

It is my hope, also, that thou
May, in thy heart, and on thy tongue,
Have thoughts and words for him, who now
Is yours so friendly, T. F. Young.

KELVIN.

WHILE poets sing in lofty strain,
And ask where Rome and Carthage are,
This humble village on the plain,
To many hearts is dearer far.

Then to these hearts I'll sing my lay,
With humble Kelvin for my theme ;
My song shall be of life to-day,
And not a retrospective dream.

Of "Kelvin's Grove," some love-lorn swain
Sang sweetly, many years ago,
And I shall sound the name again,
Although I may not sound it so.

Of Kelvin's bonnie lasses, I
Can sing, tho' not so well as he,
And Kelvin's groves, in passing by,
I can repeat, have charms for me.

And Kelvin's stream, where fishes glide,
And timid fowl their plumage lave,
Where drooping willows by its side,
Their graceful branches gently wave.

Here happiness and plenty reign,
And e'en refinement, too, is seen.
For music sends its cheering strain,
Where flowers grow within the green.