

No gold can't buy or yet reserve
 My right to search her through,
 No human mind is wise enough
 To say she is untrue ;
 Each humble mind her wi-dom seeks,
 God loveth such to be.
 The rich cannot her treasures buy,
 Her teachings flow as free.

Examples are her mighty works,
 Which form her entire span ;
 They all point out in faith to show,
 And elevate the man ;
 Imperfection must first subdue
 And thus deny my strength,
 Then soon wilt rise a life which few
 Could ascertain in length.

God's spirit ruleth nature's ends
 To sympathize with our ;
 Thus have I here been lifted up
 By one small withered flower ;
 Oh ! What a space the spirit tills
 To reap, if souls endeavor,
 And who wilt doubt the truth of this
 Forever and forever.

The Butcher.

Oh ! the butcher, Oh ! the butcher,
 An honest man is he,
 Out riding where the breezes blow,
 His smiling face I see,
 With meat cut up to hide the bone
 To tempt the farmers buy ;
 It must be fresh as it still moves
 The country to supply.
 Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
 It wasn't fit to eat !
 When e're you'd cut the slices off
 They'd make a quick retreat.

His sight was good enough to see,
 He sold it by the pound ;
 He gave good weight at any rate,
 If it had but been sound.
 No ice adorned his covered rig
 To chill the maggot fly ;
 But still he came and still he went
 The country to supply.
 Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
 It wasn't fit to eat !
 When e're you'd cut the slices off
 They'd make a quick retreat.

He carried sausage boil and roast
 Cut up with tasty trim ;
 It's freshness was his constant boast,
 I'll say his name was J ;
 T'was old before he took it far,

But sell it he must try,
 That tainted stuff where skippers jar,
 The country to supply.
 Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
 It wasn't fit to eat !
 When e're you cut the slices off
 They'd make a quick retreat.

Twice weekly he would come about
 And stop right at your door,
 And raise his old accustomed shout :
 " Want beef ! dirt cheap ? " once more ;
 T'was old before he took it far,
 But sell it he must try ;
 That tainted stuff where skipper's jar,
 The country to supply.
 Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
 It wasn't fit to eat ;
 When e're you'd cut the slices off
 They'd make a quick retreat.

Smartness

Is smartness always a virtue ?
 No, more often a sham !
 But now one thing it is certain,
 That true t'is a tool used by man.

Of't it will cut because narrow,
 Then false pride gifts his find ;
 How it doeth thrill through man's marrow,
 But ever leaves vacant his mind.

Up from the dust by the roadside
 Drifts there smartness to please ;
 Alas such dust is not smartness,
 Comes such with the spirit and breeze.

So may I learn to be humble,
 Gifts are borrowed not mine,
 And may pure truth be their guidance,
 Far beneath this surface of time.

Mother's Words.

Son obey your mother's words,
 If she be still a mother ;
 Soon her calling shall pass by,
 Then in vain you oft shall sigh
 For virtue in another !
 Here ever present with you !
 Her worth you never miss it !
 Mark that day of her adieu,
 T'is then you sure will kiss it !
 Thy naughty deeds and grievous words
 Shall rise against thee driven,
 And ye shall mourn these blessed
 When thou couldst hear her loving voice
 Repeat one word, forgiven.