but that was not thy fate,
 With all the power of thought thou didst possess ;
 Thy rhetoric, oratory, displayed in state,
 Might then have helped abuses to redress.
 But rest in peace ! for time alone can heal
 The wounded spirit of a mind distrest ;
 Though Byron erred, yet doubtless he did feel
 The grave alone can hide the heart opprest.
 Milton I have not read, but what I know
 Of him, in all his writings he was deep ;
 For from chaotic darkness he did show,
 Before man was made, or had his deep sleep ;
 And when Creation it was shaped, to form,

By Him who made the water, Earth, and Heaven,
 Who in the mighty tempest and the storm,
 Gave Earth that good and blessed day in seven,
 That man might on Him call and serve Him true,
 Until He calls them back unto their rest ;
 No earthly calling should we here pursue
 Upon that sacred day for man the best,
 Who made the sun to lighten up the day,
 To warm the earth, and make it bring forth food ;
 Who gave at night the moon's more gentle ray,
 The stars and planets, then He called it good.
 The beast and cattle formed He by His will,
 Next fish, that swim, and then the feathered bird,
 Gave each their instinct, and He ordered still
 That man should rule them when He gave the word.
 Thou mighty Power ! who, in Thy gifts to man,
 Ere Thou hadst formed him from the very ground,
 How great Thy skill ! how deep Thy wondrous plan !
 In all Thy works, in air, in earth, abound.
 And still Thy Spirit o'er the waters brood,
 As when created forms they first began ;
 Thou sendest still, in Thy great goodness, food,
 That beast they may be fed as well as man—
 That man, the creature whom His power did form
 After His likeness, who is Lord of all,
 Might lift his heart to Him on early morn,
 And on his gracious Maker ever call.
 And when in solitude, in Eden's bower,
 Man was not happy by himself alone ;
 And to complete that happiness, His power
 Made to him Eve, that he might call his own ;
 That they might live together, man and wife,
 In joy and sorrow each must have a share ;
 He caused blessings to flow in this life,
 And all He wants from each is praise and prayer.
 Now Milton knew all this, and said much more ;
 And those who read his rare blank verse may find
 He had a mind which few e'er had before,
 Yet still he praised his God, who made him blind.
 Of Doctor Watts I say a word or two,
 Because in early life I learnt to say,
 When I was young, some of his rhymes I knew,
 When on my mother's knee I learned to pray
 To that great God, who was his God and mine.
 He long has gone and passed away to rest ;

He was a learnèd man, and a true divine,
 And now he lives among the spirits blest.
 But forty years or more have passed since then ;
 And now at times I hear the Doctor's songs ;
 They are useful still for children or for men,
 To guide in what is right, and shun the wrong.

The Westley brothers, in religious cause,
 Could write true poetry of Christian love ;
 And in their wanderings they did often pause
 To sing the songs of Him who lives above.

And hosts of other poets I could name,
 Who gave their writings in good Christian rhyme ;
 Men that will live in the Christian world of fame,
 Through countless ages to the end of time.

Another Christian writer's gone to rest,
 His hymns are sung in alto and in treble ;
 And now he sings above among the blest,
 On earth we knew him by the name of Keble.

Of woman's poetry I little know,
 Except a line or two of Hannah More ;
 She long has slept in peace—it must be so—
 The fairest flowers must fade, and be no more.

There is another authoress, I hear,
 Who has written poetry, Eliza Cook,
 I have read a rhyme of hers, which pleased the ear,
 They are just printed now for a gift-book.
 It was advice to those who are born low,
 To envy not the splendour of the great ;
 The honest name is all we need to know,
 True happiness may flow in every state.

Bloomfield, thou writer of the humble tale,
 Though low thy lot, for poets most are poor,
 Yet here and there exceptions may prevail,
 I have seen but scraps of thee, I can't say more.
 Yet they were quite enough for me to see
 That sweet contentment it doth often spring ;
 In lowly cottage life, dull care may flee.
 Though bread may be hard won, yet it may bring
 Much satisfaction to the peaceful mind,
 For toil and labour do not prove a curse ;
 As days and years they fly, so may we find
 The more we toil, the more dark clouds disperse.
 The pleasant tale of Richard and of Kate

Hath pleased me well when I was but a boy ;
 To know how merry they did chat and prate,
 It seemed to me like happiness without alloy.
 This humble couple, meeting at the fair,
 With sons and daughters pleasantly they spend ;
 Thou in thy tale hath well described them there—
 And here I leave thee, Bloomfield, to attend

To the poet Cowper, who, like thee, could tell
 Of many a humble home and cottage berth,
 Not where the rich, but where the poor they dwell,
 Their little pastimes and their pleasant mirth ;
 How Winter evenings, by the cottage fire,
 The busy woman, with her steel and thread,
 Could work unceasing, never seem to tire ;
 Children could sum, the larger ones they read ;
 Or how the busy wheel, in days gone by,
 Could spin the yard, by nimble fingers led ;
 And how the girls the knitting pins could ply,
 And busy hands could make the daily bread.
 Cowper described these scenes—I know them too ;
 The country life for me it hath a charm ;
 Although true happiness is known to few,
 Most have their little trials—ills to alarm.
 Yet here we see around us Nature's God,
 The winding brooks, the solitary rill ;
 The wider rivers, where feet have never trod,
 Whose waters teem with fish, are never still.
 And when I look above, I see Thee there,
 In sun and moon, in every twinkling star,
 In flocks of birds, now sporting in the air,
 Now flying near, then winging off afar.
 I see Thee too in every wind that blows
 Among the tall trees, waving branches strong ;
 Or when the silent night, in calm repose,
 Is hushed to rest in peaceful slumbers long.
 These are Thy works, the earth is full of Thee,
 In every blade of grass I see Thee still ;
 In all the living things in earth and sea,
 Thou rulest all things by Thy might and will.

And now I turn to Wordsworth in his place,
 Who often wrote true poems in his day ;
 And some of them with pleasure I did trace—
 He long has gone, and vanished far away.
 Yet still he lives in writings he has left,

That after ages they might know him too ;
 And, like a splintered rock in sunder cleft,
 His works remain, that all who wish may view.
 Who has not read that little children's rhyme,
 The little child's reply, the answer given ?
 The tale will last, the words they are sublime—
 "There's only John and I, the rest in Heaven."
 Thine are such moral tales, they may be read
 By early youth and profit them thereby ;
 Like beds of flowers that lately hath been wed,
 They look much better to the naked eye.
 Yet half thy praises I cannot rehearse ;
 There's thousand critics better far than I ;
 But when I read in youth thy pleasant verse,
 They gave much pleasure with a rich supply.
 For poetry it rather doth refine,
 And leads the thoughts at times away from earth ;
 To all alike the glorious sun doth shine,
 To the high born and those of humble birth.

And now from Wordsworth I would turn away,
 And to other poets I must now refer ;
 I have seen the statue and the name of Gray,
 In Poets' Corner, in the Abbey, Westminster.
 I nothing know of him, but may have seen
 A line or two of his I did not know ;
 And hosts of other poets that have been,
 I may have read some scraps, it must be so.

I have read those early rhymes he did write,
 That youthful poet, early called away,
 I mean the writings of that poor Kirke White,
 Who soon exchanged his bed for one of clay.
 Had he but lived a longer, larger span,
 He might have added rare works to his name ;
 But he was called away quite a young man,
 He had not time to climb the hill of fame ;
 Yet in his humble way, with ease he told
 Those rustic scenes connected with the farm ;
 The daily round of toil, the sheep in fold,
 When darkness cometh, all shut safe from harm.
 Thou knewest well the duties of each one,
 When from their daily work they all return ;
 And when the toiling for the day is done,
 But rest in peace in thy last narrow bourne.
 For He who called thee early to thy rest,

He ordereth all things in the earth and sky ;
 And in His Providence He knoweth best ;
 In youth or age may we prepare to die.
 For none can tell the measure of their age,
 As that is wisely hidden from our view ;
 No skilled magician or the ancient sage
 Could ever tell the time when death is due ;
 For one he taketh off in early life,
 In infant childhood many pass away ;
 And none can stay his hand—Death is proof,
 He claims the young, the middle aged, the grey.
 They leave a busy world of care, to dwell
 Far up above, through never ending years :
 Why all this?—the wise they cannot tell ;
 In brighter worlds is known no grief or tears.

Montgomery, thy poetry we praise,
 For in thy prayer to God who lives on high,
 Thou sayest well that always we should raise
 Our heart and voice to Him who can reply ;
 For in prosperity we see Him here,
 Or when with cares oppressed, if it His will,
 In all He sends, we know that He is near,
 To heal the broken heart that trusts Him still.
 Begone then, all the doubts that ever rise
 In our own bosom ; we should ever trust
 To Him who made the earth, the sea, the skies,
 By prayer to Him who formed us from the dust.

The humble peasant, Clare, I have never seen,
 His works of poetry or books at all ;
 Though I have made inquiries, and have been
 To look among old stores at a book-stall,
 Except a verse or two, where the daisy flower
 Is praised by him as having grown in grass,
 When Adam and Eve were in famed Eden's bower,
 Before the order came they out must pass.
 I would rather think that it hath bloomed since then,
 To cheer us with its flowers beneath our feet ;
 And, like the daughters of fair Eve on men,
 Through good or ill, unto the grave's retreat.
 In Spring and Summer time I've seen it grow
 Upon the grassy lawn, by thousands there ;
 And in the Winter time, when the white snow
 Is gone, like tears—that's all I know of Clare.
 And now I turn me, I had near forgot

Of Robert Burns, who oft hath pleasèd me ;
 He was a poor, yet independent Scot,
 And many rhymes of his I like to see.
 He knew ambition's flame, the power of wealth,
 He never in a napkin let it lie ;
 And though he often wrote too much of self,
 Sometimes at hoarded wealth he did let fly.
 He said that gold can never make the man,
 Though he may strut about as titled lord ;
 He traced back to where man first began,
 Ere they knew satin breeks or cotton cord.
 He called that pomp and pride, such as we know,
 Turned our first parents out of Eden's gate ;
 He held if man is poor, yet did he show
 There's no distinction in their early state.
 One road they came, and all were made of clay,
 It's only worth should be distinguished here ;
 One end they reach, to one God all should pray,
 And all are equal in the grave or bier.
 For all are helpless in their babyhood,
 Alike the offspring of the rich and poor,
 Alike sustained by help and infant's food—
 Its true all this, and Burns he said no more.
 Then where the splendour and the pompous show,
 The hired trappings of the gay and proud ?
 Which all must doff who wear them here below ;
 The proudest here at last must wear a shroud.
 In all the writings of the Scottish bard
 He said some telling things yet sterling true ;
 And like the rocks around, some call them hard—
 I turn me now another road pursue.
 For one of Nature's bards was Burns, I trow ;
 He earned his bread while working at the plough ;
 And when the grain was ripe, or he did sow,
 He could write the songs that he has left somehow.
 Burns wrote a deal of woman and her love,
 Her sprightly form, her charming eye and face ;
 Yet in his life he did not look above,
 He only wooed that love which did debase
 Him in the eyes of men. Now thou art gone !
 Had ye told more of goodness, virtue, grace,
 In after ages ye had greater shone,
 Than in thy fickle love and fond embrace ;
 And less of thy orgies and the flowing bowl,
 At which thou used to drink at eventide,

And at times ye drank beyond control,
 Then hadst thou been for youth a better guide.
 But fare-thee-well! I will not say much more,
 Because thou long ago hast made thy flight;
 Thou hast been read by Scots on many a shore,
 And now I bid thee, Robert Burns, good night.

There's Tennyson, who wears the laurel crown,
 He occupies a place no humble bard can fill;
 Its hard to climb up high from off the ground,
 Much easier still to tumble down the hill;
 For most who struggle up the hill of Fame,
 By night and day through a long life may toil;
 May soon get disabled, or fall blind or lame,
 Fortune on all she does not lend a smile;
 But when she does, it is on those who deserve
 The praises of their country and mankind;
 In arms or out, prepared—they must not swerve;
 If duty fails, success will lag behind.
 Its just the same in the poetic art,
 Though some say its a gift, but others not;
 But right or wrong, if poets never start,
 Their works can ne'er be known or e'er forgot.
 But as the sun lights up the horizon,
 And makes it day when darkness would prevail,
 So shines the light in works of Tennyson,
 So critics say, and many seldom fail.
 But as I have never seen, or had a look,
 Except a legend old, ere kings had sway;
 But yet in time I hope to read his book,
 And then, perhaps, I may have more to say.
 Till then I rest content in my humble cot;
 Surrounded with God's works, I pass my hours;
 In sun and shade I must fulfil my lot,
 I toil among the shrubs, the trees, and flowers.

Now some may say I have made very free
 With many a name I had no right to touch;
 But what I've said in rhyme some will agree
 Half of its true, and some will say as much
 As public writers for the nation's weal,
 Poets, historians, essayists, and the news,
 All will not tell alike, their thoughts reveal—
 One may say this, but some have wider views;
 Yet if the truth is told then might we know
 They see the failings when another rules;

Like statesmen out of place, they easy show
 The wise are out, and those who are in are fools.
 I ask the pardon of true men for this,
 Or all I've said which may give any pain ;
 Should critics rage, take all I've said amiss,
 They soon may hear my views of men again.
 I pause me now, and say farewell to all,
 To every name that I have mentioned here ;
 And like an audience when the curtains fall,
 Glad for what they've seen, I end me here.

Egypt—Ancient & Modern.

Where shall I go for subjects for my rhyme ?
 Shall it be modern or ancient time ?
 It shall be Egypt, by the river Nile,
 Where ancient maidens met and moderns smile.
 Thou land of Ham, of Noah's second son,
 And by thy streams, which doth for ever run,
 He chose thy fertile plain whereon to dwell ;
 There was his home, for histories they tell.
 Thy kingdom it was founded by Misraim,
 And proudly rose from nought to mighty fame ;
 Thy men were workers in that labour true,
 Which plodding industry it doth pursue.
 In ages long ago, upon thy watered plain,
 Man found a home, and found it not in vain.
 Thy crumbling cities tell of ancient art,
 Where learning flourished more than spear or dart.
 Egyptian sculpture has a wide renown ;
 Thy city Thebes, now desolation's frown ;
 Who will not stand amazed when they behold
 The works of man in past ages of the world ?
 It must have been raised by the brotherhood,
 Descendants of Noah, settling from the flood,
 They wisely chose thee, thy fertile plain,
 Where crops abundant grow, not fed by rain,
 But by the floods which from the hills descend ;
 From mountains high thy parched grounds depend,
 So that thy plains are irrigated o'er,
 Which yield abundant crops for man to store.
 The rain of Africa it is the cause

Which floods thy land, obeying Nature's laws ;
 There streams and lakes o'erflowing down the plain,
 Doth make thy land produce abundant grain.
 Did Speke and Grant correctly find the source ?
 Or hath not ancient mariners traced out its course ?
 Let histories say, or learned critics tell,
 If Speke and Grant have solved the problem well !
 Or why should Livingstone still further try
 To search the mountains of the moon or sky ?
 The mind of man can ill at ease repose,
 Until he Nature's laws disputed points disclose,
 The source of the Nile must be discovered soon.
 For ages past the lakes o'erflow in June,
 Then gradually the river Nile o'erflows,
 Lasts till September, then recedes and goes.
 When all the verdure of luxuriant Spring
 Brings Egypt's wealth of which the poets sing.
 Who hath not read of thee in days gone by ?
 Thy seat of learning praised to the sky ;
 Before other nations grew in wealth or fame,
 Thine was a land which held a lighted flame,
 Like a bright torch, to lead the nations round,
 Ere Greece or Rome was called classic ground :
 Not struggling for renown, by battles fought,
 Thou flourished mostly by thy power of thought ;
 When other nations, singular to say,
 Were hid in darkness thou wast bright as day.
 Stupendous works of art by thee were made,
 Pile upon pile were by thy builders laid ;
 Like Babel's Tower, ascending to the sky ;
 Thine is a land where ancient relics lie,
 Thy records lost, destroyed, or burnt, or hid,
 For none can tell how old thy pyramid,
 Were they a place to hide should floods prevail,
 That spreads dismay on land, o'er hill and vale ?
 Or were they meant to store away thy grain,
 If famine in the land should come again ?
 No, not for that ! for ages long before
 These mighty piles were reared the dead to store ;
 The last abode of pomp, where kings might lie
 And rest in peace, whatever troubles try
 The outer world, for those who govern know
 That earthly greatness hath its share of woe.
 Here, free from care and unmolested, they
 Could sleep embalmed, as in their mortal clay ;

Who doth not hope at last to lay them down ?
 And cast aside, at death, an earthly crown.
 The Pagan creed, and Pagan darkness still
 Owns that each spirit hath a lot to fill,
 And enters at the death to beast or bird,
 Who e'er before such strange religion heard ?
 But so it was, and it seemeth strange,
 When light is found, then heathen manners change.
 Thus Egypt, by her pyramids which stand,
 Hath left a record scattered through the land.
 I once had thought that giants must have raised
 Those piles of granite on which travellers gazed,
 For on the neighbouring lands on Canaan's shore ;
 They dwelt in numbers, mighty men of yore.
 Before the flood had ever swept the land,
 Giants there were I am led to understand ;
 And Moses, afterwards, describes them all,
 The Amakins were mighty men and tall.
 But races fly as others fast pursue,
 And tread in the prints of proud Philistia's shoe ;
 I thought that Egypt might have done the same,
 Till conquering armies made them powerless, tame ;
 But histories do not mention such a thing,
 And I have no right the theory to bring,
 But as I said before, Egyptian learning
 Was ever on the increase—nations turning.
 For not by force of arms have ye been led,
 Thy mummies show how ye preserve the dead.
 But mighty empires crumbling to decay,
 The hand of time swept like a wreck away.
 Except thy ancient ruins there, they be
 Stupendous monuments for man to see ;
 These wonders of the world they will remain
 To show that human greatness is but vain.
 Thy ruined cities, buried in the sand,
 Which blows in hurricanes throughout the land,
 Hath covered up the sphinx unto his head,
 And shows no mercy to the mighty dead.
 Where is thy seat of learning ? it is o'er,
 That sent a light to every neighbouring shore ;
 Ye left no record of thy youth, thy prime,
 All are destroyed by the hand of time.
 Yet Greeks and Romans sought their learning there,
 As scholars now to Italy repair.
 Oh, mighty Egypt, greatly famed of old,

From thy fair daughter, Ishmael came we are told,
 And reared a race of valiant men and true,
 Who multiplied and into thousands grew ;
 Arabian princes, mighty men were they,
 Who live in tents and wander to this day,
 Just as they did three thousand years or more,
 When Abraham gave to Ishmael his store ;
 They still increase in thy land where they dwell,
 The seed of Abraham, warlike Ishmael.
 To thy great river I must turn again,
 The pride of Egypt, and the praise of men ;
 Who once hath drank thy waters to the fill,
 When far away may long to drink them still ;
 The peasants and the women tell you this,
 Had Mahomet drank he had not gone to bliss,
 What ancient rulers prized he swept away,
 Egypt's refinement turning to decay.
 Into Egypt's land, young Joseph he was sold,
 Whose talents raised him from the shepherd's fold,
 From tending sheep, which dwelt on Caanan's shore ;
 Who hath not read the story o'er and o'er,
 And wept at times the hardness of his fate,
 Before he became the ruler of that state,
 And foretold the years of famine through the land ?
 But Joseph fed them with a willing hand,
 For he it was that sold the precious corn,
 That man might live, and Egypt still adorn.
 When from the neighbouring lands, the people came
 To buy their food, his brethren did the same ;
 How he disguised himself, we oft have read,
 And all his dreams came true which he had said.
 The roughness of the man before their eyes,
 He took them all for enemies and spies ;
 When they convinced him, then we understand
 That they were faithful, true, a loyal band,
 As brothers should be who had come to buy,
 That they might live and not by famine die.
 To prove them true, he shut one up at last,
 And cruel Simeon, he into prison cast,
 Restored their money in their sacks of grain,
 Which they might take to Caanan's land again.
 They told their father what had them befel,
 Which grieved the aged patriarch Israel ;
 With Simeon left behind, how dark that cloud,
 And in the agony of his soul, he cried aloud—

" Oh cruel fate ! that takes my sons away,
 Whilst I, bowed down, in Caanan's land doth stay ! "

But balm was there, Egypt must be his home ;
 Joseph and Pharaoh sent that he must come,
 And there he dies and leaves his sons behind,
 A race of slaves—in a few years we find.
 They spend in Egypt's land four hundred years,
 Oppressed by hardships, and bound down with fears ;
 When those long years were fled and past away,
 Then they had hopes of a brighter day,
 Beside thy Nile the little Moses lay,
 Where fishes swim and children sport and play ;
 Upon its waters swims the little boat,
 Which, made of bulrushes, did easy float.
 Where Pharaoh's daughter, in her wanderings round,
 The little stranger claimed that she had found.
 Watched by its mother who was made its nurse,
 For Pharaoh's cruel law was Israel's curse ;
 No wonder that they willingly would fly,
 For Egypt's law was males they should destroy.
 Trained in thy courts, a learned man was he,
 And from Egyptian bondage them did free ;
 And chosen too by God's almighty hand
 To lead His people out of Egypt's land,
 Unto that promised land, where they might rest
 From all the toils by which they were opprest.
 Hard-hearted Pharaoh followed as they fled,
 And soon the Egyptian host were lost or dead.
 And now to Egypt's land I turn again,
 Where sphinxs stand in rows upon the plain ;
 How great the industry, untiring skill,
 That planned those columns on the plain or hill.
 Thy vast necropolis for the dead are seen,
 Though hundreds of years they have rolled between ;
 As if the sting of death they could disarm,
 They did the bodies of the dead embalm.
 Where are thy mourners that did cry so loud ?
 They too are sleeping, and now wear a shroud ;
 Their earthly homes and dwellings are no more,
 Sleep on in peace, and rest for evermore.
 Of all thy palaces not one is found,
 They all are levelled with the earth and ground,
 Except thy temples for the mighty dead,
 Where mummies lie in silence as in bed.
 What was their hope beyond this life's career,

Besides the wailings and the mourner's tear ?
 Whole rows of tombs are by the mountain side,
 Filled by the dead which to this day abide.
 Old Time he strides along with rapid pace ;
 Egypt's departed greatness even now we trace ;
 Thy ancient grandeur it is past and fled,
 But may ye rise again as from the dead !
 And thy fertile lands begin again to smile,
 For willing hands and willing feet they toil ;
 Thy viceroy he rules both wise and well
 The various classes that in Egypt dwell.
 Thy days of darkness they are past and gone ;
 Let modern trades and learning flourish on
 Till thy fair land shall have a wide renown,
 And a bright future Egypt with riches crown.
 The curse of bondage and oppression o'er,
 For slavery shall flourish there no more ;
 Nor in thy market traffic human kind,
 Let all barbaric ways be left behind.
 Rise to thy ancient splendour !—rise again !
 Let wisdom's wand stretch o'er thy hills and plain ;
 Thy people happy, prosperous, and free,
 Till thy fair palaces again we see—
 Not for the mighty dead, but to inclose
 A race of heroes where the Nile it flows,
 Brave at the heart, but gentle as the lamb ;
 And may plenty smile upon the land of Ham.
 Thy institutions free, and represent
 The rich and poor, in peace alike content,
 Where industry may flourish as of yore,
 And Providence its blessings on thee pour.
 Thy ancient race no longer sways the land,
 For peoples vanish and others take their stand,
 Where once a mighty people held the sway—
 Oh how vast mighty empires will decay !
 But, though a mixed race, may ye be still
 At the heart's core, but one in mind and will ;
 In plodding industry, in commerce, trade,
 Let not thy native produce sleep in shade !
 May cotton, corn, and every other grain,
 Be grown for traffic, and sent across the main ;
 May England purchase largely of thy store,
 As ships pass to and fro to every shore.
 Thy modern Cairo, if the truth is told,
 Is but a miniature of the Thebes of old ;

But as ye grow in wealth may ye become,
 For rich and poor alike, a happy home.
 Egypt is destined to be rich and free,
 With its new-made canal to join the sea,
 That speaks a silent language, though not less true,
 That Egypt will her early days renew.
 Where Alexander led his conquering host,
 There shall a flourishing sea-port boast ;
 Not in the curse of war, for peace must be
 When nations onward march to liberty ;
 Not in vast temples scattered through the land—
 Relics of former greatness now ye stand,
 To show the emptiness of grandeur, pride,
 For kings must die, let those who will deride.
 For all things human perish and decay,
 So Egypt's ancient splendour passed away ;
 But ye shall rise again as from a sleep,
 Now there's a highway through the mighty deep.
 Two seas are joined, for Lesseps, by his skill,
 Has earned a name his mission did fulfil ;
 And modern times will bless the very day,
 And the skill of man that made this new highway.
 He conquered not in war, where men are brave,
 His was a triumph o'er the ocean's wave ;
 Large ships will sail just by thy ancient Nile—
 Well may it pay thee, Lesseps, for thy toil !
 Let railways join both villages and town,
 And telegraphs the news send quickly round ;
 Across the deep, where splendid vessels sail,
 May peace and plenty reign and never fail.
 May Egypt's learning flourish as of yore,
 And cursèd slavery be seen no more,
 Then thou wilt rise again and earn a name
 More useful than thy sculptured stones for fame.
 Thy fertile lands may still thee riches bring ;
 Pity thy ruler was not born a king :
 Land of the Pharaohs ! Land of the ancient Nile !
 Long may thy wealth increase, thy people smile !

The Village School.

LINES WRITTEN ON A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

It is not of Eton, or of Harrow, or schools for those who are great,
 But of a country village school and of poor boys I relate ;

We did not learn the classics there, no use to us they would be,
 Because poor children should be taught to live by industry.
 Mathematics are no use to them, what good is algebra,
 Or rhetoric, or oratory? they ne'er can them display;
 We want to know but common things, such as I tell you here,
 Nor need we shine in greater things above our humble sphere.
 My mother took me, when a boy, unto the village hall,
 About the age of five I was when we up there did call;
 She rapped at the great hall door, and sent a message in
 To say that she had brought her son his learning to begin.
 The servants there were very kind, and asked me my name,
 And then they told the lady there just the very same,
 So up into a room we went, the finest I had seen,
 Where many books about did lay—the window-blinds were green.
 The furniture that graced the room was of the very best;
 The door, if I can recollect, was in rosy colour drest:
 And so we waited there awhile, and soon the lady came—
 “And you have brought your little son, O pray what is his name?”
 “Tom, ma'am,” she quickly answered, “to see if you will take,
 While young, to the Sunday-school, that sin he may learn to hate.”
 “How old is he? that is the thing, and can he read at all?”
 “Yes, ma'am, he's been to the day-school, children for him did call.
 He can read a little in the Book, and he seems willing too,
 I hope that you will take him in, and I'm obliged to you.”
 “Little boy, what have you to say?” “I should much like to come.”
 “Well, send him then on Sunday next, and see how he'll get on.
 He will have to learn a little verse to say there at the school,
 Its out of Watts's little hymns, for children its a rule.”
 We thanked her, and my heart was glad that I was to begin:
 “Good morning—Mary, try and teach the little boy his hymn.”
 That was a busy week indeed, such as I ne'er had before,
 To spell the words and learn them too, and in my mind to store;
 I was to have a suit of clothes—trousers, coat and waistcoat new,
 That I might tidy go to school, and on a Sunday too.
 O, happy days of childhood! then with no other ills to bear;
 What blessings rest upon the heads of those who for children care!
 Who daily tell them what is right, what God would have them do,
 And if in His word they take delight they may be happy too.
 When Sunday came I went to school, I tripped along with joy,
 Eager was I my hymn to say, and my Sunday lessons try;
 At that time, a little man would hear us our lessons say,
 He from a village came close by, as a teacher on Sunday.
 I soon got from his little class, and went a stage up higher,
 To the second class I now had got, and very near the fire.
 I now was in the master's class, and he was very stern,
 And woe be to us every one if we were slow to learn;

For if to him we could not say our lessons very fair,
 Then we should not have our rewards—that made us take care ;
 For you must know that at that school we paid a penny each,
 And if in time we behaved well, it would over twopence reach,
 Which we at Christmas time had out, a great help to the poor
 In clothes, or shoes, or anything we wanted, and no more.
 I soon got from the master's class, eight was about my age,
 I then went up to the first class, more to learn I did engage ;
 Texts, collects, epistles, gospel too, when I had got up higher,
 I had to say on Sundays too, before the village squire.
 For on that morn, soon after nine, we'd sure to see him come,
 Then all of us we soon stood up, we knew he was welcome ;
 We passed the honours of the day as soon as he came in ;
 He bade us all sit down again till our lessons we begin.
 Then he would hear us every one, by turn we took a part
 In saying best what we had learned and got it well by heart :
 I bless his memory to this day for the trouble which he took,
 But it was to him a pleasure too, to hear us read that Book.
 And he would tell the meaning too—explain it every word,
 That while young we might knowledge get, and in our mind it hoard,
 That when we should grow up to men we might a blessing be,
 And not a curse to all around, as many you may see.
 And all the Summer evenings too, when it was very fine,
 We met again at half-past six, to have a pleasant time,
 That was to read some story book, or good and moral tale ;
 To instruct us in that which was good the squire did never fail.
 Sometimes these would make us laugh, sometimes the squire too,
 But then he soon would hush us all, and say, "Boys, that will do ;"
 For each of us we took our turn of reading by his side ;
 How kind was such a gentleman, these good books to provide !
 And then, when it was nearly dark, he taught us a little hymn,
 Which we all repeated every one, and said aloud to him.
 O, happy days of early youth ! I could wish them o'er again ;
 I've not forgot those Sabbath days though I have grown a man.
 But still I trust those lessons then in some of us took root,
 And in the after life of some they bore abundant fruit.
 And always in the Summer time we had the scholars' treat,
 When all the boys and girls each took a cup, saucer, and a plate.
 Then from the school we marched down unto the village hall,
 And there we had such games and plays as seldom boys befall ;
 Had swings put up, played foot-ball, and there were wooden horses,
 Besides, we had the swinging boat, which up and down it tosses.
 Plum cake and tea much as we liked, till we could eat no more,
 And well were we attended to, we children of the poor :
 The ladies and the gentlemen they seemed to take delight ;
 And always a balloon went up, that was a pleasing sight ;

And boys would run and fetch it back if ever it should fall,
 Had sixpence for a present then, that fun was best of all ;
 The magic lantern too we had, when a gentleman from town
 He showed us, in a large dark room, the shadows all around.
 That was a sight which pleased us all, I recollect it well,
 And always when the day had gone, our parents we did tell :
 We have played at hunt the slipper too, and also blind man's buff,
 These games they always pleased us well, until we had enough.
 Then we had supper on the lawn—'twas always gooseberry pie,
 That was a treat unto us all, to every girl, and boy ;
 Then after that we marched round by the great hall door,
 Then a lump of cake we all took home, for we could eat no more.
 We made our bows, then went away, they bade us all Good-night ;
 That was a holiday to us in which all took delight.
 I have told my children too the same ; for I've long since gone away
 From the village where I was born, where in boyhood I did play.
 I could wish that every village school was cared for just the same
 As the good old school where I was taught, I need not tell the name,
 Oh would that more kind gentlemen in good works would never tire,
 And teach the children of the poor just like that village squire.
 He too has gone and passed away, I trust he is at rest,
 In mansions bright in Heaven above, among the spirits blest.
 I turn away in sad regret—friends that were dear I mourn :
 And now I tell of the day-school, and to the master turn.
 He was a Scotchman, and had been a soldier in his day ;
 He served under Wellington, in Spain and the Peninsula ;
 Then when he settled from the wars, for a pension he had got,
 He became master in our village school—I have not him forgot.
 And stern he was—I knew him well—and if boys behaved ill,
 He would set his teeth, and with a stick he made our hands to feel ;
 We thought him hard, and in our hearts he left a little stain,
 Because he gave when we deserved a beating with the cane.
 But he taught us well in books and sums, and grammar too beside,
 In pounds and shillings, pence as well, he taught us to divide ;
 And every boy must go to him if he could not well reckon,
 To show how he had done his sums, if with his hand he beckon.
 At dinner time he would keep us in if we had not done by then,
 Correctly reckoned all he had set about lands or even men ;
 In our writing he was very strict if it was not spelt well ;
 We knew his wrath, he would pay us out, a sad tale we had to tell.
 And if we made a noise aloud, for tricks we most possest,
 He had a heavy ruler which he beat upon the desk,
 Which made us tremble every one, and all would quiet be,
 You might have heard a pin that dropped, if you could not it see.
 At times he'd have us out to drill, like soldiers he would train,
 To the right and left, then face about, then we should march again :

That school was free, it was endowed, we nothing had to pay,
 A gentleman had left the means for boys to be taught by day.
 The boys, as well, about a score, they had each every year,
 A suit of clothes, the coat was green, with red collar they did wear ;
 The cap I know was colour black, the trimming round was red,
 I think I had about three suits when I was quite a lad.
 The trousers were of corduroy, and very strong they were,
 As none of us, though few they tried, could very soon them tear ;
 For good attendance they were given, about the Christmas time,
 Unto the village cottages boys, I was always pleased with mine,
 Its nearly forty years ago since I the last green suit did wear,
 For early I did leave that school, the seat of learning fair ;
 There was a library attached, and books were lent about
 Unto the boys for a long time when day-school they had gone out.
 I had them too for several years, when I had left day-school ;
 To improve the minds of cottage boys it was a first-rate rule ;
 The first tear that I ever shed without a rod upon my back,
 Like sorrow's eye, my heart was full when I those books did lack,
 There we could read books by Defoe, the "Robinson Crusoe" wild
 Also of Bunyan's Pilgrims, but the books must not be soiled ;
 And histories of Greece and Rome, and England beside,
 By Goldsmith, the historian, and other books to guide
 The young, and teach them how they should thro' this world steer.
 I must say that we were far beyond many in an humble sphere :
 I bless the day and all the men who for poor scholars care ;
 Its even hard to find them now—in villages its rare.
 I went, together with a friend, to see the Scotchman's grave,
 And over it we shed a tear, and all his blows forgave ;
 For he has gone and lowly lies in the churchyard grave at rest,
 I offered there an humble prayer, and hope he too is blest.
 Some of my comrades who were then, they too have passed away,
 They have landed in that better land, where all is bright as day ;
 They sing the song of angels fair high up in Heaven above,
 They hymn the words they early learnt, which told a Saviour's love.
 Some of those boys when I was young they played at soldiers too ;
 Some of them went to India, that calling to pursue ;
 And some of them have laid them down maybe in battle strife ;
 Short was their day of British pride, they soon gave up their life.
 And some of them were emigrants unto America ;
 They will tell the tale that I now tell to their children far away ;
 They found a home upon that shore where soon a nation grew—
 There they can live by daily toil upon earth's comforts too.
 I like them none the worse for that, for brave men they may be,
 Who have shamed some of England's sons out in America ;
 They will steady some of Erin's sons who left their native soil,
 By doing their duty in that land—O give them back a smile !

