

That thou, in by-gone days, hast taught to me.
Thrice blest the youth, who, from his mother's knee,
Where he has learned to lisp the praise of God,
Turns to the open book of God Himself,
To find revealed the thoughts that He has thought.
To him, how poor the wretched syren-voice
Of selfishness and sin :—it woos in vain.
Through many a bower of living green I pass :
By many a glade, whose daisy-dotted sward
Elastic springs beneath my trembling feet,
Bringing sensations of an earlier day :—
On to the mountain summit, where I lay
In strong and loving angel arms, and heard
Through Nature's voice, which is the voice of God,
Lessons of courage, confidence, and peace.
Here as I lie beneath the maple shade,
How glorious a view is spread for me.
There are "The Pines," where many a wild halloo
On moonlight nights in winter, has aroused