

CHARMS
OF
ELOCUTION

IN XIX SECTIONS.

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THE
Charms of Elocution

SET FORTH;

IN A CHOICE SELECTION OF
READINGS AND RECITATIONS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
Human Affections and Sympathies.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY
On the Pleasures and Advantages of Elocution.

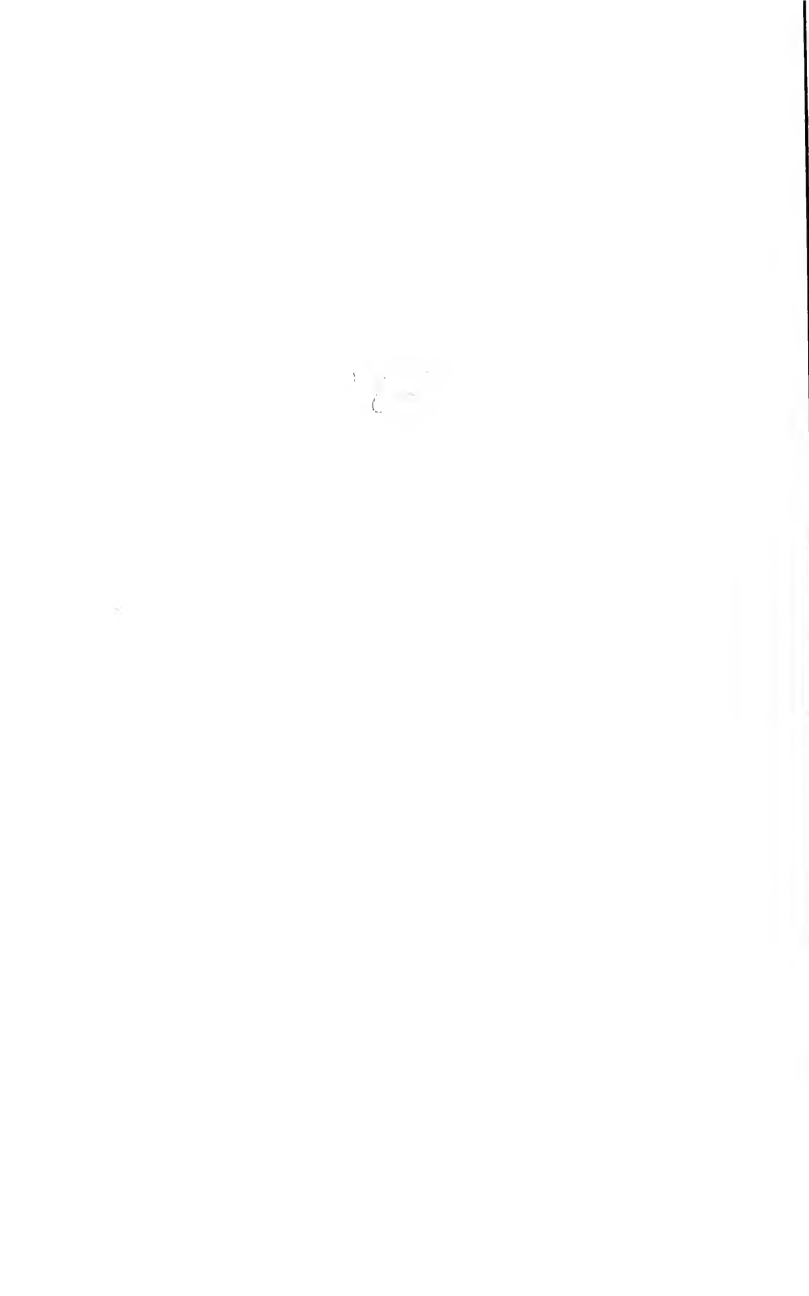
BY GEORGE VASEY.

“Be mine the glorious aim
To store the intellect with gems of thought,
To prompt the tongue to utter charmed words,
And model all men's acts to noble deeds.”

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GEORGE VASEY, 13, HAND COURT,
HIGH HOLBORN.

1867.

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P R E F A C E .



MANY years ago the Editor of the present volume had his attention specially directed to the examination of Poetical Collections, from being requested by various friends to recommend to them some book of poetry containing short interesting poems suitable for their sons and daughters to recite, either at private parties or school examinations. At first sight this seemed a very simple and easy affair, seeing the vast number of such books now in circulation. The task, however, proved to be much more difficult than was at first imagined ; for, after a most diligent and careful search, it was discovered that not five per cent. of the pieces in any of the collections were sufficiently general in their subject, or interesting in their details, for the purpose required ; and moreover, nearly all of them are

made up of the very flimsiest material, page after page being occupied by ornate and pompous addresses—

To Mountains, Valleys, or Glens ;
 To Violets, Tulips, or Roses ;
 To Dogs, Hares, or Lambs ;
 To Cuckoos, Sparrows, or Doves ;
 To Spring, Summer, or Winter ;
 To April, May, or December ;
 To Morning, Noon, or Night ;

Et hoc genus omne.

“Each yellow leaf that falls, each flower that dies,
 These mere describers with a theme supplies.”

COLTON'S “*Hypocrisy.*”

Some of these effusions rise a grade higher, and consist of *Addresses to Miss A., or Miss B., or Miss C.,* or any other of the vowels or consonants. A third class is composed of *Addresses to Ladies on their Wedding Days,* or *On the Anniversaries of their Birthdays,* or on any other possible vicissitude.

It must be acknowledged that there are some few collections to which these remarks do not apply, and which contain much excellent poetry. But even in these the interest is not sufficiently general, the subjects of a great many are merely local—some merely temporary ; others too classical or too profound ; and not a few of them set up a very low and false moral standard, thus

insensibly inflating the conscience with high-sounding and specious fallacies of Honour, and Glory, and Ambition. However fine the poetry may be, such productions are not worth preserving; and are totally unfit to place in the hands of those whose moral sentiments have not yet been fully established on virtuous principles: they are only calculated to lead the young mind into the ever-erring channels of emulation.

The present collection exhibits an earnest attempt to avoid all these defects: such subjects only are inserted as have a tendency to draw forth and strengthen the higher faculties of our nature—to promote the increase and dissemination of all the Christian virtues—and to hasten the reign of Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Man.

With this view the pieces in the present volume have been selected; and we feel warranted in asserting that every poem is worthy of being committed to memory. And we may add that the youth who will make himself familiar with the whole of them, will possess a more extensive and choice vocabulary, and will have his mind stored with more beautiful ideas and noble sentiments, than could be acquired by any other means.

Vocal music has long formed a predominant feature in all social gatherings; and most undoubtedly it is a delightful ingredient in such meetings; but we may be

allowed to suggest that the introduction of Readings and Recitations (when well-chosen, and full of meaning and beauty) should be more in vogue than even the singing of songs and glees ; very many of which contain little poetry, and less sense. And there can be no doubt that Recitation will take precedence of vocal music when the more noble Art of Elocution shall be taught with as much skill and science as are devoted, at the present time, to the teaching of singing and instrumental manipulation.

Thus—although every family may not develop a young Demosthenes, or Talma, or Macready—a Siddons or a Fanny Kemble—yet every member in every family, when thus trained, will be able to converse, read, and recite, in a manner at once fluent, graceful, and pleasing, realising in every *réunion*—

“The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul.”

The object of “The Charms of Elocution” is to assist in the advancement of such a glorious consummation.





*Introductory Essay on the Pleasures and
Advantages of Elocution.*



THE object which the writer of this Introductory Essay has in view is to demonstrate to the reader—that the Art of Elocution is the most important accomplishment which can be possessed by the youth of either sex.

Perhaps the most important idea upon which the mind can deliberate—(at all times, but more especially in early life)—is that of ascertaining the *relative* importance of our various duties and pursuits. Every kind of occupation, every kind of accomplishment, which is proper to a human being, is of importance. But all pursuits and all accomplishments are not of *equal* importance; each has its peculiar merits, each has its *relative* degree of importance; and that degree is greater or less exactly in proportion to the greater or less degree of good or happiness which it is calculated to impart to the human being. And every kind of labour, study, or amusement should only have that amount of

time and energy devoted to it which its relative importance demands.

Unfortunately, our present imperfect systems of education have a preponderating tendency to invest mankind with strong passions and weak judgments ; and, consequently, the usual estimate of the relative importance of human pursuits is generally in the inverse ratio of their real value. That is to say, those pursuits which are demoralising and degrading are sought after with the greatest avidity, whilst those which are refined and elevating are almost entirely neglected, and frequently treated with contempt.

It will be our present object to exhibit, the *positive* advantages to be derived from the study of elocution, and leave it to the judgment of the reader to estimate the *relative* degree of importance which ought to be attached to it.

The special training which the art of elocution requires is essentially of a literary and intellectual character. It commences by directing attention to the very simplest elements of language, and, by easy and almost imperceptible gradations, leads the student on to those refinements of expressive speaking which constitute the charm of the finished orator.

In the progress of this study there are three distinct stages involved ; namely, the *mechanical*, the *significant*, and the *impressive*, of each of which it will be necessary to give a short analysis.

The *mechanical* stage consists of a firm and exact articulation, with a true accent and pronunciation. In

this stage we are merely required to utter the words justly, completely, and in smooth unbroken series, between the stops or pauses marked, when the words are joined into sentences, but with no further object.

The *significant* stage consists of a full utterance and correct emphasis, with a proper tone and modulation of voice. In this stage we are required to make the construction and meaning of every sentence plain and intelligible, by appropriate tones and inflections of the voice, but not with any purpose of conveying the impression that the sentiments uttered are our own.

The *expressive* stage consists of a varied and appropriate expression. In this stage we are required to develop and refine those expressive powers which nature supplies when we appropriate the sentiments to be conveyed; consequently we throw off that restraint which the conscious act of reading necessarily imposes in the two previous stages.

The first of these stages constitutes a *distinct* delivery, the second stage makes it *significant*, and the third (by adding manner, earnestness, and feeling) renders it *impressive*. But this third stage is something more than mere reading—it is speaking; and when we have acquired the art of distinct, significant, and impressive speaking, we are in possession of all that elocution can teach us.

We now come to the most important part of our subject; namely, the *modus operandi*—the means by which elocution is taught, and the method by which these means are used: these means and this method

lead to those happy results which render the accomplishment of elocution so highly desirable.

But in order to place these advantages in the clearest light, it will be necessary to remind the reader of the great influence which conversation exerts in the promotion of happiness. Although nothing is more popular and universal than the exercise of conversation, it is, nevertheless, an art which is by no means adequately appreciated or properly cultivated; in fact, it is not adequately appreciated simply *because* it is not properly cultivated, if, indeed, it can be said to be cultivated at all.

Perhaps it is not assuming too much to assert—that the amount of happiness which exists in the world is derived in a greater degree from the friendly and congenial *conversation* which is reciprocated by human beings than even from the kind and benevolent *actions* which they mutually exchange. Undoubtedly we do receive great pleasure and happiness from kind actions; but the kind actions of every description which we can possibly perform only occupy an inconsiderable portion of our time. Indeed, our sphere of action is extremely limited; but the affectionate intercourse of sympathy, by means of conversation, is a sphere which is only limited by our intellectual attainments and conversational powers.

The faculty of speech—that marvellous power by which we communicate our thoughts and feelings to each other—is, doubtless, one of our greatest blessings and one of the greatest sources of our happiness, perhaps it is the very greatest; consequently, the amount

of happiness which we are able to confer upon each other depends, in a very great degree, upon the diligence with which we increase our mental resources, and the care with which we cultivate our capacity to communicate or distribute the moral and intellectual wealth which we have acquired.

As an illustration, let us suppose human beings to be quite equal in point of kindness and benevolent feelings, possessing the same degree of affection and the same good intentions. Now, it must be quite clear that those individuals whose intellectual attainments are the highest, and whose conversational powers are the most varied, and have been the most highly cultivated, will most certainly be able to do the most good and to impart the greatest amount of happiness.

The only apparent reason why so few ever acquire any degree of excellence in either intellectual attainments or conversational power is—that no systematic efforts for the early training of children to think clearly and speak correctly have ever been made. Occasional instances are developed under the care and example of intelligent and cultivated parents, but these are rare exceptions. It is notorious that the great bulk of mankind are entirely neglected in these respects. No methodical arrangements have ever been established for the general attainment of these important objects. Even the methods to teach reading have been, and still continue to be, so very imperfect that not one in twenty ever learns to read either fluently or significantly.

A new *mechanical* method of teaching reading* has recently been put forth, upon which successful experiments have already been made, clearly showing that these advantages may readily be secured. This method is a very simplified modification of the systems hitherto used in teaching elocution ; and does, in fact, constitute the introductory lessons in a course of elocution. It may be briefly described as follows :—

As soon as children have mastered the alphabet, and can read *mechanically* (according to the method set forth in the *Mechanical Reading Preceptor*), they should be set to learn a short interesting piece of prose, until they can repeat it accurately from memory ; and in the course of that exercise they should be taught the exact accent, emphasis, and pauses necessary to give a distinct perception of the ideas and meaning. This is *significant* reading. After a few interesting pieces of prose have thus been properly taught (with correct accent, emphasis, and pauses), a few short instructive poems, or poetical extracts, should also be taught with the same care and precision, gradually increasing in difficulty as the pupils advance.

If this method be persisted in, they will learn to read in a firm, distinct, and significant style, and in a shorter time than is now occupied in teaching them to drawl and mumble in the most confused and unintelligible manner. It is almost incredible what a wonderful effect even one year of such careful training will produce on children of nine or ten years of age. They will read

* *The Mechanical Reading Preceptor.* (Whittaker and Co.)

more fluently and intelligibly than the generality of youths of fourteen or fifteen who have been taught in the usual routine methods. This has been proved by experiments which leave no doubt that all children (with sound vocal organs and healthy brains) may be taught, by the time they are twelve years of age, to read and recite in so perfect a style as to satisfy the ear of the most fastidious critic; and, consequently, they will be able to *speak*, in their ordinary conversation, with the greatest propriety.

Of course, when children are being taught to *read* well, they are also taught to *speak* well; and as this result is produced (on the elocutionary system) by means of the best specimens of composition, the pupils thus have their minds stored with beautiful ideas and noble sentiments; and they are thus, at the same time, taught to *think* well. As a necessary consequence of their thinking well, the substance and manner of their conversation gradually assume a superior and refined character. In fact, the peculiar excellence of the art of elocution, when properly taught, is—that it develops the judgment and taste, and invariably induces a higher range of thought.

These admirable results clearly exhibit the very great importance of this elegant accomplishment, and render it highly desirable that it should be made an indispensable branch of every course of education.

We must urge still further on the reader's attention that, in order to appreciate thoroughly the pleasures and advantages to be derived from the study of elocution,

he must bear in mind that the sentences and paragraphs, the verses and poems, which form the lessons and exercises that are used in teaching elocution, are all selected from the best portions of the best authors of every age and country, so that they contain the purest ideas and the wisest sentiments of the purest and wisest minds ; and, moreover, they are set forth in the most refined language which the most highly-cultivated minds could indite. It must also be borne in mind that the method in which elocution is taught (as already explained) compels the pupils to commit these exquisite pieces to memory, so that their minds become, as it were, living caskets, enriched with moral and intellectual gems. Delightful instances of such results have been witnessed in both sexes at eleven or twelve years of age ; and it only requires the same diligence and care to be devoted to their training to produce the same beneficial effects in all healthy, well-formed children. This is, undoubtedly, the true method of laying the foundation, not only of talented and accomplished, but of virtuous and amiable, men and women.

It is worthy of remark that nearly all the wisest and best of the world's great improvers, both male and female, have devoted a considerable portion of their youthful hours to the careful study of the poetry and prose of the best authors, by committing to memory the most beautiful passages of their works ; they have thus been enabled to enlarge their minds and enrich their conversation with the sublime and immortal thoughts of preceding ages. By being thus thoroughly imbued with

the beautiful and good, they radiate a halo of moral and intellectual light in every circle of society through which they pass, or in which they reside, at once charming and improving all around. The ability to disseminate pleasure and improvement in this delightful manner, in our present imperfect systems of education, is restricted to rare instances ; but it is a power which all children of good organisation might be blest with if the proper care and attention were duly bestowed on their education and training.

In going through this course of study, under the superintendence of a properly qualified preceptor, the pupils will inevitably have their minds modelled upon the highest principles of truth and justice, and their conduct and manners formed according to the highest standards of benevolence and virtue. If the rising generation had the benefit of such a course of instruction (which certainly would not occupy more time, or be attended with more expense, than the present inefficient methods)—if they were thus taught the noblest principles, and were thus trained to purity of conduct and refinement of manners (and why should they not ?)—then we may boldly and safely assert that homes would be (what they ought to be) little heavens upon earth.

Under our present superficial system of education the refining and elevating accomplishments are very slightly cultivated, and those which inculcate the benevolent and virtuous affections are entirely left out, so that our home pleasures and domestic enjoyments are neither

numerous nor attractive. The natural consequence is that the family circle is frequently deserted for something more varied and exciting. But it unfortunately happens that nearly all our present institutions and places of amusement, instead of presenting recreations and entertainments of an improving and elevating tendency, pander to the lowest cravings of Folly and Vice, and thus the happiness of thousands of homes is blighted.

We have no hesitation in asserting that the virtuous and intellectual training which is involved in such a course of elocution as we have just described would be the effectual means of gradually diminishing this evil, and of finally destroying it altogether; in fact, elocution, taught by the means and in the manner we have indicated in these remarks, might be rendered the easy and pleasant medium of imparting all the moral and intellectual virtues.

We need hardly add that, were children thus accomplished and amiable, home would be invested with irresistible attractions; every hour of repast and recreation would be a delightful party, and every evening would present the character of a charming *soirée*, consecrated to elevating and humanising pursuits.



SECTION I.

Love and Beauty.



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LOVE AND BEAUTY.



Love.

O LOVE ! how wondrous thou and holy !—
When nought on earth hath power to quell
The iron might of melancholy,
One touch of thine hath broke the spell.

One vigil by a fevered bed—
One solace given to heart oppressed—
One pang assuaged—one aching head
With gentle soothing lulled to rest.

To weary age one fond caress—
Poor guerdon for the love of years—
One smile at childish playfulness,
Or patient care to dry its tears.

Or less than these : the common flow
Of simple, self-forgetting mirth,
When veils the heart its inner woe,
So not to cloud the social hearth.

These, when, as locked in polar ice,
Lifeless and crushed the heart has lain—
These, like a breath from paradise,
Have warmed it into life again.

O gentlest Minstrel! thou canst tell
 What best can soothe the troubled breast;
 He prayeth well who loveth well!
 He prayeth best who loveth best!



The Loveliness of Love.

IT is not beauty I demand—
 A crystal brow, the moon's despair;
 Nor the snow's daughter—a white hand;
 Nor mermaid yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes;
 Your lips that seem on roses fed;
 Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A blooming pair of vermeil cheeks,
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours;
 A breath that softer music speaks
 Than summer zephyrs wooing flowers.

These are but gauds; say, what are lips?
 Coral beneath the ocean stream,
 Whose brink, when your adventurer slips,
 Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks? Mere ensigns oft
 That wave hot youth to fields of blood.
 Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
 Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn:
 Poison can breathe that erst perfumed.
 There's many a white hand holds an urn
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's nought within ;
 They are but empty cells for pride.
 He who the syren's hair would win
 Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
 A tender heart, a loyal mind,
 Which with temptation I would trust,
 Yet never linked with error find.

One to whose gentle bosom I
 Could pour my secret heart of woes,
 Like the care-burthened honey-fly
 That hides his murmurs in the rose ;

My earthly comforter ! whose love
 So indefeasible might be,
 That when my spirit soared above,
 Hers could not stay for sympathy.

ANON., 1680.



True Beauty.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

T. CAREW.

The Beauty of Woman.

THE sweetest, brightest flowers that grow
 Are ever loveliest in full blow ;
 But gazed awhile on by the sun,
 How soon they wither, one by one !
 Like rainbow hues that flush the sky,
 How soon they fade, how soon they die !
 And seem, while we the change deplore,
 All cast on Desolation's shore,
 Pale, shrivelled wrecks to what they were
 Ere touched by Ruin's messenger !
 So lovely woman's beauty fades
 When past meridian bloom ;
 So loveliness soon retrogrades,
 And drops into the tomb.

Yes ! there's a change in woman's face
 When Time corrodes each blooming grace ;
 Yes ! there's a change, and words are weak
 To tell that change upon her cheek ;
 To tell, as years glide fast away,
 How soon her locks are tinged with grey ;
 How soon her eyes (though beaming bright
 As Venus in the brown twilight)
 Grow dim, and cease to longer prove
 The sweet interpreters of love ;
 The indices to read the mind,
 And mark each varying impulse kind ;
 The silent language of the soul,
 As thoughts on thoughts unceasing roll.
 Touch'd by the finger of Decay,
 Thus woman's beauty wastes away—
 Dear woman ! form'd with all that can
 Conspire to charm the heart of man ;

Form'd with a talismanic power
 To soothe him in misfortune's hour—
 To nurse his hopes—to share his grief—
 To lull his care, and smile relief.

How beautiful each lucid star
 When Night rides on her shadowy car,
 Displaying to the astonish'd eye
 The splendour of a starry sky!
 How lovely looks the pathless deep
 When Day's bright monarch wakes from sleep,
 Glancing his golden eye with pride
 On rippling waves that gently glide!
 And lovely, too, each gorgeous scene
 When Earth unfurls her banners green—
 When all created things rejoice,
 And Gratitude lifts up her voice!
 But what on earth, on sea, in sky,
 With woman's loveliness can vie,
 When shining in full beauty's blaze
 She meets warm Admiration's gaze,
 And like a seraph dropped from heaven,
 That once with angels moved,
 Appears but for one purpose given—
 To love and be beloved?

Ah! why should such a being feel
 Time's altering hand upon her steal?
 Why, struggling hard, with feverish breath,
 Endure the lingering pangs of death,
 Cold in the clammy tomb to rot,
 And there for ever soon forgot?
 But so it is—the fiat's gone—
 A fiat from the Eternal Throne:
 Each living thing must surely die
 That crawls the earth, or mounts the sky!

“God’s will be done!” to His decree
 ’Tis ours to bend the willing knee ;
 To prize the blessings that we share,
 And trust to His paternal care.

Touch’d by the finger of Decay,
 Yes! woman’s beauty wastes away ;
 But though her peerless graces fade
 Like blighted blossoms in the shade ;
 Though age creeps on, with aspect bleak,
 To steal the roses from her cheek ;
 Yet still her gentle, feeling breast
 May hold a prize will make it blest ;
 A treasure that will ever last
 When every charm is fading fast !
 ’Tis heavenly Virtue’s radiant gem,
 More precious than a diadem ;
 A native purity of mind,
 Good temper with good sense combined,
 The tenderness that marks the dove,
 A heart the residence of Love ;
 These far transcend each blooming grace
 That decks the fairest maiden’s face.

Yes! woman’s beauty will decay,
 Each cherished charm fade fast away ;
 And fading most where they abound,
 As Autumn leaves fall to the ground,
 They leave the stem. What *then* her form ?
 A bark dismantled by the storm ;
 A leafless tree left on the wild,
 Most beautiful when Summer smiled.
 Go, lady, go, the mirror view—
 If Nature has been kind to you!—
 Admire those teeth of snowy pearl,
 The rosy cheek, the glossy curl,

The tempting lip of richest dye,
 The sunny lustre of the eye;
 But guard, ah! guard the heart within,
 Lest Vanity the fortress win,
 Defiling what is pure and fair,
 As stagnant pools pollute the air.
 O guard that heart from serpent guile—
 From treacherous Flattery's artful smile—
 Then Peace will strew your path with flowers,
 And happiness illumine your bowers;
 Then will the beauty of the mind
 Outvie the loveliest face we find,
 And based on Virtue's sacred rock,
 Unflinching stand Time's rudest shock,
 And all around an incense shed,
 When all inferior charms are fled.

HEAVISIDE.



The Beauty of Virtue and Understanding.

THE civilised women of the present age (with a few exceptions) are only anxious to inspire love, when they ought to cherish a nobler ambition, and by their abilities and virtues exact respect.

But virtue will never prevail in society till the virtues of both sexes are founded on reason, and till the affections common to both are allowed to gain their due strength by the discharge of mutual duties.

Till society is influenced by a more refined culture, there will ever be a want of high moral feeling and true taste.

A taste for the fine arts requires great cultivation, but not more than a taste for the virtuous affections; and both suppose

that enlargement of mind which opens so many sources of mental pleasure.