And bless them with a brother's love wherever they may go,
 If its to India's sunny land or mountains tipped with snow ;
 While others they went further still, unto Australia's shore,
 Their native land ne'er see again—ne'er see old England more !
 They tell their children in that land of friends they loved so dear,
 Also of fellow comrades to whom no more they will be near ;
 They will tell them of the little games that I have told you here,
 And also of our village school in another hemisphere.
 May blessings smile upon them now—may they never once regret
 Because they left their native land another home to get.
 Some of them too were busy men, at work upon the rail,
 And one old mate he owned me there—he told the school-boy tale.
 He was acting something like a *guard*, they want such men as these,
 He told his name when there we met, we talked of former days :
 Another comrade, further on, I saw him working too
 With all his might upon the line, in keeping metals true.
 He was something like a foreman there—but this I will not cavil,
 But he seemed to squint along the line, that's when he took the level.
 I shook him by the hand, and said, "Old mate, how gets you on?"
 He said he managed pretty well, his name it was friend John.
 And others wore a coat of blue, were England's staff and stay,
 They guarded England's citizens by night as well as day ;
 They morally were fit for that, in them I feel a pride,
 Because in school days we did learn with each other side by side.
 They check the vice in our great towns, are a dread to burglars too,
 They are a proof to England besides what village boys can do ;
 They have got notions of their own, you seldom them can turn,
 They are patriotic in their class, to robbers they are stern.
 But I doubt if ever they have led a charge, but to a mob,
 Where sometimes they have had a bat hit hard against their nob ;
 But still they are a worthy class—shine in their humble sphere,
 Have saved a little now and then, but some have duped them there.
 They are joined to clubs and benefits belonging to the poor,
 And for sickness and a rainy day they little have in store ;
 If there is one above the rest I hold in friendship true,
 In civil uniform he's drest, and he wears a coat of blue.
 While others they have settled down as tillers of the land,
 They have lesser trials in their way, but their home it is not grand ;
 They have many comforts in their class, sometimes a pig they kill,
 They have often bacon in their house to eat when its their will.
 Some few are tradesmen in their way, a little shop they keep,
 Are mourning o'er their losses too when they should be asleep ;
 This keeps them down, they just get on, but never get much higher,
 For all their learning at the school by the master and the squire.
 Some of the boys turned workers too in iron and in wood,
 And masons, who each helped to build houses for the country's good ;

While a few they use the iron bar, to make the clothes we wear,
 Others to leather they did turn, that our feet should not be bare.
 These were the comrades of my youth, my fellow mates at play,
 I have told you how they get along in manhood's sterner day ;
 Whilst I at Adam's trade do work, among the pretty flowers,
 Among trees and shrubs, with fork and spade, or in rosy bowers.
 I grow the proper things with which a large house I supply ;
 I prune the trees, and keep them trimmed, that fruit may multiply ;
 I cultivate the apple, pear, cherry, plum, and apricot,
 The fig, the nut, and the grape vine, with berries I have got.
 And pleasant are they all to me, their sight it does me good,
 I delight in garden flowers and those which grow in the wood ;
 And those which grow in hedge-side rows, or on a sunny bank,
 They all to me are pleasant things, their Maker I do thank,
 Who made so many colours too, to give pleasure to the eye,
 Who gave such fruits as please us well that they may satisfy,
 As food for man, his heart to cheer, may he too offer prayer
 To God our Father for His love—'tis He who sends them there.
 I love to see the snow-drop come peeping from his bed,
 Also the pretty crocus, which we might have thought was dead ;
 The hyacinth, hepatica, which spring out of the earth,
 The gaudy tulip, and primrose, which tells of humble birth.
 The modest violet's perfume has quite a charm for me,
 With all the later flowers that bloom in Nature's mystery :
 None of these things I learnt at school, they never taught them there,
 They're remnants of those brighter things that bloomed in Eden fair.
 My schoolmates are all scattered now, just like the flowers about,
 And one by one they pass away, soon as their lamp goes out :
 And shall I mention one beside—our early patron there,
 Who from the pulpit often told us of evil to beware ?—
 Who told us in the narrow path we always were to go,
 To shun the sins of vice and crime, they only lead to woe.
 In sober ways he bade us all to seek the word of truth,
 To "remember our Creator" in the days of early youth ;
 To be prudent in our own affairs, to save a fund beside,
 That when sickness or old age should come we for it should provide.
 He aided us, through all his life, that we might good obtain ;
 Now he has gone and passed away, we shall ne'er see his like again ;
 He told us all while living here to do what good we can ;
 And may he rest in peaceful sleep that friend of working man.
 I now have children of my own, I tell them all as near,
 I teach them too in all the things that I had used to hear ;
 I tell them all the Scotchman told, also the village squire,
 And if they will but learn their ways no more do I desire.
 I leave the rest in the hands of Him who made us every one ;
 These verses I have written for my children to look upon ;

And may He give them knowledge too—His wisdom from on high,
And teach them how to live on earth, and how at last to die!

What is Man?

Man with all his boasted pride,
Came naked in the world beside,
Yet thinks himself so high.
The origin of man is dust,
He may be happy or accurst,
When its his turn to die.

Yet why one should despise another,
And scorn to own their kindred brother,
When all are of earth and clay?
To which one day all will return;
Though dear friends may weep and mourn,
Yet all must go away.

Oh! is it not a wondrous thing,
That in the world we sorrow bring?
Came in the world the same;
There's no distinction in our birth,
To make man noble, should be worth,
They should shine in virtue's fame.

What man becomes, depends in part,
What in every stage he has at heart,
From childhood's day till men;
If they keep in the narrow way,
Shun haunts of vice by night and day,
Let virtue lead them then.

Then blessings shall around them twine,
From early youth till age decline,
When they shall be mature!
And as they journey down life's hill,
Surrounded by life's comfort still,
Their bread it shall be sure.

Then daily trust God's providence,
 For all this good He will dispense,
 If man will serve Him true ;
 Cheerful his work he should fulfil,
 Though formed alike, it is His will
 They should keep these things in view.

He gives each talents to make use,
 Born high or low there's no excuse,
 If we do but use them well ;
 If this be so, He will at last,
 When all our trials here are past,
 Take us with Him to dwell.

There are degrees and stages here,
 From the peasant to the peer,
 Let none each other scorn ;
 There will be rich, there must be poor,
 Long as the world it will endure,
 It matters not how born.

For one man hath his talents ten,
 Which he may use and turn again ;
 While another hath but one,
 He may let in a napkin lie,
 And never traffic, trade or buy,
 Then soon his day is gone.

They will be weighed in the balance then,
 By God who is the judge of men ;
 He will pass on each their doom,
 The wicked ones shall find no rest,
 The good and virtuous shall be blest,
 In Heaven for them is room.

Purposes of Life.

If human life, that precious thing, was truly understood,
 And if it is but rightly used it may be to all a good ;
 For man he has gifts and reason, and by them he should learn
 That he is not sent upon this earth alone to weep and mourn.

But errors he should ever flee, and cheerfully fulfil,
 Seek to inform himself, and then subdue his stubborn will ;
 The means of doing this it is within his power,
 As true as the bright sun which shines and tells the passing hour.

As generations come and go, and each succeed the other,
 They leave behind the knowledge gained by ancestor or brother ;
 And if its properly applied, by each succeeding race,
 The earth and world, in which we live, might be a happy place.

But frail and fickle as man is, he often goes astray,
 Chooses the ill and not the good, forgets the pleasant way.
 The lessons which famed men have taught, or have left behind,
 How few and far between are those who never seek or find.

Yet still there is a happy few, a little goodly band,
 May they leave behind a name, when they pass from the land,
 And in the works they leave, to tell how they have lived on earth,
 The good they did to all around, may it be a name of worth.

Then daily in his walk of life, let each fulfil his part,
 Help the needy in distress, and heal the careworn heart,
 Reclaim the erring, teach the young, tell them of that rest
 Which is prepared in Heaven above for those who serve Him best.

Civility.

That is a good rule, as we life's journey pursue,
 Do unto others as you would have them do to you ;
 For society's laws are bound up in this,
 Its the way to find here the true road of bliss.

Each morning that comes, each day that we live,
 It should be our first act to each other forgive,
 To pass by with a smile as well as we can,
 For civility is due both to woman and man.

To our equals in rank, to all men that we know,
 To pass by with a nod, or how do ye do ;
 Its far better manners to speak with the tongue,
 Than pass like a churl or go gloomy along.

For doth not the morn, at the peep of the day,
Teach him that true lesson it seemeth to say ;
When the sky is tinged with a beautiful red,
As man he goes forth to work for his bread.

Be civil to all, says a glorious sun,
As he shineth on all as his course he doth run,
Through all the long day whatever may try,
For civility cheers like the sun in the sky.

To the class that is high, we all must allow,
It is better to pass with a move or a bow,
For manners like that they nothing do cost ;
Through bad manners great favours are lost.

It should be widely known and well understood
Among every class they promote their own good :
The good of a neighbour is enhanced as well,
If we bid him good morn, or the kindly farewell.

As we walk in the road and a beggar chance meet,
I would not turn aside with head or with feet ;
A kind word to a beggar, if spoken at all,
It is like the sun shining when icicles fall.

A kind word to the labourer, when going to work,
With food for the day, with spade or with fork,
A civil word unto him will help him along,
As he whistling goes with a tune or a song.

To the merchant, mechanic, or the man with a trade,
To each in their stations a kind word may be said ;
To the physician, the clergy, both high in their name,
Who turns away with contempt I surely could blame.

To ladies and children, though we should not intrude,
But not to note if they speak its uncommonly rude ;
To be civil to youth, to woman and man,
I don't know on the earth a more excellent plan.

For no one can tell what evils may come,
The short time we live here in house or in home.
Should we ever be going long miles far away,
To make a new home or settle and stay.

To be civil and discreet is what I advise,
 In your dealings with men or they will you despise ;
 For the high may get low and their riches may fly,
 I have known them to wane like the moon in the sky.

The impression made when strangers they meet,
 In a church, or assembly, in the road, or the street,
 As they pass to and fro, for a look or a frown
 It will tell you at once if he is a knave or a clown.

Forget not thy friends, thy father and mother,
 Be civil to them, and thy sister and brother ;
 For the days they may come when ye may all part,
 Then, when far away, they might take it to heart.

Let no acts of unkindness then ever be mine,
 I would cling like the ivy which doth always entwine ;
 Oh bind me with cords that win them with love,
 As we travel on earth to the mansions above.

When kindness flows from the heart and the tongue,
 It is like the lark singing his heavenly song,
 For birds on the trees, and birds in the air,
 They joyfully sing " Good morning " up there.

To no creature on earth should we ever be rude,
 Then blessings, like flowers, on our path may be strewed ;
 Give civility's laws to the rich and the poor.
 Then all classes may dwell in peace for evermore.

Habit.

Habit, how like a spell, hath bound
 Sleeping or waking, it is found ;
 Much like a model, made by art,
 When it is formed, how hard to part !

In each successive day renewed,
 It forms for evil or for good,
 Till, like a monument, it stands,
 And binds us as with iron bands.

In early childhood, from the cradle,
 It is a fact, and not a fable ;
 In those young days our habits form,
 For good or ill, through calm or storm.

They may be fixed to bring us sorrow,
 Which may crop at some to-morrow,
 Like noxious weeds that we should shun,
 Or treacherous ground we tread upon.

The mother, anxious for her child,
 Doth teach it prayer in accents mild ;
 On earth there's no more pleasing sight
 Than children praying morn and night.

And when they leave a parent's care,
 In after life, that little prayer,
 Through all life's struggles in the world,
 Like a rich mine, with wealth untold,

Acting on their vital frame,
 And teaching them to do the same,
 As once they prayed on a mother's knee,
 To the great God who can hear and see.

And through this life, in labour's struggle,
 Though life itself is but a bubble
 Upon the ocean, sea, or river ;
 Good habits formed are useful ever.

One may wield a scythe, an axe, or flail,
 A sword, or pen, yet seldom fail
 To use it better, till at the last,
 Perfection pays for troubles past.

Habit, therefore, has its uses,
 And likewise it may cause abuses :
 The drunkard, by his foolish ways,
 His folly shows, and dearly pays.

The fly, caught in a spider's web,
 Just like a net, by Habit spread,
 He soon may know his destined end—
 Bad habits formed, how hard to mend !

The gambler, running into debt
 Through habits bad or silly bet ;
 The felon gently learns to steal,
 Until at last his home's the jail.

And many more that I could name,
 By slow degrees bad habits frame ;
 And ne'er on earth can they be mended,
 Till, by Nature's laws, their life is ended.

Thus ends the moral of my tale—
 Keep free from crime, from vice, and ale ;
 And then, when ye lay down to rest,
 Thy after life it may be blest.

Anger.

—
 One duty we owe to all that we see,
 It is to be cheerful, kind and agree ;
 For is it not a grievous failing,
 To be often angry, noisy, railing ?

Hard words begin o'er a little thing,
 But mark the sorrow which they bring ;
 Its folly if we should display
 Revengeful words by night or day.

If passion ever gets the master,
 We may expect some sad disaster,
 For many in an angry tone
 Have made a wound they hate to own.

Parties have met and could not stifle
 Their angry spirits o'er a trifle,
 Some paltry grievance, not worth naming,
 Makes many a one with anger flaming.

A hard word at first begins the row,
 First this or that they disavow,
 Then with malignant strife and ire
 It burns like coals cast on a fire.

Then they may strike an angry blow,
 Thus many a friend is turned to foe ;
 Or may be in some drunken brawl,
 They've struck a neighbour—made him fall.

Man blest with reason to direct him,
 When in his cups it can't protect him ;
 As many in their angry strife,
 Like Cain, have took another's life.

Just like a savage beast of prey,
 Their reason seemeth fled away ;
 If strangers look, they will despise
 The man that blacks his neighbour's eyes.

When angry passions are begun,
 What folly while the tongue doth run,
 It seemeth like the ocean's spray,
 Which furious winds drive on the quay.

To curb thy wrath then it is clear,
 It is the greatest wisdom here,
 When acts arise by word or deed,
 Which makes a neighbour's heart to bleed.

Oh teach me then to turn away,
 Nor heed what angry men would say ;
 Wise men will ever hold their peace,
 While fools, with rage, are slow to cease.

Sooner than hear hard words or railing,
 I would hide a neighbour's faults or failing ;
 Let it be always understood,
 Evil should be overcome with good.

For angry words may lead to sorrow,
 Then fools may see it on the morrow ;
 Oh teach us rather to forgive,
 What faults we see long as we live.

There is a path we should pursue,
 If angry passions should renew,
 We should blot the object from our sight,
 As if he were a stranger quite.

When there's a cause or just excuse
 Why anger is at all let loose,
 The sun should not set o'er our head,
 Before we forgive him all that's said.

Anger is bad and leads to wrong,
 If answered by a foolish tongue ;
 Be no revengeful spirit mine,
 Forgive, forget, it is divine.

Happiness.

What is it that charms us here,
 Which none can take away ?
 Its a happy mind, that knows no fear
 While here on earth we stay.

Have we no friends that go and come,
 Whose names we hold so dear ?
 Is there no bright, no cheerful home,
 Where none can interfere ?

If thou art blest with children too,
 On whom to fix thy thought,
 Have ye not duties to pursue,
 To teach them as ye ought ?

These duties daily ye should see,
 While travelling here below ;
 True happiness may always be
 Where purity doth flow.

The truest things while here on earth,
 Which we should value most,
 Are dearer far than money's worth,
 Much wealth but few can boast.

We know that riches may have wings,
 And sometimes fly away ;
 Where happiness its shadow flings
 There's peace by night and day.

Give me the dross of humankind,
 If a kindred heart is there ;
 The truest friend we oft may find,
 He may have no wealth to spare.

There must be kindness in that breast
 That can cheer thee in thy sorrow ;
 To Providence, then, leave the rest,
 And hope for a bright to-morrow.

The quiet home, the gentle word,
 They're things dearer unto me
 Than stores of gold which misers hoard,
 Which they use so sparingly.

Then envy none that ye see ride
 In carriages called their own ;
 Many a heart there aches beside,
 This I at times have known.

For Sorrow's tear will sometimes come
 To those in costly dress ;
 For hard words in their house and home
 Bring trouble and distress.

We find true happiness is where
 The little flowers grow wild ;
 In Eden's bowers they first grew there,
 The wildlings of Nature smiled.

On many a bank the violets grow,
 They mostly seek the shade ;
 In modest innocence they blow,
 And scent the air and fade.

The humble wish, the small desire,
 That one can have on earth,
 If its only by a cottage fire,
 Its more than money's worth.

For wealth it brings its owners care,
 They must o'er it watch and keep,
 Or the burglar he may enter there,
 If they soundly go to sleep.

In English homes there may be seen
 True happiness without alloy ;
 In Summer's day, in Winter keen,
 Dark clouds like shadows fly.

With thankful hearts then be content,
 In whate'er may be thy lot ;
 Thy hoarded riches should be spent,
 To help those who have them not.

Then thou wilt weave thyself a name,
 On many a hearth and home ;
 Thy wealth dispersed may bring thee fame,
 For many a year to come.

Away with narrow-minded care,
 Let it no more oppress ;
 True happiness it floweth where
 It makes our sorrow less.

Thus should we travel, here below,
 With Christian heart and love,
 Then may we fly at last and go
 To the happy realms above.

Truth and Falsehood.

Why should ever falsehood entice us to stray,
 Or allure by its cunning from the plain open way ?
 What good can e'er come by acting deceit ?
 If practised at all it is lying complete.

Have we a neighbour that we would despise ?
 Or injure his name by falsehood and lies ?
 Oh is it not better his failings to hide ?
 For the world as a judge will be taking his side.

The fair name of a man as on earth he doth live,
 If we rob him of that who will us forgive ?
 Its his wealth, its his riches, to him they belong ;
 Why should any speak with a slanderous tongue ?

But insinuations, or a shake of the head,
 Are nearly as bad as words that are said ;
 If he is rich in the world, or if he is poor,
 A true honest name is valued the more.

Dost thou think to get fame by acting like this,
 By all that is said of thy neighbour amiss?
 It will return in due time upon thy own pate,
 Ye'll be hated by all for words ye relate.

You might as well steal his gold or his purse,
 I'd rather lose that than be treated thus worse ;
 I could honour a robber more higher than they,
 Who fearlessly steals upon the highway.

From an enemy seen, I could me defend,
 Not so from a foe who passes as friend ;
 He may call it a joke, pass it off as a lark,
 I call him a foe that would stab in the dark.

My fair reputation, my honour, my all,
 They are dear unto me, I riches them call ;
 They are all that we have to prize on the earth,
 As we journey through life from the cradle and birth.

Think well, that thy words should be spoken sincere,
 Truths, like a bright gem, can be said without fear ;
 Let those who would slander, or steal a good name,
 Burn like a lake fire fanned into a flame.

Let the gentle, the simple, the young and the old,
 Prize truth as more precious, more value than gold ;
 Put a guard on thy tongue, shun those that would try
 To injure a neighbour, by a word or a lie.

Let children be taught, in their first early days,
 The value of truth and sincerity's ways ;
 For as sure as the compass turns to the North pole,
 Its good here and hereafter for body and soul.

Sorrow.

Is there sorrow in thy eye ?
 Wait awhile, the tears will dry ;
 For the glorious sun, at noon,
 Makes the dew drops vanish soon.

Hast thou lost a father, mother?
 Weep thou for a sister, brother?
 Hast thou lost a bosom friend?
 Thy sorrow it shall have an end.

Sons and daughters they may leave,
 Still the thought it should not grieve;
 All are doomed to pass away,
 All must leave their mortal clay.

If trials or troubles we have here,
 Wait awhile, they disappear,
 There is balm enough to heal
 All the sorrow we may feel.

Never, then, be broken-hearted,
 For the living or departed;
 For time alone can heal thy sorrow,
 A brighter day may come to-morrow.

Though the clouds may drop with rain,
 The sun may shine on thee again;
 All thy sorrows flee away,
 As sure as night it follows day.

Begone then, grief! let tears be dry,
 When friends to other regions fly;
 They may be happy with the blest,
 In that eternity of rest.

Employment.

The way to comfort and enjoyment
 Is by continual employment
 Through every day we live,
 Either with hands or head, or both,
 For happiness comes not by sloth,
 And work doth pleasure give.

There's many that are blessed with health,
 Surrounded with abundance, wealth,
 Yet are not happy then;

At times they wander up and down,
Wear often on their brow a frown—
Poor and dejected men.

There's many own a wide domain,
That ne'er could happiness obtain,
The soil they could not till ;
Some daily rounds they did pursue,
Or sometimes made a call or two,
For they could not sit still.

Just to ask a neighbour all the news,
And thus their precious time abuse ;
Had they but labour knew,
They might have had, without alloy,
Sweet pleasure daily to enjoy—
Employment brings this too.

It is the industrious, active mind,
That daily can enjoyment find,
Vain thoughts they curb and bridle ;
They daily follow out the plan
That labour it is meant for man,
They care not to be idle.

Emigrants.

Why do they leave their native land,
And never see it more ?
Where would they go, this little band ?
Unto a foreign shore ?

As bees increase and multiply,
And leave their hives to swarm ;
So England's humble sons they try,
To face water, wind and storm.

But hope is there upon their brow,
As o'er the sea they roam ;
How could they leave old England now,
To seek another home ?

They leave because they are distrest,—
 Who will help them on their way?—
 That's why they cross the ocean's breast,
 And brave the foaming spray.

Some steer their course to Canada,
 Or near there at any rate ;
 While others choose America,
 The well-known united state.

Others to Australia's land they go,
 To that far distant shore ;
 Expect milk and honey there to flow
 With abundance and to store.

They ask for aid to help them out,
 Who can them this deny?
 Because they cannot go without ;
 They leave England with a sigh.

They would gladly stay upon the soil
 Where first they saw the light ;
 For they have willing hands to toil,
 From morning until night.

They leave the village church, for there
 They all were free to go ;
 They will no longer meet in prayer
 With friends they used to know.

Oh who will help the emigrant,
 That he may go far away,
 To a country where he will not want
 For work another day ?

There is a struggle in the breast
 To leave all they hold so dear ;
 At times with comfort they were blest,
 But now there's much to fear.

The calling which they did fulfil,
 The work they did pursue,
 That trade and commerce it is still—
 They have no work to do.

Its not by follies of their own
 They leave their native land ;
 They are loyal to their country, throne,
 The brave and daring band.

They go to win their children bread,
 They brave both heat and cold ;
 They leave their friends alive or dead,
 As the pioneers of old.

For there they hope a name to get,
 And live by labour true ;
 Are willing there to toil and sweat,
 If they can get work to do.

Oh, who will help the emigrant
 To reach that foreign shore,
 That they and theirs may never want,
 And cry for bread no more ?

Ye rich now give a helping hand,
 Out of your bounteous store ;
 For who can their appeal withstand ?
 Ye may never see them more.

And they will bless you as they go,
 Ye never will repent
 For the prayers and gifts that ye bestow
 To the deserving emigrant.

Looking for a Friend.

Who is my friend? can I him find?
 Is he on earth or sea?
 And has he left a name behind
 For all he's done for me?

I sought among the rich and great,
 But no true friend have seen,
 Though some of them are second-rate,
 Yet there he hath not been.

I have sought among the very poor,
 For I thought I had him there ;
 But no, my griefs he could not cure,
 He had no one his to share.

He had got troubles of his own,
 He wanted a friend beside,
 And all his griefs were overgrown—
 I could not in him confide.

Besides, he was ignorant, and could
 No sympathy bestow ;
 His struggles were for daily food—
 He was blind to others' woe.

So I searched in the middle class—
 Sure there he may be found ;
 But there was very few, Alas !
 In friendship did abound.

As all their aim it is for wealth,
 Of which they wanted more,
 Though they had gold and stores of pelth,
 Laid up in private store,

With house and lands, and funds beside,
 Or in their busy trade :
 They could most in their vehicles ride,
 For friendships are not made.

For if such folks are up in life,
 What care they for the lower ;
 They hate the name of battle strife,
 Of those who are very poor.

I thought among the busy throng
 Another look I'd take,
 And see how I could get along
 With a woman for my mate.

I did not wish to look too high ;
 For then I felt quite sure,
 That if I dignity did try,
 Is should be spurned as poor.

I looked through, careful, my own class,
 For they could counsel give,
 And there I found myself a lass—
 With her I mean to live.

I took her to the church, and there
 The parson made us one ;
 And though we have not much to spare,
 We have enough to live upon.

We go along best as we can,
 With children by our side,
 So I think I am a lucky man,
 And I have a friend beside.

I advise old batchelors to try,
 And find themselves the same ;
 A fair friend, who looks not too high,
 And leave themselves a name.

Poor Men.

Hear, ye who are born to low estate,
 Who have but little store—
 O seek not to be rich or great,
 Its worth something to be poor.

The poor men never taxes pay ;
 He can sit down and laugh
 When the collector goes his way
 To those who are better off.

He can smile when the assessor tells
 How much will be the rate ;
 He only in a cottage dwells—
 He may bless his lucky pate.

A poor man only has to toil,
 This is his daily lot ;
 He never need the rich revile
 'Cause riches they have got.

And if he strives with all his might,
 His struggles are but few ;
 He labours mostly by daylight,
 The night doth him renew.

He lives but in a rented cot,
 It need not worry him
 If part of this his little spot
 Is damaged by the wind.

Or if it should be burnèd down,
 Though it should bring him grief,
 He knows its not his house or ground—
 He'd be sure to get relief

For any chattels that were lost
 While they were moved away ;
 He only need to state the cost,
 Someone would soon him pay.

And if he leads a busy life,
 With children round him true,
 And he is blest with a good wife,
 He may have enough to do.

And should he go to church, he can
 Have there a sitting free ;
 There too a poor working man
 He can take his family.

He nothing pays there ; its a rule
 For the clergyman to preach ;
 And if his children go to school,
 Some kind friend will them teach.

A poor man can have sweet repose
 When his daily work is o'er ;
 And very little the rich man knows
 Of the blessings of the poor.

He has no rich daughters to entice
 The greedy men to steal,
 Because they think it would be nice
 Some lumps of gold to feel.

Nobody wants poor men to die
 While he can live his span :
 This is a truth none can deny,
 God blesses a poor man.

And if he strives to pay his road,
 And from debt he keeps free,
 Gets enough for clothes and board,
 Then he may happy be.

And if by industry he gets
 Enough for his use—no more—
 He goes along, and never frets,—
 Who would not then be poor ?

