

whom the priest interested himself. Bernard, however, still persisted in his request; and the nobleman was at last so irritated, that he gave him a box on the ear. Bernard immediately fell at his feet and presented the other, said, "Give me a blow on this also, my lord, but grant me my petition." The nobleman was so affected by his humility, that he granted his request.

POETRY.

To a professed Infidel.

YOU slight religion—and "on solid ground," you say;
 And *while on solid ground you stand*, you may:
 But when your limbs beneath Death's withering hand
 Shall find the *solid ground* as sinking sand,
 No *solid ground* will then for mirth appear,
 Thy smiling confidence transform'd to fear;
 While dread conviction starting into birth,
 Proves *all thy boasted solid ground was Earth!*

To my Native Home.

My Home! I feel within my trembling heart
 There is a chord which vibrates to thy name;
 Producing there a kind of thrilling pain;
 Fond recollection's sadly pleasing smart.
 What dear delights the scenes of home impart,
 How fair the charms that deck my native plain;
 There nature, wild, but lovely, holds her reign,
 Conscious alone of the rude peasant's art.
 My home no more: I left thee.—Since that day
 Which saw me with reluctant steps, and slow,
 From thy dear bower far wandering, far away,
 My heart has own'd no other home below;
 No! then I *felt* my portion is not here,
 Look'd up to heaven, and said I'll seek it there.