Why do people hurry to noisy scenes and crowded circles? Simply because they want activity of mind—because they have not cherished the virtues of the heart. They only, therefore, see and feel (like the vulgar) *in the gross*, and continually pine after variety, imagining everything insipid which is pure and simple.

True taste is ever the work of the understanding employed in observing and discriminating the various works of nature and art; and until women have been taught to cultivate their understandings, it is in vain to expect them to possess those domestic virtues and tastes which are absolutely indispensable to happiness. Intellectual and moral enjoyments impart the most unalloyed gratification, and are the nearest approaches to perfect happiness which humanity can realise. Even the ordinary pleasures of sense acquire superior zest by being enjoyed under the influence of a cultivated mind.

Nothing, in fact, unites people like INTELLECTUAL ENJOYMENT; it does more—it gives them *mutual* respect; and to each among them SELF-RESPECT, that corner-stone to all the virtues.



A Mother's Love.

A MOTHER'S love—how sweet the name!
 What is a mother's love?
 A noble, pure, and tender flame,
 Enkindled from above,
 To bless a heart of earthly mould—
 The warmest heart that *can* grow old—
 This is a mother's love.

To bring a helpless babe to light ;
Then, when it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born :
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone—
This is a mother's love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear,
And cherish on her breast ;
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest ;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death—
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire ;
To trace the gems of moral worth,
As kindly sympathies beam forth—
This is a mother's love.

To train the heart to truth and love,
To shun all hate and strife,
To raise the thoughts to realms above,
To teach a holy life ;
To impart of righteousness the leaven,
And thus prepare a soul for heaven—
This is a mother's love.



A Good and Faithful Wife.

THERE'S not a greater blessing
 E'er found upon the earth,
 More worthy man's possessing,
 Nor yet of greater worth :
 In poverty or splendour,
 Whate'er his form of life,
 There's nothing like a tender,
 A good and faithful wife.

A kind and gentle lover,
 Who day by day doth prove
 How well she watcheth over
 His interest and love ;
 Who soothes him when in sickness,
 And cheers the path of life,
 Yet ever showeth meekness—
 A good and faithful wife.

What man could e'er deceive her,
 Or blight her earthly lot—
 The heart that loveth ever,
 And loving, changeth not ?
 That kind and gentle pleader
 Who calms his angry strife,
 His friend and interceder—
 A good and faithful wife.

There's not a greater blessing
 Can in the world be found,
 More worthy man's possessing,
 Were he to search it round.
 Dame Fortune may bring pleasure,
 And give a zest to life,
 But she's his greatest treasure—
 A good and faithful wife.

My Choice.

GIVE me a maid, when'er I take a wife,
 Prudent in all domestic cares of life,
 Whose mind's unstained by vanity or art ;
 Blest with good-nature from a virtuous heart ;
 Modest, yet free—true love her aim, her end ;
 To real religion and to me a friend.
 Her tender bosom shall my heart contain,
 From all the world counts great, and I call vain.
 May grace be in her soul, heaven in her eye !
 This, this be her with whom I'd live and die.

ANON.

*Beauty.*

AS rising on its purple wing,
 The insect-queen* of Eastern Spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer,
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower,
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye—
 So Beauty lures the full grown child,
 With hue as bright and wing as wild,
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid.

* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play and man's caprice.
 The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
 Has lost its charm by being caught ;
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Has brushed its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest ?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before ?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower ?
 No : gayer insects, fluttering by,
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die ;
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own ;
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring sister's shame.

BYRON.



Uncertainty of Affection.

ALAS! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea
 When heaven was all tranquillity !

A something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken ;
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till, fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone ;
 And hearts so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds, or like the stream
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.

T. MOORE.



Affection.

TALK not of wasted affection—
 Affection never was wasted.
 If it enrich not the heart of another,
 Its waters, returning back to their spring,
 Like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
 That which the fountain sends forth
 Returneth again to the fountain.

 Patience! accomplish thy labour ;
 Accomplish thy work of affection !
 Sorrow and silence are strong,
 And patient endurance is Godlike ;

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love
 Till the heart is made Godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected,
 And rendered more worthy of heaven!
 Cheered by these words,
 Evangeline laboured and waited.

LONGFELLOW.



What I Love.

I LOVE an open countenance,
 A kind and noble face,
 The index of an honest heart,
 That loves the human race!
 A brow on which a smile is throned,
 Like sunlight on a flower,
 As open as the regal skies,
 With beams of love and power!

I love the kind and welcome glance
 That proves we're not alone;
 And oh! how sweet to find at times
 Some feelings like our own!
 A heart that beats with purest hopes,
 To pity and to bless,
 That strives to make earth's comforts more,
 Its pains and follies less!

I love the man whose generous smile
 Is given with his hand,
 Who sees his equal in all men,
 And all men equal stand!

Who sees not the distinctions made
 By human laws between
 The man who has and who has not,
 But loves from what he's seen !

I love the man whose heart is true,
 Who seldom wears a frown,
 And loves all men, from him who toils
 To him who wears a crown !
 With mildness ever on his lips,
 A free and open mind,
 A brow with mental grandeur spanned,
 A soul supremely kind !

QUALLON.



The Face that Ever Wears a Smile.

I LOVE the man whose open brow
 Proclaims a noble mind ;
 I love the sympathetic soul
 That feels for all mankind—
 That feels for human wrongs and woes,
 And pities e'en their guile,
 And, oh ! I love the angel face
 That ever wears a smile.

I love my little lisping child,
 And her who gave it birth ;
 I love the memory of the dead,
 Whose deeds illumine our earth ;
 I love the friend of freedom's cause,
 Whom gold could ne'er defile,
 And, oh ! I love the angel face
 That ever wears a smile.

The face that ever wears a smile
 Hath sunshine in the heart ;
 Its beaming rays reflect around—
 A thousand joys impart ;
 It gladdens, cheers, inspires with hope,
 Far more than tongue can tell,
 'Tis in such hearts the angels bright
 For ever love to dwell.

OWEN JONES.



Good Temper.

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
 Nor yet a thing more dear ;
 'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
 Or thousands gained a year.

It lends the day a new delight ;
 'Tis virtue's finest shield,
 And adds more beauty to the night
 Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
 To sorrow whispers peace ;
 It is a gift from Heaven sent
 For mortals to increase.

It meets you with a smile at morn ;
 It lulls you to repose ;
 A flower for peer and peasant born ;
 An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To free the brow from care ;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.

And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast ;
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins,
As music 'mid the tempest loud
That still its sweet way wins ;

As springs an arch across the tide,
When waves conflicting foam ;
So comes the seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before ?
This charm, this bright divinity ?—
Good-nature ; nothing more !

Good temper ; 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss—unknown to kings.

Good temper ; 'tis the sweetest charm
To man or woman given ;
The ills of life its powers disarm,
And makes this earth a heaven !

CHARLES SWAIN.

Where is Love Found?

WHERE is Love found? The happy and true,
 Who is never weary, or dull, or lonely ;
 Who is ever the same, yet always new ;
 Who gladdens the heart, but the pure heart only ;
 Who smiles away sorrow, and drives away strife,
 Or, if the world frown, is at hand to cheer us ;
 Who smooths both the up-hill and down-hill of life ;
 And in age, as in youth, is ever near us—
 Where is this Love ?

Shall we meet him in cities? He is not there,
 Where Art presides with her thousand lures ;
 And Pleasure seeks, hand in hand with Care,
 The hearts that she tempts, but never secures ;
 Where mirth never gladdens, but all that's gay
 Is the banquet of Dead-Sea fruits outspread ;
 Where the revel by night, and the sleep by day,
 Bring the burning pulse and the aching head—
 Love is not there !

Where is Love found? Where the wild flowers grow,
 And the birds and the breezes both are singing,
 And heaven and earth have a healthy glow—
 A blessing that each unto each is bringing ;
 Where the fruit-trees blossom and fields are green,
 At either side of some silent river ;
 And Nature—the mother of Love—is seen,
 The gentle, yet bountiful, beauty-giver—
 There Love is found !



Love and Care.

LOVE sat in his bower one summer day,
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away :

“I will not depart,” said Love.

And, seizing his lute, with silver words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care :

“Away, away!” said Love.

“Nay, nay, I have friends!” grim Care replied ;
“Behold, here is one—and his name is Pride !”

“I care not for Pride !” said Love.

Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air,
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripp'd it o'er the green ;

“Aha—aha !” said Love.

“Away with your jeers !” cried Care, “if you please ;
Here's another—lank, haggard, and pale Disease !”

“I care not for him !” said Love.

Then touched a strain so plaintive and meek,
That a flush passed over his pallid cheek,
And Disease leaped up from his couch of pain,
And smiled, and re-echoed the healing strain.

“Well done for Disease !” said Love.

“Pshaw, pshaw !” cried Care, “this squalid one see !
How lik'st thou the gaunt look of Poverty ?”

“I care not for him !” said Love.

Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That Poverty shouted aloud, “I am King !”
The jewelled wreaths round my temple shall twine—
For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine !”

“Ay, ay—very true !” said Love.

“Nay, boast not,” said Care, “there is fretful old Age ;
Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage !”

“I care not for Age !” said Love.

Then swept the string of his magic lyre,
Till the glazed eye sparkled with youthful fire,
And Age dropp’d his crutches, and, light as a fay,
Laugh’d, caper’d, and danced like a child at play !

“Bravo, Sir Eld !” said Love.

“A truce !” cried Wrinkled Care, “with thy glee !
Now, look on this last one—’tis Jealousy !”

“Ah, me ! ah, me !” said Love.

“Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—
I die ! I die !” Then dropping his lyre,
Love flew away from his cherished bower,
And never returned from that fatal hour !

Alas for thee, blighted Love !



Love me Little, Love me Long.

(1569.)

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.

Still I would not have thee cold,
Nor too backward, or too bold,
Love that lasteth till ’tis old

Fadeth not in haste.

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true a touch ;
Love me little—more than such,

For I fear the end.
 I am with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent,
 To be steadfast, friend,
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Say thou lovest me while thou live,
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive,
 While that life endures :
 Nay, and after death, in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now when in my May of youth,
 This my love assures.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,
 And it will through life persèver—
 Give me that with true endeavour,
 I will it restore :
 A suit of durance let it be,
 For all weathers, that for me,
 For the land, or for the sea,
 Lasting evermore.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
 Autumn's tempest on it beat,
 It can never know defeat,
 Never can rebel :
 Such the love that I would gain,
 Such the love—I tell thee plain—
 Thou must give, or woo in vain :
 So to thee farewell.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

The Love of Woman.

WOMAN'S love in sighs arises,
 Breathes in throbs, and blooms in tears ;
 Withers—when the one she prizes,
 Wrecks the hope of future years,
 Like the smitten rose of summer,
 'Neath some angry, biting blast ;
 For the storms that overcome her
 Leave no features of the past.

Woman's love there's no repressing,
 For she loves and dotes on one ;
One, alone, receives her blessing,
 From that heart too easy won ;
 Fortune, smiling—frowning—never
 Warps the genial ray of bliss,
 Which emits its light for ever,
 Sparkling in the constant kiss.

Woman's love, to man once plighted,
 In the throb—the tear—the sigh—
 Though that pledge by man be blighted,
 By the shrewd, designing lie—
 Should all treasured hopes lie stifled,
 Future visions' raptures flee—
 Yet remains her love unrifled,
 Fixed, oh ! false one, still on thee.

Woman's love, our cares dispelling,
 Lights the stormy path we tread ;
 Sheds a glory on the dwelling
 Where the bridal feast is spread ;
 And averts the heart when lonely,
 From the sorrows that oppress ;
 Loves us dearly—fondly—only
 Loves till death that love suppress.

The Contrast of Loves.

MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth.
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers ;
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens ;
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens :
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle ;
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle :
He thinks not of her within
Silently sighing ;
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying.

And when her heart is still,
What though he mourneth ;
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.

Soon o'er her buried head
 Memory's light setteth,
 And the true-hearted dead
 Thus man forgetteth !

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WHEN man is waxing frail,
 And his hand is thin and weak,
 And his lips are parched and pale,
 And wan and white his cheek ;
 Oh, then doth woman prove
 Her constancy and love !

She sitteth by his chair,
 And holds his feeble hand ;
 She watcheth ever there,
 His wants to understand :
 His yet unspoken will
 She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him when the moon
 Is bright o'er dale and hill,
 And all things, save the tune
 Of the honey bees, are still,
 Into the garden's bowers,
 To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
 To feed on breath and bloom,
 She brings the posy rare
 Into his darkened room :
 And 'neath his weary head
 The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
 His lamp of life doth dim,
 She never wearieth,
 She never leaveth him :
 Still near him night and day,
 She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
 And the turf is on his breast,
 Deep in her bosom's core
 Lie sorrows unexpressed :
 Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
 Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
 Balm for her spirit's pain ;
 And though her quiet eyes
 May sometimes smile again ;
 Still, still, she must regret,
 She never can forget !

ANON



The Progress of Love.

IN early youth, ere thoughtful care
 My brow had furrowed o'er,
 I revelled with the young and fair,
 That beauty's ensign bore.

At length I vowed, of wandering tired,
 At Hymen's shrine to bend ;
 Could I but find, by love inspired,
 A mistress and a friend.

On Phœbe first my eyes I cast,
The maid was fair and young ;
I knew her witty, thought her chaste
But Phœbe had a tongue.

Florella next put in her claim,
Florella young and gay ;
And had she fixed a constant aim,
Had stolen my heart away :

But she was lighter than the down
That sails upon the air :—
The fickle toast of half the town
Could not my heart ensnare.

Miranda, solemn, learned, and wise,
A crowd of fools admire ;
But Pallas' all-forbidding eyes
Ne'er light up Cupid's fire.

Selinda had a graceful mien,
Charms native—charms of art ;
She looked and moved like Beauty's Queen ;
She wanted—but a heart.

Pygmalion, who his statue wrought,
Might warm her into life ;
Endued with no such power, I sought
No statue for a wife.

Then Hymen I began to slight :
When, on a destined hour,
The bright Amanda met my sight,
I sighed, and owned her power.

No studied words, delusive smiles
She used ; but, void of art,
Scorning the boast of subtle wiles,
She triumphed o'er my heart.

She triumphs still : no aid she takes
 Of feature, shape, or air ;
 In forms like hers 'tis virtue makes
 The fairest of the fair.

Now of each wanton breath the sport,
 My bark is tost no more ;
 With her I've made the happy port,
 And all my cares are o'er.

ANON.



First Love.

'TIS sweet to hear,
 At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters creep ;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lip of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes,
 In bacchanal profusion, reel to earth,
 Purple and gushing ; sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth ;

Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;
 Sweet to the father is his firstborn's birth ;
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women ;
 Pillage to soldiers—prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy ; and passing sweet
 The unexpected death of some old lady
 Or gentleman, of seventy years complete,
 Who've made "us youth" wait too, too long already
 For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
 Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
 That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
 Next owner for their condemned post-obits.

'Tis sweet to win—no matter how—one's laurels,
 By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end
 To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have one's quarrels,
 Particularly with a tiresome friend ;
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate love. It stands alone,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
 The tree of knowledge has been plucked—all's known,
 And life yields nothing further to recall,
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt, in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

BYRON.



SECTION II.

Home and Happiness.



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HOME AND HAPPINESS.



Home !

HOME'S not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded ;
Home is where affection calls,

Filled with shrines the heart hath builded ;
Home ! go watch the faithful dove,

Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love ;
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it ;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us ?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us.



Our Country and Our Home.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend ;
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found ?"
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? Look around,
 Oh ! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A World of Love at Home.

THE earth hath treasures fair and bright
 Deep buried in her caves ;
And ocean hideth many a gem
 With his blue curling waves ;
Yet not within her bosom dark,
 Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lives there a treasure equalling
 A world of love at home !

True sterling happiness and joy
 Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
 A happy fireside.
I envy not the man who dwells
 In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendour he hath not
 A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
 'Tis they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
 'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and trouble may be mine
 As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while I possess
 A world of love at home !



To a Skylark.

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will—
 Those quivering wings at rest—that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! That love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
 Yet might'st thou seem—proud priv'lege—to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WORDSWORTH.

The Fireside.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly's maze advance;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
 And that dear place our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the affectionate and good
 A paradise below.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given :
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
 Whose fragrance swells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet,
 But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutored right, they prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise ;
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs ;
They grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest love repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot.
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humble lot,

Our portion is not large indeed,
 But then how little do we need ;
 For Nature's calls are few !
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

NATH. COTTON (1740).



Domestic Happiness.

O HAPPY they ! the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentler stars unite, and, in one fate,
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where Friendship full, exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul :
 Thought, meeting thought, and will, preventing will,
 With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

—————What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
 Who, in each other, clasp whatever fair,
 High fancy, forms, and lavish hearts, can wish ?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
 Or in the mind, or mind-illumined face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

Meantime, a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm ;
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then, infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot ;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind ;
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast !
O, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss !
All various Nature pressing on the heart !
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive Virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As, ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamoured more, as more resemblance swells,
With many a proof of recollected love
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

My Own Fireside.

LET others seek for empty joys
 At ball or concert, rout or play ;
 Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes and trappings gay—
 I while the wintry eve away,
 'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee, my own Fireside !

My own Fireside ! Those simple words
 Can bid the sweetest dreams arise ;
 Awaken Feeling's tenderest chords,
 And fill with tears of joy my eyes !
 What is there my wild heart can prize,
 That doth not in thy sphere abide,
 Heart of my home-bred sympathies,
 My own—my own Fireside ?

A gentle form is near me now ;
 A small white hand is clasped in mine ;
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask, what joys can equal thine !
 A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;
 Where may love seek a fitter shrine
 Than thou, my own Fireside ?

What care I for the sullen roar
 Of winds without, that ravage earth ?
 It doth but bid me prize the more
 The shelter of thy hallowed hearth ;
 To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth ;
 Then let the churlish tempest chide—
 It cannot check the blameless mirth
 That glads my own Fireside !

My refuge ever from the storm
 Of this world's passion, strife and care ;
 Though thunderbolts the skies deform,
 Their fury cannot reach me there.
 There all is cheerful, calm, and fair—
 Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride
 Have never made their hated lair
 By thee, my own Fireside !

Thy precincts are a charmèd ring
 Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;
 Where life's vexations lose their sting—
 Where even grief is half subdued ;
 And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood ;
 Then let the pampered fool deride ;
 I'll pay my debt of gratitude
 To thee, my own Fireside !

Shrine of my household deities !
 Fair scene of home's unsullied joys !
 To thee my burdened spirit flies,
 When Fortune frowns or care annoys :
 Thine is the bliss that never cloys ;
 The smile whose truth hath oft been tried :
 What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
 To thee, my own Fireside !

Oh ! may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !
 Whate'er my future years may be,
 Let joy or grief my fate betide—
 Be still an Eden bright to me,
 MY OWN—MY OWN FIRESIDE !

The Return.

THE joys of "Home" have oft been told,
And sung in many a gifted strain ;
Yet, can the theme e'er grow so old
As not inspire again ?

Again—O yes ! and oft again
The harp shall tune so fond a lay ;
It is (like Love) too sweet a strain
To ever die away !

Leave it awhile, a little while,
And from your kindred dwell apart,
From social bliss, affection's smile,
How lonely feels the heart !

If in a stranger-land ye be,
And roaming 'neath a brighter sky,
What dwells so dear in memory,
What wakes so fond a sigh—

As absent "Home" restored to thee !
Each simple object seems more dear ;
The heart then tastes felicity
In all we see and hear !

To meet again the smile of Love,
And Friendship's gentle hand to press ;
The fond salute where'er we move,
While all things seem to bless !

It is a theme might well prolong
The Poet's best and choicest lay ;
But mine can only breathe the song
Of joy, to hail the day.

I meet again "my own Fireside!"
 In bliss or woe, or health or pain,
 With thee I'll evermore abide,
 Nor lose thy sweets again.

MRS. EMMERSON.



The Way to be Happy.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
 And the way to be happy they said he had got.
 As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
 And when I came there the old hermit said "Well,
 Young man, by your looks you want something, I see ;
 Now tell me the business that brings you to me."

"The way to be happy they say you have got,
 And as I want to learn it I've come to your grot.
 Now I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,
 That you'll write it me down as plain as you can."
 Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,
 And brought me this note when he came back again :—

"'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make
 All the pleasures and pains human beings partake.
 To *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man's best,
 And to *have* a good heart, *is the way to be blest !*"



Heaven on Earth.

THE Heaven we pray for would be here
 If each would bravely do his part
 To crown with joy one cheerless home—
 To crown with love one human heart.

Duty Leads to Happiness.

HIGHER, higher let us climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy when our Duty calls,
He who conquers—he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Nature's spoil
Win from school and college.
Delve we then for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward let us press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather.
Oh ! they wander wide who roam
For the sweets of life from home !

SMYTHE.



*Dulce Domum. A Fragmentary Sketch on
Pleasure and Happiness.*

AS it is impossible for the human imagination to form the faintest idea of any additional sense to those which we already possess, so it is impossible to conceive of any degree of happiness which shall not be in connection with our present feelings and faculties, and in harmony with them. Our very highest ideas of happiness, in any state, are invariably and inevitably associated with and restricted to our present sensational and emotional states, and cannot by any possibility transcend those states. We cannot even wish or desire to procure happiness otherwise than through the medium of our present mental, moral, and physical organisms. Our highest ideas of happiness are only to be realised by means of circumstances which will enable us to secure the healthy and pleasurable activity of all the faculties of our nature, sensational and intellectual.

Health and happiness are convertible terms. Perfect health is perfect happiness, and perfect happiness is perfect health. No organ or faculty can be kept in perfect health without a full measure of activity or exercise, and this full measure of activity or exercise is the only means of obtaining the highest degree of the purest and most pleasurable states of consciousness of which each individual organ or faculty is susceptible; and this is the highest state of happiness which mankind can realise, or of which they can form any conception.

* * * * *

Whatever the most stoical philosophy may utter to the contrary, it is nevertheless a fact that we are the creatures of impulse, the puppets of our feelings. It is no objection to this statement to say that we are guided by our judgment, because our judgments themselves are invariably influenced by

our feelings. This appears to be a law of our nature which cannot be abrogated ; consequently, in all our so-called voluntary actions we are inevitably governed by our feelings. Our joys and our sorrows are precisely in proportion to the delicacy or coarseness of our nervous systems, and to the careful or careless training to which they have been subjected.

Those who possess the most susceptible temperaments and the most acute sensibility are precisely those who experience the highest degrees of happiness from amicable associations. And by the same rule, the more we cultivate our feelings and purify our tastes, the more intensely do we participate in the happiness of congenial spirits, and the more do we overflow in our desires and capabilities to communicate happiness to others.

But this picture unfortunately has its reverse. Just as in the great external world, where the sun shines clearest and brightest, there the shadows are deepest and darkest, so, in the internal world of human consciousness, where the pleasures are the most refined, and the happiness the most exquisite, there the sorrow is the heaviest, and there the clouds of calamity throw their darkest shades.

“The heart that is soonest alive to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.”

That the warm and genial rays of the moral and intellectual sun which vivify and brighten our universe of thought and feeling should be so often intercepted by the sombre and chilling mists of disappointment and adversity, is entirely owing to the noxious exhalations which are incessantly arising from the stagnant marshes of ignorance—that is to say (in literal phrase), our pains, our griefs, and adversities are by no means essential constituents of human existence ; they are wholly and solely the monstrous offspring of our own ignorance. It is to the shallowness and imperfection of our knowledge on the most important laws and principles of

human nature, and of the proper means of obtaining true happiness, that we are to attribute those injurious manners, customs, and habits, which not only lessen and destroy our happiness, but actually, in thousands of cases, prevent its coming into existence.

In fact, our ignorance is so intense that by far the great majority of both men and women have no just idea of what true happiness consists. They waste their time in an eager pursuit of vain and frivolous amusements, falsely called pleasures, which produce a feverish excitement for the moment, and the result of which is a gradual mental degradation, and, in general, an inveterate and increasing distate for all intellectual and ennobling pursuits.

As long as our present loose and imperfect systems of education prevail, which set up such a low standard of morality and happiness, we cannot expect much amelioration in our social condition. Social, and indeed every other, amelioration depends entirely upon education; not a meagre pounds shillings and pence education, but a thorough education of the feelings, as well as the intellect, by which a Temple of Virtue shall be erected in every heart, based upon the immutable principles of truth and justice.