He has no wealth to leave behind,
 Like people rich and great ;
 So to the poor be always kind,
 In their humble, lowly state.

Music.

Oh what can cheer like music sweet ?
 I have heard it playing in the street,
 For then it charms the ear ;
 I like to hear the pleasant sound
 Of the wandering musicians round,
 If I am not just near.

For in my early youth I knew
 Some that could play the bugle too,
 And others harp or lute,
 While some did play the clarionet,
 And merry tunes I ne'er forget
 On the piccolo or flute.

And I have marched beside the drum,
 For there I learned fresh tunes to hum,
 Until I got a rap ;
 The old drummer, in his foolish tricks,
 Gave me a knock with his drumsticks,
 He said I was the chap

That always walked so very near,
 And made the dust on him appear,
 As marching they did go ;
 He little knew it was my delight,
 I could have listened day and night,
 Sweet music charms me so.

But often I have heard since then
 The refugees and organ men
 In their migrations round,
 Playing sweet music in the street,
 Such as could stir young little feet
 In country and in town.

And instruments that want no wind
 To blow them, as they play by hand,
 They are the very sort ;
 I like to hear the bugle horn,
 But better still on grassy lawn
 To hear the pianoforte.

For ofttimes it hath been my lot,
 Though I have many tunes forgot,
 To hear that pleasant sound ;
 But ladies that I used to know
 Are sleeping in the churchyard low,
 Beneath the grassy mound.

The bass, the harp, the violin,
 I have heard them played by music men
 With fingers or with bow ;
 But some of them are gone to rest,
 Who played on earth sweet music best
 For death hath laid them low.

Yet gladly, as I said before,
 I like to hear sweet music pour,
 Though I am getting old ;
 And when the daily toil is past,
 It sweetens life unto the last,
 Far more than heaps of gold.

The children now I like to hear,
 Play with their concertina near,
 If I feel dull or sad ;
 It cheers me as I work or plan,
 And makes me quite another man,
 It helps to make me glad.

Oh what can soothe like music sweet,
 Whether playing in the room or street ?
 I honour those that try ;
 And should I e'er get old or grey,
 Glad would I hear sweet music play,
 Till then, I say good bye.

Reflection on Labour.

Every day it brings its pleasure
 To the poor and working man ;
 While he works he hath a treasure,
 He should prize it while he can.

Its not the drunkard, or the idle,
 Who, while they live, are little use ;
 Sloth and drink it is their idol,
 And for them there's no excuse.

Those that will be up and doing,
 In duty's calling day by day,
 They by their labour are renewing,
 Health for mortals made of clay.

Such as these the busy workers,
 Like the bees fresh from the hive,
 Who among the flowers are searchers,
 Or like a horse that man may drive,

That ne'er wants a spur to haste him,
 Because without he freely goes,
 Then at night you safely rest him,
 Contented he may sleep, repose.

The peasantry in every land,
 The tradesmen in their station,
 Who are gifted with a cunning hand,
 Are great in every nation.

They each add to a nation's wealth,
 As year by year they are toiling ;
 And while they labour they get health,
 Though their brawny hands are soiling.

The dark night cometh after labour,
 Then the poor lie down to rest,
 Then Thy gracious care and favour
 Soothes the weary and distrest.

Ye great and rich ones of the earth,
 Pray aid them all you can ;
 God will bless your nobler birth
 When you help your fellow man.

Your wealth is lent, it is not given,
 For soon you pass away ;
 You cannot take it up to Heaven,
 As there its worthless clay.

But ye can use it while ye live,
 In doing good to all around,
 And He who doth these riches give
 Will note and set it down.

Ye helped the weary and distrest,
 And ye gave employment too ;
 When ye at last lie down to rest,
 A bright crown may be for you.

Daily Bread.

To labour for our daily bread, its what we have to do,
 Because it is Creation's law, and planned in Eden too :
 How can it be a curse to man?—its anything but this ;
 A pleasure it should be to all, none should take it amiss.

The early dawning of the day, the rising of the sun,
 A lesson it doth teach to man how he his course should run ;
 In Summer and in Winter time he daily goes his round,
 Like that should all the sons of men in duty's path be found.

Is it a curse to see the works of Him who hath no end ?
 And all His gracious providence daily to comprehend ?
 To know why this or that was made, and what their uses are,
 And how they aid the sons of men, transcends his wisdom far.

Yet, seeing these, I pause—I think of Him who lives on high,
 Of all the vastness of His might, which doth our wants supply;
 From the earth we have a boundless store, if we but labour true,
 With head or hands it is the same, and hath man's good in view.

Man, blest with reason to protect him, above the lower orders;
 Made by His righteous laws to live in peace within our borders:
 Let him go his daily round, like the glorious sun so bright,
 Or like the moon's more gentle ray, which lightens up the night.

And then, beyond the swelling flood, when this frail life is o'er,
 He may lie down in peace at last, and rest for evermore;
 None will toil in that bright home, none will have a frown,
 Only the righteous, upon earth, at last shall wear a crown.

Effects of Anger.

It preys on the mind, it lurks in the breast,
 The sight of the object hate and detest;
 We thirst for revenge, and think it is sweet,
 But, calmly considered, 'tis nought but deceit.

The poison of reptiles, the venomous asp,
 The bite of the serpent, or sting of the wasp,
 Are not more malignant when passions contend,
 When anger is kindled who knows where 'twill end.

Let all, then, be cautious on the beginning of strife—
 How many in anger have taken away life;
 With shame or remorse they make their exit,
 Oft despised on earth, for Heaven unfit.

May each of us strive our passions to quell,
 In our cots and our homes may peace ever dwell;
 It is the sunshine of life, and a happier spot
 Than the mansions of princes where peace it is not.

Workmen and Employers.

To the ploughman whose lot is to toil
 On the ground from the cradle and birth,
 As ye plough and turn up the soil,
 Never build fairy castles on earth.

From the ground much pleasure may spring,
 There ye may get happiness true,
 With the lark up above on the wing,
 He is teaching a lesson to you,

To be cheerful at what is thy lot,
 For riches they only bring care ;
 Though ye dwell in a humble cot,
 You may earn bread enough and to spare.

When it is won by a willing hand,
 That bread and that labour is sweet ;
 Ye are not like those that govern the land,
 When ye go home to thy cottage neat.

For they often have labour and care,
 Which the poor in the cottage don't know ;
 And if they have bread and to spare,
 Its often mixed with sorrow and woe.

If they do not toil with the hand,
 They often work hard with the head ;
 They may live in a house that is grand,
 But restless may lie on their bed.

Ye that work at forge, loom, or plough,
 Do not envy the rich and the great ;
 For their toil it is mixed, somehow,
 In the Parliament House and debate.

They have the laws to alter and make,
 They are serving the country at large ;
 Their name and renown is at stake,
 If they do not their duty discharge.

For the good and the welfare of all,
 They are serving the nation at night ;
 When the curtains of darkness do fall,
 And the peasant is sleeping outright.

The employers of labour I have known,
 For I have seen it at times myself,
 When their trade it is much overgrown—
 They sleep not so sound with their wealth

As those who have work to fulfil,
 For he has to sell and to buy ;
 They may turn out goods by their skill,
 But the workman can sleep as they lie.

Its the same with the farmer as well,
 For uncertain his crops may be ;
 And at times he can scarcely sell
 At a profit to pay him and thee.

For, somehow, the markets are dull,
 No sales at home or abroad ;
 Then the barn or warehouse gets full,
 Like a miser he is forced to hoard,

Till the stocks in his hands they are great,
 He don't wish to turn workmen away ;
 He is writing both early and late,
 Gets weary by night and by day.

At length the new orders come in,
 This gives him a little relief,
 For it eases his cares within,
 Though it may only be short and brief.

Ye workers in labour's hive,
 Thy employers get riches with care ;
 With hard brawny hands ye may strive,
 To get food and the clothes that ye wear.

And if ye have families great,
 It may be a struggle indeed ;
 But trust in that Providence fate,
 Who will give in thy hour of need.

All ye want for them and their back ,
 He will feed them and clothe them as well ;
 Be quick then to trust and not slack,
 For He knows all thy wants and can tell.

Do not envy the rich or his wealth,
 For it is not all labour in vain,
 When he injures his mind and his health
 That the workers may labour obtain.

But think of him always for good,
 For he is anxious and restless for you ;
 It should be thought of and well understood,
 That your good he has always in view.

Don't say that its all for himself,
 That he is striving to add to his store ;
 Without rich men spending their wealth,
 The nation would ever be poor.

For he fills the big ships that we see,
 And sends them to every shore,
 By rail, and by land or by sea,
 I scarcely need tell you more.

But he brings back in return a supply,
 The materials each country produce ;
 If the workers see this they will try
 And find for his short comings excuse.

And it is worked up again by the hand,
 And scattered through every home ;
 These are facts which none can withstand,
 But it is scarcely thought of by some.

Away then with thy doubts and thy fears,
 Which at times may dwell in thy brain ;
 For the merchant to me it appears,
 When he sends his goods over the main,

That he is not so much for himself,
 As many a workman may say ;
 If he hoarded and shut up his wealth,
 They would neither have work nor pay.

To dwell in a house that is fine,
 Or to take an occasional ride ;
 Many a heart that gets both may repine,
 Be overwhelmed with much study beside.

He that labours with hands that can turn
 Out goods by his labour and skill,
 Hath much pleasure besides the return
 Which may help his pockets to fill.

To have a garden and see it produce
 Things good for the pot or the eye,
 Is far better than if turned to no use,
 Or if barren and wasteless lie.

Its just so with the labour of men,
 Work while it is called to-day ;
 Then pleasure will flow from it then,
 Never waste precious time away.

For the cares and the toiling of life,
 As they come while on earth we do stay,
 They are mixed with sorrow and strife,
 But to all in a different way.

Then ploughmen and workmen agree
 To each do the best that you can ;
 If you think this well over you will see
 You have less care as a working man.

Cares of Life.

Man, he toileth, man, he careth,
 For man must be by labour fed ;
 He many heavy burdens beareth,
 That he may earn his daily bread.

And there is sweetness in that labour,
 From which our daily comforts flow ;
 To learn to work it is a favour,
 Which employers can bestow.

They can find for man employment,
 That daily bread it may be won ;
 And then how sweet is their enjoyment,
 For all the kindness they have done.

Who can purchase like the wealthy,
 Who owns the land the poor can till ?
 And man can toil while he is healthy,
 If he has the strength and will.

Comforts flow not to the idle,
 Sweetest bread is mixed with care ;
 Teach us, while we live, to bridle
 And curb the murmurings of despair.

Never should we be repining,
 For labour is our lot on earth ;
 While the sun is light and shining,
 Man should toil for labour's worth.

Industry our wealth advances,
 Besides, it will our pockets fill ;
 And there are many other chances,
 Its foolish to be idle—still.

In duty's path we should be steering
 Our little bark upon life's sea :
 Children learn by seeing, hearing,
 To follow in the path they see.

Till our days on earth are ended,
 We should trust Thee day by day ;
 By Thy providence defended,
 Thou wilt guide us in the way,

Till we in the ground are sleeping,
 In the grave, that narrow cell ;
 Take us in Thy care and keeping
 When we shall bid our friends farewell.

Then beyond, in brighter legions,
 Where the weary are at rest,
 May we join the heavenly regions,
 Among the ransomed and the blest.

The Contented Old Maid.

I once had lovers more or less,
 I named them all a legion,
 But now they are vanished, I confess,
 Gone to some other region.

You need not think I them regret,
 Or the winning ways they try ;
 I am content and never fret,
 An happy old maid am I.

My life it is a pleasant one,
 No husband calls me dear
 Before a full company is gone—
 A brute when none is near.

He does not growl at any bills
 That I may have to pay ;
 For silks or dresses, doctor's bills,
 Or things had either way.

He never sits near me to look,
 Wishes my eyes were blue ;
 And if I have been long forsook,
 To myself I am now true.

I know I am now a woman free,
 I have no man to please ;
 And whenever I cross husbands see,
 I am thankful for my ease.

I have my cat, Tabby and I
 Ne'er speak a word that's cross ;
 Our humble life we both enjoy,
 And I am contented in my loss.

We sit for hours, early and late,
 By ourselves we are not afraid ;
 Old Tabby's happy by the grate,
 And so is the old maid.

Forgiving and Forgetting.

O could we pass our earthly lot
 Free from much care and fretting,
 Then many a wrong might be forgot,
 As wrongs we should be forgetting.

If injuries in many a way
 Have much disturbed us here,
 The wisest thing that I can say
 Is, forget that they appear.

Why should we err from day to day,
 Or over insults mourn ?
 Long in this world we cannot stay—
 Why should our anger burn ?

Happy the man who can control,
 And all his care forget ;
 The blest experience of a soul
 Should be like friends just met—

They hide what failings they may have,
 And each other's faults forgiving,
 And every benefit He gave,
 They remember while they're living.

And all that's vile they strive to hide
 As long as their time shall last ;
 Forgive, forget, in love abide,
 Till this frail life is past.

To give a help in time of need,
 Always at kindness aiming,
 That's how we can be friends indeed,
 Instead of always blaming.

Oh, could our days be spent like this—
 Free from hard words or railings ;
 That only is the way to bliss,
 To forgive each other's failings.

**On seeing a Picture of Prince Humbert and the
 Princess Margretta of Italy.**

Is there a frown upon thy brow ?—
 Ye seem so full of care ;
 No sparkle in thine eye just now ;
 A smile it is not there.

Ye are drest as ladies often do,
 And curly is thy hair ;
 Careworn ye seem—can this be true
 In one so young and fair ?

Yet ye someday shall be a queen
 In fair Italian clime ;
 That noble name that long hath been,
 In the ancient Romans' time.

The first of nations once they were :
 May they be renewed again,
 With patriot sons and lovely fair,
 Noble in deeds of men.

They led the nations far and near,
 And mighty was thy name ;
 In ancient days the Pioneer—
 May ye be again the same !

Thy sons were brave, thy daughters true,
 By them renown ye won ;
 Conquered in mighty battles, too,
 Ere the Christian time begun.

Though ye at times have been opprest,
 Wear again the laurel bough,
 As when thy noblest sons and best
 Led thy armies from the plough.

Renew thy youth like eagles strong,
 No braver sons could be ;
 To a noble race ye both belong—
 Days shall come when ye'll be free.

The Birth of a Prince of Savoy.*

I have heard the news, and it is good,
 Ye have now a prince of royal blood,
 The firstborn of a noble sire—
 Ye may dress him now in rich attire.

* Son of the Princess Margretta of Italy, born November 11th, 1869.

Somehow, unto me that kingly name,
 Of Italy's king a grandson came :
 He has now another bond to tie
 To the ancient name of Prince Savoy.

It seems to me but yesterday
 Thy parents both came in my way,
 In a picture both were sitting there :
 I little thought so soon they'd have an heir.

Added to Prince Humbert and Margaret,
 May he cause thee joy, and ne'er regret :
 I feel an interest in that land,
 Where poets lived and warriors grand.

Italia's sons were first to show
 What other countries ought to know ;
 Old England, too, she owes thee much
 In her roads and walks of ancient touch.

They were first to spread the Christian creed,
 That faith which all stand much in need ;
 And though Rome's armies came to fight,
 They spread with it the Gospel light.

Thy soldiers, too, at many a camp,
 Shone like a bright, new-trimmed lamp ;
 They turned the savage to the man ;
 British lands were ploughed, and they began

To rule by order, as at home—
 The civil power it governed Rome :
 May this prince again behold the day
 When Rome shall be their own to sway,

And govern as they've done before,
 Two thousand years ago and more ;
 Thy country, we pray that it may be
 Governed by thy father or by thee.

Old England's sons they wish you there ;
 Rome shall be thine, so ne'er despair ;
 Let kings and prelates understand,
 Ye will govern yet thy fatherland.

The Country Trip.

I have just had my little journey,
 As my life it is spent in a town ;
 How I get honest bread don't concern thee,
 But its by marching up street and down.
 By using my eyes day and night,
 And keeping a sharp look out ;
 In darkness which follows the light,
 I am supposed to see burglars about.
 I prize my country trip to the cot,
 Down the lane by the woodland nook,
 Near green fields and large garden plot,
 Not far from the bright silver brook.
 They tell me of those early days,
 That I in my childhood had,
 Before I knew life's sterner ways,
 When I was quite a young lad.
 Oh, early scenes of my youth !
 With pleasure I view thee again ;
 I pass by thee and learn the sad truth—
 Great changes have happened since then.
 Old Time, as he hastens away,
 He puts his impress on us all ;
 The young in their turn shall get grey,
 And all in their turn must soon fall.
 I can see now the old church still,
 Where times I have been before ;
 I pause when it doth not fill
 By those that come in at the door.
 Oh, why is God's house forsaken
 On that sacred day and the best ?
 Those who are there scarce awaken,
 Prize badly that sweet day of rest.
 I gaze on the old church-yard,
 There's many a bank raised there,
 And stones are set there to regard
 The old, the young, and the fair.
 I see there my old father's grave,
 In youth he took me by the hand ;
 God, who reclaims what He gave,
 Has taken him to a far better land.
 Some of my old comrades are there,
 And many a one I did know ;

The toil on this earth and the care
 It wears them away, and they go.
 I look around on this ancient city,
 With its alleys, and lanes, or street ;
 My heart it is moved with pity
 When I think of this last retreat.
 Yet bright hope is beyond the grave ;
 When I think of the home on high,
 And of Him who is there to save
 All who willingly to Him fly,
 It is not all sorrow and grief
 That we see on this earth below,
 As all who have faith and belief
 May pleasure and bliss ever know.
 I turn away from this spot,
 With all the thoughts it doth bring :
 How very soon friends are forgot !—
 I haste off like a bird on the wing.
 As I am now in my native village,
 I can fancy myself when a boy ;
 The ground was my hope and its tillage,
 On its produce we all must rely.
 I little thought of the world—its cutting—
 In every station there is strife,
 From the peer to the peasant, while footing
 My journey through an anxious life.
 In my old native village no more
 Is heard the mail coach or the stage,
 When the stepping of horses four
 Passed through, taking those who engage.
 I can fancy the sound of the horn,
 As the guard he gave us a tune ;
 Twelve years I had then been born,
 In the beautiful month of June.
 Farewell to the days that are fled !
 Adieu to the old Royal Mail !
 With its fat guard dressed in red—
 We have now got an iron rail.
 Progress is what we all mean,
 As old Time he hastens away ;
 For the railway whistle and steam
 Hath silenced the guard's horn and its play.
 I praise up the old Royal Mail,
 A good few must have rode in a year ;
 Forward is the news that we hail,
 By the telegraph soon it is here.

Since we've had the new penny post,
 And now we have a cheap press,
 The franchise enlarged we can boast,
 England's prospering never the less.
 Her sons and her daughters they grow,
 And I see them more decently clad,
 Better shoes on their feet as they go,
 Than in days when I was a lad.
 Some of my friends they are gone
 Far away to another sphere,
 Where I hope that the beautiful sun
 Shines on them and all they hold dear.
 In the woodlands of the New World,
 Or somewhere on Canada's shore,
 Some that I knew have been bold,
 And all of them sons of the poor.
 Ye brave-hearted men that have led
 The way to another bright land,
 That your wives and dear ones may be fed
 By God's providential hand.
 Some work out their humble sphere
 In the village in which they were born,
 But ye are the brave not to fear
 When from dear friends ye are torn.
 Others go with a brave heart and true,
 To dwell on Australia's plain ;
 My best wishes I give unto you,
 Though I never may see you again.
 Farewell to all my old friends,
 May God's providential care
 Watch o'er you and yours till He sends
 And takes you to a Land that is fair.
 But if ever there is a dear spot—
 And what I now say is a truth—
 Its that I may long dwell in a cot,
 Near scenes of the days of my youth.
 Then, should I get aged and grey,
 I shall bid a farewell to the town—
 To the place of my birth I'll away,
 As there I hope yet to lie down ;
 That I may rest in the old church-yard,
 When my journey is over and past,
 Where the friends I used to regard
 Are sleeping both long and fast.

Monuments in Westminster Abbey.

The sculptured stones in Westminster.
 Record many a mighty name,
 Statesmen, divines, and men of war,
 Like heroes for their fame.

And poets too, of humble birth,
 In thy stately walls enshrined ;
 Kings and princes for their worth,
 Have left a name behind.

And there they stand in marble stone
 For England's sons to view ;
 And though the flesh decays and bone,
 The sculpture seems but new.

That men for ages yet to come,
 May try and earn an honoured name,
 That when they get to their last home,
 They may shine like these for fame.

I was but once within thy walls,
 That hath been years from now,
 Else would I write of shrouds and palls ;
 To King Death we all must bow.

If I should go in there again,
 I may arrange, in bold review,
 The names of England's noted men,
 And what, in life, each did pursue.

The honoured names in Westminster
 May ye for ages stand,
 That youth and age may long refer
 To the true in Briton's land.

Divorces.

What is the cause of sorrow's tear ?
 Though woman's tender hearted ;
 I am always sorry when I hear

Of broken vows and couples parted.
 I am going to tell you what I know
 Of divorces and their causes ;
 The stream of true love doth not flow,
 Without some stops and pauses.
 There's hundreds join in Hymen's bands,
 Thoughtless tie the knot for life ;
 The right way is to understand
 How man should choose a wife ;
 The rich they choose, I don't know why,
 They should so foolish be,
 Or why the knot they wish to tie,
 With little prospect to agree.
 The mansions and the acres broad,
 Which ladies own or heir,
 Can never bind love's strongest cord,
 If hearts are not joined there :
 I don't mean to say its always so,
 Among any of the classes,
 But still there's lots a wooing go,
 Where wealth it goes in masses.
 But yet I safely can affirm,
 Or Hymen's altar rather,
 Old Cupid does not always spurn
 When the rich are joined together.
 He has lost some of his pedigree,
 Since first a god they made him,
 Or sometimes he asleep must be,
 Where Somnus he hath laid him.
 With pockets full, where is the love ?
 It sometimes hath been deceit ;
 True couples should be like the dove
 When they together greet ;
 For love should be a kindred fire,
 It ought to be worth keeping ;
 But when they wed for gold desire,
 It may turn to sorrow weeping,
 For golden ore it tempts them so.
 It is sad to love no better,
 Where in pure streams it doth flow,
 It binds them like a fetter.
 There's likely soon to be a change,
 And couples need not falter ;
 Ladies need not their wealth exchange,
 When vowing at the altar.
 She can hold her property the same,

The law step in to save her,
 So neither sides will be to blame,
 If they hesitate and waver.
 Ye sordid souls, ye woo in vain,
 For lands and paltry riches ;
 If that is how ye wealth obtain,
 Then wives should wear the breeches.
 For quaker lovers like that talk,
 Though plain may be their clothing,
 Pity they should with ladies walk,
 Such love should turn to loathing.
 But the world is turning upside down,
 As they worship gold and mammon ;
 No wonder Cupid wears a frown
 When love is turned to gammon ;
 He must lose his place among the gods,
 He must take some other station,
 As every day its seen by odds
 That riches rule the nation.
 They may paint him a full grown man,
 With grizzly beard and grey,
 Parents contrive the marriage plan,
 Where riches they have sway ;
 The lads and lasses they may join,
 Become man and wife united,
 For all the love is in the coin,
 When the poorer ones get slighted.
 No wonder daily that we hear
 Of what the courts are doing ;
 As damages are nought, I fear,
 But the end of money wooing.
 Had they been wise to choose aright,
 Not for trinkets or a name,
 Their happiness had known no blight,
 Fair would have been their fame.
 But now they make the world astir,
 And set all the people laughing ;
 Where true love binds, there's few would err,
 Silent would be their chaffing.
 What I would say, it comes to this,
 When ye give the clerk the banns,
 If true love is there, nought comes amiss,
 Ye may join with heart and hands.
 True lovers know no weight of gold,
 They are bound with fetters stronger ;
 The love that doth entwine, enfold,

Through life will last the longer ;
 For thousands pine away and die,
 Who erred at the beginning ;
 As soon as ever riches fly,
 There's an end to quaker winning.
 And now I have told you all I need,
 About marriage and divorces ;
 If here and there young ones take heed,
 The rest must take their courses.
 Equals in rank should always join
 Whate'er their class may be ;
 Then man and wife need not repine,
 Or wish from wedlock to be free ;
 But may go along, in sweet content,
 Through life without a frown,
 For that is how the tie was meant,
 Till old age shall wear them down.
 If parents and guardians see aright,
 They will tell each youthful heart—
 Let true love at the altar plight,
 And then they need not part.

The Man in Blue.

If I have a friend on earth that's true,
 He mostly wears a coat of blue ;
 A broad and stalwart man is he,
 As any on the road you see.

I knew him when he was but young,
 How steadily he went along ;
 Now he's a jovial man and true,
 A dear old friend though dressed in blue.

I remember when he shewed me how
 He cracked his whip beside the plough,
 And horses did as they were told,
 Although the reins he did not hold.

He had learnt beside, and this I know,
 To make the streaming milk to flow,
 For then a farmer's lad was he,
 And sang at times with merry glee.

He was cheerful, and did not complain,
 For his labour then was not in vain ;
 And when he pitched the sheaves of wheat,
 He knew it would make bread to eat.

But soon a thought came o'er his mind
 He would some other labour find ;
 To his horses then he bade adieu,
 For he longed to wear a coat of blue.

The squire he signed his name, and wrote,
 Just for his use, a little note,
 And soon his mind obtained release,
 He was chosen for a town police.

In Winter's cold, in Summer's sun,
 We to the village school have run ;
 I little thought my friend so true
 Would ever wear a coat of blue.

In those young days he could be seen
 Dressed in a suit of red and green ;
 A stern Scotchman was his master then,
 Taught him to read and use a pen.

More than twenty years have passed away ;
 He has served his country night and day ;
 And attentive is to duty's call,
 When dews of night do gently fall.

True to his post he may be found ;
 When brick bats fell, he stood his ground ;
 And many a burglar knew him too,
 And tries to shun the man in blue.

He wears a badge upon his breast,
 As true as many a rich man's crest ;
 For deeds of daring may be done
 In civil ranks without a gun.

For those who guard the town and keep,
 While peaceful citizens they sleep,
 Deserve our thanks and praises too,
 When thieves they catch or do pursue.

In midnight hour, in open day,
 He takes his rounds and does not stay ;
 Takes note of all he sees and hears ;
 With peaceful folks don't interfere.

He will trace a rogue for many a mile,
 Though to friends he gives a nod or smile ;
 And nothing pleases him much more
 Than to keep a watch o'er rich men's door.

The man in blue my fancy takes,
 Because he order keeps and makes ;
 Rude boys at play he will disperse,
 And catch the thief that steals a purse.

In many a crowded thoroughfare,
 You may often see my old friend there,
 When drunkards quarrel, rave and fight,
 He will shut them safely up at night.

When horses stand in streets or fair,
 With none to watch or mind them there,
 Very soon the owners of them too,
 They have to pay through men in blue.

I have seen them stand at many a door,
 While people in and out did pour ;
 And guarding fairly every class,
 Directing when and where to pass.

That is my friend, he may be seen
 Working for his country, queen ;
 With stern civility, but true,
 I respect him now that man in blue.

Christmas.

Christmas is called a joyous time,
 For then the merry song or rhyme
 Is sung at eventide ;
 Then many a friend together greet,
 While others play the music sweet,
 And all is joy beside.

Then children seek the parents' roof ;
 Thus shewing by their ways, good proof,
 The old home to them is dear ;
 Then old acquaintance they renew
 Their friendship, and seem happy too,
 Amidst the Christmas cheer.

The merry tale and holly bough,
 Each have their twin attractions now,
 For soon it comes to this :
 That where the bough is seen to view,
 There lads and lasses eye them too,
 To steal the longed-for kiss.

Then roasted beef and turkey king
 Before the fire with jack or swing—
 All for a feast prepare ;
 The pudding comes out of the pot,
 All have it smoking, reeking hot,
 There's enough, and some to spare.

But when the merry time is o'er,
 And men get thoughtful as before,
 There are other things to try :
 There's paying all the tradesmen's bills,
 The doctor for his draughts and pills,
 Who mostly charges high.

This is now a busy time indeed,
 The merchants, tradesmen, all take heed
 To see how their accounts appear ;
 Take stock of what's been bought or sold,
 Reckon up the silver and the gold,
 Before they start another year.

And so old Time he strides along
 Till the aged give place to the young,
 Good fortunes some acquire ;
 Those who have been successful know
 In a few more years they too must go,
 So wisely they retire.

Thus ends the moral of my tale,
 Though freely flows good cheer and ale,
 Old Christmas it is true
 He tells at the closing of the year,
 With all its merriment and cheer,
 To pay to all their due.

My Native Country.

