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EXAMPLES

SELECTED TO CORRESPOND TO THE PRECEPTS

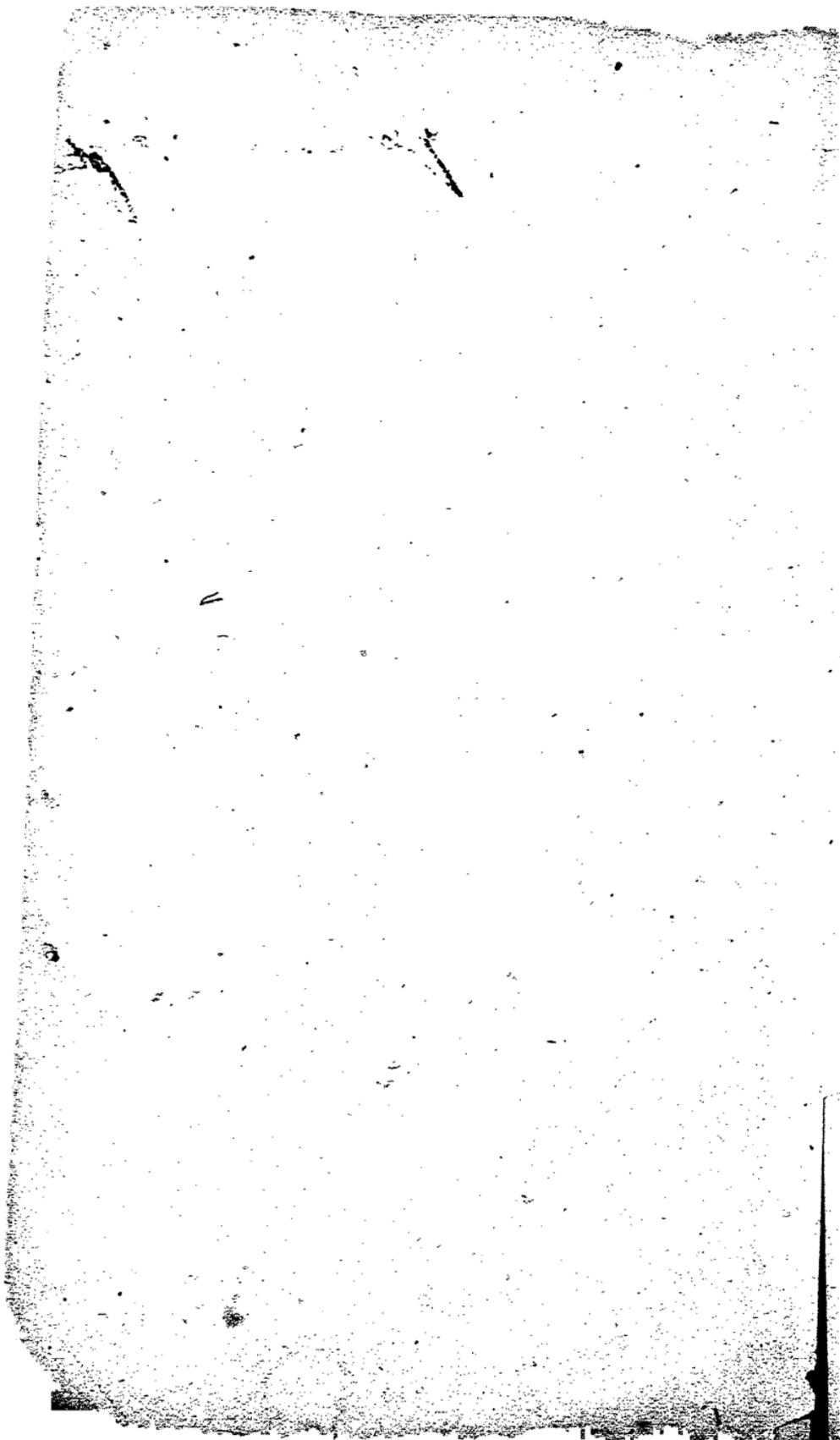
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ELEMENTS OF LITERATURE.

BY A MEMBER OF THE URSULINE COMMUNITY OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC:
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1865.







EXAMPLES
SELECTED TO CORRESPOND TO THE PRECEPTS
OF
ANSLEY'S
ELEMENTS OF LITERATURE.

[For page 31.]

