

Who hath not sought the sunshine of thy smiles ?
 Who hath not own'd the empire of thy charms ?
 Or striven to win thee by a thousand wiles,
 And clash his conqueror in his eager arms.

Man is oppress'd ; solicitude and care
 Weigh down his soul ; but when he flies to thee,
 Thy soothing words beguile his anxious heart,
 And from their burthen set his spirits free.

He mixes in the busy calls of life,
 Till wearied nature asks the balm of rest ;
 He quits the noisy, bustling, scenes of strife,
 And flies for respite to thy faithful breast.

He feels the rack of pain and sore disease,
 Thy helping hand supports his weary frame ;
 Thy constant kindness gives the sufferer ease,
 And mitigates e'en raging fever's flame.

By thee his name descends to future times ;
 He sees himself, though bowed by length of years,
 Live in his children, through life's morn again,
 And in their praises, his own praise he hears.

And yet we see thee mark'd by treacherous man
 Fit game for lawless passion. Innocence
 Protects thee not against thy wily foe.—
 The weak find in it but a poor defence.

And if to shame and ruin left a prey,
 See how the taunting finger points with scorn !
 Compassion hardly finds a tear for thee,
 Nor pity turns to soothe the wretch forlorn.

While he, *the spoiler*, is allow'd to pass,
 Unmark'd by censure, and secure from shame,
 In the broad world to seek and sacrifice
 Some other victim to his guilty flame.

O injured woman ! I will love thee still.
 For where a friend so faithful can I find ?
 Woman supports us through life's every ill,
 A WOMAN bore the SAVIOUR of mankind.*

Port Talbot, U. C.

ERIEUS.

* Is not this rather misplaced, and making too free with the mysteries of our religion? It is, however, an observation of an eminent writer on polemic divinity. "*Non dedignatur Christus ex meretricibus et gentilibus nasci quia venit ut utrasque salvaret.*" POLI SYNOPSIS. "For Christ himself did not disdain to be descended from harlots and from sinners, for it was unto them that he brought salvation."

L. L. M.

ERIEUS JUNIOR should not think of publishing his verses till a few years hence, after he has left school.