

Is seen to win with fascinating art
Such guileless art as captivates the heart,
And makes the creature to the creature kneel—
Ah! then we know how much the heart can feel.
Thus have I felt aye, wonder not, I've felt
As others have, at beauty's shrine I've knelt
A worshipper! 'tis youth's delirious age
To stray away, to dread a hermitage.
Smile not, stranger! my words are words of truth;
We little know while in the days of youth
The ills of life—its snares and dangers drear,
Or, if known at all, how distant they appear,
And thus deceiv'd, to ruin madly steer.
'Tis true, some shun those ills and smoothly pass
O'er life's beguiling wave—but few, alas!
So happy are, that will the warning take
Of scripture's pilots, and follow in their "wake,"
Until they gain the port of endless rest
To be companions of the good and blest.
And some are set apart by God's decree,
To live a life of sweet austerity,
And by experience sage instructed be.
Such, am I here, and from this rocky nook
I have been taught without the aid of book,
Save one—'tis broad creation's ample page—
'Tis this, with 'aid divine,' that makes me sage.
Young, when I bow'd my head to enter here,
With heart foreboding and desponding tear;
The only being rescued from the wave
That clos'd o'er ninety souls a wat'ry grave,
I knew not then the arm that stretch'd itself to save!
His mercy boundless, nor his bounty less—
Like old Elijah in the wilderness,
I'm fed with all that nature's wants require,
By him who took him home on 'wheels of fire'—
The home to which my longing hopes aspire.