THE EVIDENCES OF RELIGION. *write*

When, from this centre of our religion, I cast my view in any direction, I behold an unbounded prospect, independent of any natural or political horizon. Under every climate, under every variety of government, I can discover myriads who daily recite the same act of faith, and perform the same acts of worship as myself; who look up to the same objects and institutions with reverence, and acknowledge the supreme Power under whose more immediate authority I now address you. I see on every side the missionaries of this religion advancing from day to day, farther into unconquered territories, threading the dark forests of the western hemisphere, or disguising themselves in the populous cities of the East; in both directions daily adding new subjects to the Kingdom of the Lord. I see this society, at once coherent and united, though vast and ever-extending, wherever it becomes known, instantly become also distinguished and conspicuous. Powerful monarchs, whose interests on every other point seem necessarily to jar, boast that they only form integrant portions of its vast empire; men of daring talent and varied learning, who are eager on every other subject to frame new systems,

1*

+ etre opposis

or to distinguish themselves from others by the originality of their views, are docile as children to its doctrine, and fearful of differing in the least from the belief of the most ignorant of the faithful; bold and aspiring characters, nay, whole populations, jealous of their liberties, and impatient of almost the mildest restraint, bow to its yoke with cheerfulness, and glory in obedience to its commands; and even where it exists in a more depressed and humble state, it is still the object of universal attention and curiosity, from the splendour of its worship, the uniformity of its doctrines, and the constant increase of its members.

And if, instead of directing my looks abroad for these characterising marks, I cast an eye upon the ground whereon I stand, I find still more speaking evidence of their existence here, with the additional quality which alone is wanting to designate fully the Kingdom of Christ, all that demonstration of an imperishable construction which centuries of duration can afford. For when I follow back, through every age, the ecclesiastical monuments which surround me, and find that they conduct me to the very foundation of the Christian Church; when I see myself kneeling before the very altars which a Sylvester anointed, and where a Constantine adored; above all, when standing in the sublimest temple which the hands, or even the imagination of man ever raised to his Creator, I behold myself placed, at once, between the shrine of the Prince of the Apostles; and the throne of his successor, in a direct lineal descent, and can thence trace with my eye, almost every link which unites these two extremes, through the arches that repose beneath the tombs and altars that surround me; O, will any one ask me, why I cling, with a feeling of pride and of affection, to the religion which alone carries me back to the infancy of Christianity, and unites, in unbroken connection, through ages of fulfilment and prophecy, the creed which I profess, with the inspired visions of the earlier dispensation.

Dr. Wiseman.

2nd Example.—THE BEAUTIES OF THE PSALMS.

Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for the Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate; in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best

Horne.

[For page 32.]

ARTHUR'S VISIT HOME

As he drew near the house, the night was shutting in about it, and there was a melancholy, gusty sound in the trees. Arthur felt as if approaching his mother's tomb. He entered the parlor. All was as gloomy and still as a deserted house. Presently he heard a slow cautious step overhead. It was in his mother's chamber. His sister had seen him from the window. She hurried down and threw her arms around her brother's neck, without uttering a word. As soon as he could speak he asked, "Is she alive?"—he could not

say, my mother "She is sleeping," answered his sister, "and must not know to-night that you are here; she is too weak to bear it now." "I will go look at her, then, while she sleeps," said he, drawing the handkerchief from his face. His sister's sympathy had made him shed the first tears which had fallen from him that day, and he was more composed.

Youthful-Essays.

[For page 34.]

1st Example.—EXTRACT FROM POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense;
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows,
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

2nd Example.—REQUISITES OF A GOOD POET.

I know the mind that feels indeed the fire
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre—
 Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
 If human woes her soft attention claim,
 A tender sympathy prevades the frame;
 She pours a sensibility divine
 Along the nerve of every feeling line.
 But if a deed, not tamely to be borne,
 Fire indignation, and a sense of scorn,
 The strings are swept with such a power, so loud,
 The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd.

So, when remote futurity is brought
 Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
 A terrible sagacity informs
 The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms;
 He hears the thunder, ere the tempest lowers,
 And, arm'd with strength surpassing human powers,
 Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
 And darts his soul into the dawning plan. *Cowper.*

3rd Example.—THE RED BREAST'S WINTER VISIT TO THE
 COTTAGE.

..... The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The Red Breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted *man*
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then brisk alights
 On the warm hearth: then, hopping o'er the floor
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. *Thompson.*

[For page 37.]

1st Example.

“In a word, says he, about a month after their meeting, he
 “dissolved them: and as soon as he had dissolved them, he
 “repented; but he repented too late of his rashness. Well
 “might he repent, for the vessel was now full, and this last
 “drop made the waters of bitterness overflow.” Here,
 “he adds,” we draw the curtain, and put an end to our
 “remarks.” *Lord Bolinbroke's History of England.*

2nd Example

Trothal went forth with the stream of his people, but they met a rock, for Fingal stood unmoved: broken, they rolled back from his side: nor did they roll in safety; the spear of the king pursued their flight. *Ossian.*

3rd Example.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements.

[For page 39.]

1st Example.—SPRING.

Who is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming, and when they see her, they begin to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have you seen this beautiful virgin? If you have, tell me who she is and what is her name. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

2nd Example.—SUMMER.

Who is this that comes from the South, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry, she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams and the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and streams fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with the berries and the grateful acid of fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are

poured out so plentifully around her. When she comes, let me lie under the shade of the spreading beech-tree ; let me walk in the early morning when the dew is yet on the grass, let me wander in the soft twilight, when the sheep have returned to the fold, and the star of evening appears.