If I have not a stake in the land,
 Cannot boast of a tree or a stone,
 Only very small things at command,
 Or what I can call as my own,
 Is my country nothing to me,
 Because I own not a sod?
 They call it the land of the free,
 Where I from my childhood have trod.
 I know there are thousands beside,
 Who own not an acre or rood,
 For their home in which they abide
 Can scarce purchase clothes, fuel, and food.
 For their lot it is to be poor,
 And at times it is hard to be fed,
 For whenever they would buy more,
 Then dear is both meat and bread.
 Yet dear is my country to me,
 I prize it as the land of my birth;
 I would not exchange it to be
 One of the wealthiest men on the earth.
 Others may go to a foreign clime,
 And earn them a name out there,
 But the land of my birth shall be mine,
 If in it I have no bread to spare.
 I can work on the land, on the soil,
 And daily my duties fulfil,
 For I am willing to labour and toil,
 And care not to be idle and still.
 When the ground it gets covered with flowers,
 They make me both joyful and glad:
 How soon fly the days and the hours,
 For I am never cast down nor feel sad.
 And the leaves and the flowers in the Spring,
 With their fragrance and precious perfume,
 Glad thoughts and pleasure they bring,
 With the fruits which we gladly consume.
 For I know that after a cloud
 The sun it will brighten again;
 Here I hope to lie down in a shroud—
 I have no higher wish to obtain.
 Around me, people owning much wealth,
 They often pass by to and fro;
 I am contented with little and health,

For riches bring care and they go.
 My country its a fruitful land,
 It grows plenty of corn and grain ;
 And cattle lie down or they stand,
 Or graze on the hill or the plain.
 Here the sheep and the cattle they feed
 In pastures both green and fair,
 And the cow for thy use and thy need,
 Gives plenty of milk and to spare.
 Here abundance of honey is found ;
 From the sweets of the flowers and the trees,
 It is sought for, and collected around,
 By those busy workers, the bees.
 I cannot call it the land of the vine,
 But it flows with its honey and milk ;
 With fair roses and sweet eglantine,
 Though it is not the land of the silk.
 Here birds, with their pretty, wild note,
 They whistle their song in mine ear ;
 On the thrush and the lark I do dote,
 As they sing at the Spring of the year.
 And other wild birds with their song,
 They cheer me on my journey and way,
 For praises to birds may belong,
 When they're singing by night or by day.
 The swallows that come at their time,
 And their sight it pleases me well,
 They can build, in this country of mine,
 Their nests, and peacefully dwell.
 The lambs, with their frolicsome glee,
 As they chase up and down the green hill,
 They teach a lesson to all that can see,
 That they cheerful their lot should fulfil.
 The children in lane or in street,
 With their playmates rejoicing are found ;
 I like to see the first start with their feet,
 The first time that they walk on the ground.
 Here children can learn in their youth
 Of their God and Creator on high,
 From the Bible, that word of God's truth,
 How on earth they should live till they die.
 For in schools they are taught with care
 How they may win them a name of renown,
 From the master or good books that are there,
 In the village, or hamlet, and town.
 Its a precious dear land unto me,

No wild beasts with their venomous ire,
 No serpents, tigers, lions, to run free—
 This makes me my country admire.
 Here is a home for both sexes when old,
 When the struggles of life they are past ;
 And if there's no mines of silver and gold,
 There is rest for the weary at last.
 Her institutions are pillars of wealth
 For the sick, and the aged, and lame ;
 Her hospitals, her asylums for health,
 They are open for such as complain.
 Above all, its the land of the brave ;
 Her constitution is dear unto me ;
 I can lie down in peace and not crave
 Other lands more sunny to see.
 It may have its heat and its cold,
 Stern Winter and hot Summer sun,
 Other lands have the same, I am told,
 For the sun hath his course to run.
 Her trees for the cattle give shade,
 As well as protection at night ;
 When the leaves they all wither and fade,
 Some are cut for man's use and delight.
 Her mountains, her hills, and her vale,
 Afford us some scenery grand ;
 Her rivers and brooks tell a tale,
 As they ripple and flow through the land.
 They are fed by the showers that come,
 The rain makes the land fertile again,
 When happiness flows in each home—
 Who then shall have cause to complain ?
 Her cities and towns are a sight,
 Her commerce by land or by sea,
 Her railways surprise with delight,
 And her people are happy and free.
 She is ruled by our sovereign, the queen,
 And her Commons and Lords they advise,
 None that reigned before her have been
 Half so gentle or prudently wise.
 For she lives in the hearts of us all ;
 She is prized for her womanly worth ;
 And her subjects would go at her call—
 There is no better queen on the earth.
 For peace is the rule of her life,
 And long may her people combine
 To protect her, should troubles be rife

On her lands where the sun ever shines.
 Then long may she live and have health,
 And all her heart wishes obtain,
 With her people progressing in wealth,
 Till old age shall alone end her reign.
 Her soldiers and sailors protect
 Her dominions by land or by sea,
 For none would their duty neglect
 That belong to the land of the free.
 Her police, with their uniform blue,
 Should the seeds of treason be sown,
 They would check it—for loyal and true
 Are they to the queen and the throne.
 Her gentry, when not at the court,
 They hunt, they shoot, or they ride ;
 And some to the sea-shore resort,
 Or they fish by the water-side.
 And often long nights of debate,
 For the welfare of rich and of poor,
 They work hard with the head for the state—
 Bill after bill till the sessions are o'er.
 More fatiguing than the hands that do toil,
 Is the work of the commons and peer ;
 I would rather work hard on the soil ;
 They deserve our best thanks and a cheer.
 For amusement the people they go
 To the lecture, the library, town hall ;
 For knowledge and wisdom, you know,
 Is oft got where the curtains fall.
 They represent life on the stage,
 Its good parts or its villainies then ;
 True lessons they teach like a sage,
 To youth, middle age, or old men.
 This is good for my country's weal,
 As virtue and vice they compare ;
 Down the cheeks the big tears will steal
 From the eyes of those that go there.
 Her writers and literary men
 Keep the country supplied with the news ;
 For daily with ink or with pen
 They silently direct with their views.
 That men may take warning in time,
 By the failings in others they see,
 They send tidings of every clime,
 For all classes in the land of the free.
 Her merchants and traders they feed

The people by labour and skill,
 They would help in her hour of need
 With a loyal and true-hearted will.
 Her farmers, that handle the plough,
 That sow the fields over with grain,
 They are hearty and true somehow,
 For they labour, and it is not in vain.
 Her workmen in every class,
 On the land, at the forge, or the loom,
 They seldom get wealth to amass,
 They are poor in their cot or their room.
 Kept here is the Sabbath of rest,
 'Tis observed with reverence still,
 Where worshippers faithful are blest,
 If life's end they strive to fulfil.
 I can hear the church bells as they chime,
 Inviting the people to come,
 To learn while there yet is time
 The road to a brighter home.
 Her chapels, her churches with spire,
 That point to a Heaven above,
 The brightest of hopes they inspire,
 And her pastors preach 'God is love;'
 How the Saviour a ransom has paid
 For all who have faith and believe—
 The scheme of Redemption is laid,
 That sinners a crown may receive.
 When the toil of this earth it is o'er—
 But they must be faithful and true—
 Then they may rejoice evermore
 In praises and songs ever new.
 In that country above ever bright,
 Where angels and saints ever dwell,
 Where faith it is lost in the sight,
 When from earth they have bidden farewell.
 What a beautiful country is this!
 The home of my childhood and years,
 As it leads to that home of bliss,
 Where dried is all sorrow and tears.
 When long ages have rolled away,
 For eternity never shall end,
 We shall shine more brightly than day,
 When redeemed by the sinner's Friend.
 This, then, is the land of my birth,
 Old England the brave and the true;
 I sigh for no other land upon earth,

If they have silver and gold in them too.
 Here I hope to lie down at the last,
 Where my ancestors sleep in the ground ;
 And when life's journey is ended and past,
 May we in Heaven rejoicing be found.

The Time for Rhyming.

I have oft been asked how I have time,
 For thinking or for writing,
 And how I make those bits of rhyme,
 I sometimes am inditing.

I write when people are in bed,
 When they are sleepy, yawning,
 Or when the spirit hath me led,
 Before the day is dawning.

When darkness all around pervade,
 And the twilight is returning ;
 I often write by peep of day,
 With a lighted taper burning.

I sometimes get me out of bed
 Without a light or candle,
 And though I do not write for bread,
 I find the pen to handle.

Then like a vapour in my mind,
 The spirit through me flashes ;
 When down is drawn the window blind,
 No light seen through the sashes.

Or sometimes on a quiet day,
 May be on the Sabbath morning,
 When vigils they have past away,
 The lines I then am forming.

May be it is a brighter hour,
 When the sun is hot and shining,
 When bees they fly from flower to flower,
 I see things for my rhyming.

Or it may be later in the noon,
 Between the hours of prayer,
 I write a verse or two, and soon,
 For my paper it is there.

And thus my writing it is done,
 It comes when I'm not thinking ;
 When down is going fast the sun,
 Or into the West is sinking.

Or when the village bells for prayer
 Have called people by their chiming ;
 After I come back from there,
 When the day is near declining.

I never puzzle o'er my brain,
 Nor am thinking of dull sorrow ;
 But at night I lay me down again,
 And hope for a bright to-morrow.

And now I've answered those who ask,
 When in sorrow some are weeping ;
 At night or morn, at day or dawn,
 I write when some are sleeping.

A Letter by Post.

I had a letter from my sister—
 She wishes she was wed ;
 Somehow, old Hymen's miss'd her,
 That's nearly what she said.

I feel for her rather sorry,
 When I hear her thus complain ;
 But if she's not in a hurry,
 She may get all right again.

She says she's more than thirty,
 I know she's thirty-five ;
 And I never knew her flirty
 With any man alive.

She is shy, but rather winning,
 And if she had stores of wealth,
 I say this without simming,
 She'd not been on the shelf.

But yet my little sister R,
 Ye miss a deal of care ;
 On the old maids' list ye are,
 And ye may be happy there.

There's many a maiden lady,
 That does a deal of good ;
 And if they never nurse a baby,
 They ne'er wear a widow's hood.

There's hundreds of the married
 Have an aching heart and sad,
 And if they had long tarried,
 Sure enough they would be glad.

Some husbands they are sour,
 And very hard to please ;
 Children squalling every hour,
 There's scarce a moment's ease.

So I think, my little sister,
 She may be contented still ;
 Because old Hymen's miss'd her
 Though its not her wish and will.

In a few more years she may
 Meet with some kindred heart,
 One to whom she might say
 It is very hard to part.

Then they may be united,
 And to marry not afraid,
 But trust one who hath plighted
 His troth to an old maid.

The Poor Old Horse.

The poor old horse, ye long have ploughed him,
 While the strength was in his reins,
 Soon he'll want a rug to shroud him,
 Tight no longer pull the veins.

Have mercy upon the poor and aged,
 He has worked hard for many a day ;
 Spare the whip, be not enraged,
 He has done his best, have mercy, pray.

He drew the plough for many a year,
 Now his time hath come for rest ;
 In the market cart, while passing near,
 Hear his groanings, he's distrest.

For many a year his master rode him,
 He was on his back both day and night ;
 Now, at least, he should afford him
 In his last days some labour light.

He hath carried him in many a canter,
 When the hounds were passing by ;
 He never wanted then to saunter,
 O'er hedge and fence he would not shy.

He has heard the sound of "Tally Ho!"
 When sly reynard left the wood,
 He showed you then how he could go,
 When many said the sport was good.

Turn him in the field and feed him,
 His few short days with kindness then ;
 Ye never more should use or need him,
 Never mount on him again.

The poor old horse has done his best,
 His future days may be but few,
 Let him now lie down to rest,
 And then you are a master true.

Like him thy days may soon be ending,
 Spare him for his labour past ;
 And when ye too get old and bending,
 May ye lie down to rest at last.

Byron Controversy.

What shall I say to Mrs. Beecher Stowe,
 And of all that she has been telling ?
 How Byron flourished long ago,
 When with a woman dwelling.
 Maybe 'twas true, for woman's wrong
 It very seldom can be righted ;
 When marriage ties which should be strong,
 Are soon by a bridegroom slighted.
 But yet the tales we often hear,
 Of what one or the other's doing ;

Yet acts like these I often fear,
 Are wrong by others shewing.
 What I can see or what I read,
 About all the wrongs that follow,
 The nuptial knot which we should heed,
 If broken, it brings sorrow.
 And so I see in Byron's case,
 When man and wife get parted ;
 Its often words said in great haste,
 Which made them both hard-hearted.
 If tales are told by either side,
 Of one or the other's erring,
 The best of either groom or bride
 Is hid amidst the stirring ;
 I'd rather all were hushed to rest,
 And let it lie and slumber ;
 There's many brides get unredrest,
 Lady B. among the number.
 If man doth err, the best I can see,
 The wife should be forgiving,
 To hide a fault, what can it be
 But comfort to the living ?
 Had she but healed the wound at first,
 Before the tale got started
 Of his unkindness, at the worst,
 Neither had died broken-hearted ;
 She might have found, had she done so,
 Peace where she had sorrow ;
 To win the erring back, I know,
 Should have been tried on the morrow.
 After a storm of anger, love
 Should show itself in yielding ;
 To win back a man, be like a dove,
 And show the lover's feeling.
 Now they have left a tale behind
 Of wrongs that ne'er were righted
 Had lord and lady both been kind,
 When the nuptial knot was plighted,
 In sixty-nine we should not have heard
 The tale that's now repeated,
 And no one would have thought a word
 Of wrongs now deeply seated.
 Yet it may show in days to come,
 If woman will be winning,
 She must please her lord in house and home,
 Then he may not go sinning.

Market Day.

Market day it soon comes round,
 It is one day out of seven ;
 When butter's selling by the pound,
 Beasts are to market driven.

Roads seem alive with vans or cart,
 With their loaded traffic going ;
 While others they on horseback start,
 Or on railway steamers blowing.

And at these busy scenes of life,
 Or at many a market town ;
 Ye see fruits of labour's busy strife,
 In the merchandise around.

Every trade is represented there,
 For the seller and the buyer ;
 With eager looks or anxious care
 Each striving to get higher,

The trading classes with their goods
 Their merchandise are selling ;
 Farmers, they that grow the food,
 Each their own tale are telling.

They praise their goods or other ware,
 While they for an order press ;
 And all the time you linger there,
 They teaze you more or less.

In shops of clothing for the back,
 One says mine are the best ;
 If you want to buy, here is a stack,
 Then you may be finely dress'd.

If the shop is meant for shoes,
 What will you please to buy ?
 May be a lad will sell the news,
 Or at any rate he'll try.

Again I hear at left and right,
 The sales by auction going ;
 The people standing round a sight,
 For business must be doing.

The trinkets there, of brass or gold,
 For the maids or lady fair ;
 They on the market day are sold,
 The dealers cry their ware.

There's on the stall, laid out for view,
 Fresh fish out of the sea ;
 Roots and fruits and nic-nacs too ;
 More we need not want to see.

'Twas just the same at ancient Tyre,
 At their markets and their fair ;
 Busy men would sell for hire
 And take their produce there.

They had their sales of cattle, sheep,
 Though buyers find excuses,
 Send their things that would not keep,
 Thus markets have their uses.

But history leaves its mark behind,
 Though times are but repeating ;
 At every market day we find,
 All we want for use or eating.

And so mankind it passes on,
 Men buy for use or store :
 When their last market day is done,
 Then they may buy no more.

The Nun of Cracow.

Have you heard the news that's going round ?
 The tale it is quite thrilling,
 A poor nun she lately hath been found,
 She has been by inches killing.
 Placed there by nuns, the sisterhood
 They have acted much like furies ;
 Its time now it was understood,
 They should be tried by judge and juries,
 What is the cause ?—she had broken a vow ;

This poor nun was an inferior ;
 For woman's acts men will allow,
 But not so a nun's superior.
 Shut out from light, the orbs of day
 Could never on her shine ;
 She could spend her time to watch and pray,
 In a cell religion coin.
 Hard-hearted monks for twenty years
 They knew the poor nun's tale,
 And what of that?—her sighs and tears
 Could ne'er o'er them prevail.
 At length there was one old drunken chap
 Could hold his peace no longer,
 And in his cups, by some mishap,
 Maybe, the wine was stronger.
 He told the tale to a brother priest,
 To a man that was kind-hearted,
 Who in his zeal wrote off in haste,
 The letter soon was started.
 The civil power it soon stepped in,
 It might be on the morrow ;
 To search about they did begin,
 The heads were struck with horror.
 They searched about through thick and thin—
 Where could the woman dwell ?
 They knew Barbara Ubrick was within ;
 They found her in a cell.
 In filth and stench she was confined,
 She had nearly lost her reason ;
 She begged for food (poor womankind !)
 She got it in due season.
 They questioned her what was her crime—
 She had broken the virgin's vow :
 For twenty years, that was the time,
 She had been in there till now.
 Dejected, and her spirit broke,
 Ne'er seen the light of day,
 And no kind word to her was spoke,
 None had a word to say.
 The head nuns who helped her there to keep,
 To Cracow's shame and sorrow,
 For long time shall have little sleep
 Through this thrilling tale of horror.
 No mercy deal to such as those,
 But cast them into prison ;
 Religion doth such deeds oppose,

A new light has now arisen.
 Let rulers, those that make the laws,
 The time's come all must confess,
 Add to the words a saving clause,
 To help poor nuns in distress.
 Supervise them by the civil power,
 Let police search in them too ;
 Abbeys and convents from this hour,
 Should be open to public view.
 Then cruel tales we should not hear
 Of nuns being long oppressed ;
 Religion's cloak would not appear,
 In the cruel convents dressed.

Why I am not a Soldier.

In vain I hear the martial drum,
 The bugle sounding, which means 'come,'
 My life hath been serene ;
 I never for my country fought,
 Nor yet a prisoner have been caught,
 While fighting for the queen.

But if a foreign foe e'er knew,
 Or set his foot on Britain too,
 I am one of England's men
 That would have fought with sword and steel,
 Would have died a patriot on the field,
 Nor been a coward then.

But not for me the bright attire,
 The musket to shoulder and to fire,
 Had I any wish to try ;
 I would rather in some civil berth
 Spend the short time I have on earth,
 Nor will I this deny.

It ne'er was in Creation's plan,
 Who passed a curse upon the man
 That first his brother slew ;
 Spirits of fire there may be now,
 Who conquests want, and that is how
 They rage and fight anew.

Yet every time a soldier dies
 In fighting battles, they despise,
 They break their Maker's law ;
 Its only in our self-defence,
 That we should either fight or fence,
 In that I see no flaw.

If nations they would join and try
 What could be done by harmony,
 And battle's strife be o'er :
 Stay quickly those who will not cease
 To let their neighbours live in peace—
 We should hear of wars no more.

Then would life's end be carried out,
 They punish those that knock about
 The animal creation.
 Murderers we should despise,
 Its just and patriot in my eyes,
 To fight for home and nation.

I trust the day will yet arrive,
 When nations will not ready strive
 With all their force and skill ;
 But end disputes by ink and pen,
 In money's worth like honest men,
 And not by murder kill.

Nor follow in the ways of Cain,
 With brother's blood no longer stain
 The ground on which we live.
 Turn the sword to the ploughshare !
 Put up cannon's, rifles, and the spear !
 Thy brother's faults forgive !

Tobacco.

Ye who smoke the fragrant weed,
 Which grows in foreign lands from seed,
 When daily work is o'er,

The tobacco weed is brought from far ;
 Some praise the pipe, some the cigar,
 They only want a store.

If Sir Walter Raleigh had only thought it,
 How it would be used, he'd ne'er have brought it
 Some smoke and others chew ;
 From stripling youth to aged men
 With tobacco they seem happy then—
 They must act as others do.

The habit grows for men to puff ;
 Old women too they will take snuff ;
 For what good I ne'er can see,
 Unless the money both do pay—
 Two millions' worth by excise day—
 The country's debts to free.

Some say if ever it was meant
 For men to smoke, there would be a vent,
 A chimney on his head ;
 Or if snuff it was for women found,
 The nose it would be upside down,
 It might do instead of bread.

Herbs and plants they have their uses ;
 Man may turn them to abuses
 When they are by folly led ;
 Useful things why they were made,
 May be for taxes, traffic, trade,
 For man he must be fed.

The worst that I can see in smoking
 Its seldom done without a soaking
 With wine, or ale, or beer ;
 Yet in case of fever it is right,
 Physicians say, a pipe to light,
 If their patients you go near.

Tobacco plant it hath a hollow tube,
 It may be smoked by natives rude,
 This is dame Nature's plan :
 The tobacco smoke doth fumigate ;
 It is good for plants at any rate,
 It must be sent for man.

The Miser.

With haggard looks the miser passes by ;
 I almost ask why he doth look so sad :
 No open countenance, no cheerful eye—
 I nearly said the fellow must be mad.

But as I've now begun to write a verse,
 And what I say I tell it as a truth ;
 I speak a fact which others can rehearse,
 He has been a greedy miser from his youth.

For in his boyhood, at the merry play,
 Along with comrades playing very near,
 He would not part with ought or give away,
 Though pressed by boys or asked for with a tear.

The vice of getting, or the love of gold,
 How it destroys the love for one another ;
 In childhood's days, in youth, it will unfold,
 Should they withhold a good from friend or brother.

For children should be cheerful and agree ;
 Not selfish taught, that would bring them grief ;
 The generous soul is what we like to see ;
 When others plead, give them quick relief.

Then, like the good seed on the hill or plain,
 Which by the husbandman hath been sown there,
 The future crop will pay him back again,
 If he but waits all is his own to share.

And as ye sow in youth so shall ye reap,
 For teachings of the young are only this ;
 Then when the produce rises in a heap,
 The crop so good none will e'er take amiss.

And when in manhood charity begins,
 Which nurse or mother often may have taught ;
 For charity and love will blot out sins,
 It will hide a neighbour's or a brother's fault.

Not so the sordid miser ; he will act
 That all he gets he means to keep and hold ;
 The vice of getting doth the soul contract,
 When all his love is in his store of gold.

To hoard it up and count it o'er at night,
 His paltry gold which daily he can see ;
 His hands are shut to pleading, wrong or right—
 The purse is closed, none wretched will he see.

Beware! young man, and never tread that way,
 Let knowledge guide thee in thy life's career :
 Should thou get old, let people of thee say
 Ye helped the poor, ye dried the widow's tear.

For that will bring thee pleasure at the last,
 Whate'er thy station be—if it be high
 Now is thy hour, as time flies swift and fast,
 And sometimes riches make them wings and fly.

Begone those foolish thoughts and hopes, by which
 Thou trust to gain a name in thy short day ;
 Vain is the toiling to be wealthy, rich,
 For gold at death to thee is worthless clay.

Then onward go in purity and love ;
 Thy fellow man he needs some help from thee ;
 Earthly riches are sent from above,
 Part should be given to make sorrow flee

From many a heart that aches ; for human sorrow
 Its but a short-lived thing while here we stay ;
 The hand that gives can cheer us for the morrow,
 And make us brighter see on earth our way.

Hoard not thy wealth, no miser be thou here,
 But let thy light be seen where'er you go ;
 When kindness helps the wretched one to cheer,
 It soothes the soul that is cast down with woe.

Let not the god of this world bear thee down,
 For thou must leave it for an earthly bed ;
 The righteous here at last shall wear a crown,
 When all the toiling on this earth hath fled.

With haggard looks the miser passes by,
 He hoards his wealth, for little will he spend ;
 He counts it o'er, nor will he once supply
 The wants of the wretched till his life shall end.

Married Life.

To be married, to be tied for life,
 You may call it a national thing,
 But to have comfort unmixed with strife,
 Like waters clear, fresh from the spring.

It is a private, domestic affair,
 To live like a dog and a cat ;
 He that's wise will contrive to pair
 Where there is no occasion for that.

Not for mansions or lands would I choose,
 But one in my own station of life ;
 There would be no occasion for news
 How the man gets divorced from his wife.

Or the woman from man, its the same,
 Just as the case happens to be,
 For tarnished is one of their names
 When both of them wish to be free.

Then the hopes which brightened up first
 Are vanished for ever and gone ;
 But the case it is not at the worst—
 Its a great wrong to reflect upon.

Their children remember with tears
 They a father or mother have lost ;
 That love which should have lasted for years,
 They each now regret to their cost.

It all came from not starting aright,
 In ambition or in craving for wealth ;
 But soon it is lost to the sight,
 And destroys both the spirits and health.

If high dignity stoopeth below
 The station in which it was born,
 It often brings sorrow and woe
 Instead of sweet pleasure each morn.

Oh when will the young ever learn
 From the follies in others they see !
 Let them choose, when it comes to their turn,
 One from the station of life which they be.

To the tradesmen I say do the same,
 If their wealth is as much as a prince,
 For seldom much good ever came—
 I only want them to convince.

If they err in that way they are wrong,
 There may be upbraidings at times;
 The first slip may begin from the tongue,
 But as sure as the bells play chimes,

If they link with ancestral blood,
 They will resent it and take it to heart;
 To be tied in that way, what's the good
 If in the end they are forced to part?

When thy home should be blessed with the fair,
 One from your own station and ranks,
 What folly to be choosing out there,
 Where sorrow must pay for thy pranks!

Then go steadily along with content,
 Choose a wife from the daughters of men,
 To among thy own equals be bent,
 And you shall have happiness then.

Abstain from the tavern and cup,
 Which debases and hardens the man;
 But early in the morning rise up,
 You will find it an excellent plan.

And dwell with the wife of thy youth,
 Though humble thy cottage may be;
 Daily give to the world good proof,
 To see that ye always agree.

Then blessings may smile on you now,
 As ye turn up the earth and the sod;
 Never forget, as ye follow the plough,
 That thy Maker and Father is God.

The Conversation.

As the seasons go round, social parties do meet,
 As many do now for a Christmas fete;

Though not just now—Christmas it is very near,
 As it is only the second day of the new year.
 By just taking a walk, we did enter a room
 Where all looked gay, and where lights there did burn ;
 There the old and the young I could see at one view,
 They all looked gay and happy too.
 The room was made smart by judgment and taste,
 The walls were well filled, there was no room to waste,
 Made ancient by armour, which hung in review,
 There was a curious sword with a rattle to.
 An axe it hung there, which some called a battle,
 Deficient one said in weight and in metal ;
 But because I am no critic I don't care for to try
 How it will cut—as it is so we will pass it by.
 There were daggers and spears, besides an old shield,
 And a very old sword found at Naseby field ;
 It was very instructive, as a gentleman spoke
 On the arms of the Sikhs with their martial cloak—
 Trophies taken in war—and he did not forbear,
 But kindly offered the cloak for any lady to wear.
 To the right of these arms were hung in array
 Some cloaks made of skins, quite handsome and gay,
 Of wild cats I suppose, or some other name ;
 However, they from the Kafferland came.
 I may just now mention, at least I will state,
 There was a large pair of horns brought from the Cape ;
 I heard a remark concerning their mete,
 That, if they were measured, were more than five feet.
 Right over our heads, were hung up to view
 Some banners and flags, purple, white, red, and blue ;
 There was one there, I heard, to represent France,
 Another cold Russia, where bears they do dance ;
 There was one for poor Turkey, which causes no brag,
 And another was there called England's flag ;
 And long may it remain old England's pride,
 Unsullied, untarnished, in honour beside.
 At the end of the room, and in letters quite bright,
 Was as plain as could be, " God defend the right."
 A motto it was both noble and grand,
 And re-echoed by patriots throughout the land.
 Beneath these grand words some music was there,
 Which played by itself, when screwed up I could hear.
 Beside the piano, the lady's delight,
 Which pleases by day and cheers us at night.
 Then, turning from these, there were spread in review
 Some books that looked good, from the stationers new,

That strangers there present they might understand
 That improvement was meant for the youth of the land.
 Beside them, I am certain some pictures there lay,
 From Turkey they came, I think I heard say.
 Then, passing from these, at a table we stand,
 Here we are told not to touch—I suppose with the hand ;
 Here lay ancient relics of coin and of pot,
 There were some there from China, and some they were not ;
 There were slippers and sandals, that came from the East,
 And many other things I forget in my haste ;
 But I know there was shot, and some called it grape,
 And other odd gems that came from Otahaite.
 There was something from Russia, which was made of hair,
 Belonging to ladies I suppose that were there.
 Then, passing from these, though the stand it did join,
 We get to the table all covered with coin,
 And there we were told, in a very clear way,
 Of many a hero who had fought in his day.
 There were coins there belonging to Alexander the Great,
 Or were used in his day, for so they did state ;
 There were some there from Athens, some there were Greek,
 Besides there were others of which I can't speak ;
 Some Roman there were of famous design,
 And a very great lot of that ancient coin.
 There were Augustus Cæsar's and Caligula's too,
 Emperors both—I believe I speak true,
 And one of Vespasian, which had on in review
 A representation of a captive Jew.
 Beside all these Roman there were many more,
 There were some there from Turkey, Mahomet, and Moor,
 Which were plain on each side, and they had no trace
 Of anything but writing upon their surface.
 And several others which were later in date,
 But I cannot remember, so I will not relate.
 There were English coins of many a reign,
 And some of them good, but most of them plain.
 There were Indian coins, and the gold was so pure ;
 Much finer than ours he said he was sure.
 Now I have told you most all of the coins we did view ;
 We will pass further on, and say thanks for it too.
 There was a very fine lamp from Italy brought,
 If it had but been trimmed we could not have found fault.
 There was also a vase, and a very small urn
 To contain, friends, dead ashes, which the ancients did burn ;
 And also some earthenware, which had been found
 At Pompeii or Nineveh, right under the ground.

Likewise a small pistol or revolver was shown,
 And claimed some attention it did to be known :
 In showing it round, it went off with a crack ;
 Though not charged, it made some inclined to stand back.
 There were some other odd things, a spear-head or two,
 But most of them rusty or nearly worn through.
 Besides all I have said, hung in martial array
 A fine cavalry suit, looking splendid and gay ;
 With the carbine, and sword, and bayonet fixed,
 He shewed it all round, but I was afraid of his tricks ;
 For he wielded the sword as on a review—
 I was afraid of his cuts, so did not go close to.
 He showed us the cap, with the trimming so bright,
 It really looked gay, the red and the white ;
 Then turning from these, there hung all along
 Some very nice paintings sure I was among ;
 A very fine painting of a cathedral was there,
 Peterborough, I think—at least I am sure.
 Besides, I could see a little up higher,
 Two very fine churches, with the Coventry spire ;
 And a great many more, but perhaps I am to blame,
 Though I looked at some time, I could not find the name.
 A portrait hung there—William Shakespeare, 'twas him,
 So great in his writings, so true with his pen.
 The decorations were gay, above and all round,
 And so were the people who stood on the ground.
 The tea it was good, and in very good style,
 The men they did chat, and the ladies did smile ;
 The singing went nice, both the solo and glee,
 All parties seemed pleased, both happy and free.
 The music went nice when the ladies did play ;
 So did " God save the queen " when we all came away.
 To see all unite and so nicely agree,
 The ladies not proud and the gentlemen free ;
 All classes were mixed in a merry, good cause,
 Creating a feeling it was that of applause.
 You will ask in a hurry—that is in great haste—
 Where could all this be—where could it take place,
 Why it must be a town with such doings as this :
 If you were to say so, you would not say amiss ;
 But its a large country village, it stands on a hill,
 At the foot of it runs a clear crystal rill,
 As it has done for years and for ages past—
 Welford's the name, I have said it at last.

The Model Cottage.

Who hath not seen the model cottage stand?
 Fit for a lord to look as they pass by;
 With well of water near, or just at hand,
 Which never fails to give a good supply.

Beside yon winding way that leads to B——,
 With gate that opens to the queen's highway;
 And all that pass that way can easy see
 The cottage stand as I now say.

The shape is planned, or made in gothic style
 With gable ends, and they look very steer,
 With central gable covered o'er with tile,
 Which are not red or black, but blue appear.

The cot itself is made of wood or stone,
 Comes from the neighbourhood, or handy by;
 And more than that stands by itself alone,
 As if it would the storms and winds defy.

It hath a lobby on its front, and there
 The little swallows always build their nest
 And tend their young, much like a mother's care,
 That doth the infant pressing at her breast.

I welcome them, and always note their song,
 I look for them when April showers are seen;
 I almost ask why they have stayed so long,
 Or why so long in coming they have been.

The windows they are mullioned, all may see
 That pass along that way at any time;
 With two below and one above makes three—
 I merely tell you this to suit my rhyme.

There are five others looking North, East, West,
 Above and below, that we may take a view;
 On the South wall is seen the owner's crest,
 The lion rampant, looking noble too.

It hath a front door and it hath a back,
 Two rooms below, and three there are up stair,
 And to each door there is a beaten track,
 And all its offices are in the rear.