Every individual who has the desire may become a promoter of this grand object, simply by an earnest endeavour to acquire true and useful knowledge, as far as capabilities and circumstances will allow. By this facile and pleasant means we shall infallibly diminish prejudice, and induce the formation of more correct habits, both of thought and action, and at the same time we shall be enabled to communicate and spread superior knowledge among those with whom we associate, and set a superior example to all those with whom we come in contact. This is, indeed, the best and most effectual education, which we ought by all means to foster and increase. It is cheering to think that all (who *can* and *will*) *may* do this to some extent, wherever they are, or however they may be situated.

It is wholly by the teachings and example of the few wise and good that the world does improve at all.

* * * * *

Knowledge is the groundwork of *virtue*, and *virtue* is the foundation of *happiness*; but this divine trinity can only be blended into a perfect unity in the consecrated area of the domestic circle. The purest happiness is to be obtained, and the most soothing alleviations of affliction are to be experienced, only in the domestic associations, where kindness and affection have unrestrained sway.

A multitude (whatever name we may give it) does not contain the requirements of happiness. We go to concerts, theatres, balls, or lectures for amusement, excitement, or pleasure, and to receive information; and doubtless all these may be very good in their proper time and place, and may furnish the *elements* of happiness, just as food, and fresh air, and exercise are good in their proper quantities and qualities, and form the elements of health; but as food, air, and the rest are not health itself, but only the elements or means, just so theatres, or lectures, or any kind of knowledge, or all kinds of knowledge put together, are not happiness, but only the elements of happiness, or the means by which happiness may be attained. And as those who place their chief delight in sensual indulgence miss their way to health in mistaking the means for the end, just so those who expend their highest energies in a continual round of external excitement miss their way to happiness by the same lamentable mistake.

Pleasure and happiness are two terms which are very generally confounded, being vaguely used indifferently to convey the same idea. But a thoughtful consideration will show that they do in reality designate two perceptibly distinct states. Pleasure consists in motion, change, excitement, variety; happiness consists in quietness, tranquillity, and repose. There is pleasure in the sublime; happiness in the beautiful. There is pleasure in overcoming difficulties; happiness in enjoying

the results. It may, however, be observed that, between the two extremes of energetic action and complete repose, there may be a countless variety of gradations in which pleasure may be so modified by an admixture of the elements of happiness, and happiness so blended with the special characteristics of pleasure, that it may be extremely difficult in some cases to draw the line of demarcation.

Thus—there is a very similar relation between all the various systems of the human organism; when, for instance, we examine the organs and functions of the circulation we are insensibly led to those of respiration; when we study the vascular system, we are unavoidably drawn to the muscular; and the muscular leads us by imperceptible gradations to the nervous.

Just so it is with pleasure and happiness; although they impinge upon each other at a thousand points, they are yet by no means identical; the essentials of pleasure are variety and excitement; the essentials of happiness are tranquillity and repose. Pleasure is a bold, impetuous Nymph, presenting a myriad aspects of noise, and commotion, and mirth, and may be successfully sought at all times and in all places; but Happiness is a veiled goddess, timid and reserved, and the only temple where she may be worshipped is within the calm and holy precincts of the domestic circle.

A small, affectionate group of intelligent and congenial souls forms the only assemblage in which true happiness can be found.

Our endeavours ought certainly to be, as far as our means and talents will reach, to benefit mankind generally, but our moral and intellectual powers will never be in a state to enable us to accomplish this effectually, unless our surroundings are such as to give full development and activity to the kindly sympathies of a cherished home. Certain it is, that happiness will never prevail until every human being has attained to the full enjoyment of domestic affections.

SECTION III.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.



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FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.



The Light of Stars.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
 And sinking silently,
All silently, the silver moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of Love ?
 The star of love and dreams ?
O no ! from that blue tent above
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know, ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.



Footsteps of Angels.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
 And the voices of the night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered
 To a holy calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful firelight
 Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly—
Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine ;
Takes the vacant chair beside me ;
Lays her gentle hand on mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessing ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O ! though oft depressed and lonely—
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only—
Such as these have lived and died !

Better Things.

BBETTER things shall come to pass—

When the reign of pride shall cease throughout the
world,

When the rule of selfishness is downward hurled,
When the light of knowledge shines in every heart,
And the clouds of prejudice, thrown back, depart—

Then may men look up again,

And behold, as in a glass,

This inspiring truth revealed,

Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When to man his fellow-man shall kindly turn,
When the flame of mutual love shall brightly burn,
When night's fetter, by its light, shall be riven,
And the mind debased becomes more like heaven—

Then may men look up again,

And behold, as in a glass,

This inspiring truth revealed,

Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the weak become the strong—aye, strong in truth,
When wisdom guides old age, and glory youth,
When the wilful blind shall see, each face to face,
And the bitterest foes are clasped in fond embrace—

Then may men look up again,

And behold, as in a glass,

This inspiring truth revealed,

Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the happiness of all, and not the few,
 Shall lead the rich ones of the earth to think and do,
 When our prisons vainly wait to strengthen crime,
 And the last in workhouse walls has spent his time—

Then may men look up again,
 And behold, as in a glass,
 This inspiring truth revealed,
 Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the law of love prevails o'er all the earth,
 When justice and forbearance spring to birth,
 When men shall strive together and contend
 O'er power, scorn, fear, to gain life's noblest end—

Then may men look up again,
 And behold, as in a glass,
 This inspiring truth revealed,
 Better things have come to pass.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.



Song of Hope.

THE light of brighter days is dawning
 O'er time's great ocean way,
 And Love's own gentle breath is fanning
 The tempests of the day.
 Though gloomy war is now appearing
 To stir oppression's blaze,
 Good men with hopeful hearts are cheering
 The light of brighter days.

The days of war are in their gloaming,
And peace smiles sweetly on
The light of happy ages coming,
Eclipsing others gone.
The world's great minstrel bards are singing
Their pure progressive lays,
And all the living world is clinging
To hopes of brighter days.

The voice of truth is boldly speaking
In deep pathetic tones,
And men long tired with strife are seeking
The boon that Labour owns.
The hearts that have so long been slighted,
Wandering sorrow's ways,
With fond anticipations blighted,
Now sigh for brighter days.

The world goes onward, still progressing,
And onward still must go,
Till Love's own sacred balm and blessing
Have banished war and woe.
Let every man be up and doing,
Our fear no sorrow stays—
The land that dreads the grasp of ruin
Must strive for brighter days.

J. PEACOCK.



Weary not in Well-doing.

MAN! thou must not seek for rest
 Until thy task be done :
Thou must not lay thy burthen down
 Till setting of the sun.

Thou must not weary of the life,
 Nor scorn the lowly lot,
Nor cease to work, because such work
 Thy neighbour prizes not.

Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,
 Nor hush each generous tone,
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye :
 Thou must not live alone.

When others strive, thou too must help,
 And answer when they call :
That power to love God gave to thee
 Thou must employ for all.

“Freedom and Rest” thou wouldest have :
 Freedom is service meet,
And rest of soul is but a name
 For toil amid life’s heat.

Unmoved to gaze upon the strife
 Is not true liberty :
To others thou must minister,
 Wouldst thou be truly *free*.

In the outward world ’tis vain to seek
 The Eden thou wouldst win ;
That ancient paradise is gone,
 Thine Eden is within.

*Active Christian Benevolence, the Source of
Sublime and Lasting Happiness.*

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?

Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unfurled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might:
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius though by Nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,

Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the Queen of Heaven ?
Did Newton learn from Fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves ?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease
By wanderings wild that Nature's pilgrim loves ?
Or did Paul gain Heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?

Beware, lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
The want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not bear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or Pride indignant : then be thine the blame
And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield the fruits divine in Heaven's immortal bowers.

The Log Floats on the Tide.

THE proverbs of our nation fitly hold
 The wisdom, wit, by which the world's controlled ;
 And happy is the man, and nation too,
 That squares each action by their precepts true.
 They, in their compass small, can urge the soul
 To tread through flood and flame to glory's goal ;
 Can win to virtue—brand the murderer's guilt
 With dye more hideous than the blood he spilt—
 But if there's one more potent than the rest,
 Whose influence great the world has truly blest,
 'Tis this—but oh, the blow it gives to pride !—
 “The log floats only with the rushing tide.”

“The rushing tide”—why yes, dost startle thee ?
 Look at the swimmer in an angry sea,
 See how his arm will cleave the waters wild,
 And breast their fury, though like mountains piled.
 See how he shoots beyond the floating wreck,
 In distance almost lost. A rising speck,
 He mounts the wave the floating wreck will cast
 High on the shore to whiten in the blast.
 Away—away, across the heaving main,
 Nor backward turns to view the wat'ry plain.
 The swimmer speeds, and sings o'er waters wide,
 “The log floats only with the rushing tide.”

The sea is life, the swimmer strong will brave,
 The log's the wreck, that floats a passive slave,
 On every tide of folly, vice, and pride,
 The world stamps “current,” and its fools provide.

Arise! with Luther, Fulton, boldly fight,
 The world's wide millions leagued 'gainst truth and right.
 Assert the dignity of man, and truth
 Will bind the brows of hoary age, and youth
 Will prove when danger, death, their courage tried,
 They're "Men," not "Logs," upon life's rushing tide.

Ryhope Colliery.

EXCELSIOR.



They say that Hope is Happiness.

THEY say that Hope is Happiness :
 But genuine Love must prize the past,
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless :
 They rose the first—they set the last.
 And all that Memory loves the most
 Was once our only hope to be ;
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all :
 The future cheats us from afar ;
 Nor can we be what we recall—
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

BYRON.



Do the Thing Well.

DO the thing well, whatever you do !
 Or darning a stocking, or cobbling a shoe,
 Or cleaning a drain, or sweeping the street,—
 Do the thing well, and do it complete.

Ever remember that honour is won
 Less by what is, than how it is done ;
 Noble natures ennoble the homeliest toil,
 Love filling their labours with sunshine the while.

Do the thing well, and do with your might,
 Whate'er comes to hand that's useful and right ;
 We grow up beyond what is worthily wrought,—
 Mean labour sinks down to a meaner thought.

Shrink not from hardship ; the faint heart that cowers
 From facing the wind, or meeting the showers,
 Can never grow up to that sturdy strength
 The brave-hearted win from their labours at length.

Never grudge labour ;—pains taking still,
 In giving the finish, gaineth the skill :
 Our future grows up from the tiniest seeds
 Scattered around us in every-day deeds.

The Present weaves up from the acts of to-day,
 Habits that cleave to our life all the way ;
 The shackles that bind us for many a year,
 We rivet on willingly now, and here.

In the Future, the spirit may struggle in vain
 To rend itself loose from the galling chain ;
 The slothful man's lion, that lurks in our path,
 If we flee from him now, may hunt us to death.

He who is faithful in little, we know,
 Up to the height of a kingdom shall grow ;
 While he who stands trifling, 'mid life's little things,
 All his wealth flits away upon vanity's wings.

Then, Youth in thy freedom, and Strength in thy
 power,
 Chain now to thy service the swift-passing hour ;
 Fix it a gem in thy future's fair crown,
 By faithfulness make every moment thine own.

B. H. F.

Nothing is Lost.

NOTHING is lost ; the drop of dew
 Which trembles on the leaf or flower
 Is but exhaled to fall anew
 In summer's thunder shower ;
 Perchance to shine within the bow
 That fronts the sun at fall of day ;
 Perchance to sparkle in the flow
 Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for e'en the tiniest seed,
 By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
 Finds something suited to its need
 Where'er 'tis sown and grown ;
 Perchance finds sustenance and soil
 In some remote and desert place,
 Or 'mid the crowded home of toil
 Sheds usefulness and grace.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
Are not extinct when mute ;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot ;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not.
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to,
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds—for good or ill
They have a power scarce understood ;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay ;
O that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away !



The Heart and the Tongue.

'TIS a singular thing, said the Tongue,
 That *you* must each accent delay ;
 I think, if I utter no wrong,
You need not remark what I say :
 If all things must come from the Heart,
 Pray how is the Tongue to succeed ?
 If people must speak by the chart,
 They must speak very little indeed !

When the Heart its *chief minister* heard
 Thus its rule and its counsel disclaim,
 It throbbed, without breathing a word,
 And burned with a feeling like shame !
 Then a spirit arose that, though mute,
 Thrilled with language so truthful and plain,
 That the Tongue could no longer dispute,
 But knew that rebellion was vain !

Far better, it sighed, *not* to speak ;
 Far better inactive the Tongue—
 Than to call forth a blush on the cheek,
 Or the weak and the friendless to wrong !
 The words which the feelings suggest,
 Which affection and friendship impart,
These come to the Tongue from the breast,
 And that breast is the throne of the Heart.

Then assist—where assistance is kind ;
 Protect—and thy mission be blest ;
 Leave deceit and delusion behind,
 And defend to the last the oppressed !

Guard thy honour as though 'twere a dower
 That the Angels bestowed on thy youth ;
 And, oh ! matchless and great as thy power,
 Be matchless thy kindness and truth !



Speak Gently.

SPEAK gently ! It is better far
 To rule by love than fear—
 Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here !

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind ;
 And gently Friendship's accents flow ;
 Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child !
 Its love be sure to gain !
 Teach it in accents soft and mild—
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear—
 Pass through this life as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care !

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the care-worn heart !
 The sands of life are nearly run—
 Let such in peace depart !

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor ;
 Let no harsh tone be heard ;
 They have enough they must endure,
 Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring—know,
 They must have toiled in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so ;
 O win them back again !

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
 To bend man's stubborn will,
 When elements were in fierce strife,
 Said to them, "Peace be still."

Speak gently ! 'Tis a little thing
 Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy which it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.



Revenge of Injuries.

THE fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
 For who forgives without a further strife
 His adversaries' heart to him doth tie.
 And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
 To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth it must be nobly done ;
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour won :
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
 And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :
 Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but sold :
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
 Great-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn ;
 To scorn to owe a duty over long ;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
 To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong ;
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
 To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
 Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind :
 Do we his body from our fury save,
 And let our hate prevail against our mind.
 What can against him greater vengeance be
 Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW

(Born in 16th century).

Diogenes being asked how one should be revenged of his enemies, answered—"By being a virtuous and an honest man." It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them. And, moreover, revenge never repairs an injury.



Deal Gently with the Erring.

DEAL gently with the erring !
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came
 In some unguarded hour.
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 He struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of darkness came,
 And sadly thus he fell.

Think kindly of the erring !
 Oh, do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is thy brother yet.
 Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God ;
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring !
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace have gone,
 Without thy censure rough ?
 Sure it must be a weary lot
 That sin-crushed heart to bear ;
 And they who have a happier fate,
 Their chidings well may spare.

Oh! kindly help the erring !
 Thou yet mayest lead him back,
 With gracious words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet may be :
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God hath dealt with thee !

WOODMAN.



Let us Speak the Best we Can.

NAY, speak no ill ! a kindly word
 Can never leave a sting behind ;
 And oh ! to breathe each tale we've heard
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown
 By choosing thus the better plan :
 For if but little good be known,
 Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
 Would fain another's guilt efface :
 How can it pleasure human pride
 To prove humanity but base ?
 No ; let us reach a higher mood—
 A nobler estimate of man ;
 Be earnest in the search of good,
 And let us speak the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
 To others' failings as your own ;
 If you're the first a fault to see,
 Be you the last to make it known.
 For life is but a passing day ;
 No tongue may tell how brief its span :
 Then, all the little time we stay,
 Still let us speak the best we can.

Slander.

THERE is a lust in man no charm can tame,
 Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame :
 On eagle's wings the immortal slanders fly,
 While virtuous actions are but born to die.

*Envy and Detraction.*

THE following Reflections may serve to fortify our minds against the malicious shafts of Envy and Detraction :—

1. When any man speaks ill of us, we are to *make use of it as a caution, without troubling ourselves at the calumny.* He is in a wretched case that values himself upon *other people's opinions*, and depends upon their judgment for the peace of his life.
2. *He that values himself upon conscience never heeds reproaches.* When I am ill spoken of, I take it thus : If I have not deserved it, I am never the worse ; if I have deserved it, I'll mend.
3. Plato, hearing that it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man, said—“*I shall take care to live so that nobody will believe them.*”
4. *It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure ; and a weakness to be affected by it.* Fabius Maximus said—“*He was a greater coward that was afraid of reproach than he who fled from his enemies.*”
5. *A wise man values himself upon the score of virtue, and not of opinion ; and thinks himself neither better nor worse for what others say of him.*

Religion—What Is It ?

IS it to go to church to-day,
 To look devout and seem to pray,
 And ere the morrow's sun goes down
 Be dealing slander through the town ?

Does every sanctimonious face
 Denote the certain reign of grace ?
 Does not a phiz that scolds at sin
 Oft veil hypocrisy within ?

Is it to make our daily walk,
 And of our own good deeds to talk,
 Yet often practise secret crime,
 And thus misspend our precious time ?

Is it for sect or creed to fight,
 To call our zeal the rule of right,
 When what we wish is at the best
 To see our Church excel the rest ?

Is it to wear the Christian's dress,
 And love to all mankind profess,
 And treat with scorn the humble poor,
 And bar against them every door ?

Oh, no, religion means not this ;
 Its fruit more sweet and fairer is—
 Its precept this, to others do
 As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear all ill report,
 And scorns with human woes to sport—
 Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
 But tells of good or keeps it still.

And does religion this impart?
 Then may its influence fill my heart:
 Oh! haste that blissful, joyful day,
 When all the earth may own its sway.

BISHOP HEBER.



Unkind Reflections.

OH! never let us lightly fling
 A barb of woe to wound another;
 Oh! never let us haste to bring
 The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound; but he
 Who wounds that he may witness pain,
 Has spurned the law of charity,
 Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
 Or sorrow's influence to subdue—
 But not to wound, or to annoy,
 Is part of virtue's lesson too.

Peace, born in fairer worlds above,
 Shall lend her dawn to brighten this;
 Then all man's labour shall be love,
 And all his aim his brother's bliss.

GISBORNE.



Smile upon the Fallen!

OH smile upon the fallen !
 It perchance may heal a smart ;
 It may cause a ray of gladness
 To warm a frozen heart ;
 And cause a gloom to change into
 A smile of other years,
 When everything was happiness,
 And all unknown were tears.

Oh smile upon the fallen !
 Think not, because 'tis so,
 That in their hearts no feelings live—
 No sweet affections glow :
 Think not, because their deeds were dark,
 Guilt haunts their bosoms still ;
 Remember thou, repentance true
 The darkest heart may fill.

Oh smile upon the fallen !
 The heart that suffered scorn,
 Though crushed, has better impulses ;
 Though trampled on and torn,
 May yet possess affections—kind
 As hearts that ne'er have known
 The pangs—the pains—the hopeless hours—
 The fallen one may own.

Oh smile upon the fallen !
 Look kindly in their face :
 There are plenty who can frown on them,
 But few the smiles they trace.
 Then why shouldst thou with frowns depress
 When thou with smiles might cheer—
 Smiles which might fill their hearts with hope,
 And banish all their fear ?

Oh smile upon the fallen !

Who knows but from above
Bright angels may be looking on
With smiles of happy love ?
And then, perchance, the fallen one
May turn to wisdom's ways ;
His curses may be turned to prayers—
His hate be turned to praise.

Oh smile upon the fallen one !

Remember, drooping flowers
Do raise their heads when suns do smile—
Are nourished by kind showers.
Then smile upon the fallen one,
It perchance may heal a smart ;
It may cause a ray of gladness
To warm the frozen heart.

JOHN ALLEN.



Who is my Neighbour ?

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

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

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

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

Thy Neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in life and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave :
 Go thou and ransom him.

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



Charity.

THOU that impartest peace to the soul,
 Calming the waves of strife's angry sea,
 Thou that shouldst guide us,
 When storms have tried us,
 Blest be thy sweet voice, soft Charity ;
 Though friends may fail us, and Fortune may flee,
 Safe treads the footstep that's guided by thee.

Heaven, in thy presence, hallows the earth ;
 From thy pure essence Hope has her birth :
 He in whose bosom thou hast a home,
 Teems, like the blossom, with fulness to come.

Come, thou that breathest calm o'er the soul ;
 Stillng the waves of strife's angry sea ;
 Thou that shouldst guide us,
 When storms have tried us,
 Come, with thy sweet voice, soft Charity.

Though friends may fail us, and Fortune may flee,
Safe treads the footstep that's guided by thee.

Thou canst beguile sorrow to smile,
Weeping thy gentle self the while.

When o'er the earth thy voice shall prevail,
Wars shall be ended, and faction shall fail ;
And hatred and pride, in that blest day,—
All shall be banished by thy gentle sway.



Things Requisite.

HAVE a tear for the wretched—
A smile for the glad ;
For the worthy, applause—
An excuse for the bad ;
Some help for the needy—
Some pity for those
Who stray from the path
Where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child
In her play at thy feet ;
Have respect for the aged ;
And pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh
For shelter from thee ;
Have a covering to spare,
If he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—
A calm in thy joy ;
Have a work that is worthy
Thy life to employ ;
And oh ! above all things
On this side the sod,
Make peace with thy conscience,
And peace with thy God.

Be Kind.

BE kind to thy Father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?

He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy Father—for now he is old—

His locks intermingled with grey ;

His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold :

Thy Father is passing away.

Be kind to thy Mother—for deep on her brow

May traces of sorrow be seen :

Ah! well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,

For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy Mother—for thee will she pray,

As long as God giveth her breath ;

With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,

Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy Sister—not many may know

The depth of true sisterly love ;

The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below

The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy Brother—wherever you are

The love of a Brother shall be

An ornament bright, and richer by far

Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy Father—for now he is old ;

Be kind to thy Mother so near ;

Be kind to thy Brother—nor show thy heart cold ;

Be kind to thy Sister so dear.

SECTION IV.

Brotherhood and Friendship.



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BROTHERHOOD & FRIENDSHIP.



Brothers! we are Men!

WE're Men—made in the image
Of the Mighty One,
Who hath crowned the earth with beauty
'Neath the golden sun ;
Children of a common Father,
Whose prevailing love
Is unbounded as the day-beams
Shining from above.
Highest rank in God's creation
Is our station then :
Form divine is in our features ;
Rulers o'er all meaner creatures—
Brothers! we are men !

In our souls the lamp of reason
Streams with hallowed light ;
Intellectual glories round us
Shed their radiance bright :
Thus exalted in our being,
'Tis the will of Heaven,
That we still go on improving
Gifts which He hath given.

Filling up our brief existence—

Threescore years and ten ;
Loving Virtue as a mother ;
Doing good to one another—
Brothers ! we are men !

We are men, but oh ! how often
Are our gifts despised,
And the dignity of manhood
Blindly sacrificed !
Oft is Mercy's fountain frozen
In the human breast :
Millions sink beneath the tyrant,
Tearful and oppressed.
Cries of sorrow loudly echo
Over hill and glen :
Hapless thousands wildly grieving—
No kind hands their wrongs relieving :
Brothers ! we are men !

Love's the lesson Wisdom teaches—
Gentle are her words ;
Sweeter than the brooklet's murmurs,
Or the song of birds :
As we all are fellow-pilgrims
To a brighter sphere,
Why should strife attend the moments
Of our sojourn here ?
For a higher purpose, truly,
Were we fashioned, when
Deity, in fairest traces,
Crowned our souls with heavenly graces :
Brothers ! we are men !

Why should idle passions cheat us
Of our purest joy ?
Why should pride the best emotions
Of our soul destroy ?

In the heart, affection's fountain
 Sweetly wellet up ;
 Seeks to mingle priceless blessings
 Ever in life's cup.
 Let its waters flow and mingle
 Far as human ken ;
 Till, with love's serene devotion,
 Earth be covered, as the ocean—
 Brothers ! we are men !

JAS. HENDERSON.



Brother Man !

GOD is One, and we are two—
 Brother man—brother man !
 Wherefore make so much ado ?
 Why should differ—I and thou ?
 God is One, and we are two—
 Brother man—brother man !

We are wrong, and God is right—
 Brother man—brother man !
 Why should difference end in fight ?
 Why should good be quelled by might ?
 We are wrong, and God is right—
 Brother man—brother man !

We are beads, and God the string—
 Brother man—brother man !
 If we do not closely cling,
 Snapped will be the jewelled ring :
 We are beads, and God the string—
 Brother man—brother man !

We are parts, and God is all—

Brother man—brother man !