Mrs. Barbauld.

3rd Example.—THE JOURNEY OF A DAY, A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest ; he was animated with hope ; he was incited by desire ; he walked swift y forward over the valleys and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise ; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring : all his senses were gratified, and ail care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength ; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation ; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except

that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter.

in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

*Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.—*

Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labor began to overcome him: his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the branches the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“Son,” said the hermit, “let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise, in the morning of youth, full of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue

“Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember that, though the day

is past and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made ; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose ; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence ; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.”

Dr. Johnson.

[For page 39.]

1st Example.

Blossoms and fruits and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Addison.

2nd Example.—HORRORS OF WAR.

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms in haste.
Troy roused as soon ; for on that dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ;
Squadrons on squadrons crowd the dusty plain ;
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground ;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
To lances, lances, shields to shields oppos'd ;
Host against host their shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.
Victors and vanquish'd gave promiscuous cries ;
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light,

Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
 The sire of gods his golden scales suspends
 With equal hand. In these explores the fate
 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
 Press'd with its load the Grecian balance lies
 Low sunk on earth; the Trojan strikes the skies.
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
 Thick lightnings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls,
 Their strength he withers and unmans their souls.
 Before his wrath their trembling hosts retire,
 The god in terrors, and the skies on fire.

Pope's Homer.

[For page 44.]

1st Example.—EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF ROBERT BURKE, AT THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS, ACCUSED OF HAVING ABUSED HIS PREROGATIVES AS PRESIDENT OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The preparations for this trial had excited intense interest, and the long galleries of the House of Parliament were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or emulation of an orator. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech. There he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated; and finally proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law.

At length the orator concluded: "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has be-

trayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

[*Other Examples for pages 45, 46.*]

1. Ah! Corydon, Corydon, what madness has seized thee?
 2. Since concord was lost, friendship was lost, fidelity was lost, liberty was lost, all was lost.
 3. Who asked for it? Appius. Who produced it? Appius.
 4. Love God. God is worthy to be loved.
 5. Let the dead bury their dead.
 6. Thus the fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.
 7. Temperance leads to happiness; intemperance generally ends in misery.
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[*For page 49.*]

1st Example.—THE VALE OF KESWICK IN CUMBERLAND.

.... Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains by turns vanishing or rising into view; now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now by a change of situation assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the

other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom which the eye can hardly penetrate. *Brown.*

For page 50.

1st Example.—THE SINNER'S PLEA.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just: thou lov'st to wear
 The face of pity and of love divine;
 But mine is guilt,—thou must not, canst not spare,
 While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.
 Yes, O my God! such crimes as mine,—so dread,
 Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
 Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
 And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!
 Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,
 Did from my eyes, the endless torrents flow;
 Smite—it is time—tho' endless death ensue,
 I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
 But on what spot shall fall thy anger's flood
 That has not first been drenched in Christ's atoning blood?

Translated from the French—*Desbarreaux.*

2nd Example.

I grant that he is a sacrilegious robber, and the chief in every kind of wickedness; yet he is a good commander.

[*For page 50, 51.*]

ON THE SMALL NUMBER OF THE ELECT.

There are few men who might not say of themselves, I live like the multitude, and those of my age, rank, and fortune; but, if I die in this course of life, I am lost. Now, what is more proper to alarm a soul, in which there still remains some care for salvation?

Nevertheless, it is the multitude which tremble not; it is

but a small number of the righteous that, apart, work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. All the rest are calm: they know, in general, that the greater number condemn themselves; yet imagine, that after having lived like others, they will be distinguished from them at their death: thus, each one makes his case a chimerical exception, and augurs favorably for himself.

And it is upon this I address you, my brethren here assembled. I speak not of the rest of mankind. I look upon you as if you were alone upon earth, and the thought troubles and alarms me. I suppose that this is your last hour, and the end of the universe; that the heavens are opening above your heads, and the Son of Man appears in his glory in the midst of this temple; and you are here assembled, as trembling criminals, upon whom is going to be pronounced sentence of pardon or eternal death. You have vainly flattered yourselves: you shall die such as you are to-day. All these intentions of amendment amuse, and will amuse you to the hour of your death: it is the experience of all ages, yet all you will find new in you, will be, most likely, an increased account, beyond that you would give to-day; and by what you would be, were you brought into judgment this moment, you may, almost, decide what will be your fate when departing this life.