That's how it should be to my humble mind,
 I don't suppose I know a deal about it ;
 But there the wood and coal you easy find,
 It hath its uses and you need not doubt it.

It hath, upon its walls, the fruitful vine,
 Beside its porch the honeysuckle grows,
 Bearded clamatis, and sweet eglantine,
 In Spring and Summer sweetest odour throws.

The berry and the currant black and red,
 They grow in numbers in the Summer time ;
 I cannot say too much of the flower bed,
 Except at Spring it looks as in its prime.

On its West side there grows the useful plum,
 Upon the North the spruce fir and the yew,
 The laurel and the bay add to the sum,
 Variegated holly and laburnam too.

These are the trees and shrubs which they possess,
 Who live in the cottage by the highway side ;
 There are some standard trees, more or less,
 Where here and there the pathway doth divide.

The thorn clipped hedge, the garden doth enclose,
 With apple trees now growing here and there,
 And round about, in numbers, grow the rose,
 It doth not boast one single tree of pear.

But roses flourish in the month of June,
 And all the Summer through they may be seen,
 They scent the air at morning, night and noon,
 They grow on stocks, and all have budded been.

And in the Winter time, or darkest night,
 When people pass that way and all is still,
 In that lone cot there shines a taper light,
 Just like a beacon light seen on a hill.

Besides all this, hives for the honey bee,
 Stand here and there about in many a nook ;
 And near to view, ash, elm, and fine oak trees,
 With nests in number of the noisy rook.

Who hath not seen the model cottage stand ?
 Fit for a lord to look, should he pass by ;
 The church close by, the mansion near at hand,
 Ye rich that build pray keep it in your eye.

Contentment in our Station.

If we but get our daily bread,
 What need we crave for more ?
 As He who hath the ravens fed
 Cares for the humble poor.

Ye can wear but one suit on thy back,
 Nor on thy legs four hose,
 Unless it is a cumbered pack,
 Nor four shoes on thy toes.

Then be content and look around
 On the great ye chance to meet ;
 They, like you, must trudge the ground
 With one pair on their feet.

Their garments may be very fine,
 Made from the finest cloth ;
 On their hands a ring may shine,
 But these trappings they must doff.

Envy none that ye may see
 In silks or finer things ;
 In thy poverty contented be,
 For riches they have wings.

If ye are clothed in coarsest webb,
 Or in a humble cotton gown,
 Ye are just as good if ye are fed
 Of the coarsest bread and brown.

If food ye have, ye can only eat
 One meal at a time ;
 And if ye have but little meat,
 And that is not the prime.

Yet ye can be as well content
 As those who have much more ;
 Be thankful for all blessings sent,
 When thy lot is to be poor.

If a house or cottage ye possess,
 Ye can't take it on thy head ;
 And all thy chattels, more or less,
 Are no use to thee when dead.

None of these things make the man,
 They are oft an empty show ;
 Beyond this life's narrow span,
 The truest riches ever flow.

If ye have land to own or farm,
 Its very near the same ;
 While its thine it may do harm,
 But ye must leave it as ye came.

It will not purchase thee a place
 Around the glorious throne,
 Where we can see Thee face to face,
 And know as we are known.

Naked came ye in the world,
 Naked shall ye pass away,
 Beyond the sunset tinged with gold,
 For here ye cannot stay.

Or if ye live till ye are grey,
 Surrounded with much wealth,
 Short seemeth but the longest day,
 For time it goes by stealth.

What's the good of having more
 Than we want from hour to hour,
 Unless we give it to the poor,
 While we have yet the power ?

If we but get our daily bread,
 Why need we crave for more ?
 Riches fly when we are dead,
 Then pride and pomp are o'er.

Those who have been opprest on earth,
 By anxious care and sorrow,
 Shall then rejoice in a new birth,
 Where never ends the morrow.

The Rippling Brook.

Sweet rippling brook of water clear,
 To thee I write my ode, my little song ;
 I notice thee alike from year to year,
 Thy gliding water it runs swift along.

Thou hast a pebbly bed, O why not stay
 And take thy rest awhile like one asleep ?
 For little fish they in thy water play,
 But fast thou floweth on unto the deep.

In thy clear stream, in the Summer time,
 I have often in thy waters bathed there ;
 Then hope was young, before youth was in its prime,
 I had no thought about stern grief or care.

I have gathered on thy margin many a flower,
 For on thy banks they in luxuriance grew ;
 Bulrushes I have plaited by the hour,
 Which bowed their heads, and grew in bunches too,

Denoting meekness. Should the storms arise,
 Like evil passions on life's journey, way,
 This metaphor of Nature we should prize,
 And bow our heads while storms or tempests play.

I remember thee quite well—the dear old stream ;
 As I pass by thee now, what do I see ?
 Though many a year hath fled just like a dream,
 Yet still thy waters haste away and flee.

Thou art the same, in thee I see no change
 Upon thy crystal stream as ye do flow ;
 Whilst some for labour have been forced to range ;
 Where Providence appoints there they must go.

We may learn a lesson from the little brook ;
 Each hath a part to fill while here we stay :
 Brooks or rills are but kind Nature's book,
 And we should read, and then go on our way.

As ye glide on through many a lonely vale,
 Return at last unto the ocean's breast,
 The life of man is like a dream or tale ;
 And when this life shall end may he have rest.

Children.

How fast the children thrive and grow !
 They are like the seeds the farmers sow
 In the soil, upon old mother Earth—
 So grow the children from their birth.

It seems to me but yesterday
 I first caressed my child in play ;
 And when the second it was born,
 It appeared but just the other morn.

I nursed at times upon my knee
 The infants, with a merry glee,
 Bought them toys, the ball and rattle,
 Before I heard their little prattle.

And long before they learnt to talk,
 I often took them for a walk,
 Or in my arms at eventide,
 With their mother by my side.

And yet myself I cannot blame,
 For every parent doth the same,
 And every mother's child is best,
 And she thought so among the rest.

In a few more years—a good old rule—
 We sent them to the village school,
 Where they learnt to read and write,
 And how they must life's battle fight.

For each one had some task to say
 Unto their teacher every day ;
 And then in many a sunny hour,
 They gathered daisies and crowflower.

In early Spring sweet violets came,
 And these they gathered just the same,
 For their mother, teacher, friend,
 And thus their early days they spend.

Soon from that with bat and wicket,
 They early played the game at cricket,
 And when a few more years are past,
 The village school is left at last.

You look again, and lo, they are gone,
 The children we used to look upon ;
 No more their merry laugh is heard,
 In the house is silence—not a word.

Where once was heard their music sweet,
 And the sounding of their little feet ;
 Though brighter hopes may be their claim,
 I could wish that they were young again.

We no longer hear with glad surprise
 Their little tales and louder noise ;
 The house it now seems dull and sad,
 When away is gone the girl and lad.

Early in life, and tender-hearted,
 They from their parents' home are started ;
 O who shall guide them when away,
 Be their counsel night and day.

I would leave them to His care,
 Who ruleth all things every where,
 To lead them through life's narrow way,
 Be Thou their guide, their staff and stay.

Hope.

If success in life is based on hope,
 We boldly must with trials cope,
 Until in the grave we lie.
 Hope looks beyond the present hour,
 Rising like the larks which upward tower,
 Which in airy regions fly.

But of airy castles many sing,
 In prime of life or early Spring,
 Then our spirits are elate;
 We look around and think we see
 The thornless rose upon the tree,
 We think nothing then of fate.

But Fortune with her fickle wheel,
 As silent years pass by and steal,
 Tell us another tale.
 The hopes of youth when they aspire,
 To all the heart it can desire,
 Is often known to fail.

Was love the object of their thought?
 It may vanish into airy nought,
 All this is known to men.
 The strength of manhood it may win
 The love that did in youth begin,
 For hope hath visions then.

The dawn of love may haste away,
 And short may be love's little day;
 I have often known it true,
 That some on earth they loved best,
 They have early gone away to rest,
 They quick have bid adieu.

When resting on our bed at night,
 When Somnus hath not took his flight,
 What airy forms we see;
 When in the morning we awake,
 How soon they vanish and forsake,
 Like vapours they will flee.

The general he hath battles won,
 Conquered in thought by sword and gun,
 Hope builds him castles fair;
 When foemen meet with sword and steel,
 He may stagger like a drunkard reel,
 Hope may vanish into air.

The husbandman he sows the grain,
 Which is watered by the dews and rain,
 Hope sees a future store;
 But without the blessings from on high,
 His hopes they may, like visions, fly,
 When the harvest time is o'er.

The hope that never fades at last,
 When all life's struggles they are past—
 A hope beyond the grave ;
 May we be happy with the blest
 In that eternity of rest,
 Higher hopes we need not crave.

Rising and Setting of the Sun.

See the sun in all his glory,
 How he shines upon the earth !
 If the frost is sharp and hoary,
 He changes coldness into mirth.

He early in the morning rises,
 All dark clouds he sends away ;
 Meets the sluggards with surprises,
 As he idle on the bed doth lay.

The earth it would be dark without him,
 No flowers would bloom upon the land,
 The warmth that he displays about him,
 Causes the noble oak to stand.

Not a blade of grass would grow
 Without the sunshine from above ;
 It would be a wilderness below,
 He that made him is a God of love.

The beauty of the rising sun,
 Dazzles our conceptions quite ;
 As daily he his course doth run,
 From the morning unto night.

Brilliant are the colours round him,
 Which reflect upon the earth
 Glories ever must surround him,
 To know it is of priceless worth.

The world would be a desert wild,
 If the sun withdraws himself away
 Oh teach the little infant child
 How God's goodness doth display.

For all the plants upon the ground,
 They are produced by the sun ;
 When he sheds his beams around,
 He perfects what he hath begun.

Teach us a lesson from on high,
 That we may praise Thee on our way ;
 The brightness of a sunny sky,
 It cheers us through life's little day.

Should dark clouds our path obscure,
 For sorrow it is like the night ;
 The sun through ages will endure,
 And turn the darkness into light.

Go then on thy way with gladness,
 The sun he will thy tears dispel ;
 Rejoicing may be mixed with sadness,
 But God He hath made all things well.

When man's earthly days are o'er,
 With faith in what the Saviour's done,
 He may reach that happy shore,
 Where there is no need of sun.

Beauteous is the sun at morning,
 Tinged with his golden hue ;
 Emblem of life's happy dawning,
 Man like him should his path pursue.

Glorious is the sun at setting,
 As he sinks into the west ;
 Man should never be forgetting
 Of his home among the blest.

Never tiring in his duty calling,
 Life's battle he must daily fight ;
 Till darkness of the night is falling,
 While the sun he gives him light.

But he shall rise another morrow,
 Where Heavenly blessings do unfold ;
 Where there's neither tears or sorrow,
 For all is bliss in that bright world.

There the sun will cease to shine,
 When life's journey it is done ;
 For God above, who is divine,
 In Heaven is brighter than the sun.

God's Hand Unseen.

There is a God unseen, yet ever nigh,
 Who notes our acts and will our wants supply ;
 Through every stage of life where'er we go,
 His balm is such that it will heal our woe.

And thou cast down by trials here on earth,
 Sorrow's hour destroying all thy mirth ;
 Yet wait awhile, the sun will shine again,
 Though clouds obscure, or tears they fall like rain.

God's goodness floweth, though it seemeth hid,
 To wean thee as a babe thy mother did ;
 Yet thou shalt rise above thy trials here,
 Wait awhile, dark clouds will disappear.

Man may sow the seed or plant the grain,
 How would it grow without the sun and rain ?
 Such is life its joys they ebb and flow,
 God's hand it leads if in right paths we go.

Teach us each day we live, or hour,
 To trust His providential power ;
 Bright clouds will come to give us joy,
 God doth not willingly destroy.

Turn to Him in thy hour of sorrow,
 He can make thee joyful on the morrow :
 Trust Him while life to thee doth cling,
 Then sorrow's hour may blessings bring.

Away with all thy doubts and fear,
 God's hand's unseen yet it is near ;
 Whate'er He sends it is His will,
 On Him rely and trust Him still.

Rain Wanted.

Still those tears, those woman's fears,
 Which in thy mind are soaring,
 There's One above who sees and hears,
 Who will send the rain down pouring.

What though the earth is parched again
 For want of dew and moisture,
 If we but wait we shall obtain
 Rain for the fields and pasture.

The laws of Nature are designed
 To make man see and know
 That God He rules above mankind
 When He makes the waters flow.

We cannot measure Wisdom's plan,
 Though it may be understood
 That whate'er God He sends for man
 He sends it for his good.

Why this repining day by day,
 In sorrow's bitter hour?
 There's balm to cheer us by the way
 When tears come like a shower.

If every year abundance grew
 In fields and pastures fair,
 Man might be careless, thoughtless too,
 And forget who sends it there.

That man may still His bounties prize
 He hides them awhile from sight ;
 When he can see them with his eyes,
 It brings him new delight.

He can withhold the fruit or grain,
 The food by which we live ;
 And He who sends sunshine and rain,
 In His own good time will give.

Then we may trust His gracious hand,
 Which made us first from clay ;
 He will send the rain upon the land
 In His providential way.

Then rest in peace, no longer mourn,
 Desponding it is vain,
 For when He bids the clouds return
 Then He will send us rain.

Bought with a Price.

Thou' bought me with a price, Thou fed me
 In my early days with milk ;
 In' after life Thy goodness led me,
 Clothed me too in wool and silk.

What shall I, for all these mercies,
 Daily offer unto Thee ?
 Let' never on my lips be curses,
 Make me pure in heart and free.

Tell me, in the things around me,
 Of Thy goodness day by day :
 Like a wandering sheep Ye found me ;
 Brought me back when led astray.

I would daily live as dying,
 Trusting to my Father's care,
 That, while vice and folly flying,
 I may at last His blessing share.

O guide me, Father, by Thy Spirit,
 And by Thy providence supply,
 That the new life I may inherit,
 Along with Thee beyond the sky.

I must cross fair Jordan's river
 Before I reach the Promised Land ;
 Then take me in Thy love for ever,
 That I may in Thy presence stand.

When my narrow span is ended,
 Thy mercies shining everywhere,
 Through all life's ills by Thee defended,
 May I the crown of glory wear.

Let me join around and near Thee,
 With the saved, angelic throng ;
 Let the Saviour's blood then clear me—
 His praise for ever be my song.

Not by merits of my own
 Can I reach to joys sublime,
 Or ever sing around Thy throne
 Through all eternity and time.

The Working Man.

The working man he toileth on
 With all his might and main,
 He strives to feed the little one,
 He feareth not the rain.

In Winter's cold, if far away
 Amidst life's hope and fear,
 He labours for them every day,
 And hopes for many a year.

The rich man he has wealth,
 The poor hath little got ;
 If God blesses them with health,
 They are happy in a cot.

The future they do trust
 To God's providential care ;
 He who formed each one at first,
 His children still they are.

See how He clothes creation !
 See how the birds are fed !
 To all He gives a portion,
 To man his daily bread.

The grass beneath our feet,
 The little flowers so bright,
 In giving fragrance sweet,
 They add to man's delight.

Though travellers here below,
 And workmen all may be,
 To God's glory all should show
 They wish to work for Thee.

Man striving with his might
 His daily calling to fulfil,
 The God above, that judges right,
 Will shield him from harm or ill.

All his actions here He sees,
 His thoughts and motives too,
 Whether on his bended knees,
 In whate'er he may pursue.

Thus He dealeth out to each
 Just as they serve Him here,
 Till they old age shall reach,
 In new blessings every year.

Then gladly should they toil,
 And labour while they can ;
 Dig up the fallow soil,
 That's the lot of the working man.

A few more years, and then
 Their journey will be past ;
 May all ye working men
 Get safe to Heaven at last.

Rain Falling.

We have waited long for rain,
 But it hath come at last,
 I hear it patter down again,
 It cometh very fast.

Put up the water pots in store,
 And be content to stay ;
 Providence will send us more,
 Just wait another day.

See how the fields will be refreshed,
 And the corn just in the ear ;
 It brightens up both man and beast,
 It seems us all to cheer.

I have heard it said, now many a day,
 That the ground is very dry ;
 The glass is low, someone would say,
 I feel sure that rain is nigh.

The sky looks dull, the birds fly low,
 We shall have it very soon ;
 We've waited long like this you know,
 Perhaps it may come at noon.

Some have said the corn will spoil,
 The sun has been so very hot ;
 I really think we shall be broiled,
 For the rain it cometh not.

Many a plant hath drooped its head,
 Which in the garden grew,
 And many a flower did early fade
 For want of moisture too.

But God be praised! in His good hour,
 He will give us what we need ;
 He sends the sunshine and the shower,
 For His creatures He will feed.

The almanacks have been looked o'er,
 To see what they would tell ;
 Many a one did o'er them pore,
 But now refreshing rain hath fell.

Then daily should we serve Him more,
 And trust our Father's hand,
 Who lays up bounties yet in store
 For those that till the land.

And those who live by sweat of brow,
 I mean the toiling poor,
 Praise Him for His favours now,
 And trust Him evermore.

Prayers let the rich now offer up,
 To Him who lives on high,
 Who bless'd them with a flowing cup,
 Until the day when they must die.

Many a rich man with his head,
 Works hard both day and night,
 And often sleep hath from them fled,
 Their country to govern right.

Let the rich and poor both unite,
 And join in a good cause ;
 The poor should toil with all their might,
 The rich help make the laws.

For we one brotherhood should be,
 Each give a help who can ;
 Then a nation's strength are we,
 Man for his fellow man.

Hark! the rain it patters down,
 Its a pleasant sound to hear ;
 What good it must do the ground,
 As it wants it everywhere.

Malice.

Have ye no malice thought or told,
 In all thy dealings here ?
 For as ye journey through the world
 Many evil things ye hear.

Men have their faults and women too,
 Who is there doth not err ?
 And what if some they have but few,
 Why should they make a stir ?

Will ye thy neighbour's faults unbare,
 Yet strive to hide thine own ?
 The wheat will grow along with tare,
 Though tares were never sown.

If spite and envy dwell in thee,
 Oh never let them rest ;
 Thy neighbour's faults which ye can see,
 To hide them it is best.

If He who liveth up on high
 Can note the sparrow fall,
 Then He will hear the contrite sigh
 When the erring to Him call.

He'll pay thee back it will be found,
 All that you in malice do ;
 And as you deal to all around,
 So will He deal to you.

Go hide thy brother's faults, and then
 Forgive and be forgiven ;
 Then He who guides the hearts of men,
 May give thee a place in Heaven.

But if you live in malice, strife,
 Then you shall have no rest ;
 And when you pass away from life,
 Thy name shall ne'er be blest.

Kindness.

Kindness, the balm that heals a blow,
 O that it would for ever flow
 To many a one oppressed with care—
 How healing is a kind word there !

Is there a soul cast down by sorrow ?—
 Kindness may heal it on the morrow ;
 Is there a heart bowed down by grief ?—
 To help that one give quick relief.

To speak a word of kindness then,
 To child, or youth, or aged men ;
 And to the widow in distress,
 It helps to make her troubles less.

What if our purse is not so tight,
 We sleep sounder on our bed at night
 Than if we had squandered it away
 On foolish things by night or day.

After dark clouds the sun may shine,
 When ye make a brother's sorrow thine :
 O teach us, Lord, through every day
 To help the weary on their way !

Should we have troubles yet to bear
 As we journey through this world of care,
 What kindness we have done to men
 It will be paid us back again.

This is creation's law—how wise !
 We daily see it with our eyes ;
 Teach us to follow what is right
 Through all our life by day or night.

Old Age.

Ye may one day totter and get old,
 And want some other prop,
 That is a staff by which to hold
 Thy frail, feeble body up ;
 For many aged ones I've seen
 With a staff to help them o'er the green.

They once were full of merry glee ;
 Now their youthful days are o'er,
 And manhood's dreams they longed to see
 Shall never charm them more ;
 Decrepit age may bend thee down,
 And soon thy home may be the ground.

The wrinkled looks of aged men
 And fair women getting old,
 Can never be renewed again
 By silver or bright gold ;
 A life well spent is the thing
 That will a sweet remembrance bring.

Begin then from thy early youth,
 Both boys and maidens too ;
 Go by that rule, the Word of Truth,
 In thy early days pursue,
 'Twill lead thee right amidst life's care,
 Ye may always find true comforts there.

In manhood's prime when snares beset,
 By temptations which surround,
 Yet never once thy God forget,
 In true honest ways be found,
 For this will bring you safe at last
 Through manhood's prime when youth is past.

Then when ye totter and get old,
 Ye may then look back with joy ;
 And if ye have not stores of gold,
 Ye have a home beyond the sky,
 Where ye may for ever be at rest,
 Along with the just and spirits blest.

The Homeless Wanderer.

Ye wanderers on the queen's highway,
 Who will to you a kind word say ?
 Poor and dejected as ye look,
 Ye seem cast down, by friends forsook.

I note thy haggard looks and spare,
 The tattered garments that you wear :
 Where is the friend that will you feed,
 And help thee in thy hour of need.

Thy birth, maybe, was not obscure,
 Though now ye are an outcast, poor,
 And know not where to lay thy head ;
 Ye scarcely now dare ask for bread.

Ye once were nursed in comfort, style ;
 Thy mother cheered thee with a smile :
 Laid by her gentle hand to rest,
 At night by her ye were cared.

Thy father, in thy early days,
 Taught thee to walk in wisdom's ways ;
 But when thy parents they were gone,
 Ye had no kind friends to help you on.

There were none to take you by the hand ;
 Temptations ye could not withstand ;
 You erred, as many have before,
 And now ye beg from door to door.

You met with those that led you wrong,
 While you were easy tempted, young ;
 You broke the laws—it ended in crime ;
 Thy prospects fled ere at thy prime.

And now you wander as I say,
 A beggar on the queen's highway ;
 For none will give you work, employ,
 Thy craving wants to satisfy.

But now the laws they are severe ;
 You must not beg its plain and clear :
 The rich they post it on their door
 That beggars shall be fed no more.

Thy home must be the union then,
 The only house for vagrant men ;
 There ye may stay, be housed and fed ;
 Ye will there get thy daily bread.

Ye that, by lot, are better off,
 Never at the poor and outcast scoff,
 But thank God for thy better lot,
 Thy cheerful home and brighter spot,

Who feeds thee with a liberal hand,
 Ye are not wanderers in the land ;
 Then always lift thy heart in prayer
 To Him who made and placed you there.

Ye may have troubles, hardships true,
 As through life's journey ye pursue ;
 But while ye travel here on earth,
 And are fixed in some better berth,—

Ye might have been a wanderer, true,
 A homeless outcast, wretched too,—
 Think of the poor with downcast eye,
 Who have no bed whereon to lie.

Never in thy heart despise the poor,
 But help them from thy bounteous store ;
 It seems to me a cruel thing
 To shut thy door and bolt the spring.

When wretched wanderers ask for bread,
 And know not where to lay their head,
 He that gives all the help he can
 The Lord will bless that generous man.

Starless Night.

Where are the stars ? there are none to be seen,
 They are all of them gone, the clouds are between
 They are hid from our view, there's none of them here ;
 The night it is dark, they do not appear.

The moon's in the wane, and hidden from view,
 No meteor floats with its bright fiery hue,
 They are all of them left, where are they gone ?
 Their light is vanished as they do not shine on

They are shining, may be, on Australia's shore,
 To brighten their night, when labour is o'er,
 For now is their Summer, their harvest is come,
 They are lighting the reapers now hurrying home.

Ye bright shining stars though we like you to see,
 You are welcome to shine, though its darkness to me ;
 When their harvest is got and carried their grain,
 Then we shall be glad to see them again.

Bright Venus and Mars they both have forsook,
 For their place in the heavens in vain we do look :
 How dark is our path in the land of our birth ;
 We shall prize you again when ye shine on the earth.

He who made us at first, and has hid you from view,
 His laws you obey, you are serving Him true ;
 May we learn from the stars in their orbs and their sphere,
 To serve Thee more truly while on earth we live here.

Then, after a time, when our labour is done,
 May we dwell in that Heaven more bright than the sun ;
 He who made us at first we should strive to obey,
 Though planets and stars shall vanish away.

Thou bright silver moon, where have ye gone to ?
 Ye are taking your course through ethereal blue,
 Or thou art shining on friends on the opposite shore ;
 Ye will be peeping anon through the window and door.

Ye are lighting the mariner far on the sea,
 As he sails to and fro from the land of the free ;
 Ye are taking thy journey, you never are still,
 Ye are shining for ever, you have a mission to fill.

Other lands must wait, for ye will return,
 And darkness dispel from each nation in turn :
 The clouds they will break when thy beams they display,
 Then the traveller can see more clearer his way.

Oh why did we ask then where are ye gone ?
 Though hid from our view, we know ye shine on ;
 He who made moon and stars to lighten the earth,
 He will shine on our path from the cradle and birth.

Till we get to old age and He takes us away
 To a home and a country far brighter than day,
 Where shadows are lost in a heavenly light
 And clouds never come to darken the night.

When our days they are ended, may we too be there,
 And leave never a friend in the land of despair ;
 But join in that choir in praising above,
 Where sinners redeemed find an ocean of love.

How great is that God who rules over all !
 If it is not His will not a sparrow doth fall ;—
 Let us trust Him through life the short time that we stay,
 Though sun, moon, and stars shall vanish away.

Reflection on Flowers.

Methinks in this world if there is not found
 No other good proofs in the world around,
 Be sure God's goodness is seen in the flowers,
 And abundantly shows in rosy bowers.

Come answer for thyself that doubt His love,
 That dare not trust the voice of One above ;
 Thy Father that's in Heaven, made them all,
 He brings flowers from the earth for great or small.

And they are sent to please us with the sight,
 To rich and poor they shew God's power and might ;
 Then in thy heart to Him thy praises pour,
 Nor doubt His love, but look up to Him more.

Why doth He send to thee these little joys ?
 Its but to cheer thee as thy span it flies,
 As gentle and unnoticed as a mother's kiss
 Upon a cradled child that sleeping is.

There is no reason that can e'er be given,
 Except God's goodness, like one day in seven ;
 He gives to men these sweet delicious flowers,
 And all their sweets and perfumes they are ours.

Amazing kindness, given alike to all,
 By our heavenly Father since the Fall ;
 On earth to cheer us by their looks and smell,
 And by their various colours too as well.

How pure and delicate is the pleasure,
 And given too in such a bounteous measure ;
 With their shining colour and their shade,
 How delightful, how beautiful they are made.

Little flowers which from the earth do spring;
 Joyous thoughts they should to each one bring,
 For when they open, also when they close,
 The earth rejoices and blossoms as a rose.

Not Eden fair with all its great delight,
 Could give more pleasure unto Adam's sight
 Than doth the ground to man when flowers arise ;
 I think on earth again is paradise.

Gratitude for Sleep.

Thou another night hath spared me,
 Brought me safely to the day ;
 Let me offer up unto Thee
 Heart and voice to praise and pray

Lord, I thank Thee for the slumber,
 Which Thy goodness hath bestowed ;
 Comforts and mercies without number,
 Daily unto me have flowed.

Many on a bed are lying
 Racked with sickness, aching pain ;
 Many too are weeping, crying,
 For friends they ne'er may see again.

Father and the mother parted,
 Children taken to their rest,
 Many a one is broken-hearted—
 What can heal the soul distrest ?

Many an infant of Thy giving
 Is presented to the light :
 Cares and sorrows to the living
 Often cometh in the night.

O how precious are Thy mercies !
 None can praise Thee as they ought ;
 Blessings flow, but never curses ;
 Thou for us a ransom bought.

Yet we seek not, erring mortals,
 Trust not to our Father's hand ;
 He can take us to the portals,
 Where in His presence we can stand.

O what vanity and folly,
 That we His law should disobey !
 This might lead to melancholy,
 Not to hearken, not to pray.

Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sleeping,
 And the hours Thou gave for rest ;
 Free from sorrow in Thy keeping,
 While many are cast-down, distrest.

Yet I know death is our portion ;
 From our last sleep none can us save ;
 Some on the land, some on the ocean—
 The Lord reclaimeth what He gave.

Every night and every morning
 I would trust His wondrous grace,
 Till I reach that heavenly dawning,
 Where we shall see Him face to face.

In brighter worlds we shall behold Him,
 Not as in our mortal clay ;
 Not like those who bought and sold Him,
 Till endless years shall pass away.

But with those that serve Him faithful,
 Who in the heavenly chorus join,
 Shunning all on earth that's hateful,
 We may at last with seraphs shine.

Then with those in Jesus sleeping,
 Singing in the choir above,
 Where angels are for ever keeping,
 And ever sing redeeming love.

The Swallows at my Door.

Ye are come again like babies which most of us call dear,
 And pretty little swallows I love to see you here ;
 Come tell me where you've been to so far across the sky ;
 You are welcome little swallows, I love to see you fly.

Some say ye go to France, and then across the main,
 And then it is through Egypt that ye travel back again,
 And then by that great river—the name of its the Nile,
 I hear their little stories and am half inclined to smile.

Then away to Afric's shore, a great way up the plain,
 Or it is to Abyssinia, where ye wander back again ;
 And there you build your nests, and there you rear your young,
 Near Afric's sunny fountain, beneath a burning sun.

And there ye spend the Summer before the rains do come,
 Then back again to England, for I hear your little song ;
 I should like to know who told them, this is the way you do,
 I feel sure they must have guessed it, I know it was not you.

But ye are welcome back again in the lobby at my door,
 You can build your little nest as you have often done before,
 And rest you there at night and mind your little one ;
 I have put up there a rod that ye may rest upon.

There no one will molest you, there you are safe from harm,
 And if I walk beneath you, ye need not take alarm ;
 But I need not now repeat it, you've trusted me before,
 Scores of times you have roosted above my cottage door.

For Summer's two together, I know it very well,
 I marked it with a pencil, it is the truth I tell ;
 One day ye came at noon, and sung your little song,
 And on a little apple tree ye rested very long.

And I went out to see you when I heard your twitter,
 We welcomed your returning, and the children they did titter,
 My children thought me foolish, my wife she called me vain,
 Because I called to you—but I could not then refrain.

The next year that you came the clock was half-past four,
 That I noticed you again, just by my cottage door ;
 On the selfsame day, twelfth of the month I mean,
 You did your visit pay when April showers are seen.

Since then ye have been behind a week more and the rest,
 Perhaps it was hard to leave on Afric's shore your nest ;
 I've something else to ask you, then I think I've done,
 Little birds you are welcome unto my cottage home,

Why did you ever leave us ? why did you go away ?
 Maybe England would freeze you, that's why ye did not stay ;
 I welcome thee in the morning, or I welcome thee at night,
 For in your safe returning I take a great delight.

