

THE HAPPY NOVICE.

Exile of Erin.

WHEN reflection recalls those sad hours I've squandered,
 How swells my sad heart, and how fast the tears flow
 A stranger to peace and content have I wandered.
 Can I e'er cease regretting? O, no—never, no!
 In pursuit of a phantom whole years have I wasted—
 I sought it in pleasure, amusement and show;
 But ne'er in those scenes any sweets have I tasted,
 Or found but affliction: O, no—never, no!
 At length in Religion's sure path having entered,
 I find all that bliss I can hope for below;
 In my God all my hopes, all my joys are now centred.
 Can I e'er cease to love him? O, no—never, no!
 To serve such a Master, in joy, or in sorrow,
 All love and obedience in future I'll show,
 And ne'er feel a pang for the fate of to-morrow,
 Or repent of my vows: O, no—never, no!
 When death, with its terrors, shall hang on my pillow,
 Undisturb'd at his dart I'll meet the dire blow,
 Resigning my bones to lie under the willow,
 Where nought can disturb them: O, no—never, no!
 That God for whose sake worldly toys I have quitted,
 Who rewards even here hundred-fold do bestow,
 Will He let my soul die unpardon'd, unpitied,
 Or refuse me his mercy? O, no—never, no!

RISE, MY SOUL.

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings,	Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Thy better portion trace;	Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, from transitory things,	Rise, my soul, and haste away
Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place.	To seats prepared above.