Now, I would ask you—and I ask you, struck with terror whilst I ask, not separating, in this point, your destiny from my own, but feeling, myself, the same impression that I would wish you to partake of—I would ask you, then, if our Lord were now to appear in the midst of this assembly, (the most august in the world), to judge us, and to make the terrible distinction between the goats and the sheep, do you believe that the greatest number of us that are here present, would be placed on the right hand? Do you believe that, at least, the distribution would be equal? Do you believe that he might find here even ten righteous, which the Lord

could not, formerly, in five cities? I ask you;—you are ignorant, and I also am ignorant. Thou alone, O my God! knowest those who belong to thee! But, if we know not those who do belong to him, we know, at least, that sinners do not. Now, who are the faithful here assembled? Titles and dignities ought not to be counted for any thing; you will be deprived of all these before your Judge!—Who are they? Many sinners, who will not convert themselves; still more who would, but defer their conversion; many others who never convert themselves but to relapse; in fact, a great number who believe they have no need of conversion; this is the state of the reprobate! Take away these four kinds of sinners from this whole assembly!—for they must be taken away at the great day. Appear now, ye righteous!—where are ye? Remnant of Israel, pass to the right! Wheat of the Redeemer, withdraw yourselves from the stubble destined for the fire! O God, where are thine elect? and what remains of thine heritage?

Our loss is almost certain, but we think not of it; even in that terrible separation that will one day take place, should there be but one sinner in this assembly, on the side of the condemned, and a voice from heaven were now in this temple to assure us of it, without naming the person, which of us would not tremble for himself? who, amongst us, would not fear to be the unhappy one? which of us would not immediately refer to his conscience, to examine if his crimes had not deserved this punishment? which of us, seized with fear would not ask of our Lord, as the apostles of old, “Lord is it I?” and if the answer is delayed, which of us would not strive to avert this awful catastrophe by the tears and sighs of a sincere repentance?

Massillon.

[For page 52.]

1st Example.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inhabits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind. *Shakspeare.*

2nd Example.—LOVE OF PRAISE.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.
The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;
Now, trims the midnight lamps in college cells ;
'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades :
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flutters on our tombs.

[For page 54.]

1st Example.—DOUGLAS' SOLILOQUY IN THE WOOD.

This is the place, the centre of the grove ;
There stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and welcome is this midnight scene !
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her sway
Through skies where I could count each little star ;
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;
The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown. *Home.*

2nd Example.—THE RAISING OF JARIUS'S DAUGHTER.

They have watched her last and quivering breath,
 And the maiden's soul has flown ;
 They have wrapped her in the robes of death,
 And laid her dark and alone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
 Upon that fallen flower,
 Nay, start not—'twas the gathering winds ;—
 These limbs have lost their power.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
 O'er which the faint light plays ;
 'Tis only the crimson curtain's glow,
 Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Did'st thou not close that expiring eye,
 And feel the soft pulse decay ?
 And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
 Which bore her soul away ?

She lies on her couch, all pale and hushed,
 And heeds not thy gentle tread,
 And is still as spring-flower by traveller crushed,
 Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,
 And the maid is mute and pale :
 Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
 And dark is her stiffened nail.

The mother strays with folded arms,
 And her head is bent in woe :
 She shuts her thoughts to joy or charms ;
 Nor tear attempts to flow.

But listen ! what name salutes her ear ?
 It comes to a heart of stone ;
 " Jesus," she cries, " has no power here ;
 My daughter's life has flown."

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
 And bends o'er the senseless form ;
 Can his be less than a heavenly touch ?
 The maiden's heart is warm !

And the fresh blood comes with a roseate hue,
 While Death's dark terrors fly ;
 Her form is raised, and her step is true,
 And light beams bright in her eye.

George W. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey.

[For Page 57.]

POPE AND DRYDEN.

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality ; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people ; and when he pleased others, he contented himself.

Pope was not content to satisfy ; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best ; he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven. Pope had, perhaps, the judgment of Dryden ; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope. Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer, since Milton, must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in an excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of

Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

Dr. Johnson.

[For page 57.]

INCONSISTENCIES.

Bended knees, while you are clothed with pride; heavenly petitions, while you are hoarding up treasures upon earth; holy devotions while you live in the follies of the world; prayers of meekness and charity while your heart is the seat of spite and resentment; hours of prayer, while you give up days and years to idle diversions, impertinent visits, and foolish pleasures; are as absurd, unacceptable services to God, as forms of thanksgiving from a person that lives on repining and discontent.

[For page 58.]

CAUTION TO STUDENTS.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
 These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise,
 New, distant scenes of endless science rise.
 So pleased at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky:

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
 But, these attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way :
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes ;
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Pope.

[*For page 63, 65.*]

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS
 TO ALEXANDER, ON HIS MAKING PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK
 THEIR COUNTRY.

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world could not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time : you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia ; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things ? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour ? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care, lest while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you ? We have never invaded Macedon ; why should you attack Scythia ? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers ; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia ; you have seized Syria ; you are master of Persia ; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India ; all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct !—you grasp at

riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety ; so that the more you have, the more you desire.

Q. Curtius.

[For page 69.]

SPEECH OF ADHERBAL TO THE ROMAN SENATE, IMPLORING
THEIR ASSISTANCE AGAINST JUGURTHA.

FATHERS!

It is known to you that King Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own name, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia ; directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war ; assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind ! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough ; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the service done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve anything at your hands, and has forced me to be

burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must then the Royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks: our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the

murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge or for assistance to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation; but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given to a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made sport of by men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labors, by his emissaries, to prevent your determining anything against him in his absence; pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time come when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his im-

pious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone forever from my sight!--But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family; but as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood; but he lies in peace; he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life; as far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!--to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

Salluste.

