

By Nature nourished, by her bounty blest,
 He looks to Heaven, and lulls his cares to rest.

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In some lone spot of consecrated ground,
 Whose silence spreads a holy gloom around,
 The village church, in unadorned array,
 Now lifts its turret to the opening day.
 How sweet to see the villagers repair
 In groups to pay their adoration there!"

After an invocation to "heaven-born Faith," the coming of the merchant and the doctor are described, and after them the chance schoolmaster,—

"Some poor wanderer of the human race,
 Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill
 Consists in reading and in writing ill.

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While time thus rolls his rapid years away,
 The Village rises gently into day.
 How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,
 Before the silvery dew has left the lawn,
 When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,
 Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,
 To gain some easy hill's ascending height,
 Where all the landscape brightens with delight,
 And boundless prospects stretched on every side
 Proclaim the country's industry and pride!
 Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
 Until its limits touch the distant main;
 There verdant meads along the uplands spring,
 And grateful odours to the breezes fling;
 Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,
 And wave their golden riches to the skies;
 There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
 Or gardens bounded by some fence of green;
 The farmer's cottage bosomed 'mong the trees,
 Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze;