

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 dizen 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.