[For page 70.]

OBJECT OF THE PRESENT LIFE.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would

not he think, that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we are placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty, and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not destined to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provisions for that, which after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

Addison.

[For page 75.]

THE DEITIES ENGAGED IN BATTLE.

But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,
 Then tumult rose ; fierce rage and pale affright
 Varied each face ; then discord sounds alarms,
 Earth echoes, and the nations run to arms.
 Now, through the trembling shores, Minerva calls,
 And now she thunders from the Grecian walls ;
 Mars, hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
 In gloomy tempests and a night of clouds ;
 Now, through the Trojan heart he fury pours,
 With voice divine from Illion's topmost towers ;
 Now, shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill ;
 The mountains shook ; the rapid streams stood still.
 Above, the Sire of gods his thunder rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground ;
 The forests wave ; the mountains nod around ;
 Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,
 And the toss'd waves beat the heaving main.
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head ;
 Leapt from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay,
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
 Abhorred by men, and dreadful e'en to gods

Pope's Homer.

[For page 79.]

EXTRACT FROM ADDISON'S ESSAY ON THE PLEASURES OF
 THE IMAGINATION.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas,

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converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straightened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

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A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him indeed a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in

another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are indeed but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor at the same time suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights, but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labor or difficulty.—
(*The Spectator*, No. 411, vol. vi.]

EXAMPLES
CORRESPONDING TO THE PRECEPTS OF
POETICAL COMPOSITION.

[For page 161.]

1st Example.—PROVIDENCE.

As a fond mother her young group beholds,
And with a burning heart above them bends—
One kisses on the brow—one to her bosom folds ;
Whilst one enclasps her knee, one from her foot depends ;
And to their looks, sighs, attitudes attends.
Whatever wants or wishes they unfold,
To this a glance, to that a gift extends ;
And smiles or frowns—but never waxes cold.
Thus watcheth Providence with sleepless eyes,
And comforts one, and one with hope implants ;
And lists to all,—and aid to all supplies ;
Or should she seem insensate to our wants,
Because unask'd the boon alone denies,
Or feigns denial—and denying grants.

From the Italian of Filicaja.

2nd Example.—THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun—
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow ;
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And, by the breath of mercy, made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven ;
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Wilson.

3rd Example.—TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
 That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
 Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
 To pine, in solitude, thy life away,
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
 Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of peaceful home ;
 While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

H. K. White.

4th Example.—EVENING.

Already hath the day grown grey with age ;
 And in the west, like to a conqueror crowned,
 Is faint with too much glory. On the ground
 He flings his dazzling arms ; and, as a sage,
 Prepares him for a cloud-hung hermitage,
 Where meditation meets him at the door ;
 And all around—a wall, and roof, and floor,
 Some pensive star unfolds its silver page

Of truth, which God's own hand hath testified.
 Sweet eve! whom poets sing to as a bride;
 Queen of the quiet—Eden of Time's bright map—
 Thy look allures me from my hushed fireside,
 And sharp leaves rustling at my casement tap,
 And beckon forth my mind to dream upon thy lap!

Blanchard.

[*For page 163.*]

1st Example.—PARTING SONG.

'Tis o'er,—the sweet ties that have bound us are riven;
 The words, "We must part," have rung out like a knell,
 A long, long adieu to dear friends must be given—
 Kind mothers! loved sisters! we part—oh! farewell.

We go,—never more shall this proud hall be ringing
 With voices that blend in the parting song now;
 And the past, gliding from us, a shadow is flinging—
 A shadow of sadness, on each youthful brow.

But never the name of the *mothers* we cherish,
 From memory's page shall unfaithfully fade;
 The garland of roses we twine here may perish,
 But never the wreath on our grateful hearts laid.

Their sweet, guiding care, can no longer attend us,
 Thro' life's wild'ring mazes we're destined to stray;
 Yet, heavenward, they're lifting pure hands to defend us,
 What harm can befall us?—our good mothers pray.

Ursulines, Quebec.

X.

2nd Example.—SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

A Greek Islander being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beautiful scenery, replied, "Yes, all is fair; but the sea—where is the sea?"

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks of fleet career,
And flags and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves—the first
That woke my childish glee:
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft, your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree—
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea?

Mrs. Hemans.

[For page 164.]

