

POEMS.



HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.



THERE is a solace to the aching breast,
Long worn by care, that sighs for tranquil rest ;
Midst toils of day, in slumbers of the night,
Fond memory paints each infantine delight,
Each vanish'd joy that woke the bosom's glow,
When all look'd gay as heaven's aerial bow,
And youth, and health, and nature's charms
 combin'd,
Shed calm contentment o'er the guileless mind.