Should our body's members brawl,

Would it not the brain appal ?

We are parts, and God is all—

Brother man—brother man !

We are limbs, and God the Head—

Brother man—brother man !

Were the arms to contest led,

Bruises o'er the frame would spread :

We are limbs, and God the Head,

Brother man—brother man !

We are children—God our Sire—

Brother man—brother man !

Let to him each heart aspire

As to heaven flameth fire :

We are children—God our Sire—

Brother man—brother man !

God has spoke it—we shall see—

Brother man—brother man !

All mankind shall brothers be

Like the stars in unity :

God has spoke it—we shall see—

Brother man—brother man !

GOODWIN BARMBY.



What Might be Done.

WHAT might be done, if men were wise—
What glorious deeds!—my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and might,
And cease their scorn of one another.

Oppression's hand might be imbued
With glowing drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together ;
And wine and corn,
To each man borne,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod—
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow—
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done ! This might be done ;
And more than this, my suffering brother :
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.

Steam in the Desert ; or, Good for Good.

“**G**OD made all nations of one blood,”
 And bade the nation-wedding flood

Bear good for good to men :

Lo! interchange is happiness—

The mindless are the riverless !

The shipless have no pen !

What deed sublime by them is wrought ?

What type have they of speech or thought ?

What soul-ennobled page ?

No record tells their tale of pain !

The unwritten History of Cain

Is theirs from age to age.

O Steam ! if the nations grow not old

That see broad ocean’s “back of gold,”

Or hear him in the wind—

Why dost thou not thy banner shake

O’er sealess, streamless lands, and make

One nation of mankind ?

If rivers are but seeking rest,

Even when they climb from ocean’s breast

To plant on earth the rose—

If good for good is doubly blest—

O bid the severed East and West

In action find repose !

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,

The voiceless campaign hear the voice

Of millions long estranged ;

That waste, and want, and war may cease,

And all men know that Love and Peace

Are—Good for Good exchanged !

Flattery and Friendship.

EVERY one who flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friend 'tis hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
While thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth take a part.

These are certain signs to know
Faithful Friend from Flattering Foe.

SHAKESPEARE.



Friendship is Love without his Wings.

“L’Amitié est l’Amour sans Ailes.”

French Proverb.

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
 Because my youth is fled ?
 Days of delight may still be mine ;
 Affection is not dead.
 In tracing back the years of youth,
 One firm record, one lasting truth,
 Celestial consolation brings ;
 Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
 Where first my heart responsive beat—
 “Friendship is Love without his wings !”

Through few but deeply chequered years,
 What moments have been mine !
 Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
 Now bright in rays divine.
 Howe’er my future doom be cast,
 My soul, enraptured with the past,
 To one idea fondly clings ;
 Friendship ! that thought is all thine own,
 Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
 “Friendship is Love without his wings !”

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
 Their branches on the gale,
 Unheeded heaves a simple grave
 Which tells the common tale :
 Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
 Till the dull knell of childish play
 From yonder studious mansion rings ;
 But here, whene’er my footsteps move,
 My silent tears too plainly prove,
 “Friendship is Love without his wings !”

O Love! before thy glowing shrine
 My early vows were paid ;
 My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
 But these are now decayed ;
 For thine are pinions like the wind,
 No trace of thee remains behind,
 Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
 Away! away! delusive power,
 Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour,
 Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth! thy distant spire
 Recalls each scene of joy ;
 My bosom glows with former fire—
 In mind again a boy.
 Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
 Thy every path, delights me still ;
 Each flower a double fragrance flings :
 Again, as once, in converse gay,
 Each dear associate seems to say—
 “Friendship is Love without his wings!

* * * * *

By one and one alone deceived,
 Did I my error mourn ?
 No!—from oppressive bonds relieved,
 I left the wretch to scorn.
 I turned to those my childhood knew,
 With feelings warm, with bosom true,
 Twined with my heart's according strings ;
 And till these vital chords shall break,
 For none but these my breast shall wake
 Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few, my soul, my life is yours,
 My memory and my hope ;
 Your worth a lasting love insures,
 Unfettered in its scope.
 From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
 With aspect fair and honeyed tongue,
 Let Adulation wait on kings ;
 With joy elate, by snares beset,
 We—we, my friends, can ne'er forget—
 “Friendship is Love without his wings !”

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
 Who rolls the epic song ;
 Friendship and Truth be my reward—
 To me no bays belong.
 If laurelled Fame but dwells with lies,
 Me the enchantress ever flies,
 Whose Heart and not whose Fancy sings :
 Simple and young, I dare not feign ;
 Mine be the rude but heartfelt strain—
 “Friendship is Love without his wings !”

BYRON.



Humanity.

FAR from the cares or glories that await
 The pomp of courts, the pageantry of state ;
 Far from the bar, the senate, and the throne,
 Where shines the scholar, and where sleeps the drone ;
 Where wealthy dulness and unlettered pride,
 Ambition's wiles pursue with hasty stride—
 Dwelt, in a calm recess, sacred to truth,
 And peace-clad virtue, in the bloom of youth,
 HUMANITY—Heaven's fairest, favourite child,
 Of manners gentle and affections mild.

Thou, gracious Maid! Heaven's own peculiar care,
 Its bright original—as good as fair,
 Congenial Nature formed, then sent thee forth
 In all the majesty of native worth.
 'Tis thine, meek goddess of the tearful eye!
 To teach the labouring breast to heave the sigh;
 'Tis thine to teach kind Pity to express
 The tenderest language when she views distress,
 To touch with sympathy the rugged soul,
 Melt with affection, and with love control.

The shivering beggar, with affrighted look,
 Whose weakened senses the loud tempest shook,
 With eyes aghast and trembling hand implores
 The scantiest meed of kind compassion's stores.
 Behold a wretch whom the blind Fates attend,
 The child of anguish, and misfortune's friend!
 In all the woe-spun garb of sorrow dressed—
 Earth his hard couch, and Poverty his guest.
 View him, while Hunger, with bemoaning cries,
 And humble language pleading, courts supplies;
 While Want, expiring, rears her drooping head,
 And, in despair, solicits every aid—
 View him, while in the grasp of Death, alone,
 Calling on Heaven, he cries—"Thy will be done."

Come, then, sweet harbinger of grateful ease!
 Queen of the expansive heart! Come—and appease
 The deep-felt cries of agonising grief,
 And save a brother with thy prompt relief.
 Grant to a wretch like this thy kindred aid—
 A wretch, in sorrow's sable suit arrayed.
 Impress this sentiment on every mind—
 "*I am a man, and feel for all mankind!*"

Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved of me
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note;
 The eglantine smelt sweeter, and the rose
 Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
 Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. O! then, the longest summer's day
 Seemed too, too much in haste: still the full hours
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last!—Of joys departed,
 Never to return, how painful the remembrance!

ROBT. BLAIR, B. 1699.



SECTION V.

The Great and the Good.



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THE GREAT AND THE GOOD.



Greatness.

LOOK now on greatness—say where greatness lies.
“Where, but among the heroes and the wise?”—
Heroes are much the same—the point’s agreed
From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede :
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind !
Not one looks backward—onward still he goes,
Yet ne’er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise :
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes.
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take—
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that these can conquer—these can cheat :
’Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool—the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign ; or bleed
Like Socrates ; that man is great indeed !

POPE.

Who are the Great of Earth?

WHO are the mighty?—Sing.
 The chiefs of old renown,
 On some red field who won the victor's crown
 Of tears and triumphing?
 The Northmen bold, who first on stormy seas
 Sent down the "Raven" banner on the breeze?
 Not these—O no!—not these.

Who are the great of earth?
 The mighty hunters? kings of ancient line,
 For ages traced—half fable, half divine;
 Whose stone-wrought lions guard in heathen pride
 Their tomb-like palaces? where *now* we read,
 They lived, and reigned, and died!
 Who spoke, and millions rushed to toil and bleed?
 Not these—not these, indeed!

Who are the mighty?—They!
 The builders of Egyptian pyramids?
 The unknown kings, on whose stone-coffin lids
 Strange forms are scrolled?—or men whose awful sway
 Wrought the rock-temple—reared the cromlech grey,
 Whose smoke and fire, and incense darkened day?
 Not they—O no! not they!

Who are the great of earth?
 Mark where yon prophet stands,
 The loadstar needle trembles in his hands,
 O'er western seas he finds for mind a throne;
 Or he on whose rapt sight new wonders shone,
 Where heavenward turned, his glass made worlds his own—
 Not even he—nor these alone!

Who are the mighty?—See,
 Where Art's a wizard; where the marble rife
 With grace and beauty, quickens into life;
 Or where, as danger's waves beat wild and free,
 Some "glorious arm," like Moses', parts the sea,
 That a vexed people yet redeemed may be—
 The Statesman?—Sage?—Is't he?

O no! not these the noblest triumphs prove,
 Go where forgiveness, turning, like the dove,
 Alights, o'er life's dark flood, on some lone heart;
 Where men to men Truth, Justice, Peace impart,
 As best interpreters of God-like love;
 Where all life's noblest charities have birth:
 There dwell the great—the kings of peerless worth—
 They—THEY shall subdue the earth.



Human Amelioration, Man's Noblest Task.

FALL, fall, ye mighty temples, to the ground!
 Not in your sculptured rise
 Is the real exercise
 Of human nature's brightest power found.
 'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
 'Tis in the gifted line,
 In each far thought divine
 That brings down heaven to light our common soil.
 'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
 'Tis in the generous thought
 Of all that man has wrought,
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, 1802—1838.

Real Nobility.

SEARCH we the springs,
 And backward trace the principle of things—
 There shall we find that when the world began,
 One common mass composed the mould of man ;
 One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed ;
 And kneaded up alike with moistened blood.
 The same Almighty Power inspired the frame
 With kindled life, and formed the souls the same ;
 The faculties of intellect and will
 Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill ;
 Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill.
 Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
 The difference that first distinguished man from man.
 He claimed no title from descent of blood,
 But that which made him noble, made him good.
 Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
 He winged his upward flight, and soared to fame :
 The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.
 This law—(though custom now directs the course) —
 As Nature's institute, is yet in force,
 Uncancelled, though diffused : and he whose mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of virtuous kind ;
 Though poor of fortune, of celestial race :
 And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631.



Not to Myself Alone.

“NOT to myself alone,”
 The little opening flower transported, cries—
 “Not to myself alone I bud and bloom :
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.”

“Not to myself alone,”
 The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
 “Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
 I write upon night’s coronet of jet
 His power and skill who formed our myriad host :
 A friendly beacon at heaven’s open gate,
 I gem the sky,
 That man might ne’er forget in every fate
 His home on high.”

“Not to myself alone,”
 The honey-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
 “Not to myself alone from flower to flower
 I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come :
 For man, for man the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if he repay my conscious toil
 A scanty share.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The soaring bird with lusty pinions sings—

“Not to myself alone I raise the song :

I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,

And bear the mourner on my viewless wings ;

I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,

And God adore—

I call the worldling from his dross to turn,

And sing and soar.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—

“Not to myself alone I sparkling glide :

I scatter life and health on every side,

And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay :

I sing unto the common bleak and bare

My gladsome tune ;

I sweeten and refresh the languid air

In droughty June.”

“Not to myself alone.”

O man, forget not thou, earth's honoured priest !

Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,

In earth's great chorus to sustain the part.

Chiefest of guests of Love's ungrudging feast,

Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,

And self disown ;

Live to thy neighbour—live unto thy God—

Not to thyself alone.



False Greatness.

LET no man call that being blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads his balance wide, to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown :
Alas ! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own !

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know ;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

The Good alone are Great.

WHEN winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home :
In hopes, in time, to roam no more,
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest, at last, on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mark of state !
The good alone have joy sincere ;
The good alone are great :
Great when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise ;
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

BEATTIE.



SECTION VI.

Light, Life, and Progress.



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LIGHT, LIFE, AND PROGRESS.

Light for All.

YOU cannot pay with money
The million sons of toil :
The sailor on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The labourer in the quarry,
The hewer of the coal ;
Your money pays the hand,
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral
Whose turrets meet the sky—
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie :
For were not these foundations
So darkly resting there,
Yon towers could never soar up
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright ;
If the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honour,
As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright ray.
And let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men,
As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil
Need not have an earthly mind ;
The digger, 'mid the coal,
Need not be in spirit blind :
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy labour done,
As lowliest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

What cheers the musing student,
The poet, the divine?—
The thought that for his followers
A brighter day will shine.
Let every human labourer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let the truth that comes from heaven
Expand like heaven's own light.

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise, like a band inspired !
And, poets, let your lyrics
With hope for man be fired—
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

The Universal.

IS there an eye that looks around
O'er heavens and earth, o'er land and ocean,
And sees no gentle things abound
To stir the soul to sweet commotion?
No voiceless song of harmonies?
No music sounded through the eyes?

Is there a soul that dwells within
An eye of hazel, brown, or blue!
That sees not 'mid the clash and din
Of changing worlds, a beauty too?
Serenest sunbeams resting lightly
O'er the volcano, burning brightly?

In every ray that falls on earth,
And from that earth reflected rises,
There is a joy, a gentle mirth,
That soon the captive soul surprises;
Sweet glimpses of the lost ideal,
Flashing about the transient real.

The pretty flower that decks the lea,
Each day its bosom opening wider,
Yields choicest honey to the bee,
But poison to the bloated spider.
And are there hearts and eyes that see
This difference of philosophy?

As with the part, so with it all;
As with the flower, so with creation;
And there's for hate as bitter gall,
As honey sweet for adoration.
Ah! honey sweet, a busy bee,
Let's work in thy philosophy.

W. STEDMAN.

The Bright Side.

(From *Les Rayons et les Ombres* of Victor Hugo.)

ALL is light and all is joy.
The spider's foot doth busily
Unto the silken tulips tie
His circling silver broidery.

The dragon-fly on fluttering wings
Mirrors the orbs of her large eyes
In the bright pond where creeping things
Make a dark world of mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,
Kisses the sweet bud's tender blush ;
The bird pours forth his tuneful strain
Within the sun-illuminated bush.

He blesses God, who ne'er is hid
From the pure soul to virtue given ;
Who makes the dawn a fiery lid
For the azure eye of heaven.

In woods that soften every sound,
The timid fawn doth dreaming play ;
And in the green moss shining round,
Beetles their living gold display.

The moon, all pale in sunlit skies,
A cheerful convalescent seems ;
And opens soft her opal eyes,
Whence heaven's sweetness downward streams.

The wallflower with the sprightly bee
Plays by the crumbling ruins old ;
The furrow waketh joyfully,
Moved by the seeds that burst their fold.

All lives and sits around with grace—
 The sunbeam on the threshold wide,
 The gliding shade on the water's face,
 The blue sky on the green hill's side.

On joyful plains bright sun-rays fall,
 Woods murmur, fields with flowers are clad.
 Fear nothing, Man ; for Nature all
 Knows the great secret, and is glad !



The Ages of Man.

YOUTH, fond youth ! to thee, in life's gay morning,
 New and wonderful are Heaven and Earth ;
 Health the hills, Content the fields adorning,
 Nature rings with melody and mirth :
 Love, invisible, beneath, above,
 Conquers all things : all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing,
 Unperceived hath sober manhood brought ;
 Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,
 Peoples Fancy's fairy-land with thought ;
 Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
 Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
 Creeps, with lengthening shadow, o'er the scene ;
 Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
 And to-day, the agony between ;
 Then—how longs the weary soul for thee,
 Bright and beautiful eternity !

Life is Pleasant, after all.

WHY will they bind the willow wreath
 Upon the brow that should be glad,
 Until they make it bow beneath ?
 Why paint Old Time with aspect sad,
 And say his locks are scant and hoary,
 And that his cup is full of sorrow ?
 Oh ! why not tell the gladdening story,
 That there shall be a brighter morrow ?
 For until Hope's bright star is driven
 Far, far away, beyond recall—
 Though with Despair we may have striven—
 Oh ! Life is pleasant, after all !

How sweet and joyous 'tis to roam
 In Nature's vast and glorious realm ;
 Though grief should hang around our home,
 And carking care should overwhelm !
 She bids us look upon the flower
 Whose pleasing colours meet our view ;
 It needed sun, and shade, and shower,
 Ere it attained its glowing hue ;
 And who can look on earth and sky,
 On upland, wood, and waterfall,
 And not rejoice and gladly cry,
 Oh ! Life is pleasant, after all !

And, oh ! when English hand grasps hand,
 And English hearts beat firm and true,
 We bless God for our native land,
 And joy's deep fount springs up anew ;
 While Friendship and her sister, Love,
 Each other hail with joyful greeting,

And hand-in-hand with Honour prove,
 While Peace and Virtue crown the meeting.
 While generous Freedom may be found
 In peasant's hut and castle hall ;
 With honest pride our hearts abound,
 And Life is pleasant, after all.

FELICIA.



God Works in All Things.

OH! backward-looking Son of Time!
 The new is old—the old is new—
 The cycle of a change sublime
 Still sweeping through.

As idly as in that old day
 Thou mournest, did thy sires repine ;
 So, in his time, thy child, grown grey,
 Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou,
 The eternal step of progress beats
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,
 Which God repeats !

Take heart ! the Master builds again—
 A charmèd life old goodness hath ;
 The tares may perish—but the grain
 Is not for death.

God works in all things : all obey
 His first propulsion from the night :
 Ho ! wake and watch ! the world is grey
 With morning light !

WHITTIER.

Action, a Law of Nature.

THE opening morn—resplendent noon
 With heaven's bright glory graced,
 Meek vesper and night's silent moon
 Tell nought remains at rest.

The comet, wandering far on high,
 'Midst countless planets placed,
 Rolls ceaseless through the boundless sky—
 For nought remains at rest.

The tide returns and ebbs again,
 The river hies with haste,
 With rills and springs into the main,
 For nought remains at rest.

The various seasons as they rise—
 Mild Spring with flowery vest,
 Bright Summer, Autumn, Winter's skies
 Tell nought remains at rest.

Thus day, and night, and star, and flood,
 And seasons—all attest
 That, through the wondrous works of God,
 There's nought remains at rest.

If action, then, be Nature's law,
 Be this great truth impressed :—
 That life in deeds of love should flow,
 All blessing and all blest.

D. GRANT.



Emblems of Progress.

THY calm eyes smiling to my own,
 Thy quiet tones more blithely sweet,
 Dear friend, than when an hour ago
 I watched the billows at thy feet.

Twin swallows in the April sky
 Set inland saw you, fronting west ?
 Twin stranger-birds that risk to try
 The haven of their summer rest ?

A truer moral, and more bright,
 These pilgrims showed you than I brought
 From the green ramparts on the height
 Where old-world nations earlier fought.

So very still 'neath any sky !
 So calm beside the unresting sea !
 Why nobly live, or work, or die,
 If ever thus the end shall be ?

If life but hold through measured range
 Of time and strife, self-nurturing doom,
 And every mocking form of change
 Repeat the ruin and the tomb ?

Reply that fits the question best,
 All things that breathe and bloom can give :
 The earth, through round of work and rest,
 Ripens, in loftier phase to live.

A blossom, or a bird on wing,
 Like those swift pinions west unfurled,
 Speak promise ; and each later Spring
 Symbols a still progressive world.

Was Man made to Mourn?

“The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling’s pride.
 I’ve seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.”

BURNS.

ALAS! man was made—’tis a truth we well know—
 To feel the inflictions engendered below ;
 The keen pang of Anguish, the chill hand of Want,
 The sting which Remorse in the bosom can plant ;
 And all the sad ills which in Misery’s train
 Come to sicken the heart and to madden the brain.

But say, in this world are there no joys we meet
 In the pathway that leads to our final retreat ?
 Is there no hope to cheer us, no prospects to charm,
 No bright gleam of gladness our feelings to warm ?
 Is all woe and suffering, all dark as the tomb,
 No sunshine to burst through the soul-sinking gloom ?

Oh, yes ! there are times when the spirits are gay,
 And heart-gnawing sorrows relinquish their sway ;
 When a glance of the eye and a smile on the cheek
 Are the tell-tales of rapture no mortal can speak ;
 When life’s heavy cares have deserted the brain,
 And moments of bliss cancel ages of pain.

To the bright side of life let us ever then turn,
Man was made to rejoice, as well as to mourn !

For *him* the sun shines on his gold-burnished throne,
And the Seasons strew gifts as they visit each zone ;
While everything lovely on Earth and in sky
Seems formed by enchantment to ravish his eye.

Look, look on the sky—look, look on the Earth,
When the Spring-flowers bloom and the blossoms burst
forth ;
When the forest-oaks fling on their mantles of green,
And love-breathing Melody rolls o'er the scene.
Would you dream, as you gaze on the splendour
around,
That bliss in the world is nowhere to be found ?

There is joy—there is joy—there is exquisite bliss,
When we tranquilly muse on a scene such as this ;
There is joy—there is joy—when a deed we have
done
Which seraphs in glory would smiling look on ;
When Benevolence warms with her hallowing flame,
And Wretchedness, care-relieved, blesses her name.

Then blame not the world—it is pleasant and fair—
'Tis man upon man heaps the troubles we bear ;
Were the spirit of love but his actions to guide,
How soon would the fount of his sorrows be dried !
While Virtue exulting would triumph o'er Vice,
And the Earth would again be a bright Paradise.

H. HEAVYSIDE.



“*Why Don't You Come Along ?*”

(From the *Lexington Gazette*.)

'T WAS in a field—by an old field school,
 Where the boys were romping wild,
 I noted one, with a shining face,
 And he was but a child :
 And as he romped upon the green,
 With mind and muscle strong,
 Anon he'd cry to the lagging boys :
 “ Why don't you come along ? ”

So said the boy, but when he spoke,
 The man was in the boy ;
 And now his voice round Christendom
 Rings like a bell of joy ;
 For the world has taken up his cry,
 And joined him in his song,
 Now sung by nations in their march :
 “ Why don't you come along ? ”

Come on ! pause not ! 'tis death to stop,
 The tide is at its flood ;
 For men and things are on their march—
 Halt never, if you would.
 That cry is in the hearts of men,
 Their watchword, right or wrong ;
 And nations cry in every tongue :
 “ Why don't you come along ? ”

The engine and the telegraph
 Proclaimed it to the man—
 The man takes up the cheering cry,
 Which with the boy began.

O'er wood and plain—o'er sea and earth,
It rings in startling song ;
'Tis written on the firmament :
“ Why don't you come along ?”

But yesterday it took six men
To make a pin : but now
That little boy will do the work ;
When done he'll scarce know how.
Thought follows action—then we pause
To think ; no longer strong ;
But still keep up the schoolboy's cry :
“ Why don't you come along ?”

But yesterday the reaper's hook
Moved slowly through the grain :
McCormick now with a storm of hooks
The harvest sweeps amain ;
And as he cuts, and cleans, and bags,
He joins the world-wide song ;
Old-fashion reapers, tarry not :
“ Why don't you come along ?”

Front ! march ! halt not ! is now the word
'To the regiment of man ;
Say what you have to say at once—
Go ! do it if you can—
Birds sing it—the engines shriek it ;
It's sung the stars among—
All nature breathes the world's great cry :
“ Why don't you come along ?”



What is Life ?

THIS Life is but an empty void,
If but on selfish deeds employed ;
And length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood.
While if good deeds *one* year engage,
That may be longer than an age.
But if a year in trifles go,
Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so.
Time will not stay to make us wise—
We must improve it as it flies.



SECTION VII.

Dignity and Utility

OF

Labour.



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DIGNITY & UTILITY OF LABOUR.



The Village Blacksmith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To-day and To-morrow.

DON'T tell me of to-morrow :
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day !
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait ;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow :
There's much to do to-day
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell ?
Then why leave till to-morrow
What to-day can do so well ?

Don't tell me of to-morrow :
If we look upon the past,
How much that we had left to do,
We could not do at last !
To-day is the accepted time
For all things good and great :
Do your duty now to-day—
Till to-morrow never wait.



No Surrender.

EVER constant, ever true,
 Let the word be, No Surrender !
 Boldly dare and greatly do !
 This shall bring us bravely through ;
 No Surrender, No Surrender !
 And though Fortune's smiles be few,
 Hope is always springing new,
 Still inspiring me and you
 With a magic, No Surrender !

Nail the colours to the mast,
 Shouting gladly, No Surrender !
 Troubles near are all but past—
 Serve them as you did the last ;
 No Surrender, No Surrender !
 Though the skies be overcast,
 And upon the sleety blast,
 Disappointments gather fast,
 Beat them off with, No Surrender !