1st Example.—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds conversed as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confined
Merely to brutes of human kind.
A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd,
(For geniuses are ever proud:—)
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow;

Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren—half a length.
 A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation :
 Oh! Puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
 When I defy thee to the race.
 Come,—’tis a match—nay, no denial,
 I lay my shell upon the trial.
 ’Twas done, and done! All fair! A bet!
 Judges prepared and distance set.
 The scamp’ring hare outstripped the wind;
 The creeping tortoise, lagg’d behind;
 And scarce had pass’d a single pole,
 When Puss had almost reached the goal.
 “Friend Tortoise,” quoth the jeering hare,
 “Your burden ’s more than you can bear;
 To help your speed it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell :
 Jog on a little faster, prithee,—
 I’ll take a nap and then be with thee.”
 So said, so done, and safely sure;
 For say what conquest more secure?
 Whene’er he waked (that’s all that’s in it)
 He could o’ertake him in a minute.
 The tortoise heard this taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere;
 Still drawled along, as who should say,
 I’ll win, like Fabius, by delay;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While Puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
 The bets were won—the hare awoke,
 When thus the victor Tortoise spoke :
 “Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always done by starts;
 You may deride my awkward pace,
 But slow and steady wins the race.”

Lloyd.

2nd Example.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheer'd the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
 So stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
 “ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
 “ As much as ~~ky~~ your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine,
 Taught you to sing and me to shine ;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard his short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation,
 Releas'd him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.
 Hence, jarring sectaries may learn,
 Their real int'rest to discern ;
 That brother should not war with brother
 And worry and devour each other.

But sing and shine by sweet consent,
 Till life's poor, transient night is spent ;

Respecting, in each other's case,
 The gifts of nature and of grace.
 Those Christians best deserve the name,
 Who studiously make peace their aim :
 Peace, both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

Cowper.

[For page 166.]

THE HAPPINESS OF A RURAL LIFE.

The shepherds, guarded from the sparkling heat
 Of blazing air, upon the flowery banks,
 (Where various flowers damask the fragrant seat,
 And all the grove perfume,) in wonted ranks,
 Securely sit them down, and sweetly play :
 At length thus Thirsis ends his broken lay,
 Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

“Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state !
 When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns :
 His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
 Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns :
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep :
 Singing all day, his flock he learns to keep :
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

“No Serian worms” he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their silken lives :—nor silken pride :
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need !
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed :
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite ;
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

“ Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise ;

The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.

In country plays is all the strife he uses ;
Or song, or dance, unto the rural Muses,
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

“ His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content ;

The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent :

His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease :
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please

“ His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place :

His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :

Never his humble house or state torment him ;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him :
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

“ The world's great light his lowly state hath blessed,
And left his heaven to be a shepherd base :

Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe addressed :
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran apace,

And serpents flew to hear his softest strains :
He fed his flock where rolling Jordan reigns :
Then took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.”

[For page 171.]

Extract from "CONVERSATION."

Dubius is such a scrupulous, good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
 He would not with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were called by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense ;
 Knows what he knows as if he knew it not ;
 What he remembers seems to have forgot ;
 His sole opinion, whatso'er befall,
 Centring, at last, in having none at all. *Cowper.*

[For page 172.]

1st Example.—SUNSET.

WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

One evening as the sun went down,
 Gilding the mountains bare and brown,
 I wandered on the shore ;
 And such a blaze o'er ocean spread ;
 And beauty on the meek earth shed,
 I never saw before !

I was not lonely ;—dwellings fair
 Were scattered round and shining there ;—
 Gay groups were on the green
 Of children, wild with reckless glee.
 And parents that could child-like be,
 With them, and in that scene.

And on the sea, that looked of gold,
 Each toy-like skiff and vessel bold
 Glided, and yet seemed still ;
 While sounds rose in the quiet air,
 That mingling made sweet music there,
 Surpassing minstrel's skill !

The breezy murmur from the shore,—
 Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er
 Alike by sire and child,—
 The whistle shrill,—the broken song,—
 The far off flute-notes lingering long,—
 The lark's strain rich and wild.

I looked, I listened,—and the spell
 Of music and of beauty fell
 So radiant on my heart,
 That scarcely durst I real deem
 What yet I would not own a dream,
 Lest dream-like, it depart.

'Twas sunset in the world around ;—
 And, looking inwards, so I found
 'Twas sunset in the soul ;
 Nor grief, nor mirth, were burning there,
 But music sweet, and visions fair,
 In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these, the human mind,
 Though seeking oft, may seldom find,
 Or, finding, force to stay ;—
 As dew upon the drooping flower,
 That having shone their little hour,
 Dry up—or fall away.

But though all pleasures take their flight,
 Yet some will leave memorials bright
 For many an after year ;
 This sunset, that dull night will shade,—
 These visions, which must quickly fade,
 With half-immortal memory braid
 For me when far from here.

Miss Jewsbury.

2nd Example.—TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MATILDA LATOUR.

To one now gone, yet ever dear,
 A friend sincere and true !
 Ah! come, kind reader, yield a tear,
 To native goodness due.

The cloistered walks, with pensive step I tread,
 A mournful silence reigns o'er all around :
 Where has the voice of mirth and gladness fled ?
 Why are those youthful brows with sadness crown'd ?

Behold! an early victim of the tomb—
 The rose and lily twine around her bier :
 In youth and beauty she like them did bloom
 For a brief space—like them to disappear.

