

We gradually forsake the pleasures of youth as we advance in years, but the study of nature never palls upon the mind on the contrary it yields us more enjoyment as years increase. Of these pursuits we can say with truth—

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ! T'is her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy, for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of common life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee ; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure—when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my benedictions !