

No. 10.

It well agrees with common sense
That Frisky free can't climb a fence ;
But Frisky, fettered, easily
Can mount above the taliest tree.

MORAL.

So to our souls the bonds of love
Are as the pinions of the dove.

No. 11.

"Its fine array was wrought in looms of air
And woven by the shuttles of the sun
In noiseless warp and woof of tissue fair,"
The silken web it gleamed and shone,
With splendour far too bright to last,
For while we gazed its beauty passed.