A heart that glowed with feelings warm and fond,
 Lies there unstrung—e'en like a broken lute.
 No more her witching smiles to ours respond,
 Her lips, forever sealed in death, are mute.

Methinks, as then, beside her couch of pain
 Amid that silent group I bend the knee ;
 I hear the patient sufferer sigh again,
 " Oh God, my God! when shall I be with Thee."

Ah, lovely girl! full long shall Mem'ry keep,
 Her vigils round thee!—oft shall Fancy hear
 Thy mellow voice, so flute like, yet so deep;
 Or meet those soul-lit eyes, placid and clear.

Alas! how stern was this decree of fate;—
 Afar from home! mid strangers thus to die;
 A fond, maternal heart, now desolate,
 Will bleed—or break—until ye meet on high.

Come blest Religion! come with healing balm
 And bring a solace to her broken heart;—
 Teach her to wait, in resignation calm,
 Death's summons from this weeping vale to part.

A sainted voice, in accents all of love,
 Says, "Haste, dear mother, to this land of rest,
 Earth merits not a wish—ah! soar above,
 To dwell with JESUS, MARY, and the BLEST."

URSULINES, Quebec, May 1st, 1843.

X.

3rd Example.—ELEGY.

[In memory of Miss M. C., who died of the
 yellow fever, in the Bermudas, shortly after her arrival
 there, in the autumn of 1851.]

I heard a wail—'twas from afar,
 From a burning Southern shore—
 It told of cruel fell disease,
 Of death, and mourning sore.

It told of fond hopes blasted there—
 Of loveliness laid low;
 It told of grief-worn, anguish'd hearts,
 Wrung with excess of woe.

I heard that father call upon
 His daughter's lifeless form ;
 His voice was hoarse, as is the wind,
 That moans in midnight storm.

His manly brow was bow'd in dust :—
 That fair girl was his last !
 The last of three—their father's pride,
 Ere the Pale-Rider pass'd.

Then on my ear fell softer notes ;—
 'Twas woman's gentle tone :
 That mother ! nursed in suffering,
 Could she give up " her own ?"

Could she, unmurmuring, look upon
 That cold and senseless clay ?
 'Tis all that's left of what was erst,
 Her comfort and her stay.

Could she resign that tender flower,
 And see it withering lie,
 Nor utter one repining word,
 Nor one despairing cry ?

Ah ! say not woman's heart is weak ;—
 Not so, her faith is great—
 For see ! she bears her bitter lot,
 Nor sinks—tho' desolate.

Meekly she bears her cross with him,
 Her partner in distress,
 For hope assures they'll meet the mourn'd,
 In climes of changeless bliss.

Beloved Maria ! rest in peace !
 While o'er thy distant tomb,
 The fragrant orange waves and weeps,
 Like me, thy early doom.

X

Ursulines, 10th Oct., 1851.

4th Example—THE WEARY THERE SHALL REST.

(In memory of an aged Religious, who died after a long and cruel malady, at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.)

She has gone—the soul has fled,
Her place is with the blest—
The pain, the sigh, the exile's o'er ;
“ The weary one's at rest !”

Yes, there she lies—the crucifix,
Her lips so often prest,
Is still clasped in her snowy hands ;
“ The weary one's at rest !”

How oft she sighed ; “ sweet Jesus haste,
And make me soon thy guest !”
Her prayer is heard, she's with him now :—
“ The weary one's at rest !”

The choir of Virgins pure and bright,
Around their sister prest ;
And hymns of welcome, sweet they sang ;—
“ Come weary one and rest !”

No grief, no pain shall more annoy
That patient sufferer's breast ;
She's happy ! why, then, should we weep,
Our dear one is “ at rest !”

X.

5th Example.—ON THE DEATH OF DEAR SISTER ST. STANISLAUS, (*Miss M. Plante*), MARCH 10, 1860.

I saw her on her dying bed,
That meek and gentle one !
She looked on death without a fear,
Well pleased her race was run.

She sweetly smiled, as there she leant
 Upon her Saviour's breast :
 An infant in its mother's arms
 Thus calmly takes its rest !

How dear unto the Lord, thought I,
 Must be the heart's fresh bloom,
 Since, in reward, such blessed light
 Is shed around the tomb.

How good it is to serve our God,
 And lay up treasures, where
 Nor moth, nor rust, will e'er corrupt,
 Nor thieves purloin our share.

How sweet to have our hearts so pure,
 That, e'en should reason stray,
 We'll talk of heaven, or with the Saints,
 To whom we've loved to pray !

But while I knelt with sisters dear
 Beside that bed of death,
 And murmurs low of prayer went up
 With her expiring breath,

I thought of one* almost as young
 But bound with other ties ;
 Alas ! around *that* dying couch,
 Dark clouds of sorrows rise !

Oh ! there he stood—her bosom friend—
 Bowed low as in despair ;
 Around six weeping children hung,
 Imploring heaven to spare !

* The writer's sister, who died a few weeks previous.

