

For joys *external*—since in the soul *itself*,
And from its knowledge of *itself*, it can alone
Be truly blessed for what are mortal things,
Which like the dews of morning, or rain-bow
hues,

Dissolve themselves to nothing, in the space
Of one short, single hour, compared to them
Which are *eternal* in their destiny,
And capable of bliss or woe forever!

Bridgetown, 1843.

ARTHUR.



For The Amaranth.

THE LAKE-LILY—AN EMBLEM.

WHAT so pure to mind and eye,
When the glassy waters lie,
Unruffled by the passing sigh
Of zephyr as it hastens by;
As the lily of the lake,
When bright morning's glories break!

What so beautiful and fair,
When it lies in silence there,
Reposing on the water's form
Unknowing of a coming storm,
As the lily of the lake,
When the noon-day beams forsake!

What an emblem of sweet youth,
So pregnant with the solemn truth,
That *winter* in our age must come
And bid our hopes and joys be done,
As the lily of the lake,
When the shades of even wake!

Mortal cease, thy dream is vain!
When you visit here again,
No more the lily's form shall make,
A shroud of beauty for the lake;
For *nature* calls—it must obey,
And hasten to the tomb away!

Another spring may bid arise,
Its pure, and fresh, and lovely dyes,
But winter's keen and piercing breath
Will hasten it again to death;
And so for ages yet unborn,
Now seen—now lost,—will be its form!

But thou, when "*nature's God*" will break
The brittle thread of life's estate,
And bid thee from this home of earth—
The snares entailed upon thy birth,
In scenes more fitting thou shalt roam,
And find eternal spring alone!

Bridgetown, 1843.

ARTHUR.

'THE CURSE OF WANT.—The greatest curse entailed on man by vice and disobedience on the parts of his first parents is *the curse of want*. Before this hard monitor the stoutest hearts quail, the firmest resolves give way, the most virtuous sentiments crumble, and the brightest hopes decay. How sad, that man, born after the image of his Maker, should be heir to this sorrow. It is harrowing to the heart to behold want, how acute the pangs of feeling and knowing it!

Let those, who surrounded by every luxury, prate of the independent condition of the working man, for once forego the advantages of wealth and betake themselves to labour, and they will quickly learn that the life they have been eulogising is one of sore trials and bitter miseries. We do not mean to say that labour of itself is an actual hardship, not so. On the other hand there is not a more wretched being on the habitable globe than the idler—most of them degenerate into a very insignificant thing, a mortal without a thought.

Besides this, he who cannot say, "I have lived to do good—I have been a benefit to society, and society will lose in me a prominent benefactor," had better depart for a wilderness and cultivate an intimacy with the animal population of its wilds. Without labour, the harmony of the Universe, the melody that pervades all nature—the glorious achievements of the Creator would be lost on man; for he would be unable to appreciate them. The goodness of God in imposing to a certain extent, upon his creatures, the blessing of physical exercise, will not be presumptuously disputed here. But we do not believe that God even intended one half the world to be slaves, without the actual necessities of life, while the other half riots away its time in lordly tyranny and frivolous pastime. Labour is a luxury when adapted from choice—*no hardship when by it can be gained a comfortable and healthful livelihood*—the direst curse, excepting that which inflicts it, when it barely furnishes the means for a scanty and painful sustenance, and denies the minutest requisite for the enjoyment even of that.

None toil from a love of it—few gain by a reasonable quantity of manual labour, a comfortable, and so far as the term will apply, an independent "sojourn here below," but "countless thousands mourn" over the sad destiny which compels them to lead the lives of horses and oxen, and gives them to know the only difference between them is that one walks on two feet, while the other moves on four.