But God who orders all things, He made you too for good,
 There would be swarms of flies if they were not your food ;
 So I think ye come to eat them, this is your end, your lot,
 As ye only come for Summer, in Winter ye stay not.

Autumn.

The Autumn leaves fly thick and fast,
 Which tell the Summer time is past ;
 They rustle now beneath our feet ;
 Now a blazing fire we greet.

Hark! the hollow winds do blow;
 The leaves they brown or golden show;
 They tell to all quite plain and clear
 That Autumn time once more is here.

Like creeping age, that turneth grey,
 They say this life shall pass away;
 By the falling leaves we see,
 Leaving naked many a tree.

The falling fruit it tells us all
 That we, like it, one day shall fall;
 May we each, while living now,
 Be loaded like a fruitful bough.

In good works and actions too,
 While living we have work to do;
 Then, when our Autumn time is here,
 We may like ripened fruit appear.

Winter cometh like the grave;
 Fruits we store away to save;
 Like leaves and fruits we shall decay,
 We cannot here for ever stay.

Just like the leaves we see around,
 In the air or on the ground,
 We all must Nature's call obey,
 We like them shall pass away.

For all the ties that bind us here,
 They like leaves shall disappear;
 When our fleeting days are past,
 May we be gathered safe at last.

Like Autumn fruits on that bright shore,
 Where all is bliss for evermore,
 There the weary may have rest,
 Through endless years among the blest.

God's Works.

Who made you first? I ask to know,
 And gave a path wherein to go?
 Who made you feet, that ye may walk?
 Language and voice that ye may talk?

And shall that voice and tongue rebel
 Against Him who hath made all things well ?
 And hath given you hands that ye may toil
 For daily bread upon the soil ?

Who hath given you sense to understand
 That all things are made by His hand :
 Our gracious Father up on high
 He means for us to have full employ.

Tell me not, as sceptics do,
 That God is faithless or untrue ;
 He orders all things on the earth
 From the cradle and the birth.

His works we see them everywhere,
 On the ground or in the air,
 In the leaves upon the trees,
 In the merry hum of bees.

In every bud, in every flower,
 There we see God's wondrous power,
 Turning blossoms into fruit,
 The earth it nourishes the root,

Till, by the laws of Nature's King,
 Ripened fruits the Summers bring,
 For the use of fallen man—
 O how great is Wisdom's plan !

And how diversified are these,
 The fruits that grow upon the trees ;
 Plums and currants and the berry,
 Apples, pears, and ripened cherry.

Figs and peaches on the wall,
 Apricots when ripe they fall ;
 And how prolific the grape vine
 Yields her fruit that makes the wine.

All these things are sent for good,
 And so they should be understood,
 How the flowers which please the eye
 Are sent on the earth to beautify.

To cheer us by their colours too,
 As life's journey we pursue,
 Who gave them fragrance sweet as well
 The breath of Heaven which we smell.

The rose, the queen of Summer flowers
 Untired we can behold for hours :
 Ye who mistrust the Powers above,
 Where all is harmony and love,

Just look around o'er hill and plain,
 See the fields with ripened grain,
 And ask thyself can it be true,
 While ye have eyes by which to view.

Darkness might have been thy lot,
 Had thy Creator made them not ;
 Question now His power no more
 Till thy short span of life is o'er.

From the bright sun o'er our head,
 He sends the trees a shade to spread ;
 His power it made the moon to light
 The earth, and brighten up the night ;

To cheer man on his journey, way,
 By the night as well as day ;
 And stars and planets up on high
 They light the earth and please the eye.

The birds that upward fly in air,
 How merry they to work repair !
 When they begin to build their nest,
 They seldom tire or ever rest

Till their work it is well done,
 Which they in earnest have begun ;
 Moss or sticks, wool or hay,
 With what skill they do them lay !

They all obey kind Nature's plan ;
 All give a lesson unto man ;
 The bees that hum, the birds that sing
 And all the insects on the wing.

The fish in sea, the river, brook,
 They only learn from Nature's book ;
 The law that caused them first to live
 That law to each their food doth give.

Tell me not God is unkind ;
 Doubting sceptics they are blind ;
 What harmony in all we see—
 Nature's laws they all agree.

Creation's God He formed us too,
 He daily doth His work renew ;
 Let us raise our voice to Him and sing,
 From whom on earth our comforts spring.

And when our sands of time are run,
 Our journey on this earth is done,
 Bear us in Thy arms away
 To never ending realms of day.

Where joys shall be for evermore,
 On that bright and heavenly shore,
 May all join in that choir above,
 And sing through eternity His love.

Man a Shadow though Immortal.

What is man?—a shadow fleeting,
 Here to-day and gone to-morrow ;
 And all the time the pulse is beating
 He has his troubles, cares, and sorrow.

When his few short years are ended
 Which on earth he has to spend,
 By Thy blessings still attended,
 Be our Guide, our Guardian, Friend.

When we pass beyond the bounds
 Of all that charmed us here on earth,
 When at last the trumpet sounds,
 Let us join the angelic mirth.

May we ne'er at last be found,
 And cast into the fiery lake ;
 Let us shun forbidden ground—
 Be saved at last for Jesus' sake.

Make us worthy for that pleasure
 While dwelling on this earth below ;
 Be Thou our Hope, our Stay, our Treasure,
 And lead us wheresoe'er we go.

There is a City bright in Heaven,
 Up above, beyond the sky ;
 Be all our sins at last forgiven ;
 May we safely to that City fly,

And dwell with Thee for endless years,
 Among the ransomed and the blest ;
 Still then all our wavering fears
 Till we shall be laid down to rest.

Maker of our soul immortal,
 Let us in Thy mercies share ;
 But if we gain the heavenly portal,
 It must be by faith and prayer.

Plum Tree.

The God of Nature made them all,
 He made the fruit we see,
 He formed the plum beside the wall,
 Which grows upon the tree.

I little thought to see you there,
 Beside the window-pane ;
 Only the other day ye were
 No larger than a grain.

Even now ye are a middle size—
 How very soon ye've grown !
 And such a number that I prize ;
 I am pleased ye are my own.

When ye get ripe, which soon ye will,
 For now ye are plump and green,
 We can pluck you by the window-sill,
 If we put our hands between.

Ye will make a nice, delicious tart,
 If spared from wasps and flies ;
 For cooks and wives know best the art
 To make puddings and fruit pies.

Ye will please the children that I know
 When, over ripe, ye fall ;
 For stealthy feet and eyes they go
 To look just by the wall.

Ye'll do beside for Winter store,
 When made preserve or jam :
 What blessings daily on us pour,
 Which God gives unto man !

For all these mercies day by day,
 Who cannot always but rejoice ?
 And man should lift his heart to pray
 While he has yet the voice.

The God of Nature made them all,
 He made the fruit we see,
 He formed the plum beside the wall,
 Which grows upon the tree.

The Cedar of Lebanon.

Near yonder mansion there ye stand,
 For thou wilt grow on British land,
 When planted on the grassy lawn,
 There thy foliage doth adorn.

Were I a bird, my nest should be
 On the fragrant cedar tree

Towering upwards to the sky,
 Thither birds return and fly ;
 But thy owners prize thee more,
 Because ye spread so near the door ;
 From the Summer's sun and heat,
 There its pleasant to retreat.

And when the gentle zephyrs blow
 Thy waving branches to and fro,
 When the sun it shines between,
 Just like a picture it is seen,
 Then oh! how pleasant to recline
 Beneath this tree of Palestine.

There, upon thy lofty crest,
 The ring dove cooes and builds her nest,
 And the little birds, in Spring,
 Choose thy branches there to sing,
 With melodious note and voice
 To make the heart of man rejoice.

For ages they have grown upon
 That far-famed spot fair Lebanon,
 For in thy native land, its true,
 There ye in rich luxuriance grew,
 Thy temples there ye did adorn,
 Where God was worshipped night and morn

Hearts should be glad that they can see
 The beauty of the cedar tree,
 Near to a spot where Christians dwell,
 Though its not the land of Israel.
 May thy branches far and wide,
 For weary souls a shade provide.

Let gospel light shine as the day,
 Where now the Turks bear rule and sway,
 Till all the Jews go as one band,
 Unto their native fatherland.
 Were I a bird my nest should be
 On the fragrant cedar tree

The Grape Vine.

To thee will I sing, thou fruit of the vine,
 Ye ripen as well when the Summers are fine ;
 After the Deluge, when people were drowned,
 Father Noah he planted the vine in the ground.

Since then ye have been sung of many a time,
 Thou fruit of the South of an Eastern clime ;
 Ye grow on the plain and ye grow on the hill,
 Ye are made into wine where men have the skill.

Ye are good for the sick, ye cause mirth to the strong,
 Ye gladden the weary as they journey along ;
 When the thirsty they drink, ye send them to sleep,
 Those who drink of thee much no vigils they keep.

In the land of the East, in Palastine fair,
 What bunches of grapes the spies they found there ;
 Spontaneous they grew in that land I am told,
 Thy fruit it is good for the young and the old.

Thy vineyards of old were famed for renown,
 Where husbandmen worked and tilled the ground ;
 Where the labourer was hired at a penny a day,
 That was their wages, that was their pay.

I praise the grape vine, the fruit of the East,
 When the Summers are hot, they grow in the West ;
 Their leaves give a shade to the cottage or hall,
 And sweet is the fruit when it grows by the wall.

No vineyards are mine, but I prize thee the more,
 As ye grow on my cot by the window and door ;
 The white and the black they gracefully show,
 Bringing pleasure as well to mortals below.

What wisdom and goodness in creation we see,
 In the fruit of the vine as it hangs on the tree ;
 All hearts should be glad and lift up their voice,
 By day and by night in praises rejoice.

Ode to Spring.

Mysterious Nature clothes the trees with leaves,
 The hedges they are for the Summer dressed ;
 The sparrow and the swallow 'neath the eaves,
 At early Spring each build their little nest.

For joyous now, creation it is seen,
 I welcome thee again, the lovely Spring ;
 The earth is clothed again in living green,
 With blossoms gay and merry birds they sing.

That is a new creation which we see,
 Renewed again by thee as at the first ;
 Flowers, leaves and fruits, they are a mystery,
 Springing from the ground that's been accurst.

The transformation gradually appears,
 And welcome is the sight to mortal eye ;
 For man on earth he has his hopes and fears,
 But still Thy gracious hand his wants supply.

When we behold the bud, the bloom or fruit,
 What but Thy power could ever make them grow ?
 The seed that germinates and forms a root,
 It is Thy giving, that is all we know.

Without Thy aid the sun would never shine,
 Nor showers refresh at all the parched earth ;
 Each blade of grass it shows Thy power divine,
 Without God's blessing there would soon be dearth.

Shall man behold Thy works as in the Spring ?
 Though each one brings him nearer to his rest ;
 Like birds and bees he should rejoice and sing,
 That Spring is coming richly clothed and dressed.

For in the narrow bourne where we must lie,
 We cannot speak a word ; our voices raise
 To Him who rules the sea, the earth and sky,
 While we are living let us sing His praise.

A Glimpse of Eden.

A glimpse of Eden do we see in Spring,
 When the earth is clothed again in green and white ;
 Birds in their bowers they could not sweeter sing,
 Before its gates were shut from mortal sight.

Unless the Curse that marked the destiny
 Of man beyond the gates of Eden followed still
 To the lovely songsters, to the birds that fly,
 Which cruel man destroys to suit his will.

For in my ramblings o'er created earth,
 It seems mysterious how the birds they feed ;
 But the great God, the Author of our birth,
 Supplies their wants from insects or from seed.

Which wildly grow in meadows, fields, or wood,
 Or creep upon the ground, as worms they crawl ;
 There is the table on which lies their food,
 Which God, in bounteous goodness, spreads for all.

As fish in the sea devour the lesser kind,
 Their kindred brethren of the deep profound,
 So on the earth birds, seeds, and insects find,
 And get an honest living from the ground.

A lesson unto man that he should toil,
 And use his limbs that he may bread obtain,
 And work with brawny hands upon the soil,
 And sow and plant and gather in the grain.

Man toiling on the ground, it is his lot,
 From which supplies are richly, freely given ;
 For six days' labour it should not be forgot ;
 The seventh day it leads the road to Heaven.

To give man back again for what he lost,
 When from the garden he was turned away ;
 On earth His goodness we can daily boast ;
 We gratitude to God should ever pay.

There's beauty in Creation's flowers and trees,
 Which grow majestic, heavenward aspire ;
 We too should lift our voice to Him who sees
 The contrite spirit, and each heart's desire.

O could we climb the hill that leads to bliss,
 Where weary spirits lay them down to rest ;
 And when we die, then ask but only this—
 To dwell in Eden's bowers among the blest.

Eternal wisdom ruleth everywhere,
 On the earth beneath and in the Heaven above ;
 And while we journey through a world of care,
 We can see in all around Thy endless love.

The Beauty of the Apple Blossom.

What a pretty sight we see,
 Growing on the apple tree,
 With its blossom pink and white,
 It is pleasant to the sight ;
 Kind Nature doth her work renew,
 In the blossoms which we view.

And when the blossoms disappear,
 Then the forming fruit is near,
 For soon is growing o'er our head,
 The streaky apples green and red ;
 Wonderful is Nature's plan,
 That creates the fruit for man.

On the orchard trees we see
 Things that are a mystery ;
 Eden had its fruits and flowers,
 We have it still in orchard bowers ;
 All combine to make us glad,
 Why should hearts be dull or sad.

Beauteous blossoms in the Spring,
 Bright hopes they are forshadowing ;
 For when the Summer it is o'er,
 We gather fruit for use or store—
 Bloom and fruit, kind Nature's plan,
 Are sent as lessons unto man.

He should begin in life's young day
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;
 Then he like ripened fruit may be,
 That's gathered from a goodly tree ;
 And, when this frail life is past,
 He may be garnered safe at last.

The Blossom of the Jargonelle Pear.

Look at Nature, see her beauty,
 The honey bee it knows it well ;
 We should praise, for its a duty,
 Long as we have voice to tell.

On the pear tree—what more pure
 Than its blossom fair and white ;
 But they will not long endure,
 Soon they vanish from the sight.

What artist is there to be seen
 That can paint a picture true ?
 The white surrounded with the green,
 Which Nature yearly doth renew.

We look upon its beauty fading,
 And then we see the forming fruit,
 With the leaves around pervading,
 Or covered by some hasty shoot.

How the Power which rules Creation
 Hath made the trees, which pleasure give,
 For the use of man in every station,
 And all should praise Him while they live.

All things show God's goodness, power,
 Flowers and fruits or blossoms white ;
 And we should serve Him every hour,
 Who made these things for man's delight.

Woman's Mission.

Let it now be understood
 Woman's rights are womanhood ;
 Her's the softest voice to teach
 A gentle lesson unto each.

To act the part in everything
 That would befit a clown or king ;
 Her's the gentle voice to bless
 The little children and caress.

To nurse them with a mother's care,
 To sew the garments which they wear,
 To mind the house and be at home,
 And bid the master welcome come.

Children on their arms or knee
 Are the things we like to see,
 Teaching them in life's young day,
 While on their mother's knee, to pray

To the great God, who can see and hear
 The children's voice, the mother's tear ;
 Many a child now underground,
 Shall in brighter worlds be found.

Remind them, too, while they are young,
 Of falsehood's ways, the lying tongue :
 O teach them evil ways to shun,
 That they may not to folly run.

Thine is the mission to attend
 The couch of sick, both foe and friend,
 To nurse them from the field of battle,
 When rifles or when cannons rattle.

To soothe the dying day and night,
 When they for their country fight :
 May war's alarm be heard no more,
 But peace on earth for evermore.

Then woman's mission there would fail,
 If peace and happiness prevail ;
 When aged ones are bowed with care,
 Then thy mission it is there.

Woman's right and woman's part
 Is to soothe the careworn heart ;
 Her lot to help and give a smile
 To the weary men that work and toil.

His food to get, his meals to cook,
 And give a pleasant, cheerful look,
 A kind word spoken it is good—
 It is thy mission, womanhood.

For there is sweetness in thy voice,
 That can make man's heart rejoice,
 That can comfort him again,
 When he is racked with aches and pain.

Woman's mission is not done
 While she lives beneath the sun,
 Not till she in the ground is laid,
 And the debt of Nature paid.

False or fair, whate'er she be,
 these are duties she should see,
 Plodding in her lot so true,
 To make man happy, please him too.

But woman's mission, like the dove,
 It bears the olive wreath of Love,
 At the peaceful home, contented spot,
 In mansions or at humble cot.

Not to wear the breeks and try
 With angry voice or evil eye ;
 For woman's mission, woman's voice,
 Is to make man's heart rejoice.

On Leaving a Good Name.

When ye are dead there's some may praise thee,
 Yet from the grave they cannot raise thee ;
 All thy past actions bad or good,
 They cannot then be understood.

Some may praise thee for thy skill,
 For duties which ye did fulfil ;
 Some for kindness ye did show
 While ye dwelt on earth below.

Some of thy wisdom they may tell,
 By thy friends or foes as well ;
 The distant views that ye could see
 Where all around is mystery.

Some of thy wealth may speculate,
 Though earned by toiling early, late,
 And thy acts of charity begun,
 When death it comes, thy work is done.

Were ye a father or a master,
 Praises then may come the faster,
 Workmen miss you gone away,
 Children mourn thy mortal clay.

Life is the time for doing good,
 To helpless ones in widowhood ;
 To assist the poor cast down, to heal
 Some of the sorrow they may feel.

Every day on earth we live,
 We should dispense our wealth and give
 To the sick, to the aged, and the poor,
 Then God will on us blessings pour.

Let a name be left behind,
 That ye were generous and kind ;
 Hide the little faults you see,
 When neighbours quarrel, disagree.

Then when ye lie down to rest,
 Have helped the weary and distressed,
 Then ye may leave behind a name,
 And after ages tell thy fame.

When thou art in the grave and sleeping,
 Friends may be for thy absence weeping,
 And tell of all thy kindness done,
 Before thy sands of life were run.

Then in brighter worlds than this,
 Ye may join in the purer songs of bliss,
 Where angels sing with harps in hand,
 In Heaven above, that better land.

To the Daughters of Eve.

Were I the sun or moon and thou the morning,
 Were thou the seas or thou the earth's adorning,
 Then would I seek thee out, and know for why,
 Then would I search for thee with Argus eye.

Why, were thee fashioned long before the flood,
 In mystic form, and in full womanhood?
 In Eden's bowers, where man himself was dull,
 He drank sweet pleasure flowing but not full.

As in some pleasant walk or sweet retreat,
 By rivers winding, murmuring music sweet:
 Thus Adam wandered till he found his Eve;
 Creation's greatest gift he did receive.

He had no choice but one, and yet how prone
 Is living man to sigh and live alone!
 Not thinking of that lesson in Eden sent,
 To thankful take what is given with content.

For woman now is just the very same
 As from her Maker's hand she newly came;
 Then why should man be blind, and doubt the good
 That flows to him through living womanhood?

Or else had bachelors—I must not use the plural—
 Had led a dull, sad life in Eden rural:
 Beyond the starry orbs, I do think this,
 That woman lives with man in endless bliss.

Not such as earth ere gave, but pure and free
 In thought and heart as innocence can be;
 Then while on earth this treasure prize,
 Link hand and heart without disguise.

Beyond the ancient flood I see a pair;
 Eden was not happiness without the fair;
 And now on earth I see the same or more,
 Till hearts are linked by love till life is o'er.

On the Death of Charles Dickens.

Old Time with rapid flight he hastens on:
 How are the men of genius swept away!
 Dickens, alas! has fled—from us he's gone
 To brighter worlds, to never-ending day!

We weep with friends, but to me a stranger here,
 Yet by his works I knew him very well ;
 Have smiled at times, yet sometimes shed a tear
 At all his heroes, and what them befel.

A nation mourns thy destiny and fate,
 Thou made thy exit as if from the stage ;
 Thy work was done like men who rule the state,
 For thou art called away at middle age.

And so it is from the cradle to the grave,
 Life has its ups and downs, but nothing more ;
 Some think or write, while others only rave ;
 The wise they lead by rule till life is o'er.

Who hath not read thy tale of "Dotheboys Hall ;"
 The cruel master, whose character ye drew ?
 When from the box the little boy did fall,
 My blood it boiled, I could have fought him too.

And ye who writhe beneath oppression's power,
 When injured ones cannot their tears control,
 When, like a vanquished slave, ye hide or cower,
 A friend-in-need is manna to the soul.

Who hath not felt the same a thousand times,
 In hall, in mansion, or in humble cot ?
 True as the morn or Sabbath bell which chimes,
 Hard words and blows they are not soon forgot.

Dickens is gone ! but remembered he will be
 For ages yet to come in many a clime ;
 As all the world his writings they may see—
 The man was a genius in his life and time.

For as a man he knew the human heart,
 The joys that rise or sorrow's bitter sting ;
 And from his tales we could not easy part ;
 He hopes inspired like sunshine in the Spring.

His broad humanity—each class he knew,
 For he could stoop below or look up high,
 To raise the fallen and amuse them too,
 He had a mission, it was full employ.

And like a skilled physician, he could feel
 For all the brotherhood of humankind ;
 He could apply the balm that's meant to heal
 The sick at heart or diseases of the mind.

Who hath not risen a better man, who read,
 And felt his heart rejoice at many a tale ?
 But silence now—Dickens, alas ! is dead ;
 The pen has dropped, no more it will prevail !

To conquer prejudice wherever found,
 In high-born circles or in prison's cell ;
 For he could write of both, his tales abound
 With that which pleased most—but now, farewell !

For all must bow to His all-wise decree,
 Who gives to each their span for doing good ;
 The longest life doth like a shadow flee,
 For death it sweeps away our brotherhood.

For each talent unemployed is called to account,
 As one by one from earth they pass away,
 And soar above to Sion's heavenly mount,
 Where spirits pure have everlasting day.

How are the great ones silenced ! the gem of thought
 Has ceased to flash within a house of clay ;
 Who now shall take the pen and bring from nought ?—
 Dickens, alas ! he's dead and passed away !

But sleep in peace in thy last narrow bourn,
 For thou art laid beside the brave and true ;
 Never again on earth will ye return,
 Nor write again thy tales for men to view.

Westminster Abbey holds thy mortal clay ;
 The honoured place where English worthies rest
 Poets, historians, statesmen, and warriors lay,
 And thou with them may be a welcome guest.

Old Time with rapid strides he hastens on :
 How are the men of genius swept away !
 Dickens, alas ! has fled—from us he's gone
 To brighter worlds, to never-ending day !

Death.

Oh this should be man's wisdom, in death it is true,
 To do those things while living, and at the proper time,
 Which we would wish to do when in sickness lying,
 And which we would were done if we were dying.

The death of the just and righteous it is life,
 The death of the sinner, that this world it is ripe,
 To see a healthy man, and even a pleasant one;
 To see the just to death should all may be.

Their souls becoming bright, our limbs unbroken,
 To see the just to death it is a sign;
 Without having sickness, death, or loss of breath;
 To see the just to death it is a sign.

To see the just to death it is a sign,
 To see the just to death it is a sign;
 To see the just to death it is a sign,
 To see the just to death it is a sign.

To see the just to death it is a sign,
 To see the just to death it is a sign;
 To see the just to death it is a sign,
 To see the just to death it is a sign.

To see the just to death it is a sign,
 To see the just to death it is a sign;
 To see the just to death it is a sign,
 To see the just to death it is a sign.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

The world is full of sin,
 And full of misery,
 And full of sorrow,
 And full of pain,
 And full of death,
 And full of hell.

Drooping like a pall that's falling
 O'er a bier while the bell is calling
 For one we loved on earth ;
 It seems to weep, but cannot save
 A friend or brother from the grave,
 Be high or low their birth.

It tells to all who are in the world,
 Remembrance sweet in the graveyard cold,
 It should be planted there,
 Where friends they sleep in quiet rest
 From the turmoil of a world at best—
 They rest from toil and care.

How the tree came some may not know it,
 It was planted first by Pope the poet,
 Came to England for that end,
 Bound round a present as a cord,
 To an English lady from abroad ;
 We hail this weeping friend.

A sprig of this same weeping willow
 Was sent, in time, across the billow
 To Russia's chilly cold,
 And planted in a garden there,
 At St. Petersburg, by an empress fair ;
 New ones raised from the old.

Lord Mendip owned the tree that came,
 Kept up with grace the poet's fame,
 Enclosed the lawn as well ;
 At length old age o'er it did steal,
 Though held by props it ceased to feel,
 Then perished down it fell.

Just so shall dear friends pass away,
 Live for a time and then decay ;
 Each have their little span.
 If fame is what we wish or crave,
 Beyond this life then comes the grave,
 So end the days of man.

On the Death of a Child

Sleep, sleep, thy labour-
 Life's battle it is ended.
 I trust the crown of glory

Thy hopes on Christ depended ;
 In early life ye went away,
 For here ye could no longer stay.

Thou comrade of my youth,
 Also of manhood's prime,
 How soon death's solemn truth
 Hath swept ye away from time ;
 Friends and children seem to say,
 How soon is father gone away.

Through every stage of life,
 I knew thy honest spirit,
 For through life's battle strife
 Ye earned a name by merit ;
 Thy works will last now ye are gone,
 They are left as lights to look upon.

Yet thou shall rise again
 In brighter worlds than this,
 And shall join the angelic train,
 And sing the songs of bliss.
 We hope to meet in heaven at last,
 As Christians do when life is past.

Then say not friends in grief
 That this our brother's dead ;
 The thought should give relief
 That Christ for sinners bled ;
 He is only gone some time before
 To sing His praises evermore.

On the Death of Colonel Kidd,

WHO WAS BLIND.

I shall ne'er see thee here again,
 Or pass by ye as ye walk,
 Nor speak a word of kindness then,
 And hear thy pleasant talk.

Ye'll taste the garden fruits no more,
 Which attendants they did find,
 Because thy earthly days are o'er,
 On earth ye too were blind.

I shall miss thee in the Summer time,
 As ye sat in the garden chair,
 Near the cedar trees or spreading lime—
 No more you will be there.

Another Ashby friend is gone,
 For the Colonel is called away,
 He fell not in the battle's throng,
 With armies in array.

Though he was blind his mind was bright,
 Which did some kindness win ;
 I pitied him for want of sight,
 Yet he had light within.

But quietly he went away,
 He was a kind old man ;
 Not till his hair was turned grey,
 And he'd lived life's narrow span.

Early Friends.

Where are the friends of our early youth ?
 In the churchyard some lie of a truth ;
 Their earthly days are ended now,
 Hopes and fears hath fled the brow.

These things must be, the world moves on,
 First one and then another's gone ;
 And those we knew and loved before,
 Friends or foes, shall be no more.

Slow fled our youth, we wished it then
 To fly like an arrow, and be men ;
 Not thinking, when our boyhood ended,
 Cares and sorrows will be blended.

To earn our bread, and see our way
 In brighter paths from day to day ;
 To leave a mark when we are gone
 Should be the aim of every one.

Humble we may be in our sphere,
 Have many cares and troubles here ;
 But let us aid each other more,
 Search out the wretched and the poor.

Relieve their wants when in distress,
 In our daily walk soothe wretchedness ;
 Then when our life is gone and past,
 We shall leave a name that will ever last.

In records here with those we love,
 And our deeds are registered above ;
 Then when the final day shall come
 We may hear the answer every one.

Amidst all the troubles that beset thee,
 Thy God doth not at last forget thee ;
 Your righteous life hath come to this—
 Come dwell with me in endless bliss.

Departed Friends.—A Vision.

Farewell to them all, for never again
 Shall I hear their sweet music on earth !
 No, not till we meet on that heavenly plain,
 Where for ever is singing and mirth.

When the day hath declined and taken its flight,
 And the weary lie down for repose ;
 In the visions of sleep, in the dead of the night,
 What Morpheus tells I disclose.

Sometimes he shows me when Somnus hath led,
 Or he puts a sweet sound in my ear ;
 As I am sleeping at night, some that are dead,
 In my visions I fancy they are near.

The sound that I heard was a beautiful sound,
 As the sound of music should be,
 It echoed in air, it echoed around,
 But the players I could not see.

I had heard the same tunes many years before,
 That was when I was a boy ;
 Those players are gone, but O never more
 Will they cause my heart to have joy.

For some of them sleep in their last resort
 Who have played to me music sublime ;
 The sound of the harp and pianoforte
 They have cheered me many a time.

O where are they gone, and what is the land
 They have chosen to be their last rest ?
 Their life it was short, and a heavenly Hand
 It led them away to the blest.

Yet still do they live in that pleasant retreat,
 For I fancy I see them up there,
 And playing again such music sweet,
 Which the angels alone can share.

On earth they were kind, their life it was pure,
 Not matrons or mothers were they ;
 But early they went away to be sure,
 Where pleasures they never decay.

The love of mankind to them it was such
 It could not entice them to wed ;
 The cares of a home would have been too much,
 But their gentle spirits are fled.

Now they are gone I must not deplore,
 For that would be useless and vain ;
 In time we may meet on that heavenly shore,
 Where no more there is anguish and pain.

We may meet in that land where spirits are free,
 And each other own as a friend ;
 The souls of the righteous they ever shall be
 Where eternity never shall end.

The land that I saw was a beautiful land,
 In that land the weary have rest ;
 Those who toiled on earth in the heavenly band,
 They alone are the souls that are blest.

Farewell to them all, for never again
 Shall I hear their sweet music on earth !
 No, not till we meet on that heavenly plain,
 Where for ever is singing and mirth.

Pleasure.

Pleasure it is mixed with woe
 As we journey here below ;
 From the cradle to the grave
 All is vanity we crave.

Where would we seek ? upon what shore
 Is endless pleasure evermore ?
 Not on earthly ground we tread,
 Among the living or the dead.

Not mixing in the busy crowd,
 Where jokes go free and voices loud ;
 Not in childhood's early day,
 When reason hath not gained its sway.

Not in youth, for girls and boys
 Are mostly pleased with trifles, toys ;
 They know but little of the world,
 • And all is vain they do behold.

In life's young dream they hope to find
 All that may please the heart and mind ;
 But let them wait, for pleasure here,
 As they grow old 'twill disappear.

Not when to riper years they grow,
 For they must toil for bread below,
 The dearest pleasures soon will fly,
 Though pleasant as an evening sky.

Is it at balls, where many greet,
 And shake the hands of friends they meet ?
 They often leave an aching heart,
 For transient pleasure will depart.

Is it in the busy toil of life,
 When man hath taken him a wife?
 When woman too hath given her hand,
 That pleasure's smile we understand?

How swift, how short, that little day
 Which we to earthly objects pay;
 For fleeting as an April shower
 Are the wings of pleasure's hour.

Is it when sons and daughters grow,
 That pleasure it is seen to flow?
 In our daily life, from youth to age,
 Cares are writ in every page.

