

Stamp't with the autograph of the Most High.
 Ah ! vain alike the poet's airy thought,
 And the achievements by the pencil wrought,
 To bind in verse or bid the canvas show,
 Millennial omens of a brighter glow.

"Touch'd by those transports that the trav'ler knew,
 When lost Assyria rose before his view,
 Nor less imperious these the pilgrim feels,
 When at his prophet's sepulchre he kneels,
 Here in the forest—the antipodes
 Of antiquarians and of devotees.
 Where pagan rites nor heathen mystics mar
 The light'ning rays that shine from reason's star,
 In idle hours I wake the harp to tell
 What kindred feelings in my bosom dwell,
 A stranger to the knowledge that is hid
 In marble manuscript and pyramid,
 Yet on these Lilies undiscypher'd still,
 I see Gon's finger, and I read his will—
 Old as creation—yet for ever new,
 Year after year they open to my view,
 Nor can the critic's or the linguist's eye
 Find error there—nor expletive espy."

TO A BEAUTIFUL NOVA SCOTIAN;

ON THE AUTHOR PRESENTING HER WITH A ROSE.

SWEET maid to thee I give this Rose,
 Because thy cheek of crimson glows
 With blushes all as bright;
 Type of the vestal's sinless fire,
 Of all in woman we admire,
 Bloom, tenderness, and light.

But when upon thy lovely face
 The blush of modesty I trace,
 I fear this flow'ret then
 Would but a faint resemblance bear
 To all the graces dwelling there,
 Light beaming from within.

When dew drops pure at summer hour,
 Are sparkling on the roseate flower,
 Whose virgin leaves consign
 Their grateful incense back to heaven
 In rising sweets at solemn even,
 While mellowing sunbeams shine.

Thine eyes appear and light disclose
 Like diamonds placed beside the Rose,
 And tell the softest tale
 Of a pure, stainless, lofty mind,
 That all endearing womankind,
 In silence can reveal.