Constant and courageous still,
 Mind, the word is, No Surrender !
 Battle, though it be uphill,
 Stagger not at seeming ill !
 No Surrender, No Surrender !
 Hope, and thus your hope fulfil—
 There's a way where there's a will,
 And the way all cares to kill,
 Is to give them, No Surrender !

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Never say Fail!

KEEP onward—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
A tongue never dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail:
How strong and how mighty,
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide:
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!



Never Give Up!

NEVER give up!—it is wiser and better
 Always to hope than once to despair :
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
 Never give up! or the burden may sink you—
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup :
 And in all trials or troubles bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be—Never give up!

Never give up!—there are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ;
 And through the struggle high wisdom arranges
 Ever success if you only hope on.
 Never give up—for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
 Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the thunder-cloud over you burst ;
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up!—if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!



Labour and Wait.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real !—Life is earnest !—
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Finds us better than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting ;
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, however pleasant !
 Let the dead past bury its dead.
 Act—act in the living present—
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints in the sands of time—

Footprints that, perhaps, another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing :
 With a heart for any fate :
 Still achieving—still pursuing—
 Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.



Go On, Go On!

GO on, go on! no moments wait
 To help the right :
 Be strong in faith, and emulate
 The virtues of the good and great,
 With all thy might.

Go on!

Go on, go on! the skies may lower,
 The storm may burst :
 Unshaken in the trial hour,
 Good purposes shall give thee power
 To brave the worst.

Go on!

Go on, go on! thou canst not tell
 Thy mission here !
 Whate'er thou doest, labour well ;
 Nor let a doubt within thee dwell,
 Or coward fear.

Go on!

Go on, go on! 'tis ne'er too late
To act thy part ;
Thy stern resolve shall conquer fate,
And springs of happiness create
Within thy heart.

Go on!

Go on, go on! no guerdon seek
For thy reward ;
But while heroic, be thou meek ;
And from thy heart, and from thy cheek
Be pride debarred.

Go on!

Go on, go on! thy Master's ear
And constant eye
Observe each groan, each struggling tear ;
He, midst the shadows dark and drear,
Is standing by.

Go on!

Go on, go on! thy onward way
Leads on to light :
The morning now begins to grey ;
Anon the cheering beams of day
Shall chase the night.

Go on!

Go on, go on! O doubt it never—
This strife with wrong
Is fated not to last for ever ;
But, if we boldly make endeavour,
Will cease ere long.

Go on!

No Work the Hardest Work.

HO! ye who at the anvil toil,
 And strike the sounding blow,
 Where, from the burning iron's breast,
 The sparks fly to and fro ;
 While answering to the hammer's ring,
 And fire's intenser glow :
 O while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
 And sweat the long day through,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho ! ye who till the stubborn soil,
 Whose hard hands guide the plough,
 Who bend beneath the summer's sun
 With burning cheek and brow—
 Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
 From olden time till now ;
 But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
 And labour all day through,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho ! ye who plough the sea's blue field—
 Who ride the restless wave,
 Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
 There lies a yawning grave—
 Around whose bark the wintry winds
 Like fiends of fury rave—
 O while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
 And labour long hours through,
 Remember, it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day,
And half the weary night—
Who labour for the souls of men,
Champions of Truth and Right—
Although ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view—
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labour—all who strive—
Ye wield a mighty power :
Do with your might—do with your strength—
Fill every golden hour !
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
O to your birthright and yourselves—
To your own souls be true :
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.

C. F. ORNE.



The Reformer.

ALL grim and soiled and browned with tan,
 I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
 Smiting the godless shrines of man
 Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
 Essayed in vain her ghostly charm ;
 Wealth shook within his gilded home
 With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
 Before the sunlight bursting in ;
 Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head,
 To drown the din.

“Spare,” Art implored, “yon holy pile :
 That grand old time-worn turret spare.”
 Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
 Cried out, “Forbear !”

Grey-headed Use, who, deaf and blind,
 Groped for his old accustomed stone,
 Leaned on his staff and wept, to find
 His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
 O'erhung with paly locks of gold ;
 “Why smite,” he asked, in sad surprise,
 “The fair, the old ?”

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
 Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;
 Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
 As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled—
 The waster seemed the builder too ;
 Upspringing from the ruined Old,
 I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
 The wasting of the wrong and ill ;
 Whate'er of good the old time had
 Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;
 The frown which awed me passed away,
 And left behind a smile which cheered,
 Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
 O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow ;
 The slave stood forging from his chains
 The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
 And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
 Looked out upon the peaceful bay
 And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups, with wine once red,
 The lights on brimming crystal fell,
 Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet-head
 And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
 Fresh breezes blew and sunbeams strayed,
 And with the idle gallows-rope
 The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
 Had counted o'er the weary hours,
 Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
 Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
 I fear no longer, for I know
 That where the share is deepest driven
 The best fruits grow.

The out-worn rite, the old abuse,
 The pious fraud transparent grown,
 The good held captive in the use
 Of wrong alone.

These wait their doom, from that great law
 Which makes the past time serve to-day ;
 And fresher life the world shall draw
 From their decay.

Oh ! backward-looking son of time !
 The new is old, the old is new ;
 The cycle of a change sublime
 Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer :
 Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
 Who wake by turns earth's love and fear,
 Are one—the same.

As idly, as in that old day
 Thou mournest, did thy sires repine ;
 So, in his time, thy child, grown grey,
 Shall sigh for thine.

Yet not the less for them or thou,
 The eternal step of progress beats,
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,
 Which God repeats !

Take heart ! the Master builds again—
 A charmèd life old goodness hath ;
 The tares may perish, but the grain
 Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey
 His first propulsion from the night.
 Ho, wake and watch !—the world is grey
 With morning light.

J. G. WHITTIER.



Labour.

“*Laborare est orare.*”

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
 Hark ! how Creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“Labour is worship !” the robin is singing ;
 “Labour is worship !” the wild bee is ringing ;
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower :
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life !—'Tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the clock wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens :
 Play the sweet lute, wouldst thou keep it in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
 Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;
 Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow.
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee ;
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
 Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
 Work for some good—be it ever so slowly ;
 Do some kind act—be it ever so lowly ;
 Labour!—all labour is noble and holy :
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

MRS. F. OSGOOD.



All have Got their Work to Do.

WHY such murmuring and repining?
 Who can alter what is done?
 See the future brightly shining—
 There are goals yet to be won.
 Grieving is at best a folly—
 Oftentimes it is a sin :
 When we see a glaring error,
 We should a reform begin.
 We must all be up and doing,
 With determination true ;
 Young and old men, rich and poor men,
 All have got their work to do.

Though we see, on looking round us,
 Man to wickedness is prone ;
 Though the snares of vice surround us,
 Virtue's path but rarely known,
 Well we know that in our nature
 Is a spark of life divine :
 We must free the soul from thralldom,
 If we wish that spark to shine.
 We must all be up and doing,
 With determination true ;
 Young and old men, rich and poor men,
 All have got their work to do.

Life is one great scene of labour—
 Every one his task assigned ;
 We must each assist our neighbour,
 When we see him lag behind.

We must strive by education
Man's condition to improve,
And bind men of every station
In a bond of mutual love.
We must all be up and doing,
With determination true ;
Young men, old men, rich men, poor men,
Ye have all your work to do.

ERNEST WATMOUGH.



SECTION VIII.

Riches and Poverty.



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RICHES AND POVERTY.



An Apology for the Rich.

“ALL-BOUNTEOUS Heaven,” Castalio cries,
With bended knees and lifted eyes,
“When shall I have the power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress?”

How do our hearts deceive us here!—
He gets ten thousand pounds a year.
With this the pious youth is able
To build and plant, and keep a table.
But then the poor he cannot treat :
Who asks the wretch that wants to eat ?
Alas ! to ease their woes he wishes,
But cannot live without ten dishes :
Though five would serve as well 'tis true ;
But one must live as others do.
He now feels wants unknown before,
Wants still increasing with his store.

The good Castalio must provide
Brocade and jewels for his bride.
Her toilet shines with plate embossed ;
What sums her lace and linen cost !

The clothes that must his person grace,
 Shine with embroidery and lace.
 The costly pride of Persian looms
 And Guido's paintings grace his rooms ;
 His wealth Castalio will not waste,
 But must have everything in taste.
 He's an economist confessed ;
 But what he buys must be the best.
 For common use, a set of plate ;
 Old china when he dines in state ;
 A coach and six, to take the air,
 Besides a chariot and a chair.
 All these important calls supplied—
 (Calls of necessity—not pride)
 His income's regularly spent :
 He scarcely saves to pay his rent.

No man alive would do more good,
 Or give more freely—if he could.
 He grieves whene'er the wretched sue ;
 But what can poor Castalio do ?

Would Heaven but send ten thousand more,
 He'd give——just as he did before.

MRS. BARBER, 1730.



The Complaints of the Poor.

“AND wherefore do the poor complain?”
The rich man asked of me ;
“Come walk abroad with me,” I said,
“And I will answer thee.”

’Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold ;
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white ;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter’s night.

’Twas bitter keen, indeed he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold ;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed ;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest ;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
 When the night-wind was so chill ;
 She turned her head, and bade the child
 That screamed behind, be still.

She told us that her husband served,
 A soldier, far away ;
 And therefore to her parish she
 Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the rich man then,
 For silently stood he ;
 “ You asked me why the poor complain,
 And these have answered thee ! ”

SOUTHEY.



The Contrast.

MISERIES OF THE POOR AND LUXURIES OF THE RICH.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall Poverty reside
 To escape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If, to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 These fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
 To see profusion which he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

Here—while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade ;
Here—while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome, where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train :
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square—
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare !

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed :
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn—
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Now, lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores the luckless hour,
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

GOLDSMITH.



The Heritage.

THE rich man's son inherits lands
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold ;
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold—
 Nor dares to wear a garment old :
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares :
 The bank may break—the factory burn ;
 A breath may burst his bubble shares ;
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn :
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants :
 The stomach craves for dainty fare ;
 With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hands, with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy chair :
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
 Lord of all lands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art.
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things ;
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,

Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labour sings.
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 A patience learnt of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door.
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh ! rich man's son, there is a toil
 That with all others level stands ;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands—
 This is the best crop from thy lands :
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh ! poor man's son, scorn not thy state ;
 There is worse weariness than thine
 In merely being rich and great ;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign :
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both children of the same great God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-spent past :
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Rags and Tatters.

RAGS and tatters, rags and tatters,
 Oh, the curse of these small matters !
 Woe to him who, shorn of riches,
 Wears the cast-off coat and breeches !
 Though he once could keep a carriage,
 And had "thousands" on his marriage ;
 Though he's given *fêtes* and dinners
 To some scores of courtly sinners :
 If he's now in rags and tatters,
 Those are all forgotten matters.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
 Oh, the scorn of these old matters !
 If a man is brave and holy,
 Armed 'gainst crime, and vice, and folly ;
 If he practise self-denial,
 And withstand life's fiercest trial ;
 Blest with moral strength and reason,
 Fitted for each work and season,
 But is clad in rags and tatters,
 They conceal those minor matters.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
 Oh, the curse of these poor matters !
 God preserve the sons of labour ;
 Watch around our ill-clad neighbour ;
 Bless our poorer kin by dozens,
 Even down to second cousins :
 But if thou, O God, forsake them,
 Then the world must overtake them
 With its scorn of these small matters,
 Rags and tatters, rags and tatters.

Gaffer Gray.

“**H**O! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?

And why does thy nose look so blue?”

“’Tis the weather that’s cold,

’Tis I’m grown very old,

And my doublet is not very new,

Well-a-day!”

“Then line thy worn doublet with all,

Gaffer Gray,

And warm thy old heart with a glass!”

“Nay, but credit I’ve none,

And my money’s all gone;”

“Then say how may that come to pass?

Well-a-day!

“Hie away to the house on the brow,

Gaffer Gray,

And knock at the jolly priest’s door.”

“The priest often preaches

Against worldly riches,

But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,

Well-a-day!”

“The lawyer lives under the hill,

Gaffer Gray,

Warmly fenced both in back and in front.”

“He will fasten his locks,

And threaten the stocks,

Should he ever more find me in want,

Well-a-day!”

“The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And the season will welcome you there.”
 “His fat beeves and his beer,
 And his merry new year,
 Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day !”

“My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Gray ;
 What then ? while it lasts, man, we’ll live !”
 “The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morsel a morsel will give—
 Well-a-day !”

HOLCROFT, 1779.



The Rich Man and the Poor Man.

SO goes the world : if wealthy, you may call
 This friend, *that* brother—friends and brothers all.
 Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it ;
 You may have been a stable boy—what then ?
 ’Tis wealth, good sir, makes honourable men.
 You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.

But if you are poor, Heaven help you ! though your sire
 Had royal blood within him, and though you
 Possess the intellect of angels too,
 ’Tis all in vain ; the world will ne’er inquire
 On such a score—why should it take the pains ?
 ’Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor devil, keen and clever,
 Witty and wise ; he paid a man a visit,
 And no one noticed him, and no one ever
 Gave him welcome. "Strange," cried I. "Whence is it?"
 He walked on this side, then on that ;
 He tried to introduce a social chat ;
 Now here, now there—in vain he tried ;
 Some formally and freezingly replied,
 And some said, by their silence, "Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door—
 As Cræsus rich, I'm sure ;
 He could not pride himself upon his wit
 Nor wisdom, for he had not got a bit ;
 He had what's better—he had wealth.
 What a confusion ! all stand up erect.
 These crowd around to ask him of his health ;
 These bow in *honest* duty and respect ;
 And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
 And these conduct him there.
 "Allow me, sir, the honour." Then a bow
 Down to the earth. Is't possible to show
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

The poor man hung his head,
 And to himself he said,
 "This is indeed beyond my comprehension."
 Then, looking round,
 One friendly face he found,
 And said, "Pray tell me, why is wealth preferred
 To wisdom?" "That's a silly question, friend!"
 Replied the other. "Have you never heard
 A man may lend or give his store
 Of shining gold or silver ore,
 But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

The Poorhouse.

CLOSE at the edge of a busy town
 A huge quadrangular mansion stands ;
 Its rooms are all filled with the parish poor ;
 Its walls are all built by pauper hands ;
 And the pauper old and the pauper young
 Peer out through the grates, in sullen bands.

Behind is a patch of earth, by thorns
 Fenced in from the moor's wide marshy plains ;
 By the side is a gloomy lane that steals
 To a quarry now filled with years of rains ;
 But within, within ! there Poverty scowls,
 Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

Enter and look ! In the high-walled yards
 Fierce men are pacing the barren ground :
 Enter the long bare chambers—girls
 And women are sewing, without a sound :
 Sewing from dawn till the dismal eve,
 And not a tale or song goes round.

No communion—no kind thought
 Dwells in the pauper's breast of care :
 Nothing but pain in the grievous past ;
 Nothing to come but the black despair
 Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
 Or hunger, out in the open air !

Where is the bright-haired girl, that once
 With her peasant sire was used to play?
 Where is the boy whom his mother blessed,
 Whose eyes were a light on her weary way?
 Apart—barred out (as the law ordains)—
 Barred out from each other by night and day.

Letters they teach in their infant schools;
 But where are the lessons of great God taught?
 Lessons that child to the parent bind—
 Habits of duty—love unbought?
 Alas! small good will be learnt in schools
 Where Nature is trampled and turned to nought.

Seventeen summers—and where the girl
 Who never grew up at her father's knee?
 Twenty autumnal storms have nursed
 The pauper's boyhood—and where is he?
 She earneth her bread in the midnight lanes;
 He toileth in chains by the Southern Sea.

O Power! O Prudence! Law! look down
 From your heights on the pining poor below!
 O sever not hearts which God hath joined
 Together, on earth, for weal and woe.
 O senators grave! grave truths may be,
 Which ye have not learnt or deigned to know.

O Wealth, come forth with an open hand!
 O Charity, speak with a softer sound!
 Yield pity to age—to tender youth—
 To love, wherever its home be found!
 But I cease—for I hear, in the night to come,
 The cannon's blast, and the rebel drum,
 Shaking the firm-set English ground!

The Unregarded Toils of the Poor.

ALAS! what secret tears are shed ;
What wounded spirits bleed ;
What loving hearts are severed,
And yet man takes no heed !

He goeth in his daily course,
Made fat with oil and wine ;
And pitieth not the weary souls
That in his bondage pine ;
That turn for him the mazy wheel—
That delve for him the mine !
Nor pitieth he the children small,
In noisy factories dim,
That all day long, lean, pale, and faint,
Do heavy work for him !

To him they are but as the stones
Beneath his feet that lie ;
It entereth not his thoughts that they
From him claim sympathy ;
It entereth not his thoughts that God
Heareth the sufferer's groan—
That in His righteous eye their lives
Are precious as his own.

W. HOWITT.



SECTION IX.

Mammon-Worship.



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MAMMON-WORSHIP.



The Vanity of Wealth.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoyed the present store,
Still endless sighs are breathed for more.
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbribed, unbought:
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.



*Important Question : What Proportion do
the Righteous bear to the Ungodly ?*

IF it could be possible to make the investigation, it would be extremely interesting to ascertain the relative proportion of the virtuous to the vicious—to ascertain, at least approximately, how many per cent. of really good and true human beings there are existing in the civilised world.

We suggest to our readers, for their own special edification, to undertake this important investigation; to look round them, among those with whom they may come in contact, and to decide honestly, according to the best of their judgment, what proportion the truly good bear to those who cannot be so denominated.

In thus arranging human beings into these two distinct classes, there must, of course, be a standard adopted to which we must compare every individual subjected to examination. The simplest, and, at the same time, the most perfect standard, is that so clearly and beautifully set forth by Jesus Christ in the Gospels; and, moreover, this is a standard which, with very few exceptions, will be universally acknowledged. The following are the essential points:—

Matthew vii. 12.—All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.

Matthew xxii. 37 to 39.—Master, what is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

Luke vi. 27 *et seq.*—Love your enemies; do good to

them which hate you. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have you? for sinners also love those who love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have you? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have you? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great; and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful, and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.

Matthew vi. 19 *et seq.*—Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Matthew xx. 21.—Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.

There, Christian reader, that is the standard. Now can it well, and apply it to all the human beings (whether private individuals or public characters) of whom you have the means of judging. And when you have done this candidly, and to the best of your judgment, say—

In the first place—how many per cent. there are who, in their business and commercial transactions, act up to this standard—who are honest and truthful in the description of their merchandise—who point out, to their customers, the flaws and imperfections of the articles they are selling—who never adulterate any of their commodities, but invariably sell them pure and genuine—who never practise the arts of making their goods appear better than they really are, by polishing and brushing them over, in order to conceal their defects. In short, how many do you know who serve others, in every respect, as they would wish others to serve them?

In the second place, say, how many there are who never utter slander, or speak evil of others—who never publish their neighbours' shame. How many who love their neighbours as themselves—who minister to their wants, and assist them in their distresses. How many who spend their leisure time in instructing the ignorant ; and, by kindness, winning the erring and vicious back to the paths of virtue. How many do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, but the pleasure of having done good. How many cleave to God and righteousness, and despise Mammon and vain ostentation—who sell all they have, and give to the poor.

Mammon-worshippers will boldly assert that this is impossible—quite impossible—nobody in the world ever set an example of selling all they had, and giving to the poor. But a well-authenticated instance will prove, not only that it is possible, but quite practicable ; and will also set forth the full extent and meaning of the injunction—"Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor." These words emphatically declare that all those who possess more than is sufficient for their reasonable wants are absolutely required, as an act of duty, to dispose of the entire surplus in ameliorating the condition of those who are struggling in the midst of ignorance and poverty.

This duty has been performed—this sacrifice has been made—this devotion to the cause of humanity and this glorious example have been exhibited to the world, fully and completely, by the great founder of Methodism, John Wesley. And although we by no means admire his character in every respect, yet in this particular it is beyond all praise. He lived upon the simplest fare—he was satisfied with the most ordinary accommodation, and he was clothed in the plainest garments. So careful and economical was he in everything that appertained to himself, that his personal expenses never exceeded thirty pounds a year ; and every penny of the remainder of his income was devoted to the great cause of

raising the lowest ranks of society from privation and vice to competence and virtue.

We are obliged to confess that this is a very rare case ; and, indeed, we may fearlessly assert, that among the tens of thousands who *profess* Wesleyanism, there are not one hundred individuals who are following the example of John Wesley in the disposal of their incomes. We are, consequently, driven to the rather startling conclusion, that there are not one hundred real Christians in the Wesleyan Society ; for he who is not a Christian in this respect, whose heart is not overflowing with the milk of human kindness, is not a Christian at all. He is a worshipper of Mammon and not a server of God—a whited sepulchre—a hypocrite, whose heart is filled with pride, and ostentation, and vanity.

In the third place, say, how many ministers—professional teachers of God’s Law and Gospel—are there who can stand, without wincing, this searching test, and say—

“ Our withers are unwrung.”

In the fourth place, O reader, put these questions home to thy own bosom seriously and earnestly, and say—

Am *I* a true disciple of Christ ?



Important Reflection.

WE cannot, even in this nineteenth century, congratulate ourselves in being much more righteous than the ancient inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. It would be difficult to prove that the really good of the present day bear a greater proportion to the wicked than they did when those remarkable cities were destroyed for lack of five good citizens.

All is not Gold that Glitters.

RELIGION! O thou life of life,
 How worldlings that profess thee, rife,
 Can wrest thee to their appetites!
 How princes, who thy power deny,
 Pretend thee for their tyranny,
 And people for their false delights!

Under thy sacred name, all over,
 The vicious all their vices cover;
 The insolent their insolence;
 The proud their pride; the false their fraud;
 The thief his theft; her filth the bawd;
 The impudent their impudence.

Ambition under thee aspires,
 And Avarice under thee desires;
 Sloth under thee her ease assumes;
 Lux under thee all overflows;
 Wrath under thee outrageous grows;
 All evil under thee presumes.

Religion, erst so venerable,
 What art thou now but made a fable,
 A holy mark on Folly's brow,
 Where under lies Dissimulation,
 Lined with all abomination—
 Sweet Religion! where art thou?

Not in the Church with Simony,
 Nor on the Bench with Bribery,
 Nor in the Court with Machiavel,
 Nor in the City with Deceit,
 Nor in the Country with Debates:
 For what has Heaven to do with Hell ?

But whatsoever show we make
 (For Profit or Promotion's sake),
 Whatever colour we put on,
 Where Faith no other fruits affords
 But evil works (though civil word),
 Indeed is no Religion.

Reverend Religion! where's the heart
 That entertains thee as thou art—
 Sincerely for thine own respect ?
 Where is the mind—where is the man,
 May right be called a Christian,
 Not formal, but in true respect ?

Who God's due hath not given
 To other things in Earth or Heaven,
 But bowed and vowed to Him alone ?
 Him only served with filial awe,
 Pleased and delighted in His law,
 Discoursing day and night thereon ?

Nor—not for form or fashion's sake,
 Or, for a time, a show to make,
 Others the better to beguile ?
 Nor from God's righteous laws depart,
 But stamp them deeply in his heart,
 And work them in his life the while ?

Loving his neighbour as himself,
Sharing with him his power and pelf,
His councils, comforts, coats, and cates ;
Doing in all things to his brother
Just as himself would wish from other,
Nor offering others what he hates.

If but to *seem good* goodly seem,
To *be good* better far esteem ;
Why seem you what to be you care not ?
If to seem evil be amiss,
Sure to do evil worse it is :
Then why be what to seem you dare not ?
Be as you seem, or seem the same you be,
And thus secure your bliss to all eternity.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER, 1590.



SECTION X.

Vicissitudes and Regrets.



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VICISSITUDES AND REGRETS.

Human Life.

LIFE is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being ;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each ;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward ; always losing
Themselves in one another ; lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit—on what
He hath been—is not—cannot be again ;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages !

The Child !—We know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld ;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions.
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,

Or the first daisy that we ever plucked,
 When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and
 flowers—

Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.

Thenceforward mark the metamorphosis !

The Boy, the Girl, when all was joy, hope, promise :
 Yet who would be a boy, a girl, again,
 To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
 And dream of what will never come to pass ?

The Youth, the Maiden—living but for love,
 Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
 And joys less rapturous, but more enduring.

The Woman—in her offspring multiplied ;
 A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
 Beneath whose shadow she (both root and stem)
 Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
 That they may be the pleasure of beholders.

