

How shake they off their doubts and fears,  
 How breathe a purer air;  
 How beautiful the world appears—  
 The gloomy, erst—the vale of tears—  
 The heritage of care!

Fain would I show the Infidel,  
 The riches of the place;  
 Even to the heav'nly bosom-swell,  
 When it hath got a tale to tell  
 Of *whisper'd* righteousness!

But, ah! he will not learn of me,  
 The vict'ry to achieve;—  
 He will not put his trust in *thee*;  
 He will not try *humility*,  
 And what can I, but grieve?

What *is* humility? *'tis not*  
 With vice or filth to walk—  
 To chime with ev'ry tinkling sot,  
 That dares humanity to blot;—  
 And *burn* that he may *talk*!

No, Arthur,—soon to be mine own,—  
*Ponder my words aright!*