

to remove him to a better world.—  
The reader will remember, that they  
are the verses of a school-boy, who  
had not long been taken from one of  
the lowest stations in life, and he will  
then judge what might have been ex-  
pected from one who was capable of  
writing with such strength and origi-  
nality upon the tritest of all sub-  
jects.—

LINES

*Written in the Church-yard of Rick-  
mond, Yorkshire,*

BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

“It is good for us to be here : if  
thou wilt, let us make here three  
Tabernacles, one for thee, and one  
for Moses, and one for Elias.”—  
*Matthew, xvii. 4.*

1

Methinks it is good to be here,  
If thou wilt, let us build, but for whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;  
But the shadows of eve that encom-  
pass the gloom,  
The abode of the dead and the place  
of the tomb.

2

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh, no!  
Affrighted he shrinketh away :  
For see they would find him below,  
In a small narrow cave, and begirt  
with cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer  
and a prey.

3

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets  
The charms which she wielded be-  
fore ;  
Nor knows the foul worm that he  
frets  
The skin which but yesterday fools  
could adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the  
tint which it wore.

4

Shall we build to the purple of  
Pride,  
The trappings which dizzy the  
Proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside,  
And here's neither dress nor adorn-  
ment allowed,  
But the long winding sheet and the  
fringe of the shroud.

5

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,  
Who hid, in their turns have been hid,  
The treasures are squandered  
again ;  
And here in the Grave, are all metals  
forbid,  
But the tinsel that shone on the dark  
coffin lid.

6

To the pleasures which Mirth can  
afford,  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board ;  
But the guests are all mute as their  
pitiful cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller  
here.

7

Shall we build to Affection and  
Love ?  
Ah, no! they have withered and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above.  
Friends, brothers, and sisters are  
laid side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none  
have replied.

8

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot  
grieve,  
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could  
relieve.  
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope,  
love, nor fear ;  
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the  
only one here.