The Man— as father of a progeny
 Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
 Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
 And grows immortal in his children's children.

Then the grey Eld—leaning on his staff,
 And bowed beneath a weight of years, that steal
 Upon him with the secrecy of sleep—
 (No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
 None with such subtlety benumbs the frame)
 Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
 Dead in the lap of his primeval mother.
 She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
 Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office :
 Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Treasures of the Deep.

WHAT hold'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more—thy depths have more ! What wealth untold,
Far down and shining through their stillness, lies !
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !
Earth claims not these again !

Yet more—thy depths have more ! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by !
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !
Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scornful play—
Man yields them to decay !

Yet more—thy billows and thy depths have more !
True hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !
They hear not now the booming waters roar ;
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long !
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
Hold fast thy buried isles—thy towers o'erthrown ;
But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head ;
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown :
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
 Restore the dead, thou Sea.

MRS. HEMANS.



The Convict Ship.

MORN on the waters ! And purple and bright
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light.
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on !
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale.
 The winds come around her in sorrow and song,
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds ;
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away and away !
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high,
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below ?

Night on the waves ! And the moon is on high,
 Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depth in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !

Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep—as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of Sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and
o'er!

T. K. HERVEY.



The Acres and the Men.

A BILLION of acres of unsold land
 Are lying in grievous dearth,
 And millions of men in the image of God
 Are starving all over the earth !
 O tell me, ye sons of humanity,
 How much men's lives are worth ?

Ten hundred millions of acres good
 That never knew spade or plough,
 And a million of souls in our goodly land
 Are pining in want, I trow,
 And orphans are crying for bread this day,
 And widows in misery bow !

To whom do these acres of land belong ?
 And why do they thriftless lie ?
 And why is the widow's lament unheard,
 And stifled the orphan's cry ?
 And why are storehouse and prison full,
 And the gallows-tree high ?

Those millions of acres belong to man,
 And his claim is—that he needs !
 And his title is signed by the hand of God—
 Our God, who the raven feeds ;
 And the starving soul of each famishing man
 At the throne of justice pleads.

Ye may not heed it, ye haughty men,
 Whose hearts as rocks are cold,
 But the time will come when the fiat of God
 In the thunder shall be told !
 For the voice of the great I AM hath said
 That the "land shall not be sold !"

By-past Times.

THE sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen ;
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest ;
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and dusky hour ;
The joyous year returns : but when
Shall By-past Times come back again ?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright the scene appears !
How calm, how cloudless passed away
The long, long summer holiday !
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal man : but when
Shall By-past Times come back again ?

I think of sunny eyes so soft—
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the balmy fields I roved
With her, the earliest, dearest loved ;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought, the bright celestial ray,
To present scenes denied : oh when
Will By-past Times come back again ?

Alas ! the world, at distance seen,
Appeared all blissful and serene—
An Eden formed to tempt the foot
With crystal streams and golden fruit ;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste—a thorny ground !
We then revert to youth : ah when
Will By-past Times come back again ?

Youth and Age.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where HOPE clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! LIFE went a-maying
 With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,
When I was young!

When I was young! Ah, woeful *when*!
 O for the change 'twixt now and then!
 This breathing house, not built with hands,
 This body, that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it dashed along!
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
 When YOUTH and I lived in't together!
 Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
 Friendship is a sheltering tree:
 O the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old! Ah, mournful *ere*!
 Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that thou and I were one—
 I'll think it but a fond conceit:
 It cannot be that thou art gone!
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled,
 And thou wert aye a masker bold.
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that thou art gone?

I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size ;
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but Thought ! so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still !

COLERIDGE.



Long Ago.

LONG ago ! oh, long ago !
 Do not those words recall past years,
 And, scarcely knowing why they flow,
 Force to the eyes unbidden tears ?
 Do ye not feel, as back they come,
 These dim sweet dreams of olden days,
 A yearning to your childhood's home,
 Peopled with tones of love and praise—
 Long, long ago ?

Long ago ! when many a sound
 Awoke to mirth which saddens now ;
 And many an eye was sparkling round,
 That weeps beneath a darkened brow :
 When with our whole young happy hearts,
 We loved and laughed away the time ;
 Nor thought how quickly all departs,
 So cherished in life's early prime—
 Long, long ago.

Long ago !—the hopes we nursed
 Of happiness—of earthly fame,
 Were bright as bubbles are that burst—
 A glittering drop—an empty name !

O but to be one hour again
 (Whatever that sweet hour might cost)
 Free from dim memory's torturing pain,
 With those we loved—with those we lost—
 Long, long ago!

Long ago! who breathes there here,
 O'er whom the past hath no such power?
 Young heart! if now thy sky is clear,
 Beware, beware the future hour!
 Perchance the notes that echo now,
 In after years thou'lt hear again,
 And gazing on each faded brow,
 Wilt sighing say, "I heard that strain

MRS. NORTON.

Long, long ago!"



Heaven, a Sacred Melody.

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

And false the light on glory's plume
 As fading hues of even;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:
 There's nothing *bright* but Heaven.

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

MOORE.

Remembrance.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends ;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends :
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms ?
Condemned to suffer, through the day,
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love had no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wished return.

From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam ;
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers, with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes: the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;—
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find ?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?

Ah no ! for hope too long delayed,
 And feelings blasted or betrayed,
 The fabled bliss destroy ;
 And youth remembers, with a sigh,
 The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on ;
 But with the baseless hopes of youth
 Its generous warmth is gone.
 Cold calculating cares succeed—
 The timid thought—the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth.
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering, with an envious sigh,
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow ;
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old Experience learns too late,
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er ;
 Yet Age remembers, with a sigh,
 The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

Note.—This is a sad but true picture of Life, as it almost invariably presents itself at the present time, under the influence of a neglected or imperfect education, based upon mere language and science. But under the influence of an education based upon Religion and Virtue, as well as cultivated intellect, Life would present a picture beaming with joy.



SECTION XI.

Independence

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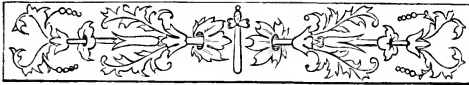
Contentment.



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INDEPENDENCE & CONTENTMENT.



Independence.

HOW happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his master are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not bound unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of State—but rules of good.

Who hath his life from vices freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the leisure day
With a well-chosen book or friend :

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

SIR H. WOTTON.



My Minde to Me a Kingdome is.

AN OLD BALLAD.

(Extracted from the Supplement to Dodsley's Collection.)

MY minde to me a kingdome is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God or Nature hath assignde :
 Though much I lacke that most would have,
 Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live—this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice :
 I presse to bear no haughtie sway,
 For what I lacke my minde supplies.
 Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see abundance surfets oft,
 And hastie climbers soonest fall ;
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :
 These get with toil, and keep with care ;
 Such care my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
 No force to winne a victorie ;
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to winne a lover's eye :
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why?—my minde dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
 I little have, yet seek no more :
 They are but poore, though much they have ;
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poore, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I thrive.

I laugh not at another's losse ;
 I grudge not at another's gaine ;
 No worldly wave my minde can tosse ;
 I brooke that is another's bane :
 I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;
 I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

My welth is health and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clere my chief defence ;
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence :
 Thus do I live, thus will I die :
 Would all might do as well as I !



Conscience.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No change of Fortune's wheel
 Can cast my comfort down ;
 When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she will frown.

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

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1590.



Independence.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share !
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye ;
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Thou, guardian genius, thou didst teach my youth
 Pomp and her tinsel livery to despise ;
 My lips, by thee chastised to early truth,
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnished vice and vanity, combined
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind ;
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow.

Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
 Presents the cup of stale Profession's froth,
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.
 In Fortune's car behold the minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppressed !
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
 'That bears the treasures which he cannot taste.

For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene,
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baneful pinions of Disgust.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
 There Study shall with Solitude recline,
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains.

And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,
 And Taste, unspoiled, the frugal table spread ;
 And Industry supply the humble store,
 And Sleep, unbribed, his dews refreshing shed.
 White-mantled Innocence—ethereal sprite !—
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;
 And Independence o'er the day preside :
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride !

The English Peasant.

TO pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene.
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed.
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face.
 Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved,
 Cheerful he seemed and gentleness he loved.
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind.
 Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none ;
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distressed
 (Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind
 To miss one favour which their neighbours find) ;
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed,
 He felt humanely and he warmly loved.
 I marked his action when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
 The still tears stealing down that furrowed cheek
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not that vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride,
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few ;

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

He had no party rage, no sectary's whim ;
 Christian and countryman was all with him ;
 True to his church he came ; no Sunday shower
 Kept him at home in that important hour,
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
 By the strong glare of their new light, direct.
 " On hope in mine own solar light I gaze,
 But should be blind, and lose it, in your blaze."

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

* * * * *

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
 I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head.

No more that awful glance on playful wight,
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight ;
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 Till Master Ashford softened to a smile ;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there,
 But he is blessed, and I lament no more—
 A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

GEORGE CRABBE.

SECTION XII.

Temperance and Health.



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TEMPERANCE AND HEALTH.



Temperance, the Best Physician.

GO, now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease ; and whilst they tug,
Then, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctor's mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills :
And what, at last, shalt gain by these ?
Only a costlier disease.

That which makes us have no need
Of physic—that's physic indeed.

Hark hither, reader !—wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be ?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health—
A man, whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well ;
Her garments, that upon her sit
As garments should do, close and fit ;

A well-clothed soul, that's not oppressed
 Nor choked with what she should be dressed ;
 A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine ;
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin aërial veil, is drawn
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride ;
 A soul whose intellectual beams
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven hath a happy day ?
 Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood ?
 A man whose tunèd humours be
 A seat of rarest harmony ?
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
 Old age ? Wouldst see December smile ?
 Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow ?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
 Winter's self into a spring ?
 In short, wouldst see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man ?
 Whose latest and most leaden hours
 Fall with soft wings, decked with soft flowers,
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends ;
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away :
 This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see ?
 Hark hither ! and I'll whisper thee :
 Let Temperance thy motto be,
 And then thou wilt *thyself* be he.

RICHARD CRASHAW, BORN 1615.

Temperance.

(*Extracted from W. Hay's "Essay on Deformity."*)

I HOLD, as Articles of Faith (but which may be condemned as heresies in many a general council assembled around a large table) :—

1. That the smallest liquors are the best.
2. That there never was a good bowl of punch, nor a good bottle of champagne, burgundy, or claret.
3. That the best dinner is one dish.
4. That an entertainment grows worse in proportion as the number of dishes increase.
5. That a fast is better than a Lord Mayor's feast.
6. That no connoisseur ever understood good eating.
7. That no minister of state or ambassador ever gave a good entertainment.
8. That no king ever sat down to a good table.
9. And that the peasant fares better than the prince, &c., &c.

Being inspired with such sentiments, what wonder is it if I sometimes break out into such ejaculations :—

O Temperance ! thou goddess most worthy to be adored !
 Thou patroness of Health !
 Thou protector of Beauty !
 Thou prolonger of Life !
 Thou insurer of Pleasure !
 Thou promoter of Business !
 Thou guardian of the Person !
 Thou preserver of the Understanding !
 Thou parent of every Intellectual Improvement and
 of every Moral Virtue !

The Water-Drinker.

O WATER for me! Bright water for me!
 (And wine for the tremulous debauchee!)
 It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
 It maketh the faint one strong again;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 All freshness, like infant purity.
 O water, bright water for me, for me!
 Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
 For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
 O water! bright water's a mine of wealth,
 And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.
 So water, pure water, for me, for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
 For water strengtheneth life and limb!
 To the days of the aged it addeth length,
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
 So, water! I will drink nought but thee,
 Thou parent of health and energy!

EDWARD JOHNSON.



SECTION XIII.

Beauty and Utility
OF
Education.



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BEAUTY AND UTILITY
OF
EDUCATION.



*The Education of the Poor the Duty
of the State.*

FOR the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation on her part to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
Binding herself, by statute, to secure
To all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained ; or run
Into a wild disorder ; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools ;

A savage horde among the civilised,
 A servile band among the lordly free !
 This sacred right the lisping babe proclaims
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
 For the protection of his innocence ;
 And the rude boy who, having over-past
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent ;
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
 To impious use ; by process indirect
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
 This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
 This universal plea in vain addressed
 To eyes and ears of parents, who themselves
 Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain : and therefore, like a prayer
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
 It mounts to reach the State's parental ear ;
 Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
 And be not most unfeignedly devoid
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good, which—(England safe
 From interference of external force)—
 May grant at leisure ; without risk incurred,
 That—what in wisdom for herself she doth—
 Others may e'er be able to undo.

WORDSWORTH.



Blessings of Instruction.

THE heart has tendrils like the vine
 Which round another's bosom twine,
 Out-springing from the parent tree
 Of deeply-planted sympathy,
 Whose flowers are hope—its fruits are bliss—
 Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
 Which like unwatered deserts are ;
 Yet there a curious eye may trace
 Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
 Where little flowers, the weeds between,
 Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
 Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil :
 Yet care and culture might have brought
 The ore of truth from mines of thought ;
 And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed
 Where truth and fancy lie entombed.

Insult him not—his blackest crime
 May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
 In spite of all thy pride, be less
 Than e'en thy daily waywardness ;
 Than many a sin, and many a stain
 Forgotten, and impressed again.

There is, in every human heart,
 Some not completely barren part,
 Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
 And flowers of generous virtue blow :
 To plant—to watch—to water there—
 This be our duty—this our care.

And sweet it is the growth to trace
 Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
 In bosoms where our labours first
 Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
 And lead it on from hour to hour,
 To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
 In all the robes that Eden had?
 Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
 A paradise of mysteries?
 Plains, with green hills adorning them,
 Like jewels in a diadem.

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
 Which beauty gilds, and music fills,
 Were once but deserts : culture's hand
 Has scattered verdure o'er the land ;
 And smiles and fragrance rule serene
 Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man !—a soil which breeds
 Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds :
 Flowers lovely as the morning light—
 Weeds deadly as the aconite :
 Just as his heart is trained to bear
 The poisonous weed, or flowret fair.

Flow, then, pure knowledge ! ever flow !
 Change Nature's face, in man below,
 From ignorance to mental light—
 From gloomy vice to virtue bright—
 From hate, and strife, and selfishness,
 To peace, and love, and righteousness.

JOHN BOWRING, 1792.

Education.

ADDRESSED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

O LADY!—if some new-born babe should bless,
 In answer to a nation's prayers, thy love,
 When thou, beholding it, in tenderness,
 The deepest, holiest joy of earth shall prove—
 In *that* the likeness of *all* infants see,
 And call to mind that hour what now thou hear'st from
 me.

Thou, seeing infant man, that lord of earth,
 Most weak and helpless of all breathing things,
 Remember that, as Nature makes at birth
 No different law for peasants or for kings,
 And, at the end, no difference may befall;
 The "short parenthesis of life" is all.

But in that interval, how wide may be their doom
 Of honour or dishonour—good or ill!
 From Nature's hand, like plastic clay, they come
 To take from circumstance their woe or weal;
 And as the form or pressure may be given,
 They wither upon earth, or ripen there for heaven.

Is it then fitting that one soul should pine
 For lack of culture in this favoured land?
 That spirits of capacity divine
 Perish—like seeds upon the desert sand?
 That needful knowledge, in this age of light,
 Should not, by birth, be every Briton's right?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.

O'ER wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
 Love, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy graces ;
 And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
 Do these upbear the little world below

Of Education, Patience, Love, and Hope.
 Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
 The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
 And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.

O part them never ! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love, too, will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life, that Hope is still alive ;
 And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes

And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies.

Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to
 Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,

When overtasked, at length,

Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.

Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
 And, both supporting, does the work of both.

COLERIDGE.



*The Incomparable Pleasures of a
Cultivated Mind.*

OH! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
 Of Luxury, the syren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of Nature fair Imagination calls
 To charm the enlivened soul ! What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life ; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column, and the arch ;
 The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow ; not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's refulgence ; not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor thence partakes

Fresh pleasure only ; for the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers,
 Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this eloquence of love,
 This fair inspired delight ; her tempered powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weighed
 The world's foundations—if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye—then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile customs cramp her generous powers ?
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
 Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what the eternal Maker has ordained
 The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine. He tells the heart,
 He means, He made us to behold and love
 What He beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like Him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God Himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With His conceptions, act upon His plan ;
 And form to His, the relish of their souls.

Ode to Duty.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide—a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not, if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh if, through confidence misplaced,
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days, and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust;
 Yet, being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust;

And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name—
 I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face ;
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance to thy footing treads :
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the most ancient heavens through thee are
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour.
 O let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of Truth thy bondsman let me live.

WORDSWORTH.



The World is Full of Beauty.

THERE is a voice within me,
 And 'tis so sweet a voice,
 That its soft whispers win me,
 And make my heart rejoice.
 Deep from my soul it springeth,
 Like hidden melody ;
 And evermore it singeth
 This song of songs to me :
 This world is full of Beauty,
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of Love.

If faith and loving-kindness
 Passed coin from heart to heart,
 And Bigotry's dark blindness
 And Malice would depart ;
 If men were more forgiving—
 Were kind words often spoken—
 Instead of scorn and grieving,
 There would be few hearts broken.
 With plenty round us smiling,
 Why wakes this cry for bread ?
 Why are crushed millions toiling—
 Gaunt—clothed in rags—unfed ?

The sunny hills and valleys
 Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
 But the lordling of the palace
 Still robs his fellow-men.

O God! what hosts are trampled
 Amidst this press for gold!
 What noble hearts are sapped of life!
 What spirits lose their hold!
 And yet, upon this God-blest earth,
 There's room for every one;
 Ungarnered food still ripens
 To waste—rot—in the sun:
 For the world is full of Beauty
 As other worlds above;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of Love.

Let the law of bloodshed perish—
 War's triumphs—gory splendour—
 And men will learn to cherish
 Feelings more kind and tender.
 Were we faithful to each other,
 We'd banish hate and crime,
 And clasp the hand of brother
 In every land and clime!
 If gold were not an idol—
 Were virtue only worth—
 O there would be a bridal
 Between high heaven and earth.

Were truth a spoken language,
 Angels might talk with men,
 And God-illuminated earth would see
 The golden age again.
 The leaf-tongues of the forest—
 The flower-lips of the sod—
 The birds that hymn their raptures
 Into the ear of God—

And the sweet wind that bringeth
 The music of the sea—
 Have each a voice that singeth
 This song of songs to me :
 This world is full of Beauty
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of Love.



The March of Mind.

FAIR Nature smiled in all her bowers ;
 But man, the master-work of God,
 Unconscious of his latent powers,
 The tangled forest trod,
 Without a hope, without an aim
 Beyond the sloth's—the tiger's life ;
 His only pleasure sleep or strife,
 And war his only fame.

Furious alike and causeless beamed
 His lasting hate—his transient love ;
 And even the mother's fondness seemed
 The instinct of the dove.
 The mental world was wrapped in night ;
 Though some—the diamonds of the mine—
 Burst through the shrouding gloom, to shine
 With self-emitted light !

But see the glorious dawn unfold
 The brighter day that lurks behind !
 The march of armies may be told,
 But not the march of mind.

Instruction!—Child of Heaven and Earth—
 As heat expands the vernal flower,
 So Wisdom, Goodness, Freedom, Power,
 From thee derive their birth!

From Thee all mortal bliss we draw ;
 From Thee, religion's blessed fruit ;
 From Thee, the good of social law,
 And man redeemed from brute ;
 From Thee, all ties to virtue dear,
 The father's, brother's, husband's name :
 From Thee, the sweet and holy fame
 That never cost a tear.

Oh ! breathe thy soul along the gale—
 That Britons still, in generous strife,
 Knowledge and freedom may inhale—
 The mingled breath of life !
 So shall they share what they possess,
 And show to distant worlds thy charms ;
 Wisdom and peace their only arms,
 Their only aim to bless !

MISS MITFORD.



SECTION XIV.

Truth, Science, Fact,
Opinion.



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TRUTH, SCIENCE, FACT, OPINION.

30



The Nobility and Beauty of Science.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
From the great source of mental day,
Free, generous, and refined,
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewildered thought,
And bless my labouring mind.

But first, with thy resistless light,
Disperse these phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee ;
The scholiast learning—sophist cant—
The visionary bigot's rant—
The monk's philosophy.

O let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head—the candid heart
Devoted to thy sway,
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where Reason points the way !

Give me to learn each secret cause ;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
Revealed before me stand ;
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the sky,
Disclose her working hand.

Next to thy nobler search resigned,
 The busy, restless, human mind
 Through every maze pursue ;
 Detect perception where it lies,
 Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view.

Say, from what simple springs began
 The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
 Which range beyond control,
 Which seek eternity to trace,
 Dive through the infinity of space,
 And strain to grasp the whole ?

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
 And Fancy quit her fairy cell
 In all her colours dressed,
 While, prompt her sallies to control,
 Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
 To Truth's severest test.

Then launch through Being's wide extent ;
 Let the fair scale with just ascent
 And cautious steps be trod ;
 And from the dead corporeal mass,
 Through each progressive order pass
 To Instinct, Reason, God.

There, Science ! veil thy daring eye,
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In that divine abyss.
 To Faith content thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
 And light her way to bliss.

Then downward take thy flight again ;
Mix with the politics of men,
 And social Nature's ties ;
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interests and its powers relate,
 Its fortunes and its rise.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
 And means and motives weigh ;
Put tempters, passions, in the scale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful sway.

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
 Propitious Power ! impart ;
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune—fear of death,
 And all in life that's mean ;
Still true to Reason be my plan ;
Still let my actions speak the man,
 Through every various scene.

Hail ! queen of Manners, light of Truth ;
Hail ! charm of age, and guide of youth ;
 Sweet refuge of distress.
In business, thou, exact, polite ;
Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause ;
 Foundress of order, cities, laws ;
 Of arts inventress, thou !
 Without thee, what were human kind ?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind ;
 Their joys, how mean, how few !
 Sun of the soul, thy beams unveil !
 Let others spread the daring sail
 On Fortune's faithless sea ;
 While, undeluded, happier I
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with thee.

AKENSIDE.



The Advent of Truth.

A TIME there is, though far its dawn may be,
 And shadows thick are brooding on the main,
 When, like the sun upspringing from the sea,
 Truth shall arise, with Freedom in its train,
 And Light upon its forehead, as a star
 Upon the brow of heaven, to shed its rays
 Among all people, wheresoe'er they are,
 And shower upon them calm and happy days.
 As sunshine comes with healing on its wing,
 After long nights of sorrow and unrest,
 Solace, and peace, and sympathy to bring
 To the grieved spirit and unquiet breast.
 No more shall then be heard the slave's deep groan !
 Nor man man's inhumanity deplore ;
 All strife shall cease, and war shall be unknown,
 And the world's golden age return once more.

And nations now that, with oppression's hand,
 Are to the dust of earth with sorrow bound,
 Shall then erect in fearless vigour stand,
 And, with recovered freedom, shout aloud.

Along with Truth, Wisdom, her sister twin,
 Shall come ;—they two are never far apart :
 At their approach—to some lone cavern, Sin
 Shall cowering flee, as stricken to the heart.

Right shall then temper Justice, as 'tis meet
 It should ; and Justice give to Right its own ;
 Might shall its sword throw underneath its feet :
 And Tyranny, unhinged, fall off its throne.

Then let us live in hope, and still prepare
 Us and our children, for the end that they
 May those instruct who after them shall heir,
 To watch and wait the coming of that day.

W. ANDERSON, 1845.



Opinion and Fact.

SUPERFICIAL thinkers, who have no energy to investigate, and who are content to dwell on the very surface of things, settle many important questions, very much to their own satisfaction, by telling us that, after all, it is a mere matter of opinion ; and that one man's opinion is as good as another's.

Now, what *are* opinions? Opinions are founded upon conjecture, and conjecture is founded upon ignorance.

There are thousands of matters of fact known only to the initiated and scientific, which are held by the ignorant as mere matters of opinion. And, on the other hand, the world is full of wrangling—newspapers teem with zealous discussion—

and many books, by superficial writers, are sent forth simply to maintain the truth of opinions which actual experiment and observation have long since shown to be false.

The incipient stages of any new science are necessarily accompanied by a limited range of facts ; consequently, thousands of vague and imperfect ideas float, for a time, in the hazy region of opinion, but which, by means of observation and experiment, are gradually brought into the clear and lucid atmosphere of evidence and demonstration, and are thereby shown to be either facts or fiction—true or false : if found to be false, they are consigned to oblivion ; if true, they are consecrated to science.

