

To MRS. J. M. C. M.

Very dear Mrs. M ———
 You may always be sure,
 That I am your sincere friend,
 From whom borrow, not lend!

To MABEL.

Mabel. I think it strange indeed
 That your pets are undertakers.
 I think they stand to fore in greed
 To grab such as poor we, versemakers!

MY CREED.

An old sage is my leader,
 So listen if you like to :
 Pray as though Deity were there !
 If in the morning I hear
 About the right way, in the
 Evening I die, happy I !
 Happiness withoutt virtue
 Is but like the passing cloud.
 Happy man, am I, having
 Faults, men observe and tell me.
 Grieve not, that men know not you,
 And still less grieve for women,
 But grieve that you know not *them* !
 Formerly on hearing men
 I heard, and gave them credit
 For their actions. Now, instead,
 I listen ! But *judge their work* !
 Be examined in *three ways*,
 In thy transactions with men :
 Only faithfulness be there,
 Then in teaching those in need :
 Unblemished thy conduct be !
 Never trust but in *few* men.
 And still less so trust women !
 When you transgress, *dare return* !
 Future is of past the son !