Is it when tottering limbs do fail,
 That happy days and nights prevail?
 Ah, no! it is beyond all this,
 Not till we reach the realms of bliss.

Can we have joys for evermore,
 When days and nights shall be no more?
 Oh, teach us how to live and die,
 That we may to endless pleasure fly.

The Old Year 1869.

Another year it is now closing,
 And never will be seen again;
 Events are all of Thy disposing,
 Which Thou sendest unto man.

In the past year God's goodness spared thee,
 Through each day His hath fed;
 Ever since thy parents reared thee,
 He hath given us daily bread.

Preserved our life while some in sorrow,
 Are racked on a bed of pain;
 Let us trust Him for the morrow,
 Then He will watch o'er us again.

We can look back on the beginning
 Of the year that's fled with pinions fast,
 We may have erred, like many living,
 Blot out our sins like shadows past.

In the year friends have been leaving,
 They'll never more on earth return,
 Many spared they have been grieving
 For those now in their narrow bourne.

They are now in bright worlds soaring,
 Near Thy presence, in Thy sight,
 Ever round Thy throne adorning,
 Along with saints and angels bright.

Let none grieve as broken-hearted,
 For all must follow in their train,
 And like those that are departed,
 Let us live that we may meet again.

Another year it is now closing,
 Swift the moments pass and go ;
 Events are all of Thy disposing,
 When life shall end there's none can know.

Intemperance.

Intemperance it hath its meaning,
 When the sparkling glass is beaming,
 When attractions from it borrow,
 Then some know it to their sorrow.

Gladly would I warn the young,
 Of the dry and parched tongue ;
 When drink is taken to excess,
 It brings sorrows more or less.

How many by that fatal step,
 For ever have cause to regret ;
 Employment lost, no peace at home,
 None cares to see the drunkard come.

And then, oh what a wretched life,
 Hath the poor distressed wife!
 No food to eat, no clothes to wear,
 For sorry is the drunkard's fare.

The first temptation for the cup
 Which steals by little, drop by drop,
 On the nerves and on the brain,
 Till pleasure it is turned to pain.

Ye young, ye jovial, and ye gay,
 Early learn to shun temptation's way;
 Or else by all the truths I utter,
 Thy bed may be the street or gutter.

Ye may have left a parents' roof,
 Who have watched o'er thy early youth,
 Who would not have you linger near
 With comrades drinking ale or beer.

How many in their youth or prime,
 Have wasted money's worth and time,
 By first temptations led away,
 Step by step have gone astray.

I sometimes think if youth would try
 With their spare cash good books to buy,
 And read them o'er at eventide,
 When work is done or laid aside,

They might a fund of knowledge get,
 Which they never would regret;
 As dear-bought pleasures soon destroy
 The very life they should enjoy.

Its not the drunkard's noisy mirth
 Can e'er bring happiness on earth;
 Those who true happiness enjoy,
 The sparkling glass for ever fly.

Cruelty to Insects.

Why will ye be so cruel as to slay
 The meanest insect which creeps in thy way?
 Its but a wanton act, and you want sense;
 Come, let me hear you plead your own defence.

Ye say these things are dumb, that ye are free
 To do with them whatever pleases thee;
 Beside, they're insects, and if some were not killed
 The earth and air with them would soon be filled.

Unfeeling wretch, thou hast no right to kill,
 Or make ought suffer pain to suit thy will;
 Cause nothing pain, for life thou canst not give;
 The little insect has a right to live.

He who made thee and them He lives on high,
 He made the fish to swim, the bird to fly,
 And the little insects sporting in the air
 For some good end were made and have God's care.

Let them sport and play, and harm them not,
 God's creatures they are should not be forgot;
 Short is their life, and merry let it be,
 There's room enough for them, for you and me.

Providence.

We live on comforts daily given
 By God's providential hand;
 If we've for them by labour striven,
 By toiling daily on the land.

It is Thy gifts which feed us still,
 Without Thy aid, how could we live?
 We each have duties to fulfil,
 What we have Thy hand doth give.

We cannot make the trees to bud,
 Show blossom or their fruit,
 That only is the power of God,
 Who made both tree and root;

His mercies, countless as the sand,
 They are daily to us given
 To point us to that better land,
 And lead us up to Heaven;

Repine not creatures at His giving,
 He can also take away,
 If we despise His mercies living,
 In our short little day.

How can we look to Him in sorrow,
 When griefs they bow us down ;
 After death there comes the morrow,
 When we may wear a crown.

His providence will not forsake,
 While here on earth we stay,
 Its God alone can give and take,
 Let us serve Him while we may.

Then when our earthly days are o'er,
 For the fairest here must die ;
 May we dwell with Him for evermore
 In that home beyond the sky.

The Journey of Life.

We know that life is but a journey
 From the cradle to the grave ;
 From all that's wrong, oh early turn the
 By all that's good in mercy save.
 Yet there are thousand infants sleeping,
 That never knew the toil of life,
 God took them in his care and keeping
 Before they knew life's battles strife.
 How many a kind and anxious mother
 Was torn with grief to lose her child,
 For in her heart she had much rather
 Have nursed it like a mother mild ;
 She little thought that God, her Maker,
 In His wisdom knoweth best.
 When He by His will did take her
 Early to that place of rest.
 Through life's journey many struggle,
 Fighting for their daily bread.
 The world to them seems like a bubble,
 Rising on the water's head.
 And in that way, at different stages,
 First one and then another leave,
 Many a mother knows the ages
 When she for her lost one did grieve.
 Some leave the world in youth and beauty,
 Or just when life is in its prime,
 And oh, if they have done their duty
 In their short day while they had time,

Then there's hopes for them in Heaven,
 If they trusted in the grace
 Of Him who hath their sins forgiven,
 Then they at last may see His face.
 Others leave when manhood sternly
 Has put his impress on the brow ;
 May they trust that Saviour firmly,
 And bend their knees while living now.
 Orphan children may be weeping,
 Widows shed their tears in vain,
 When father and husband he is sleeping
 Ne'er to wake on earth again.
 Yet weep not friends like some in sorrow
 For those who could no longer stay,
 Ye shall meet another morrow
 In brighter regions far away.
 If ye will but truly seek Him
 Ye may shine in a brighter world,
 Then with songs of gladness meet Him,
 And with Him sweet communion hold.
 Some to fourscore years do linger,
 And that short time is but a span,
 Measured by the hand or finger
 It seems but a shadow unto man ;
 So at least our master told
 When we were young and went to school,
 And if ye live till ye get old
 Ye'll find that it is still the rule.
 Go ask the man that's passing by,
 Leaning on staff and bowed with care,
 He will tell you, may be with a sigh,
 As he goes to God's house of prayer,
 That life is but a shadow fleeting,
 When the sun or moonbeams gleam,
 With all its hopes, its loves, its greeting,
 Its only like a midnight dream.
 And as we journey so we find it
 Just the same as he did say ;
 Time steals along for none can bind it,
 Or make it last another day.
 Let us use it then while living
 In doing all the good we can,
 Every year it is Thy giving
 Though taken from our little span.
 Then ask not wealth, do not crave it,
 Ask not for lands, that is the same

For all belongs to God who gave it,
 All must leave it as they came.
 But ask for wisdom to direct thee,
 May God this in His goodness give,
 That through this life He may protect thee,
 And shed His blessings while we live.
 Teach us to look on sorrow weeping,
 With a kind and gentle eye,
 For all of us are in Thy keeping,
 Thou doth our needs and wants supply.
 When we see a cast-down brother,
 Let us never turn away,
 Give us a heart to help him rather,
 Then Thou wilt hear us when we pray.
 In vain are all our humble pleadings,
 At Thy altar, throne of grace,
 If we help not others' needings,
 We shall not hereafter see Thy face.
 All that come to Thee by prayer,
 All that see Thy face at last,
 They must on earth have met Thee there,
 Before life's journey it is past.
 Wait thee not till age it bows thee,
 Before we another's woes do feel ;
 May God's Holy Spirit rouse thee
 To help the poor, cast-down to heal.
 When we see the broken-hearted,
 Full of sorrow, bowed with grief,
 Before they have this life departed,
 Let us give them some relief.
 When its our turn to cross the river,
 May we not sink o'erwhelmed with fear
 But take us by the hand for ever,
 Make Thou our way and passage clear.
 Thus should we pass life's little journey,
 Till its our turn to go to rest ;
 Then, oh whither shall ye turn me ?
 Lord, let it be among the blest,
 Where ten thousand ages rolling
 Are but as shadows in the day ;
 Before the bell for us is tolling,
 Bear us to brighter realms away,
 Where blessed spirits ever singing
 In the Heavenly choirs above ;
 We nothing of our own are bringing,
 But trust in Thy redeeming love.

The Garden of Eden—A Vision.

In the visions of night, as I lay on my bed,
 I was walking a land where the pastures are green ;
 For a stranger he took me, or my fancy it led
 To the fairest of lands I had ever seen.
 The walks they were wide, and pleasantly laid
 By its shrubs and beautiful bowers ;
 I could traverse its length and be never afraid,
 Nor tire, though I wandered for hours ;
 For the trees that I saw were beautiful trees,
 Such as grow not on earth among men ;
 They were covered at times with such flowers as these :
 I will describe them now with a pen.—
 There was the Tree of Knowledge of Good and of Ill,
 And that was a tree we might know ;
 And the water it ran in a clear crystal rill,
 As for ever it seemed to flow.
 Other trees there were, well loaded with fruit,
 Like good actions done on the earth ;
 Here silent they grew, and they easy took root ;
 All around there was pleasure and mirth.
 There was also another—the tree was called Life,
 And that had its advantages such
 Those that tasted its fruits had no need of a knife,
 But no one was allowed it to touch.
 Its rivers were wide, on their margin there grew
 The bulrush and many flowers wild ;
 And those that beheld as the waters past flew
 Wore robes that had never been soiled.
 No anger or passion that land should profane,
 For the bulrush he boweth his head ;
 And the stream of resentment it floweth in vain,
 As it riseth like one from the dead.
 On its pebbly bed there was many a gem,
 More brilliant than coral or stone ;
 They were most of them pearls, belonging to them
 That found them to call as their own.
 I thought that I trod on its golden sand,
 And that land it was pleasant to see ;
 No evil was there, for nothing could stand
 But the pure in the land of the free.
 That land it produced, for so I was told,
 Abundance of pleasure and pure ;
 On its surface there lay such stores of gold,

That its riches were always sure.
 The brightest of flowers that eyes had ever seen
 They grew on its hills and its plain ;
 Their colours were such that never hath been
 On the earth, such as none could obtain.
 All this I have seen in my visions of sleep,
 Its hills, valleys, and mountain side ;
 So impressed was I that I wanted to keep
 In that land, and there for ever abide.
 Its people were few, and they had no care,
 As spontaneous the herbs they grew ;
 Nothing else beside was wanted there,
 For man and his wants were few.
 No innocent life ever languished in fears,
 The cravings of want to supply ;
 For all of them lived in peace, it appears,
 Till old age it bids them to die.
 The beasts and the birds had sweetest repose
 Beneath man's fostering hand ;
 None pleaded for life, as it ebbs and it flows,
 As when cruelty staineth the land.
 O who would not live in a land like this,
 With no trials or troubles to try !
 I thought that alone was the land of true bliss,
 Where man to his Maker was nigh.
 There was singing and joy in that happy retreat,
 It seemed to me like Eden of old,
 Where man and his God held communion sweet,
 Which angels could daily behold.
 But a spirit there was both subtle and sly,
 And, cunningly contriving a plan,
 In a creeping form he went forth to try
 And shorten the pleasure of man.
 He tried on the woman—more easy to turn
 Than the soul of a man that is free—
 She thought it was good a lesson to learn
 When her husband and none could see.
 The words that he used were such as could win
 The soul from its Maker and Friend ;
 She yielded in haste to the Tempter to sin :
 In that land man's pleasure must end.
 For *he* whispered a sort of persuasive word,
 " Have ye a commandment from God
 Not to taste of the Tree ?—how foolish, absurd,
 In the Garden where long ye have trod !"
 The woman she answered with diffidence still :

"Well, we are not allowed to touch one ;
 But note, I should like to eat to the fill :"
 She disobeyed and her joy was gone.
 And now to her sorrow she knew it was true,
 She had sinned and broken the law ;
 She persuaded her husband to taste of it too,
 For the fruit it was pleasant they saw.
 In this beautiful Garden sorrow first came,
 Where once was true pleasure, delight ;
 And all the sweet joy was followed by shame,
 As they hid from God's view and His sight.
 In the cool of the day, among the trees and the shade,
 There eager they seemed to hide,
 Their Maker and God to meet were afraid,
 Who had been their Protector and Guide.
 God called aloud in fair Eden's bower ;
 The man came forth with a faltering tread
 In sorrow and remorse, for in an evil hour
 All their joys and comforts were fled.
 O what would they not give again to be free,
 To hear their kind Maker's voice !
 They cursed the hour they tasted the Tree,
 But no pleadings or excuse could suffice.
 God spoke with a voice, as before Him they stood,
 "Hast thou both disobedient been ?
 Have ye tasted the fruit, and said it was good,
 The fairest that ever was seen ?"
 The man he upbraided the woman, his wife,
 And she blamed the Tempter in turn ;—
 How bitter that hour, the first in their life,
 They had sinned, and for ever must mourn.
 And now from the Garden they both must away,
 And the fig leaf it covered their shame ;
 In Eden's fair grounds they no longer could stay,
 Themselves they had only to blame.
 God turned them out and closed the gate,
 And He gave them both garments to wear :
 They saw with their eyes it now was too late
 Again to dwell in that Paradise fair.
 An empire was lost, their troubles began,
 They must till the ground for their bread ;
 And that is the lot that is fallen to man,
 By his labour he must ever be fed.
 Thistles and thorns the land shall produce,
 Among flowers that give pleasure, delight .
 Rank weeds shall grow of no manner of u

And they must toil from morning till night.
 Yet still there is mercy blended with love,
 In all the good things that are seen ;
 Though man is below, yet God is above,
 And His Son interveneth between.
 For He graciously promised He would them forgive ;
 That the seed of the woman should be
 The means again whereby they might live,
 And His presence again they might see.
 Though the ground is accurst, we are not bereft
 Of many comforts and mercies below ;
 Among all the trials on earth there is left
 The good Balm that healeth our woe.
 Yes, still to mankind God's blessing it flows,
 We see it each day and each hour ;
 In the visions of night I see pleasures like those
 Which first grew in fair Eden's bower.
 For He hath not left us alone on the earth,
 His justice is tempered with love ;
 If we serve Him now here He will give us a berth,
 Again in fair Eden a home.
 The longest of life is soon over and past ;
 Old age soon boweth man down ;
 But if we are faithful to death at the last,
 We shall wear a white robe and a crown.

On a Good Woman.

A good woman never gets old,
 Though years may pass over her head ;
 In her heart there is goodness untold,
 Which she loses not till she is dead.

The pink on her face it may fade,
 Or the tints of the rose they may die ;
 But charming as when a young maid,
 Is her heart for kind sympathy.

In her neighbourhood she is the friend
 To the helpless, the aged, the poor ;
 And to all their wants she'll attend,
 Where poverty stands at the door.

She will help in their hour of need,
 To soothe and comfort and bless ;
 Her hand it is ready to feed
 In the hour of deep distress.

In the church you will find her there,
 For her actions are always devout ;
 She will tell the young to beware
 Of the temptations that are without.

To the right and left you can see
 How in good actions she'll always engage ;
 The bloom on her cheek it will be
 When ripe she has got in her age.

Let none then despise while they live
 The kindness that helps them on earth ;
 The failings of woman forgive,
 Praise her for her goodness and worth.

When she shall be laid in the grave,
 For all on the earth they must die ;
 May He that is willing to save
 Give her a home beyond the sky.

Men of Merit.

I will trace me back again to days gone by
 Before I can remember, to infancy,
 Nursed in the lap of woman, cared for by her,
 Who nurses all and keeps the world astir.
 To helpless infants, ye high born men,
 Just stoop for once and see yourselves again ;
 High ye may be in senates and in state,
 May rule it o'er your kindred quite as great.
 In infancy, ah, on a level there,
 Helpless thy form and needing equal care,
 As does the meanest of the human race,
 This is thy greatness, all ye high in place !
 Noble ye are when ye by merit rise,
 And wing your way like eagles in the skies,

Which mounts on high, a bird without compare,
 Emblem of man when great his deserts are.
 If man excels in eloquence, he is great!
 And valued too and at no second rate,
 Far more than he who no gift or taste displays
 To reclaim sinners and teach them true ways.
 Oh eloquence, great is thy sphere,
 And in the pulpit some do have it there.
 I have heard it too in places near as great—
 At the tribunal of an earthly state,
 Where lawyers and counsellors did plead
 For criminals with might indeed;
 Strong was their voice, and often loud,
 I heard it standing with the crowd.
 Pleading before the judge's face
 That guilt was innocence, a case;
 Merit was there for I heard it sung,
 And hummed about by every tongue.
 The statesman has it when he dwells
 With strictures on his country's ills,
 Convincing senators with ease,
 Pleasing the crowd oft hard to please.
 Merit is great when earned with care,
 The eloquent shall have it there.
 The soldier, in his country's cause,
 When from the ranks he gains applause;
 When by his courage, power and skill,
 He gains a name though its to kill;
 Merit is great in every sphere,
 The soldier too shall have it there.
 The scholar too I now must name,
 Oft gaining a place in his country's fame,
 Convincing the people I will say it again,
 Its not with the sword but it is with the pen.
 And triumph is there, to the scholar its due,
 And merit is there, he shall have it too.
 To the skilled of the lands, to the lords of the trade,
 How often is merit there thrown in the shade,
 By his skill in design, in his masterly hand,
 By his trade and his traffic he feeds half the land;
 Oft rising by talent, by his rule and his skill,
 To him merit is due, and he shall have his fill.
 To the men of renown in every sphere,
 To the lords of the soil, to the tiller's care,
 Where worth is the wreath by talents made,
 Let merit be given to every shade.
 Those are the high, the men of great spirit,

The men that can lead are the men meant for merit,
 Are their ancestors high, from the trade or plough,
 These are thy great, O Britons now !
 Thus tracing again from whence we all spring,
 Whether statesmen, or divine, whether noble or king,
 In birth we are equal, some own it with shame,
 In pleasure we are equal, in sorrow the same ;
 In death we are equal, all know it is true ;
 Oh where then is grandeur ? to whom is it due ?
 The time is fast coming when all must be weighed
 In a far higher balance than what is here made.
 May all the great names from whom many appear,
 When weighed in that balance get merit there.
 As the seasons roll round, and some take their wing
 To the mansions of bliss and eternal spring.
 While some make a move, I cannot say where,
 To the regions of gloom and eternal despair.
 May we which remain be guided by Him,
 Through whom we live, through whom we spring ;
 Reach safely at last the opposite shore,
 Where trials and troubles assail us no more,
 May His blessings attend us wherever we go,
 Though assured that all shall reap as they sow.
 My best wishes to all in every sphere,
 And may God be with us through a happy new year.

Way-Side Inns.

There was a time when England it was young,
 And population was very few,
 As benighted men and travellers went along,
 At halls and mansions they were welcome too.

For honest men could rest them for a night,
 And be regaled with food they did require ;
 When morning came, and breakfast had, they might
 Go cheerful on, and bless the village squire.

I have read in histories, that at any rate,
 In ancient times, men cared for one another,
 And weary ones were spurned not from the gate,
 The rich and great they owned the poor as brother.

For way-side inns they were rather rare,
 At least, they were not so plentiful as now,
 And travellers often had not much to spare,
 To put up at Red Lion or Dunn Cow.

Such names as these are given to many an inn,
 What the reason is I never well could reckon,
 Unless it is that travellers may come in,
 And they stand there a sign the men to beckon.

I should have thought that men would keep away
 And seek some safer place themselves for ease ;
 And at neither Bull, nor Bear, or Lion stay,
 They are sometimes dangerous if they are teased.

How degenerate now the mansion and the hall,
 No more a resting place for men to stay ;
 No more a refuge for weary men to call,
 But told in earnest to go on their way.

Now they must go and find themselves a crib,
 Perhaps an inn, if they can it afford ;
 If not a barn, in straw they soon get hid,
 Then off again at morn upon the road.

Hard is their lot, watched by police and spies,
 We fancy only rogues and villians now,
 We look askance and never sympathise
 With those who get their bread we don't know how.

There is the parish union, there they may go
 And be confined like felons they may be ;
 But not for that and all their care and woe,
 Will poor men sell their birthright, liberty ?

The Greek Brigands.

Shall England mourn her sons in vain,
 And Greece not her robber bands restrain ?
 Shall friends at home have cause to mourn
 Those who may ne'er alive return ?

Wise Governments they should be true,
 And hunt the bandits and pursue,
 And never rest till they are slain,
 That cause a nation anxious pain.

Old England wishes Greece no ill,
 She has been her friend, and will be still ;
 But if her sons they are ill-treated,
 No wonder then if she is heated.

If chiefs like Takos have the sway,
 And dictate terms how much to pay
 As ransom for those they detain ;
 Then Greece she sways her power in vain.

What are the plains of Marathon,
 That battle field, to those who are gone ?
 As who will care to see them more ?—
 England's slain sons we all deplore.

For Herbert, Vyner, and Lloyd,
 We weep because they are destroyed ;
 As children fatherless are made,
 Better they at home had stayed.

Greece ! once thy chiefs were mighty men,
 But they no more are seen again ;
 How will the brave sink out of sight,
 For Greeks should only equals fight.

Thy king may weep, thy courtiers mourn,
 Friends who will not again return ;
 But if good comes out of the ill,
 The Greeks may learn a lesson still.

Let thy soldiers day and night
 Hunt the bandits in their flight,
 Until thy classic land is free,
 That the travellers may thy beauties see.

Athens once famed for renown,
 How thy prestige is gone down !
 But rise again as from the dead,
 Else England's sons for nought have bled.

Frost and Snow.

Oh, is it a frost and white,
And the ground its covered quite ;
And its all come on in a night ;
The Winter's not took its flight.

How changeable, fair, and rude,
And the ice is again renewed ;
A hard frost it always does good,
For the earth it grows more food.

Some people said Winter was gone,
Or we should have next to none,
And no ice for boys to slide on,
And young people would have no fun.

The fruit blossoms may never be gay,
The keen frost may nip them away,
As they grow on branch or on spray,
The buds they may early decay.

Then where's the fruit on the tree,
Which in Summer we like to see ?
Or where is the wine on the lee ?
If the blossom's cut, none can be.

But why should we murmur despair,
If the fruit on the tree is not there ?
In His word He doth often declare
For man and his wants He doth care.

His providence orders things right,
In man's good doth always delight ;
It may be in a frost in the night,
When the moon shines clear and bright.

Then let us not moan and bewail,
Though we get snow, frost and hail ;
Though darkness and clouds prevail
The bright sun may alter our tale.

But still let us trust Him, who can,
By His mighty wisdom and plan,
Though brief is our life and span,
Order things that are best for man.

To the Harvesters.

The harvest comes, a glorious sight,
The fields are turning gold or white;
With scythe or sickle, men at morn
They early rise to cut the corn.

And oft beneath a burning sun
The harvesters they hurry on
With all their strength, all their might,
Till darkness closes out the light.

If Boaz, while the men were reaping,
Kind words used while he was speaking—
“The Lord be with you,” he would say,
“The Lord bless thee,” words would repay—

It shows how good men, in olden time,
Could speak to young men in their prime;
Seldom now is heard such words as these,
Master and men both strived to please.

Oftener is heard hard words or worse;
Kindness is measured by the purse:
Why should hard words o'er sense prevail,
Or why be cursing with the ale.

The harvest month we all should prize,
The men early in the morning rise;
The village mother and the maiden
Come from the gleaning heavy laden;

Striving well, with all their power,
To gather corn from hour to hour;
And who will envy England's poor,
Thus toiling hard for Winter's store.

Pause now, ye rich ones of the earth,
Despise not the poor of humble birth;
The days will come, though ye be high,
When ye shall in the graveyard lie.

As Death will cut down friend and foe
With his sharp scythe, and lay them low:
When the harvest of this world is past,
May all be garnered safe at last.

The Birthday in June.

Ye came in the time of roses,
 Thine was the month of June ;
 And He who events disposes,
 Caused ye to come by noon.

Ye caused a joy in thy mother,
 And thou wast the hope of her friend ;
 She cared nothing at all for the sorrow,
 But over thee with pleasure did bend.

For smiling the flowers are around,
 In the fields and hedges so bright ;
 The daisies and crowfoot on the ground,
 They please with their yellow and white.

The violet is faded and gone,
 But there's many a herb in the lane,
 Many a wild flower about, but not one
 With the violet's sweet odour again.

The honeysuckle and the wild briar,
 They each of them give out their sweet,
 And they both of them grow much higher
 Than the sweet violet under our feet.

But the rose in its beauty for me
 With its colour of yellow or red,
 The white and vermillion I see,
 I could almost make them my bed.

What fragrance more precious than those,
 I could smell them by day or by night,
 The queen of all flowers is the rose,
 With its dazzling red, pink or white.

Ye came in the month of June,
 Thine was the Summer's sun ;
 Oh why doth it go so soon,
 And its days so swiftly run.

If some other months they were less,
 I would gladly store them away ;
 Were I the maker of months, I confess,
 June should be longer by many a day.

Yet it comes but once in a year,
 But I greet it with a smile ;
 When its gone I could shed a tear,
 For I am nearer life's end by a mile.

Dr. Lidingstone.

The news from Livingstone is scant,
 Reduced to many straights or want,
 On Afric's sunny shore ;
 No chest of medicine to relieve,
 While many a friend at home doth grieve
 They ne'er may see him more.

Sir Roderick Murchison, his friend,
 At meetings which he did attend,
 Has hopes that he is well ;
 But the tale is now getting stale,
 That he is hearty well and hale,
 And no harm hath him befel.

I fear myself it must be true,
 In seeking knowledge to his view,
 That harm has to him come,
 Or tidings would have reached us here,
 To every friend that holds him dear,
 That soon he's coming home.

Their satisfaction in the plan,
 That a vessel's sent out to the man,
 With comforts he may need.
 I trust the news will spread around
 That Livingstone alive is found,
 The news will be good indeed.

The trackless waste that he hath seen,
 To solve the problem that hath been
 The source of the river Nile ;
 When he returns he may explain,
 And never wander there again
 On Afric's sunny soil.

The laws of Nature it is true,
 Are hidden in a mystery too,
 Which man likes to explore ;
 O'er sunny lands or trackless snow,
 There the brave traveller will go,
 Nor rest till life is o'er.

The great lakes have no charms for me,
 I care not the negro's land to see,
 Its barren wastes or rude ;
 I am quite content on England's soil,
 At home I willingly will toil
 To earn my daily food.

The restless spirits on the earth,
 May seek a foreign grave or berth,
 Livingstone may gain renown ;
 With chart or map before my eye,
 I've no wish foreign lands to try,
 I'm content to lay me down.

In our English grave when death shall call ;
 In time that King will summons all,
 None here can always stay.
 To live on earth that death may bring
 A peaceful end, then where's the sting,
 When ended is my day ?

No foreign land or woodland grove,
 Can ever tempt me there to rove,
 No, not for golden ore ;
 My native country can supply
 All my few wants until I die,
 I crave for nothing more.

The Auction Sale.

FRANKLIN'S PREFACE TO "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK" FOR
 1758 VERSIFIED.

I stopped my horse very lately one day
 Where a number of goods were placed in array ;
 I heard that there would be an auction sale,
 Where the goods they went cheap and never did fail.

I heard in the news which the people did say,
 That the times they were bad as well as the day.
 At length an old man, who looked tidy and clean,
 For his locks they were hoary, or white they did seem,
 Was asked by one of the people who stood
 What he thought of the times, if they were not good ;
 " What think ye of the taxes, shall we be able to pay ?
 Don't you think they will ruin the country some day ?"
 Father Abraham he spoke, and he looked like a seer :
 " If you take my advice you shall have it, now hear ;
 What I have now to say I will tell you in short—
 A word to the wise is enough, or it ought.
 A great many words a bushel won't fill ;
 All I have to say is for good, and I trust not for ill."
 They all of them hoped he would speak out his mind,
 While they stood and listened in front and behind.
 You must all of you know there were a great many there,
 Come to buy at the sale of the merchants' ware.
 " Friends and neighbours," he said, and he told them quite plain,
 " ' Poor Richard ' says this, and the day I'll not name :
 The taxes are great, very heavy indeed,
 That's a reason we should buy no more than we need ;
 But if its no more than the Government lay,
 We might easy pay them, and go on our way ;
 But other taxes we have, which are grievous to bear ;
 Our folly and idleness have more than a share ;
 Four times in our dress, much more in our pride—
 All this is the truth, and cannot be denied.
 And from these the Commissioners can none of us ease,
 Its only yourselves you are aiming to please ;
 So I will give my opinion, as far as I can,
 It is for every woman and for every man.
 But however let us hearken to good advice,
 And something may be done for us all in a trice ;
 God helps all those who help themselves do—
 ' Poor Richard ' says this in his almanack true.
 It would be thought a hard thing if a tenth we did pay,
 And the Government hard that taxed us that way ;
 But idleness taxes us much more and sloth,
 If we reckon our time when we do nothing, or both.
 For these shorten our lives, of this you are aware ;
 Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears ;
 For it brings on diseases which will soon wear us out,
 This is my opinion without any doubt.
 And the key always used it is always bright ;
 ' Poor Richard ' says this, and he always says right.

Now if you love life, don't squander your time,
 For that is the stuff you should use in your prime.
 How much more than we need do we spend in our sleep ;
 The fox that did so would not get poultry or sheep :
 There will be sleeping enough for us all in the grave :—
 Now this is an evil we should none of us crave.
 If time is more precious than any other thing,
 Wasting then must be prodigal, and sorrow 'twill bring ;
 Lost time is ne'er found, he elsewhere doth tell ;
 What we call 'time enough,' proves too little as well.
 Let us then be up early, and always be doing ;
 And doing to the purpose is always worth knowing ;
 So by diligence we shall do much more, and with less
 Perplexity than most people can guess.
 Sloth makes all things difficult, industry all easy ;
 Then go by 'Poor Richard,' or I shall say you are crazy :
 He that riseth late, he must trot all the day ;
 Scarce overtake his business by night through delay.
 While laziness travels so slowly it is true
 Poverty soon overtakes him—now mind its not you!
 'Poor Richard' he adds be happy and free ;
 Drive thy business before, let it never drive thee.
 Moreover, 'early to bed and early to rise
 Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise ;'
 So why should we wish for better times or demur,
 We can make these times better if ourselves we bestir.
 Industry need not wish if on ourselves we rely,
 For if ye live upon hope you fasting will die ;
 Help, hands, all you can, or you have but few gains,
 For the land is not tilled without labour and pains.
 And if you have land it is taxed very smart ;
 'Poor Richard' observes you should take this to heart ;
 For he that hath a trade hath also an estate,
 Or a calling in an office may bring a profitable rate :
 But the trade must be worked with honour and skill,
 Or the trade and the calling our pockets won't fill ;
 For the office and estate will not allow to us pay,
 Our taxes and rates if we don't follow that way.
 And if we are industrious, none of us will starve,
 We shall always have something at dinner to carve ;
 At the working man's house if Hunger looks in,
 He never dare enter his sorrow to bring ;
 For the bailiff and constable they enter not there,
 For industry pays debts, so never despair :
 What though you have found no treasure or gold,
 Nor a legacy left by a rich relation that's old ?