As soon as a competent knowledge of any subject is attained—that is to say, when we have investigated the subject with diligence and attention—when we have performed experiments and made observations—when, by a careful and extensive induction of particulars, or widely-collected analogies, we have established a conclusion upon the solid basis of demonstration—*then* we cease to conjecture—we cease to hold opinion ; we are then, in relation to that particular subject, in possession of a matter of fact, upon which we can base our actions with the greatest human certainty.

Synopsis.—Opinions are ideas founded on conjecture, and conjecture is founded upon ignorance ; facts, on the contrary, are founded upon knowledge, which is the result of investigation and experience : connate facts classified constitute science.



SECTION XV.

War and Peace.



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WAR AND PEACE.



War.

O WAR! thou miscreating curse!
Dark juggler of the universe!
How hast thou marred this glorious globe!
Throwing round thee thy scarlet robe,
And masking, with the rainbow's blaze
Of gem-like beauty, thy fierce face,—
Thou hast deceived, from time's first ages,
Its mighty captains, lords, and sages,
Till they and the strong multitude
Thy mad, remorseless smiles have wooed;
And, drunk with thy bewildering song
From horn, or harp, or cymbalon,
Done deeds which might the lion shame,
And make the nations pale to name.
For priests, their mitres are thy mirth,
Thy panders are the kings of earth:
From their high pagods dost thou come,
Charioted with the hideous hum
Of thousands, who, where'er it reels,
Perish beneath thy waggon wheels.

Heaven's angry angel, pour wrath on thee, War!
Ambition and cruelty harness thy car,
And ruin, and rapine, and fell decay,
Herald thee on thy blasting way ;
Thou cancellest treaties at thy nod,
Crumblest the robes of the priest of God ;
On the palace of kings, on the peasant's cot,
Thou turnest thy visage, and they are not.
When thy hurricane hurtles a capital burns,
And infancy's ashes fill innocent urns.

Wrath on thee, War! thou hast given to the tomb
Tens of thousands to dread the day of doom ;
Thou hast fixed on the age that is rolling by
The terrible charm of the rattlesnake's eye ;
They have come to thy altar with fire and spell,
To people the chambers of death and hell.

Yet royalty smiles, and yet beauty vows—
They crown thee with laurel and myrtle boughs ;
And minstrels throng to their hallowed spring,
Their sanctioned homicides to sing ;
Dealing to nations a frenzied fire,
Sorrow to mercy, and shame to the lyre.

JEREMIAH HOLME WIFFEN, 1820.



The Song of the Sword.

WEARY, and wounded, and worn,
 Wounded and ready to die,
 A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
 On the field of the battle to lie.
 The dead and the dying alone
 Could their presence and pity afford,
 Whilst with a sad and a terrible tone
 He sang the Song of the Sword.

Fight—fight—fight !
 Though a thousand fathers die ;
 Fight—fight—fight !
 Though a thousand children cry !
 Fight—fight—fight !
 While mothers and wives lament ;
 And fight—fight—fight,
 While millions of money are spent.

Fight—fight—fight !
 Should the cause be foul or fair,
 Though all that's gained is an empty name,
 And a tax too great to bear :
 An empty name and a paltry fame,
 And thousands lying dead ;
 Whilst every glorious victory
 Must raise the price of bread.

War—war—war !
 Fire, and famine, and sword ;
 Desolate fields and desolate towns,
 And thousands scattered abroad,

With never a home, and never a shed,
 Whilst kingdoms perish and fall;
 And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
 And all for nothing at all.

War—war—war!
 Musket, and powder, and ball—
 Ah! why do we fight so for?
 Ah! why have we battles at all?
 'Tis Justice must be done, they say,
 The nation's honour to keep:
 Alas! that Justice should be so dear,
 And human life so cheap!

War—war—war!
 Misery, murder, and crime
 Are all the blessing I've seen in thee,
 From my youth to the present time.
 Misery, murder, and crime—
 Crime, misery, murder, and woe;
 Ah! would I had known in my younger days
 Half the horrors which now I know!

Oh! had I but known in my happier days—
 In my hours of boyish glee,
 A tithe of the horrible scenes of war—
 Its crimes and misery!
 I now had been joining a happy band
 Of wife and children dear,
 And I would have died in my native land,
 Instead of dying here.

And many a long, long day of woe,
 And sleepless nights untold,
 And drenching rain, and drifting snow,
 And weariness, famine, and cold,

And worn-out limbs, and aching heart,
 And grief too great to tell,
 And bleeding wound, and piercing smart,
 I would have escaped full well.

Weary, and wounded, and worn,
 Wounded and ready to die,
 A soldier thus left, all alone and forlorn,
 On the field of the battle to lie.

The dead and the dying alone
 Could their presence and pity afford,
 As thus with a sad and a terrible tone

(O would that these truths were more perfectly known!)
 He sang the Song of the Sword.



The Drum.

I HATE the drum's discording sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round ;
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms
 Of tawdry lace and glittering arms !
 And, when ambition's voice commands,
 To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate the drum's discording sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round ;
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns, and ruined swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans !
 And all that misery's hand bestows
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

I. SCOTT.

The Needle, the Pen, and the Sword.

“**W**HAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,
Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?”

“I have lent to Beauty new power to reign
At bridal and courtly hall ;
Or, wedded to Fashion, have helped to bind
Those gossamer links that the strongest mind
Have sometimes held in thrall.

“I have drawn a drop, so round and red,
From the finger small and white
Of the startled child, as she strove with care
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,
Who wept at my puncture bright.

“I have gazed on the mother’s patient brow,
As my utmost speed she plied,
To shield from Winter her children dear,
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,
While they slumbered at her side.

“I have heard, in the hut of a pining poor,
The shivering inmate’s sigh
When faded the warmth of her last faint brand,
As slowly from her clammy hand
She let me drop—*to die!*”

“What dost thou know, thou grey Goose Quill ?
And methought, with a spasm of pride,
It sprang from the inkstand, and fluttered in vain
Its nib to free from the ebon stain
As it fervently replied—

- “ *What do I know ?* Let the lover tell,
 When into his secret scroll
 He poureth the breath of a magic lyre,
 And traceth those mystical lines of fire
 That move the maiden’s soul.
- “ *What do I know ?* The wife can say
 As the leaden seasons move,
 And over the ocean’s wildest sway
 A blessed missive doth wend its way
 Inspired by a husband’s love.
- “ Do ye doubt my power ? Of the statesman ask
 Who buffets Ambition’s blast ;
 Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care ;
 A flourish of mine hath sent him there,
 And locked his fetters fast ;
- “ And a flourish of mine can his prison ope—
 From the gallows its victim save ;
 Break off the treaty that kings have bound,
 Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,
 And to Liberty lead the slave.
- “ Say, what were History, so wise and old,
 And Science, that reads the sky ;
 Or how could Music its sweetness store ;
 Or Fancy and Art their treasures pour ;
 Or what were Poesy’s heaven-taught lore,
 Should the pen its aid deny ?
- “ Oh doubt, if ye will, that the rose is fair,
 That the planets pursue their way ;
 Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,
 Or the countless streams that to ocean run ;
 But ask no more what the Pen hath done.”
 And it scornfully turned away.

- “What are *thy* deeds—thou fearful thing
By the lordly warrior’s side?”
And the Sword answered, stern and slow,
“The hearth-stone lone and the orphan know,
And the pale and widowed bride.
- “The shriek and the shroud of the battle crowd,
And the field that doth rock below,
The wolf that laps where the gash is red,
And the vulture that tears ere life hath fled,
And the prowling robber that strips the dead,
And the foul hyæna, know.
- “The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,
And the grass that doth rankly grow
O’er the rotting limb, and the blood-pool dark,
Gaunt Famine, that quenches Life’s lingering spark,
And the black-winged Pestilence, know.
- “Death, with the rush of his harpy brood,
And Earth, in her pang and throë;
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,
And the throng of the souls sent before their time,
To the bar of the Judgment, know.”

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath returned,
While the Needle sped on in peace;
But the Pen traced out, from a Book sublime,
The promise and pledge of that better time
When the warfare of earth shall cease.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



*Seventy-five Thousand Tons of Human
Blood.*

A WRITER in the Jefferson county (New York) *Union*, who has been making calculations relative to the number of men killed in the war, gives the following startling results:—“There has been enough already slain to encircle our state if their dead bodies were laid in one continuous line. If they were placed in coffins and corded they would count thirty-nine thousand cords. If laid in a wall twenty-five feet thick and thirty feet high, it would be over one and one-fourth mile in length. If five feet thick and ten feet high, the pile would reach across the state. If piled upon a ten acre lot they would be nearly two hundred feet high—and if laid upon the ground, they would cover every foot of soil in Jefferson county. Seventy-five thousand tons of human blood has been spilled on Dixie’s soil—enough to turn every spindle in Lowell, and if the tears were added to the flood, it would turn the machinery of the continent; and the unavailing sighs would fill every ocean sail. The one-half has not yet been told. The millions of wounded and maimed for life must be taken into account in summing up the grand total of evils incident to this bloody and fanatical war. And the end is not yet. We shudder at the news of the death of twenty persons killed by the accidental breaking of a rail or the sinking of a steamboat, and if two hundred are lost by any means we are fairly horror-stricken, and are ready to wreak vengeance on any one who has been negligent or careless in the matter. But when tens of thousands are cut down in one day by the procurement of designing demagogues, we shout ‘Hallelujah!’ and can hardly contain ourselves for joy, while we thank Heaven for the human slaughter.”

Address to Peace.

O FIRST of human blessings! and supreme!
 Fair Peace!—how lovely—how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combined
 And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
 Which idle, barbarous repose but usurps.

Pure is thy reign, when, unaccursed by blood,
 Nought—save the sweetness of indulgent showers—
 Trickling distils into the verdant globe
 (Instead of mangled carcasses—sad scene!)—
 When the blithe sheaves lie scattered in the field;
 When only shining shares—the crooked knife,
 And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
 When the land blushes with the rose alone,
 The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life!
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
 Science his views enlarges, art refines,
 And swelling commerce opens all her ports—
 Blest be the man divine who gave us thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who sheathes the murderous blade—the deadly gun
 Into the well-piled armory returns;
 And every vigour, from the work of death,
 To grateful industry converting—makes
 The country flourish and the city smile.

Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;
 And him, the smiling mother to her train ;
 Of him, the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chants ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;
 And the full city, warm from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive rings of him.

Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace ;
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

JAMES THOMPSON.



Armies and Warriors.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
 courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There'd be no need of armies nor of forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd ;
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother—on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

LONGFELLOW.



The Elements of Liberty.

WE want no flag—no flaunting rag—
 In Liberty's cause to fight ;
 We want no blaze of murderous guns
 To struggle for the right :
Our spears and swords are printed words—
 The mind's our battle plain ;
 We've won our victories thus before,
 And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs gained by force—
 They stain the brightest cause :
 'Tis not in blood that Liberty
 Inscribes her sacred laws ;
 She writes them on the people's hearts,
 In language clear and plain :
 True thoughts have moved the world before,
 And so they shall again.

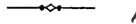
We yield to none in earnest love
 Of Freedom's cause sublime ;
 We join the cry—"Fraternity!"
 We keep the march of Time.
 And yet we grasp no spear nor sword
 Our victories to obtain ;
 We've won without their help before,
 And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
 To show a front to wrong ;
 We have a fortress in the truth
 More durable and strong.

Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith
 Have never striven in vain ;
 They've won our victories many a time,
 And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood,
 The ignorant may sneer—
 The bad deny ; but we rely
 To see their triumph near.

No widow's groans shall mar our cause,
 No blood of brethren slain :
 Kindness and Love have won before,
 And so they shall again.



War.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
 Respect the brethren of their birth ;
 Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
 Less cruel chase to each assigned :
 The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
 Watches the wild duck at the spring ;
 The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair,
 The greyhound presses on the hare,
 The eagle pounces on the lamb,
 The wolf devours the fleecy dam :
 E'en tiger fell and sullen bear
 Their likeness and their lineage spare ;
 Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
 And turns the fierce pursuit on man,
 Plying War's desultory trade,
 Incursion, flight, and ambuscade ;
 Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
 At first the bloody game begun.

WALTER SCOTT.

*Expenses of the War, Moral, Social, and
Domestic (in Texas), 1855.*

(*New York Journal of Commerce*, July, 1856.)

IT has been roughly estimated that the total sum expended by all the belligerents during the war cannot fall short of 2,000,000,000 dollars (400,000,000*l.*) If to this sum be added the value of property sacrificed in consequence of the war, of the fleets destroyed, the towns burnt, the fortresses, harbours, bridges demolished, all of which cost millions on millions in their construction—if the account be taken of the property of private individuals utterly devastated in the course of the struggle, and of the untold losses occasioned by the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of men from the ordinary industrial and productive employments of peace, some idea may then be formed of the deplorable expenditure of war. During the two short years of the war it is estimated that upwards of three-quarters of a million perished on the field in fight, on the wayside from cold or want, or in the hospital from disease, who, had they been left to pursue their ordinary avocations, might have enriched their country and benefited their fellow-men. But apart from the material considerations of pecuniary profit or loss, considering the question as one affecting the cause and interests of humanity, who can compute the anguish, the misery, the despair which war brings in its train? Who can estimate the blighted hopes, the desolate hearths, the crushed fortunes, and countless domestic miseries which war occasions? They are not remembered when the triumph of the hero is celebrated; they are not noted by the chronicler; they are not taken into account by those who engage or provoke the contest to satisfy ambition, lust for power, or some other unworthy passion; and yet they are the saddest, because irremediable, consequences of war.

Farewell to War.

PEACE to the trumpet! no more shall my breath
 Sound an alarm in the dull ear of Death,
 Nor startle to life from the truce of the tomb
 The relics of heroes, to combat till doom.
 Let Marathon sleep to the sound of the sea,
 Let Hannibal's spectre haunt Cannæ for me ;
 Let Cressy and Agincourt tremble with corn,
 And Waterloo blush with the beauty of morn ;
 I turn not the furrow for helmets and shields,
 Nor sow dragon's teeth in their old fallow fields ;
 I will not, as bards have been wont since the Flood,
 With the river of song swell the river of blood—
 The blood of the valiant, that fell in all climes,
 'The song of the gifted, that hallowed all crimes,
 All crimes in the war-fiend incarnate in one ;
 War, withering the Earth—war eclipsing the Sun,
 Despoiling, destroying, since discord began,
 God's works and God's mercies—man's labours and
 man.

Yet war have I loved, and of war have I sung,
 With my heart in my hand, and my soul on my tongue ;
 With all the affections that render life dear,
 With the throbbings of hope, and the flutterings of fear—
 Of hope, that the sword of the brave might prevail,
 / Of fear, lest the arms of the righteous should fail.

But what was the war that extorted my praise ?
 What battles were fought in my chivalrous lays ?
 The war against darkness contending with light,
 / The war against violence trampling down right ;
 The battles of patriots, with banner unfurled,
 To guard a child's cradle against an armed world ;

Of peasants that peopled their ancestors' graves,
 Lest their ancestors' homes should be peopled by slaves.
 I served, too, in wars and campaigns of the mind ;
 My pen was the sword which I drew for mankind ;
 In war against tyranny throned in the West,
 Campaigns to enfranchise the negro oppressed ;
 In war *against* war, on whatever pretence,
 For glory, dominion, revenge, or defence,
 While murder and perfidy, rapine and lust,
 Laid provinces desolate, cities in dust.

Yes, war *against* war was ever my pride ;
 My youth and my manhood in waging it died ;
 And age, with its weakness, its wounds, and its scars,
 Still finds my free spirit unquenched as the stars ;
 And he who would bend it to war must first bind
 The waves of the ocean, the wings of the wind ;
 For I call it not war which war's counsels o'erthrows,
 I call it not war which gives nations repose ;
 'Tis judgment brought down on themselves by the proud,
 Like lightning, by fools, from an innocent cloud.

I war against *all* war ; nor, till my pulse cease,
 Will I throw down my weapons because I love peace,
 Because I love liberty, execrate strife,
 And dread most of *all* deaths, that slow death called life,
 Dragged on by a vassal, in purple or chains,
 The breath of whose nostrils, the blood in whose veins,
 He calls not his own, nor holds from his God,
 While it hangs on a king's or a sycophant's nod.

Around the mute trumpet—no longer to breathe
 War clangors—my latest war-chaplets I wreath ;
 Then hang them aloof on the time-stricken oak,
 And thus, in its shadow, Heaven's blessing invoke :—

“Lord God! since the African bondage is o'er,
 And war in our borders is heard of no more,
 May never, while Britain adores Thee, again
 The malice of fiends, or the madness of men,
 Break the peace of our land, and by villainous wrong
 Find a field for a hero, a hero for song.”

MONTGOMERY, 1834.

Origin of War.

FIRST Envy—eldest-born of hell—imbrued
 Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of man
 To make a death, which Nature never made,
 And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
 The thread of life, ere half its length was spun,
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.

With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough,
 By subtle fraud, to snatch a single life.
 Puny impiety! Whole kingdoms fell
 To sate the lust of power. More horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast. *One* murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
 And men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?

BEILBY PORTEUS, 1731.

War.

O WAR, what art thou ?
 After the brightest conquest, what remains
 Of all thy glories? For the vanquished—chains ;
 For the proud victor—what? Alas! to reign
 O'er desolated regions—a drear waste—
 By vile ambition, and the lust of power,
 Unpeopled! Naked plains and ravaged fields
 Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits
 Of peaceful olive, luscious fig, and vine !
 Here—rifled temples are the caverned dens
 Of savage beasts, or haunts of birds obscene ;
 There—populous cities blacken in the sun ;
 And, in the general wreck, proud palaces
 Lie undistinguished, save by the dun smoke
 Of recent conflagration ! When the song
 Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph swelled,
 Salutes the victor's ear, and soothes his pride,
 How is the grateful harmony profaned
 With the sad dissonance of virgins' cries,
 Who mourn their brothers slain ! Of matrons lone,
 Who clasp their withered hands, and fondly ask—
 With iteration shrill—their slaughtered sons !
 How is the laurel's verdure stained with blood,
 And drenched with widows' tears !

HANNAH MORE, 1744.



SECTION XVI.

Glory and Fame.



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GLORY AND FAME.



True Valour.

THE things true Valour's exercised about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease :
The least is death. Here valour is beheld—
Is truly seen ; about these it is present !
Not trivial things, which but require our confidence ;
And yet to these we must object ourselves
Only for honesty : if any other
Respects be mixed, we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is removed
Or separate from Justice, is called craft
Rather than wisdom, so a mind affecting
Or undertaking dangers for ambition,
Or any self-pretext, and not for others' good,
Deserves the name of daring—not of Valour.
And over-daring is as great a vice
As over-fearing.
But as it is not the mere punishment,
But cause, that makes the martyr, so it is not
Fighting or dying, but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man

Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
 But worthily, and by selected ways :
 He undertakes with reason, not by chances.
 His valour is the salt to his other virtues :
 They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-maids,
 Or the concomitants of it, are his Patience,
 His Magnanimity, his Confidence,
 His Constancy, Security, and Quiet.
 He can assure himself against all rumour,
 Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
 As knowing himself advanced in a height
 Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
 Touch him with soil.

BEN JONSON.



Glory.

WHAT is glory but the blaze of fame—
 The people's praise—if always praise unmixed ?
 And what the people, but a herd confused ;
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, not worth the praise ?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other :
 And what delight to be by such extolled ;
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk ;
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise ?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 The intelligent among them, and the wise
 Are few, and Glory scarce of few is raised.
 They err, who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide ; to overrun
 Large countries ; and in fields great battles win ;

Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive; yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of Peace destroy:
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipped with Temple, Priest, and Sacrifice:
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,
 Till conqueror Death discovers them scarce men;
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed—
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.

MILTON.



Fame.

OF all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
 Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
 Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
 And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
 She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
 Applauding most what least deserved applause.
 The motive, the result, was nought to her—
 The deed alone, though dyed in human gore
 And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out
 To prominent display, she talked of much,
 And roared around it with a thousand tongues
 As changed the wind, her organ, so she changed
 Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
 Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
 To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such—
 But oh! her voice was sweet to mortal ears,
 And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
 And vanity, which in the heart of man
 Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
 That many thought to live without her song,
 Was rather death than life. To live unknown,
 Unnoticed, unrenowned! To die unpraised,
 Unepitaphed! To go down to the pit,
 And moulder into dust among vile worms,
 And leave no whispering of a name on earth!
 Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
 The blood. Who could endure it? Who could choose,
 Without a struggle, to be swept away
 From all remembrance, and have part no more
 With living men? Philosophy failed here,
 And self-approving Pride. Hence it became
 The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
 A name, to leave some vestige as they passed,
 That following ages might discern they once
 Had been on earth, and acted something there.

POLLOK.

Ambition.

TO be ambitious of a mere name is a paltry feeling unworthy of a great mind; and as this is most frequently its object, the term ambition is generally used in a bad sense. But ambition may be prompted by any object—good, bad, or indifferent; and a good object dignifies any degree of ambition. The most laudable ambition is to be wise; and the greatest wisdom is to *be good* and to *do good*. We may be as ambitious as we please, if we only aspire to the best things.

SECTION XVII.

Vanity of Human Life.



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VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.



What is Life?

OH! what is Life? is it to dwell
A few short years on this fair earth?
To nurse the darling hopes that swell
Our anxious bosoms from our birth?

Say, is it Life to sleep—to wake—
To eat—to drink—to draw our breath—
Of all earth's pleasures to partake?—
No—this is but a “living death!”

'Tis death to waste our time and thought
On shadows—for our hopes are such—
To see what we have built and wrought
Destroyed with e'en the slightest touch:—

And worse than death the senseless feast—
The dance—the song—the mirthful game:—
Man! does not every bird, and beast,
And hated reptile, love the same?

Who with a *soul* could feast and laugh,
 While thousands starve for lack of food,
 And the full cup of misery quaff,
 And weep the very tears of blood?

Who that has *sense* would waste that breath
 In songs, which might assuage the grief
 Of mortals in the pangs of death—
 Or give the struggling soul relief?

I'd rather be the vilest thing
 That crawls the earth—the loathsome toad—
 The scorpion, with its venom'd sting—
 Than bear within my breast the load

Of an *unfeeling, hardened heart*,
 Which knows no good—no pure desire—
 To which God will not grace impart ;
 Fit fuel for eternal fire !

Hearts void of Love are void of Life ;
 Though beauty may be *his* or *hers*,
 Their bodies, with corruption rife,
 Are nought but “whited sepulchres !”

'Tis Life to live to Him who made
 Man in His image, fair and good—
 In Mercy, Love, and Truth arrayed—
 “Oh! that *this* Life was understood !”



The Soul's Errand.

THIS remarkable poem was written in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Although written anonymously, it is a burst of genuine poetry. It is supposed to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh. In speaking of this poem, the poet Campbell says—"It carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, by a dying man, whose eye glares on Eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world."

GO, Soul, thou body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand ;
 Fear not to touch the best—
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Go—since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go—tell the Court it glows
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Go—tell the Church it shows
 What's good, and doth no good :
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live,
 Acting by others' actions ;
 Not loved, unless they give ;
 Not strong, but by their factions :
 If Potentates reply,
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their motive is ambition,
 Their practice only hate :
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that flaunt it most,
 They beg for more by spending ;
 And, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending :
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion—
 Tell Love it is but lust—
 Tell Time it is but motion—
 Tell Flesh it is but dust :
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth—
 Tell Honour how it alters—
 Tell Beauty how she blasteth—
 Tell Favour how she falters :
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
 In treble points of niceness ;
 Tell Wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness ;
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness—
 Tell Skill it is pretension—
Tell Charity of coldness—
 Tell Law it is contention :
And as they do reply,
So give them all the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness—
 Tell Nature of decay—
Tell Friendship of unkindness—
 Tell Justice of delay :
And if they shall reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools they lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming :
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Then, when thou hast, as I
 Command thee, done thy blabbing—
Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing :
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.



Life.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
 But open war, or slumbered strife,
 Where sickness to his sense presents
 The combat of the elements ;
 And never feels a perfect peace
 Till Death's cold hand signs his release ?

