

Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose, 425
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure? 430
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel, 435
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died
 away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand
 and gray;
 "Here and here did England help me—how can I help
 England?"—say, 5
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and
 pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.