Diligence is the mother of good luck, if you try,
 And God gives all good things to industry ;
 Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
 You then shall have corn to sell and to keep.
 Work while it is called to-day, and not slow,
 For you may be hindered to-morrow, you know ;
 For one to-day is worth two of the morrow—
 Then do something to-day, and keep free from all sorrow.
 Now were you a servant, and had something to do,
 Should you not be ashamed to be caught idle too ?
 Are you then your own master ?—be ashamed to find
 When yourself you are idle and always behind.
 When there is much to be done for home and friends dear,
 To make your home happy, and your debts free and clear ;
 When there is something to pay for your king or your queen,
 How hateful to think that you idle have been !
 Never then let the sun look down on you and say,
 ‘ Inglorious he lies, and there let him lay ;’
 Be up, then, and doing by the peep of the day,
 And that is how you may keep sorrow away.
 Handle your tools without mittens, gloves, and all that,
 If the cat was in gloves no mice would it get :
 It is true there is plenty and much to be done,
 But stick to it steadily and waste time away none.
 By continual dropping the stones wear away,
 And by diligence and patience you will win the day ;
 Was there ever a man who went fearlessly on
 Who did not conquer at last, or will do anon ?
 For a mouse who did so he ate through a cable :
 Be patient like that, do the best that ye are able ;
 For most of you know they are very light strokes
 Which fell in a short time some very large oaks.
 ‘ Poor Richard ’ he thinks he hears some of you say,
 ‘ Must a man have no leisure from his work ne’er a day ?’
 Employ thy time well, don’t hinder a minute,
 For if leisure you have you get nothing in it.
 Since thou art not sure you have a minute to live,
 Then waste not an hour which thy Maker doth give ;
 Leisure time is for doing something useful, if plain—
 This leisure the diligent man will obtain.
 But the lazy man never a comfort he brings :
 A life of leisure and laziness are two different things ;
 Do you imagine that sloth will afford any more
 Comfort than labour, if you are ever so poor ?
 Troubles spring from idleness, if self you do please,
 And grievous toils spring from needless ease ;

Many without labour would live by their wit,
 But break for want of stock, and that is just it ;
 Industry gives comfort and plenty, respect,
 Fly pleasures and they'll follow and folly neglect ;
 For a diligent spinner he has a large shift,
 Which he has earned for himself, it is not a gift.
 And now I can boast of a sheep and a cow,
 Everybody they speak, and say, ' Good morning ' now ;
 But with our industry we must be steady likewise,
 Oversee our affairs and with our own eyes ;
 And not trust too much to others, for that is the way
 Many men they get poor, as ' Richard ' doth say.
 He never saw an oft-removed tree or family
 That thrived so well as those which settled be.
 And again three removes are as bad as a fire ;
 Be slow then to change, it is my desire.
 Again, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee,
 For the profits you get are pleasant to see.
 Would you well have your business done you must go,
 If not you can send, then in time you will know ;
 And he that by the plough would thrive,
 Himself must either hold or drive,
 For the eye of the master does much more work
 Than both his hands would if he worked like a Turk ;
 And again, want of care doth often more harm
 Than the want of knowledge in the house or the farm.
 And besides, not to oversee your workmen is to leave
 Your purse ready open—now this should you grieve ;
 Trusting too much to others, and how they take care,
 Is the ruin of many, as well as a snare.
 For the almanack says in the affairs of the world,
 Men are saved by faith if they only keep hold ;
 By the want of faith many a poor man is lost,
 A man's care is his profit—so count up the cost.
 Learning is to the studious, and riches for those
 Who are careful and prudent, and bold I suppose ;
 And Heaven to the virtuous—' Poor Richard ' says well—
 If you all of you strive up there ye may dwell.
 And further, if you have a servant that's faithful,
 And one that you like, serve yourself and be careful ;
 Again he adviseth to circumspection and care,
 In the smallest of matters you should take a due share.
 Because sometimes a little neglect it may breed
 By those you trust most, great mischief indeed ;
 Adding, for want of a nail the shoe was lost,
 For want of a shoe the horse what it cost,

And for want of a horse the rider was slain :
 Now this should make us all careful again ;
 Being o'ertaken in battle the foe did not fail—
 All for want of care about a horse's shoe nail.
 So much for industry, my friends, I do mention ;
 To one's own business then give all your attention ;
 But to these we must add frugality too,
 If we would make our industry more certainly true.
 A man may, if he knows not well how to save
 All he gets through his life may then nothing have ;
 Keep his nose all the while unto the grindstone,
 And die not worth a groat he can call his own.
 Again, a very fat kitchen makes a very lean will ;
 Let him keep his eye then on the kitchen still ;
 For many estates they are spent in the getting,
 Since women for tea have forsook spinning and knitting.
 And men for punch have forsook hewing and splitting :
 ' If you would be wealthy,' he says in another place,
 ' Think of saving as well if ye are getting apace.'
 For the Indies they never made Spain rich,
 Now that is a lesson that may be useful to each ;
 Because her outgoings were more than her income ;
 Now mind that's not the case with you before long.
 Away, then, with your expensive follies and crimes,
 And you will not have much cause to complain of hard times,
 Heavy taxes and chargeable families great,
 Take courage in time, before its too late.
 For women and wine, game and deceit,
 Make the wealth small and the want great ;
 And further, he says, ' what maintains now a vice
 Would bring up two children in a way very nice.'
 You may perhaps think that a little more tea,
 Or a little more punch now and then in a day ;
 Diet a little more costly, and your clothes
 A little more finer, to look smart I suppose ;
 And a little more entertainment now and then,
 Is no very great matter for women or men ;
 But remember in time that many a little
 In a very short space it soon makes a meikle.
 Beware of small expenses ; a very small leak
 Has often been known to sink a great ship :
 Again, who dainties love shall beggars prove,
 Unless they make a very different move.
 Again a fool will make a very good feast,
 But they who eat it often deserve it the least ;
 Here you have all together at his auction sale,

Shall these fineries and nic-nacs o'er you prevail.
 You call them all goods, but if you so do
 Take care they are ills to many of you,
 And you expect they will be sold, both ready and cheap,
 And perhaps they may, and you good hope to reap.
 Or maybe they will be sold far less than they cost,
 But if you don't need them, your money's half lost,
 And then they must be dear enough unto you ;
 Remember, ' Poor Richard ' says keep this in view :
 If thee buy what thou hast no need of now,
 You may soon have to sell things, may be a cow ;
 And at a great pennyworth, pause a good while,
 Though advice like this may make you smile,
 He means that the cheapness may be all outside,
 Apparent, not real, which you wish to provide ;
 Again, he says, many have ruined been,
 By buying good pennyworths he hath seen,
 And the bargain by straightening thee it would
 Do thee more harm than it would do thee good ;
 For its foolish to spend if that's your intent.
 And afterwards be sorry, and then you repent.
 And yet this folly is practised every day,
 All for want of minding what the almanacks say ;
 Wise men are sure to learn from others' harm,
 Fools scarcely by their own will take alarm.
 And many, for the sake of finery in clothes,
 Have gone with an empty belly ' Richard ' knows ;
 And half starved their families beside,
 Silks, scarlets, and satin to provide.
 These are not the necessaries we should desire,
 And they often put out the kitchen fire :
 They are not the necessaries of life,
 And they very often cause much strife ;
 And much envy too between one another,
 Because one hopes to outshine the other.
 They can scarcely be called convenient,
 And they are only for great, rich folks meant ;
 And yet, because they look so pretty,
 Poor folks they want them—more's the pity.
 The artificial wants of man they are all
 Much more numerous than the natural ;
 Where only one poor person should be found
 There a hundred and much more abound.
 By these, and living so extravagantly,
 The genteel are reduced to poverty,
 And forced to borrow from those they despise ;

They would not have done so had they been wise ;
 And some that were poor through industry they stand
 Much higher than those who once owned the land.
 In which case it appears he who once was a squire,
 A ploughman on his legs is now very much higher.
 Perhaps some have had left them a handsome estate,
 Which they have never worked hard for, early or late.
 So they think, as ' Richard ' says, it is now all day,
 And will never be night, so keep spending away ;
 And say that a little to be spent out of so much
 Is never worth minding, so they don't care a rush.
 For a child and a fool think, and them you cannot prevent,
 Twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent ;
 But always dipping in, and taking out of the meal,
 It very soon comes that the bottom you feel.
 They know then at the last, when the well is dry,
 The want of water and a good supply ;
 But this they might have known long before,
 If they had taken ' Poor Richard's ' advice much more.
 If you would know the value of money, go try
 To borrow some of your friends that live very nigh ;
 For he who starts and goes a borrowing,
 Its often true he goes a sorrowing.
 And so he who lends to such folks finds it is vain,
 And often its very hard to get it back again ;
 A pride of dress is sure a very curse ;
 Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.
 Again pride is as loud a beggar as want,
 And a great deal more saucy, without any cant.
 If you have bought a fine thing, you want ten more,
 That you may correspond behind and before.
 But it is easier to suppress the first desire,
 Than to satisfy all you may require ;
 And it is truly a folly for those that are poor
 To ape at the rich—of this I am sure.
 As the frog which did swell in order to equal the ox—
 But you can hardly folks turn if you give them hard knocks ;—
 Yet vessels large may venture more,
 But little boats should keep near shore.
 Its however a folly, that's punished very soon,
 Pride may dine on conceit, sup with contempt in a room.
 Again, it is said to cut a great shine ;
 Pride breakfasted with Plenty, but where did he dine ?
 With Poverty too, his own seeking the shame ;
 And with Infamy supped—that's worse in the name.
 After all, what's the use of this appearance, this pride,

For which so much is risked and suffered beside,
 It cannot promote health, it cannot ease pain,
 It makes no increase of merit, and where is the gain?
 What is a butterfly? at best its but a caterpillar dressed,
 And the gaudy fop is the picture just.
 For to run in debt, folks must be mad,
 To buy what we don't want is near as bad;
 We are offered terms too, by this auction sale,
 Here is six months' credit—without fail!
 That perhaps has caused some here to attend,
 Because they have not got ready money to spend;
 So they hope without money to be very fine,
 And among all the folks to cut a great shine.
 Ah just think for a moment what you now do,
 When you run into debt, and for finery too,
 For you give to another man o'er you the power,
 Could you not pay at the time might on you look sour.
 All your creditors you would hate to see,
 You would shirk on one side and ashamed be;
 Or if you should speak you would be in fear,
 That's if with your debts you are in the rear,
 You will make poor pitiful excuses,
 Maybe tell lies and give abuses.
 The first vice is running into debt or trying,
 The second is base and downright lying;
 Where as lying rides upon debt's back,
 Of which no Englishman should crack.
 How hard for an empty bag to stand,
 Its like the man who built his house on sand.
 Or what would you think of that great prince
 Or a Government, for I must you convince,
 Who would issue and edict, I must give you the reason,
 Forbid you to dress as you like or go to prison,
 You would say you were free and should dress as you like,
 That the Government was bad and tyrannical quite,
 But the tyrant you live under is so nevertheless,
 If you run into debt it will bring you distress;
 And if ye can't pay when the debt it is due,
 And you cannot remember your creditors too,
 They may sue for their rights, and send you to jail,
 Because ye could not pay for things bought at the auction sale.
 For creditors are a superstitious set,
 Great observers of days and times don't forget,
 And the day it comes round before you are aware,
 And the demand it is made before you prepare;
 Or if you do bear your debt in your mind,

The time that first seemed long, its now short you will find.
 Time will seem to have added wings to his heel,
 And to his shoulders as well you will equally feel.
 Who owe money at Easter, have a very short Lent,
 You will hate yourself then for the money you've spent ;
 Since then as the borrower is to the lender a slave,
 And the creditor the debtor he has not forgave,
 Preserve still your freedom, and disdain the claim,
 Keep your independence, and your honour mantain,
 Be industrious and fair, be frugal and free,
 Then you may remember this lesson from me.
 Perhaps you may think yourselves thriving at present,
 And your circumstance better than many a peasant,
 And that you can a little extravagance bear.
 Without very much harm, for you no miser are.
 But for age and want save while you may,
 No morning sun lasts a whole day.
 Gain may be temporary and uncertain,
 But expense is constant, sure and certain.
 For it is easier to build chimneys two,
 Than to keep one in fuel, that is true ;
 So rather go then supperless to bed,
 Than leave a debt behind when dead.
 Get what you can, and what you get hold,
 Its the stone as will turn all your lead into gold,
 And when you have got the philosopher's stone,
 You'll see it will shine when the house is your own.
 Surely you will never complain of bad times,
 Or the paying of taxes or other hard fines ;
 This doctrine, my friends, is wisdom and reason,
 And may all come about in your life and your season.
 After all don't depend on such excellent things,
 As frugality and prudence, for riches have wings,
 Your hopes may be blasted without the blessing of Heaven,
 Serve faithful thy God, keep one day in seven,
 And therefore humbly ask God's blessing,
 For all life's ills they are distressing ;
 Be not hard and uncharitable the less,
 But help and heal, and God will bless
 You in your going out and coming in,
 For all ye may do for poorer men.
 Be not uncharitable to the poor, but feed,
 Comfort, and help them in their hour of need.
 Remember Job suffered and was sorely distress'd,
 But was afterwards prosperous, and great riches possessed.
 But experience keeps a very dear school,

I conclude that no other will do for a fool,
 And scarcely in that, for advice we may give,
 But we cannot give conduct if we teach how to live ;
 However if my counsel they shun and despise,
 They cannot be helped but my words they should prize.
 If you will not hear reason it may behap
 Hard on your knuckles she surely will rap.”
 Thus the old gentleman he ended his tale,
 But on the people who heard it he could not prevail,
 They were loth to believe, yet approved his doctrine,
 But immediately practiced contrary at the auction,
 Just as if it had been a common sermon they heard,
 For his advice and his counsel they cared not a word.
 For the auction it opened and soon they began,
 Most extravagantly wild, nearly every man,
 Notwithstanding his caution, and all their own fear
 Of the taxes and rates they would pay in the year.
 I found the good man my almanacks knew,
 And most of the topics I had dropped their too,
 For a great many years, I should say twenty-five,
 I have printed my books, for their good I did strive,
 The frequent mention of my name it made me feel glad,
 It must have tired other folks. and made them quite sad,
 I was greatly delighted, it made me feel vain,
 For all he ascribed unto me I could not refrain,
 For not a tenth part of the wisdom was mine,
 But the sense of all nations and ages through time.
 I resolved to go by them and his sayings regard,
 I would not buy at the auction sale a yard.
 I had thought in my mind I would buy me some stuff,
 Just for a new coat, and no more than enough,
 But I went away glad, determined to wear
 My old one much longer, though it was getting threadbare.
 If ye who read this will but just do the same,
 For I saved my pocket, went away as I came ;
 I mounted my horse and no longer would stay,
 And soon from the auction I galloped away.

Self-Denial.

To practice self-denial,
 When angry passions burn,
 It may be a great trial,
 That's what every man should learn

Assured that if they thus begin,
'Twill often save from grief and sin.

For if any fix their heart
Upon any earthly thing,
How can it e'er depart
Until it doth sorrow bring?
Man's peace of mind may be destroyed
If passions they are not denied.

Then as they journey through
This life of toil and care,
Let them no mirth pursue,
Where honour is not there ;
For pleasures often will decoy,
Yet man is anxious them to try.

But let them never turn,
Or swerve from reason's guide.
There'll be no cause to mourn,
When other wrongs betide,
With conscience free they are secure,
Though others ache or pains endure.

Thus should man ever tread
In virtue's lovely way ;
By lawful pleasures led,
And only those obey.
It will safely on life's journey bring,
When fleeting pleasures leave a sting:

Thus should man's days be spent,
What's wrong they should deny,
Or else they will repent ;
If at evil ways they try,
Their conscience ever must decide,
'Twill one day speak if now denied.

A True Friend.

If here on earth we have a friend
That's faithful ever ;
Should we forsake him to life's end ?
No, never !

Not till the grave shall o'er him close,
 We still would cling if he has foes,
 Till death shall sever.

If enemies stand thick around,
 Forsake him not ;
 For on this earth strife may abound
 In hall or cot.
 Be thou low or be thou high,
 If here thy friend hath trials to try,
 Fulfil thy lot.

Be a friend though others fail,
 And are not true.
 What if they ever slander, rail,
 Do not you ?
 Through good or ill, or darkest cloud,
 Until thy friend shall wear a shroud,
 Friendship renew.

What if thy friend may be obscure,
 Then cheer him on.
 His lot on earth it may be poor,
 Yet follow on ;
 He'll ne'er forget thee while ye live ;
 No, if thou hast not wealth to give,
 Till life is gone.

Then how refreshing is the thought,
 When ye shall lie
 Upon a bed of sickness brought,
 When health shall fly ;
 Help thy friend now while ye may,
 The longest life seems but a day,
 When all must die.

Be thou a faithful friend and true,
 To help and cheer.
 In health and sickness, trials too,
 In sorrow's tear.
 Though such friendships may be rare,
 Amidst life's struggles toil and care,
 Yet they are dear.

When all the toiling on this earth
 Cares shall bring,
 Where in the hour of noisy mirth,
 They laugh and sing ;
 When thy friend is near or far away,
 Or if to foreign lands he stray,
 Like bird on wing.

Try, make him happy while ye can,
 For thou shalt go
 To the narrow bourne, the home of man—
 The grave below ;
 Then thy memory shall be blest,
 When its thy turn to be at rest,
 And are laid low.

The Mother's Kiss.

Come, dear mother, let me kiss thee,
 Before I go to bed or sleep ;
 Then I think that God will bless me,
 And will from me all danger keep.

Is it not a simple boon,
 To ask a mother such a thing ;
 Then it drops asleep, and soon,
 For sleeping it doth comfort bring.

The little child will rest content,
 Like a ship becalmed upon the billow ;
 Sweetest sleep to it is sent,
 When its head sinks on the pillow.

The brightest eyes in darkness close,
 Its dreams they are of Heavenly bliss,
 Its lips are colour of the rose ;
 It soundly sleeps through mother's kiss.

Kiss it, mother, say good night
 To thy little baby child ;
 It will not then wake up affright,
 When cared for by its mother mild.

To boys or girls it is the same,
 When the daylight disappears ;
 Calm repose to them it came,
 It cheers them too in after years.

There's innocence upon that bed,
 May it through all its life adorn,
 By its mother taught and fed,
 Let it slumber until morn.

Should the little one depart
 Before it is to manhood grown,
 That would cheer a mother's heart,
 When shining in a world unknown.

The mother's kiss, what magic there,
 When sleeping in a cot they lie ;
 What balm when they to bed repair,
 That will still the mournful cry.

To many a wanderer by the way,
 As he climbs up fortune's hill ;
 As he journeys through the day,
 That mother's kiss will cheer him still.

Rugged paths may lie before him ;
 Places where its hard to stand,
 The mother's kiss will linger o'er him,
 When far away in a foreign land.

Should the soldier for his country fight,
 When the battle it is hot,
 Then the thought will give delight,
 His mother's prayer is not forgot.

How can the prodigal forget
 All his childhood's happy hours,
 The mother's kiss will cheer him yet,
 When he is not in rosy bowers.

When the fevered lip is dry,
 Or earthly trials they dismay ;
 Then, like meteors, they will fly
 To cheer the lost one by the way.

Mothers, kiss your little ones at night,
 And pray that God will ever keep
 Them safely when not in thy sight,
 Till death it seals their eyes in sleep.

Contentment.

Contentment is not to be found
 By sitting still or looking round,
 Or waiting for blessings to drop
 Into our mouth by looking up.

This is mere slothfulness, content
 Is an active virtue—it was meant ;
 It denotes repletion, full of joy,
 Held out to all men who will it try.

And if pressed down and full of measure,
 And shaken up runs o'er together ;
 Laziness brings langour, weariness,
 First discontent, then soon distress.

Like a stagnant pool which ever frets,
 It seethes and bubbles and regrets,
 And gives at all times poisonous gases,
 Not fit for men but stupid asses.

For running water is ever clearest,
 And like those who stir is nearest ;
 If life's withered by inaction too,
 Soon the body becomes cold, like dew.

And the muscles rigid, and the brain
 Torpid and sleepy will remain ;
 There is no sense there to enjoy,
 What should ever be their aim to try.

For ripest fruits seem most to cheer,
 And so doth now contentment here ;
 Just so with man's material being,
 To be always stirring, hearing, seeing.

But he who withdraws himself away
 From the battle of life, in home doth stay,
 Shuts up himself, and will not stir,
 In rightful things doth greatly err.

Or sets himself down by the road side,
 He is like a sea without a tide ;
 Caring only for himself outright,
 Regardless of comrades in the fight.

Is in no sense of the word content,
 And acts a part that ne'er was meant ;
 The hours pass wearily with him,
 Until he sinks below the brim.

He is like a traveller who makes shift,
 Sits easy down in a snow-drift,
 Until he nearly loses breath—
 Its like the inactivity of death.

The man that will be up and doing,
 Taking the lead and not pursuing,
 Such men as these will get along anon ;
 Their motto is, " Go forward, on !"

Just so contentment may be won,
 They reap the reward that rests upon ;
 A well-spent life contentment brings,
 Then a man goes merrily on and sings.

Is thankful for all blessings given,
 Enjoys this life, and looks for Heaven ;
 Repines not at ills he cannot prevent—
 That is the man blessed with content.

Charity.

Some are hoarding riches while they live,
 And to the poor and wretched will not give,
 They shut their eyes to the appeal,
 Of a brother's woe they cannot feel.

What is more hateful to the sight
 Than closed purse and pockets tight?
 Riches and wealth may fly away,
 Then help the needy while you may.

The lands and wealth you may possess
 Should make a brother's sorrow less;
 And they will bless you here below—
 The generous heart will find it so.

Riches are lent thee for a while,
 But all are from the earth and soil;
 The corn we grow, the fruits we store,
 Are sent alike for rich and poor.

Ye need not with a trumpet sound
 When ye give help to those around;
 There's One above that can thee see,
 And notes all thy deeds of charity.

The sick and aged ye can aid
 Before they in the grave are laid:
 Assist these while you are living here;
 The orphan child and widow cheer.

Then thy heart it will be light
 When on thy bed ye sleep at night;
 No airy fancies fill thy head—
 A name ye'll leave when ye are dead.

And all that you on earth have given,
 Its registered by One in Heaven;
 He will reward you when you die,
 In brighter realms beyond the sky.

The New Year's Gift.

Its sixteen years ago to-day
 Since first you saw the light;
 I happened then to pass that way,
 And heard the news outright.

Ye came just right as a new year's gift,
 Like a present from a friend ;
 Thy early days have gone so swift—
 Some have no gifts to spend.

Thy father he seemed pleased indeed,
 He had such news to tell ;
 For I am sure he stood much in need
 Of a little baby—and a girl.

To thy mother too ye brought much joy,
 Ye were a welcome guest ;
 She might have wished you were a boy
 Before you had been drest.

Ye grew, and were a lovely child
 When you were not three months old ;
 For thee thy father gladly toiled,
 Ye were dearer to him than gold.

They took you to the house of God,
 For a name they gave you there :
 When you could walk there too you trod
 Towards that house of prayer.

You have been blessed with comforts too,
 When you stood much in need ;
 And as in years and strength you grew,
 You were taught to write and read.

They sent you daily to a school,
 That good you there might find ;
 For you could learn there many a rule :
 No parents were more kind.

You have nearly grown to womanhood,
 By kindness taught and led ;
 Thy parents now they think it good
 You should work for daily bread.

Some light employment you should learn ;
 Go then with a good spirit ;
 There's nought like a head with hands to turn,
 That ye may earn a name by merit.

Thy parents will watch o'er thee still,
 And teach thee what to shun ;
 And if you take advice you will
 Go on as you've begun.

With blessings scattered in thy way,
 As they have been in youth,
 May ye journey on from life's young day,
 Guided by that Word of Truth.

In all temptations which surround
 May you stand firm and sure ;
 In virtue and in grace abound,
 Then thy happiness is sure.

Thy mother's heart will then be glad,
 And thy father happy seen ;
 Ne'er cause a tear to make them sad,
 Though you are now sixteen.

I join my best wishes to you here,
 As when first you saw the light ;
 I wish you a new and happy year,
 And now I say Good-night.

And may God bless thy future life,
 Watch o'er thee every hour,
 And keep thee safe from harm and strife,
 Till ye rest in Eden's bower.

A December Birthday.

Another mile-stone passed since first was seen
 The light to shine on thy tender form ;
 Ye were a little helpless thing I ween,
 As babies mostly are when they are born.

But then ye brought joy unto thy mother ;
 Ye were as welcome as a Christmas gift ;
 Thy father then his pleasure could not smother :
 Old Time since then has shot like arrows swift.

Ye have passed through childhood's day and merry youth,
 For ups and downs they are the lot of all ;
 Some clamber up the hill, it is a truth,
 But many more they tumble down and fall.

Yet I don't reckon thee among the number
 Of those who strive for greatness or for fame ;
 The only thing to me that is a wonder,
 Ye have never tied the knot—old Cupid's lame

I fear, or maybe he has got the gout,
 Or else his arrows have been shot aside,
 Or long ere this thou hadst not been without
 Being what a new married man he calls a bride.

But then I reckon Hymen's rather fickle,
 Or else long since he might have tied the bands ;
 For tears of joy I have often seen them trickle
 When at his altar two have joined their hands.

But rest awhile, there's better luck in store,
 At thirty years I don't call thee old maid ;
 For if I look about there's hundreds more—
 Cupid and Hymen both have been afraid,

Or else they long ago had answered thee,
 And yielded to thy wishes and thy prayer :
 Apolla speaks, for he can easy see
 That, waiting as ye do, ye have less care.

You are better off than some in humble cot ;
 The nuptial knot it doth not always please ;
 And if till thirty ye have been forgot,
 I can only say you've had far more ease

Than many who have tied the knot when young ;
 To many a one repentance comes too late :
 You have not day and night to a baby sung,
 And early love it sometimes turns to hate.

For ye can rest at night in sweet repose,
 By airy fancies or by Somnus led ;
 Cupid and Hymen both may yet disclose,
 If ye shall tread the altar to be wed.

And now I wish you joy on your birthday ;
 Long may you live, and never be betrayed ;
 May blessings smile on thee in many a way—
 For many a year I don't call thee old maid.

Thy children yet may sing and laugh and cry,
 For that has been the case with some I know ;
 There are exceptions, yet I don't see why,
 When Cupid pleads, you need not answer "No."

But if thy lot is never to be wed,
 Ye'll have no plaguy man that's cross or sour ;
 And children too will never cry for bread—
 Ye'll have a tabby cat, and spend thy hours

In doing good to every one you can ;
 For in thy nature thou art very kind :
 Ye'll sew and knit and never envy man ;
 Ye'll help the sick, the lame, the poor, the blind.

And now I wish thee joy for many a year ;
 I have told you all I think I had to say :
 You may not have to shed the widow's tear—
 May you never be worse off on thy birthday.

A Just Balance.

The scales of human justice swing
 In many a hand a feeble thing—
 Some riches get that way ;
 With weights or scales unjust they steal,
 By robbing those that with them deal,
 For all who buy must pay.

What if silk gowns they can afford,
 Or in a corner riches hoard,
 And so get a good supply ?
 In self-esteem they may be fine
 While hoarding up unhallowed coin—
 Will that e'er bring them joy ?

For riches got that way its true
 Have only made them wings and flew,
 And then it is they grieve :
 What's right it never can be wrong,
 With either scales, or weight, or tongue :
 There's One they can't deceive.

The man that over-steps the rule,
 And gets by cheating, is a fool ;
 Stern Justice will repay ;
 All that's got by cheating then
 Will never prove a good to men ;
 They'll find that out some day.

Its just the same when nations learn
 To rob a neighbour's land in turn,
 It will not bring them joy ;
 Those who are plundered will not rest
 While a robber is their guest,
 They would sooner them destroy.

Let all their scales and weights adjust,
 Of private and of public trust,
 'Twill be pleasing to the sight ;
 Then the buyer he will pay
 Thee willingly, and gladly say,
 If all is true and right.

Then no heart-rendings will outpour,
 No courts of law to go before ;
 Then thy credit will not fail :
 Let nations and men be true that way,
 And every man with just scales weigh,
 Then justice will prevail.

Thus all will prosper better too,
 Than if cheating ways they do pursue ;
 This moral will be right :
 Let justice everywhere be seen,
 Then no hard words need go between,
 And none need quarrel, fight.

The Rock to Build upon.

Is there on earth a faithful band,
 That heavenward would draw near ?
 Those who like Peter's Rock shall stand,
 Must live a Christian here.

Amidst all the jarrings of a world
 That would lead them far astray,
 They must always struggle bravely, bold,
 If they could win the day.

At right and left temptations stand
 To allure us from the road
 That leads us to that better land,
 The Christian's last abode.

The world it holds out to our view
 Riches and splendour great ;
 And noble honour it hath too
 For those who serve the state.

It says, " My wealth to thee I give,
 And on this earth a name,
 That thou shalt shine long as ye live,
 Bright in thy country's fame."

These things they turn away the mind
 From following out the plan
 That is revealed to all mankind
 To save poor fallen man.

" Alluring pleasures they are mine,
 I give them all away,
 And those who follow me shall shine,"
 The world doth always say.

These promises are built on sand,
 Like floods they disappear ;
 Those who like Peter's Rock shall stand,
 Must live as Christians here.

It is a strait and narrow road,
 Neither to the left or right ;
 That leads us to that bright abode,
 Where for ever is delight.

Thus should we travel here on earth
 If we would reach that rest,
 And join the angelic choirs of mirth,
 With the ransomed and the blest.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key stakeholders.

The third section details the findings of the study. It highlights several key trends and patterns observed in the data. For example, there was a significant increase in the use of digital services over the period studied. This suggests a shift in consumer behavior towards online platforms.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for future research and implementation. It suggests that further studies should focus on the long-term impact of these digital services and how they affect different demographic groups.