It is a storm—where the hot blood
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
 And each loud passion of the mind
 Is like a furious gust of wind,
 Which beats the bark with many a wave
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds and grows,
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;
 Whose Spring and Fall faint seasons keep,
 Like fits of waking before sleep ;
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould
 Where its first being was unrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
 Is moralised in age and youth ;
 Where all the comforts he can share
 As wandering as his fancies are ;
 Till in a mist of dark decay
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
 The sunset as it moves about,
 And shadows out in lines of night
 The subtle stages of Time's flight ;
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
 His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—

Which does short joys, long woes, include ;
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
 And leaves no epilogue but Death.

DR. HENRY KING, 1640.



Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies ! pleasing troubles !
 Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles !
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
 Honour the darling but of one short day.
 Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damasked skin,
 State but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds ; embroidered trains
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth
 Are but the fading blossoms of this earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill ;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most salient to the rending thunder-stroke ;
 I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected while the ass goes free ;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud ;

I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each successive ass ;
 Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorned, if poor ;
 Great, feared ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.
 I have wished all, but now I wish for neither,
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'd be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir ;
 Would beauty's queen entitle me " the fair ;"
 Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
 Ingots with India ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bowed knees, make justice dumb
 As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs ; be called great master
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
 Could I be more than any man that lives—
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives—
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
 Than ever Fortune would have made them mine,
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts ! Welcome, ye silent groves !
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
 Now the winged creatures of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring ;
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face :
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares—
 No broken views dwell here, nor pale-faced fears ;
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn to affect a holy melancholy ;
 And if Contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.

SIR H. WOTTON, 1600.

On the Vanities of Human Life.

MISER !—who in fleeting treasure
 Blindly, fondly dost confide—
 Nature's riches have no measure,
 But their blessings ne'er abide.
 Pangs of *doubt* at times assail thee,
 Seasons and their change are *sure* ;
 Gold will dim, and nought avail thee—
 Nature's beauties aye endure.

Aspirant ! whom Fame doth beckon,
 Through much strife, to prospects fair—
 Higher than thy hopes, we reckon,
 Such as Wisdom whisp'reth are.
 Reputation is a bubble ;
 Reason bringeth solid good ;
 With a name comes toil and trouble ;
 Peace seeks humble sisterhood.

Idler ! who—firm purpose wanting
 'Gainst the ills which have annoyed thee—
 Still, on misery descanting,
 Criest, “ No man hath employed me ! ”
 They must weep who will not labour,
 Toilers have not time for tears ;
 Joy attends not “ pipe and tabor,”
 Industry can banish fears.

Mourner ! who, by adverse waters,
 Hang'st thy harp upon the willows,
 Lone, and sad, as Judah's daughters,
 When they wept by Babel's billows.

Scenes deformed, thou, pensive, viewest
 In a stream of troubled gloom ;
 While all softest, fairest, truest,
 Brightest things around thee bloom.

Oh! shall Folly still enchain ye,
 Children of immortal birth ?
 She doth cherish thoughts which pain ye—
 Wisdom makes a heaven of earth.
 War with passions, work for blessings,
 Wait in hope till life shall cease ;
 Then, forgiven your transgressings,
 Ye may rest in endless peace !



A Colloquy with Myself.

AS I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me ;
 And the questions myself then put to myself,
 With their answers, I give to thee.
 Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 The responses the same should be—
 O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
 Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
 May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;
 Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
 Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded
 But by gauds which pass away,
 Read their fate in lines recorded
 On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly—

She her worth can best express.

What is moping Melancholy?

Go and ask of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher

For the prosperous and the gay;

But a safe and wholesome teacher

In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,

Like some beacon's heavenward glow;

If on false pretences grounded,

Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love? If earthly only—

Like a meteor of the night,

Shining but to leave more lonely

Hearts that hailed its transient light;

But when calm, refined, and tender—

Purified from passion's stain—

Like the moon in gentle splendour

Beaming o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness

Glancing darkest clouds between?

Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness

Gladdens ocean's darksome green?

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing

Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way;

Every moment darker growing,

If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,

Followed but by deeper gloom.

Patience? More than sunshine brightening

Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
 To Eternity's vast sea,
 Forward, whither all are going,
 On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble bursting
 On that silent, rapid stream ;
 Few, too few, its progress noting,
 Till it bursts and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
 Every tie we love so well,
 But the gate to life unending—
 Joy in heaven, or woe in hell ?

Can these truths, by repetition,
 Lose their magnitude and weight ?
 Estimate thy own condition
 Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated ?
 Much may still be left to do :
 Be not by profession cheated ;
 Live—as if thou knewest them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me ;
 And the questions myself then put to myself,
 With their answers, I've given to thee.
 Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 Their responses the same should be,
 O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
 Or so much the worse for thee.

BERNARD BARTON.



SECTION XVIII.

Time and Death.



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TIME AND DEATH.



The Common Lot.

A BIRTHDAY CONTEMPLATION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins since the world began,
 Of HIM afford no other trace
 Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN !

Sheffield, Nov., 1805.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.



Answer to "The Common Lot."

(WRITTEN BY J. MONTGOMERY.)

MONTGOMERY ! true, the common lot
 Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave ;
 Yet some shall never be forgot—
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
 The hero rolls the tide of war ;
 Yet not unknown his martial worth,
 Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
 Perchance may 'scape the page of fame ;
 Yet nations now unborn will know
 The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
 Must share the common tomb of all ;
 Their glory will not sleep the same—
 That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
 Assumes the ghastly stare of death ;
 The fair, the brave, the good must die,
 And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
 Still beaming through the lover's strain ;
 For Petrarch's Laura still survives—
 She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his wing ;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading Spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb ;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length a useless fane ;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillared pride remain.

What though the sculpture be destroyed,
From dark oblivion meant to guard ;
A bright renown shall be enjoyed
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the Common Lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave ;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

LORD BYRON, 1806.



Time.

TIME speeds away—away, away !
 Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year,
Drop from us, like the leaflets sere,
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away, away !
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that blessed—
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away, away, away—
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age ;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.



The Image of Death.

BEFORE my face the picture hangs
 That daily should put me in mind
 Of those cold names and bitter pangs
 That shortly I am like to find ;
 But yet, alas ! full little I
 Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face
 Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin ;
 I often view the hollow place
 Where eyes and nose had sometime been ;
 I see the bones across that lie,
 Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
 That telleth me whereto I must ;
 I see the sentence, too, that saith,
 “ Remember, man, thou art but dust.”
 But yet, alas ! how seldom I
 Do think indeed that I must die !

Continually at my bed's head
 A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
 That I ere morning may be dead,
 Though now I feel myself full well ;
 But yet, alas ! for all this, I
 Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I am used to wear,
 The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
 And eke that old and ancient chair,
 Which is my only usual seat—
 All these do tell me I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
 And many of my mates are gone ;
 My youngers daily drop away,
 And can I think to 'scape alone ?
 Ah no ! I know that I must die,
 And yet my life amend not I.

* * * * *

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
 If rich and poor his beck obey,
 If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
 Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
 Then grant me grace, O God ! that I
 My life may mend, since I must die.

R. SOUTHWELL, 1590.



Thanatopsis.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language. For his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
 Go forth unto the open sky and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around

Earth and her waters, and the depth of air
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good ;
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadow green, and poured round all
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes

That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ;
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sounds
 Save his own dashings ; yet the dead are there ;
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathes
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone ; the solemn brood of Care
 Plod on ; and each one, as before, will chase
 His favourite phantom : yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes,
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
 By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

*Reflections on the Death of Friends, and
on the Fear of Death.*

PERHAPS the two greatest afflictions which mankind have to struggle against are—first, the anguish which is caused by the loss of dear friends by death ; and secondly, the horror of death, which is almost universally experienced by individuals on its near approaches.

Death is the inevitable lot of all. But although it is a stern fact that death cannot possibly be avoided, nevertheless both the evils just alluded to may be gradually mitigated, and at length entirely removed.

And first, with respect to the mental agony arising from the death of those to whom we are fondly attached—that evil is exactly in proportion to the early, and consequently premature, bereavement. We loved them because of their affectionate attention to us, and because their society gave us pleasure : their amiable qualities and kind ministrations endeared them to us in proportion as their physical and mental qualifications enabled them to exhibit their congenial and affectionate feelings by their words and actions. In short, we loved them because they contributed, in a great degree, to our enjoyment, and, in some cases, actually constituted our entire happiness. It is not wonderful, therefore, that on our bereavement we should feel the most intense and long-continued anguish.

When our friends are in the prime of life, and in the full enjoyment of health and strength, their frequent and kind services are of the greatest importance. They do a thousand things for our benefit and pleasure, and the happiness and improvement we derive from their conversation is incalculable. Their loss under such circumstances is peculiarly afflicting.

But when those we love so dearly attain to mature age, their mental faculties gradually decrease; their strength and activity subside; they cease to be in our company so frequently; they are unable to render so many kind attentions; their conversation loses its former charms, and is restricted to commonplace brevities; consequently its interest and zest are gone. As age advances, their various attractions gradually diminish, and thus they no longer give us pleasure by those endearing services which were formerly so delightful. Under such circumstances our sorrow at their death loses more than half its poignancy.

With regard to those who attain to a second childhood, they cease entirely to be interesting, and their existence is only known by the trouble which is experienced in attending to their wants. They become altogether unable either to impart or receive pleasure. They are thus gradually reduced to be a burthen to themselves, and the source of anxiety and pity to those around them; so that when they die, the event is regarded as a relief rather than a bereavement, and sorrow is entirely out of the question.

The same remarks, slightly modified, may be made in speaking of the fear of death. This feeling is strong in proportion to the youth, health, strength, and mental faculties of the individual—of his powers to impart happiness to others, and of his own susceptibilities of being rendered happy by the efforts of kindred minds; those who are keenly alive to the endearments of friendship and love being more affected by the fear of death than those of a cold, harsh, or sluggish nature.

As people advance in years their love of life becomes less ardent, and consequently their fear of death relaxes its grasp, and they can look forward to the event with somewhat less regret. As they verge towards extreme old age, their sight grows dim, their hearing obtuse, their memory fails, their locomotive powers are arrested, and their various sources of enjoyment are, one by one, gradually withdrawn. In the same

ratio, their love of life diminishes ; until at last they insensibly lose all relish for existence, and all desire to live. A longing to depart and be at rest succeeds, and the fear of death is felt no more.

Thus it is quite obvious that the two afflictions which produce the greatest amount of sorrow in the world are both the result of one and the same cause, namely, premature death. The sorrow for the death of friends arises from their being snatched away from us at a period of life when they are so eminently qualified to contribute to our happiness. The fear of death arises from the prospect of our being taken away from the pleasures of life at an age when we are so eminently susceptible of enjoying those pleasures.

As the cause of these two engrossing evils is premature death, so the remedy must be sought in those means which will prolong life to a healthy old age—a period of the natural, imperceptible, and painless decay of all the vital powers.

These means are only to be secured by leading a virtuous and temperate life ; by paying a proper attention to the four grand essentials of health—Diet, Air, Cleanliness, and Exercise. Ignorance of the proper qualities and quantities of these elements of health, and the neglect of the duties of a virtuous life, are the sole causes of all our diseases and premature deaths. (We must, of course, make an exception of all deaths from accidental causes.) Just in proportion as we attain to a correct knowledge on these points, so shall we cease to have occasion to sorrow for the premature loss of our friends ; and, in like manner, all fear of death will be banished from our minds : our lives will become, not only longer, but healthier, happier, and more useful.



The Eternal Circle of Life and Death.

LIFE and Death are links of one unbroken chain—
 Heirs to each other interchangeably :
 All things now dead have lived—will live again ;
 And all that lives was dead—again will die.

Earth has been sown with generations—grass
 Is but past life, of present life the prop ;
 We eat, drink, sleep, into our graves we pass,
 And form, for those unborn, a future crop.

Our ancestors are in the corn and trees ;
 The living fields are fertilised by death ;
 The dust was human once, and every breeze
 That blows around us has been human breath.

O ye departed beauties, turned to clay,
 Who wept and smiled in long-forgotten hours,
 Methinks your tears and smiles and bright array
 Live in the dewy and the sunny flowers.

'Tis this Promethean thought that vivifies
 And humanises all the forms we see ;
 Bidding them wake new sympathies, and rise
 Above their dull materiality.

Things human, vegetable, animal,
 Exchange their forms as death renews their birth :
 Let us then own and love as brethren all
 The product of our common mother—Earth.

Association makes the whole world kin,
 O'erleaping time and space ; its magic power
 Can bring the future and the past within
 The scope and feeling of the present hour.

O sun, and moon, and stars, and radiant skies!
 O sea and earth, with your enchanting sights!
 How much more deeply do I sympathise
 With your resplendent glories and delights
 When I reflect that all within the tomb
 Once shared the raptures ye awake in me,
 And that ye still shall gladden and illumine
 Myriads of human creatures yet to be!
 Since, then, in Nature, every changeful form
 Its consanguinity with man can prove,
 Let the whole world to our affection warm,
 Be one united family of love—
 Of love sublimed and hallowed by the thought
 That all created things, from star to sod,
 Are brooded over by that Power which wrought
 Light, life, and love—our common Father, God!



The Shadow.

UPON yon dial-stone
 Behold the shade of Time,
 For ever circling on and on,
 In silence more sublime
 Than if the thunders of the spheres
 Pealed forth its march to mortal ears.
 It meets us hour by hour,
 Doles out our little span,
 Reveals a Presence and a Power
 Felt and confessed by man:
 The drop of moments day by day
 That rocks of ages wears away.

Woven by a hand unseen,
 Upon that stone survey
A robe of dark sepulchral green,
 The mantle of decay—
The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

Day is the time for toil ;
 Night balms the weary breast ;
Stars have their vigils, seas awhile
 Will sink to peaceful rest :
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not—nor sleeps !

Effacing all that's fair—
 Hushing the voice of mirth
Into the silence of despair
 Around the lonesome hearth—
And training ivy garlands green
O'er the once gay and social scene.

In beauty fading fast
 Its silent trace appears ;
And where—a phantom of the past,
 Dim in the mists of years,
Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean-graves.

Before the ceaseless shade
 That round the world doth sail—
Its towers and temples bow the head—
 The pyramids look pale ;
The festal halls grow hushed and cold ;
The everlasting hills wax old.

Coeval with the sun
 Its silent course began,
 And still its phantom race shall run
 Till worlds with age grow wan ;
 Till Darkness spread her funeral pall,
 And one vast shadow circles all.

MALCOLM.



Time.

(From *The Antiquary.*)

WHY sittest thou by that ruined wall,
 'Thou aged carle so stern and grey ?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it passed away ?

“ Knowest thou not me ? ” the Deep Voice cried,
 “ So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused ?

“ Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away ;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“ Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver ;
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever ! ”

SIR W. SCOTT.

Death's Final Conquest.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against Fate ;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murm'ring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.



Weep Not for the Dead.

WEEP not for the Dead!—We know that their slumbers
Can be broken no more by the world's heavy woes:

No thought of the future their bosom encumbers—

No deep-rooted sorrows disturb their repose!

We tremble to think that the moments of gladness

Are fleeting as even the Spring's fairest flower—

That the young joyous heart may be blighted by sadness,

As o'er Summer's bright sunshine the heaviest storms lour!

Hath the friend that in youth ye most honoured and cherished

Gone first to the land whence no travellers return?

Hath the child of your love in its infancy perished?

Doth thy soul for the loved and the lost vainly yearn?

Oh! grieve not! the DEAD are in quiet reposing,

They fret not—they heed not the sorrows of earth;

Whilst round *thee* the dark clouds of sadness are closing,

And a pang or a sigh checks the gay laugh of mirth!

Then why o'er the grave bend in silence and weeping—

Rejoice that the loved ones are free from life's chain;

Like a child on the breast of a fond mother sleeping,

They slumber—and why would ye wake them again?

All false joys—falsè friends—and vain hopes forsaking,

No longer a prey to the stern fiend despair—

I would that *my* soul, from the world's fetters breaking,

The peace of their cold couch for ever could share!



SECTION XIX.

Figures of Rhetoric.



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FIGURES OF RHETORIC.



THE following group of the Figures of Rhetoric constitutes a brilliant and interesting Recitation, and exhibits and illustrates a choice variety of the highest styles of Reading and Speaking, expressly adapted to advanced Pupils as a Test Recitation.

Test Recitation.

[This Recitation contains Definitions and Examples of the most interesting and important Figures of Speech used in Poetry and Rhetoric, the direct and inevitable tendency of which is to develop the Judgment and refine the Taste.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,*—In all literary compositions, and, indeed, in every ordinary conversation, we very frequently introduce words and expressions in a sense differing from their original sense. Such words and expressions are called Figures of Speech, or Tropes, or Symbols.

In general, Figures of Speech imply some departure from simplicity of expression ; the idea which we mean to convey

* This vocative may be omitted, or some other used in its stead, according to circumstances.

is expressed in a particular manner, and with some circumstance added which is designed to render the impression more strong and vivid.

When I say, for instance, that "A good man enjoys comfort in the midst of adversity," I just express my thoughts in the simplest manner possible. But when I say, "To the upright there ariseth light in the midst of darkness," the same sentiment is expressed in a figurative style; a new circumstance is introduced; *light* is put in the place of *comfort*, and *darkness* is used to suggest the idea of *adversity*.

There are few sentences in which there does not occur some expression that may be termed a figure, or some word that is used in a sense differing from its original sense. Thus, in ordinary conversation, we speak of a *piercing* judgment and a *clear* head; a *soft* or a *hard* heart; a *rough* or a *smooth* behaviour. We say *inflamed* by anger; *warmed* by love; *swelled* with pride; *melted* with grief. And these are almost the only significant words which we have for such ideas.

A Symbol is the sign or representation of any *moral* thing by the images or properties of *material* things. Thus, a *lion* is the symbol of *courage* or *ferocity*; a *lamb* the symbol of *patience* or *meekness*.

The chief Figures of Speech—or, as they are sometimes called, Figures of Rhetoric—may be conveniently divided into four groups, namely—

Symbolical, Declamatory, Superlative, and Dramatic.

The SYMBOLICAL are—*Simile, Metaphor, and Allegory*. The DECLAMATORY are—*Personification, Apostrophe, Antithesis, and Climax*. The SUPERLATIVE are—*Hyperbolé, Irony, Interrogation, and Exclamation*. The DRAMATIC are—*Metonymy, Synecdoche, Repetition, and Vision*.

The Symbolical.

A *Simile*, or *Comparison*, is a figure by which we compare one thing with another, the resemblance between the two objects being expressed in form. Thus we use a Simile or Comparison when we say of some great minister, that "He upholds the State *like* a pillar which supports the weight of the whole edifice." Thus Homer compares the race of man to the leaves of trees:—

" Like leaves on trees the race of man is found—
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
 Another race the following spring supplies—
 They fall successive and successive rise :
 So generations in their course decay—
 So flourish these when those are passed away."

A *Metaphor* is a comparison expressed in an abridged form, without any of the words which denote comparison. Thus we use a Metaphor when we say of a great minister that "He *is* the pillar of the State;" or of Charles XII. that "He *was* the Lion of the North." Also when we say "Thou art my Rock and my Fortress;" or, "Thy Word is a Lamp to my path, and a Light to my feet."

An *Allegory* may be regarded as a continuation of one or more Metaphors; the representation of one thing by another that resembles it, and which is made to stand for it, as when Life is described or figured as representing a Voyage, with its various incidents.

What we call Fables or Parables are no other than Allegories. By words and actions attributed to animals and inanimate objects the dispositions of men are figured or represented; and what we call the *Moral* is the *unfigured* or literal meaning of the Allegory.



The Declamatory.

Personification or *Prosopopæia* is a figure by which we attribute life, action, and the use of reason to inanimate objects and irrational creatures. There is a wonderful proneness in human nature to the use of this figure. The propensity to Personification manifests itself at an early age in most children. The impatience of Adam to know his origin is supposed to prompt the Personification of all the objects he beheld, in order to procure information—

“Thou Sun, fair light !
And thou enlightened Earth so fresh and gay !
Ye hills and dales—ye rivers, woods and plains—
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell—
Tell—if you saw—how came I thus—how here ?”

“The ground *thirsts* for rain”—

“The Earth *smiles* with plenty”

Are examples of Personification.

The figure called *Apostrophe* is a turning off from the regular course of the subject to address some person or thing, for example—

“Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death ! where is thy sting ? O Grave ! where is thy victory ?”

King Henry thus apostrophises Sleep—

“O gentle Sleep !
Nature’s soft nurse—how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?”

Antithesis is the contrast or opposition of two objects, for example—

“If you seek to make a man truly rich, study not so much to *increase* his stores as to *diminish* his desires.”

Again—

“If you regulate your desires according to the standard of Nature, you will never be *poor*; if according to the standard of opinion, you will never be *rich*.”

Burke has exhibited a fine specimen of this figure in his eulogium of the philanthropic Howard:—

“He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, nor to collect medals or to collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries.”

Climax, Gradation, or Amplification is a figure which consists in gradually heightening all the circumstances of an object or action which we desire to place in a strong light. Archbishop Tillotson uses this figure very happily to recommend good and virtuous actions:—

“After we have practised good actions awhile, they become easy; and when they are easy we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts a thing grows into a habit; and confirmed habit is a kind of second nature; and so far as anything is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise; nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.”



The Superlative.

Hyperbolé, or *Exaggeration*, is a figure which suggests to us the very highest possible idea of an object, by magnifying its qualities beyond their true bounds. For example—

“Her complexion was fairer than snow, and her hair was blacker than a raven.”

The poems of Ossian contain much hyperbolé. The Scout's description of the enemy's leader is a good example—

“I saw their chief,” says the Scout, “tall as a rock of ice : his spear the blasted fir—his shield the rising moon. He sat on the shore like a cloud of mist on the hill.”

Irony is expressing ourselves in a manner contrary to our thoughts—not with a view to deceive, but to add force to our observations. Persons may be reprov'd for their negligence by saying, “You have taken great care indeed.”

The Prophet Elijah, when he challenged the priests of Baal to prove the truth of their deity, mocked them, saying—“Cry aloud—for he is a god : either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey ; or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked.”

Interrogation—(as a figure)—we use to give ardour and energy to our discourse, and to express the strongest confidence in the truth of our sentiment.

Thus Balaam expressed himself to Balak—

“The Lord is not a man that He should lie ;
Nor the son of man that He should repent.
Hath He said it ? and shall He not do it ?
Hath He spoken it ? and shall He not make it good ?”

Exclamations are the effects of strong emotions of the mind, such as surprise, admiration, joy, grief, and the like ; for example—

“O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people! O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men!”



The Dramatic.

Metonymy is a figure by which we substitute one word for another, where a near relation subsists between them, as of cause and effect, container and contained, sign and thing signified.

When we say, “We read Milton,” the cause is put instead of the effect—meaning Milton’s works.

When we say, “The kettle boils,” we substitute the name of the container for that of the thing contained.

When we say, “To assume the sceptre,” we speak of entering on royal authority, the sign being put for the thing signified.

Synecdoche, or *Comprehension*, is a figure by which the whole is put for a part, or a part for the whole; a genus for a species, or a species for a genus; in general, when anything more or anything less is put for the precise object meant.

For instance, we say, “A fleet of twenty sail” instead of ships. We use the “head” for the “person,” the “waves” for the “sea.”

In like manner, an attribute may be put for a subject, as “youth” for the “young,” the “deep” for the “sea,” and so on.

The figure termed *Repetition* selects some emphatic word or phrase, and, in order to mark its importance, makes it occur twice, thrice, or even a greater number of times, in the same sentence or paragraph. It expresses contrast and great energy.

Pope, in order to increase the sympathy of his reader for the fate of an unfortunate lady, reiterates the circumstance of her being deprived of the consolation of her friends at the hour of death :—

“By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed ;
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed ;
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned ;
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.”

Vision is a figure of speech proper only in animated and warm compositions, and is exhibited when we use the present tense of the verb to relate something that is past, and describe an action or event as actually passing before our eyes.

Thus Cicero, in his Fourth Oration against Catiline, pictures to his mind the execution of the conspiracy :—

“I seem to myself to behold this city—the ornament of the earth, and the capital of all nations—suddenly involved in one vast conflagration. I see before me the slaughtered heaps of citizens lying unburied in the midst of their ruined country. The furious countenance of Cethegus* rises to my view, while, with a savage joy, he is triumphing in your miseries.”

There are many other Figures used in Poetry and Rhetoric, and even in ordinary conversation, but these are the most interesting and important.

* A Tribune of Rome, of the most corrupted morals, who joined Catiline in his conspiracy against the State, and was commissioned to assassinate Cicero.

THE END.





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