But no! Death's cruel dart was poised,
 The fearful blow must fall!
 Ah me! what grief! what utter woe!—
 The victim saw it all,

Yet nerved her heart to bid adieu
 To all this earthly love!—
 Rejoice, oh, happy nun! that thou
 Such anguish need not prove.

Thy sacrifice, all gladly made
 When thy young heart was rife
 With all the hopes that beckon on,
 And gild the way of life,

Hath won for thee this peaceful hour,
 This rest from earthly care;
 Gently thy spirit may depart,
 Upon the wings of prayer.

Come hither now, ye pupils dear,
 For whom she toiled and prayed;
 Who oft have met her cheerful smile—
 Her dove-like voice obeyed;—

Come gaze upon that lifeless form,
 Nor start with dread or fear;
 Is not the seal of blessedness
 Upon her hallowed bier?

Say, is there not a holy spell
 Brooding this cloistered ground,
 As angels, with their clustering wings,
 This peaceful tomb surround?

And is there not, in such a scene,
 A power your hearts will own?
 A power to win you all to live,
 Like her, for God alone!

[For page 177.]

VENI CREATOR.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire,
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crownst thy gifts with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should lead astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died :
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

[For page 177.]

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

Sainted Cecilia ! lead the way !
 Strike thy celestial lyre !
 Give us to share the ecstasy
 Its thrilling chords inspire !

Spirits of bliss on thee attend,
 And, hov'ring in thy train,
 Their golden harps with joy suspend,
 To list thy sweeter strain.

Oh ! Maiden-blest ! when will our soul
 Be rapt to heaven like thine !
 When will the pealing organ's swell
 Fill us with thoughts divine.

Bend from the skies ! oh bend ! and hear
 Our votive minstrelsy ;
 Let angel spirits hover near
 As they were wont round thee !

Bring melody ! 'tis worship meet
 For Him who thrones above ;
 Our prostrate souls, in rapture sweet,
 Like thine, shall praise and love.

URSULINES, Quebec.

X.

THE PROGRESS OF POËSY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

Awake, Æolian¹ lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's² harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
 The laughing flowers that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres'³ golden reign ;
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,
 And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king,
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.
 Thee, the voice, the dance obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.

1 *Æolian*. The most celebrated of the Grecian lyrists were of the Æolic branch of the Hellenic or Grecian race ; witness Alcæus, Archilochus, Sappho, &c.

2 *Helicon*, a Grecian mountain dedicated to the Muses.

3 *Ceres*, the goddess that presided over agriculture.

O'er Idalia's⁴ velvet green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
 On Cytherea's⁵ day,
 With antic sports and blue-eyed pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky ;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar,
 Hyperion's⁶ march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

⁴ *Idalia*, a district in the island of Cyprus, consecrated to Venus.

⁵ *Cytherea*. Venus, the goddess of love, is called Cytherea, from the island Cytherea, which was dedicated to her.

⁶ *Hyperion*, a Greek epithet of the sun, or rather of the supposed god of the sun ; it is almost literally translated by the phrase in Ossian's address to the sun, "O thou that rollest above !"

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cintured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursues, and generous Shame,
 The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's⁷ steep,
 Isles that crown the Ægean⁸ deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus⁹ laves,
 Or where Mæander's¹⁰ amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish !
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound ;

⁷ *Delphi*, a city of ancient Greece, built on Mount Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo, the Grecian god of music and poetry.

⁸ *Ægean* ; the sea now called the Archipelago. Most of the Grecian lyric poets were natives of the islands of the Ægean.

⁹ *Ilissus*, a river of Athens ; its banks were the great resort of the Athenian poets and philosophers.

¹⁰ *Mæander*, a river of Asia Minor, celebrated for the windings of its stream.

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus¹¹ for the Latian¹² plains :
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh, Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was nature's darling¹³ laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
 " This pencil take," she said, " whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year.
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."
 Nor second he¹⁴ that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of the Abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and time :
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.

11 *Parnassus*, a Grecian mountain, sacred to the Muses.

12 *Latian*, Italian ; Rome was built in that part of Italy called Latium.

13 *Nature's darling*, Shakspeare.

14 *he*, Milton.

With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race¹⁵,
 Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
 But, ah ! 'tis heard no more.—
 Oh, lyre divine ! what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle¹⁶ bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way,
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far, but far above the great !

THE EVENING WIND.

Written in North America.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice—thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day—
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow,
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

¹⁵ *race*. In these lines an effort is made to express the stately march of Dryden's lines.

¹⁶ *Theban eagle*. Pindar, the greatest of the ancient lyric poets, was a native of Thebes.

Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest;
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
 And they who stand about the rich man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go;—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

William Cullen Bryant.

PIETY.

She comes from beside Jehovah's throne,
 With a beauty and "usefulness" all her own ;
 With her robe of "variety" streaming down,
 Like the rainbow tints on the clouds of Even :

And yet, like Aurora, fresh and bright,
 And fair as the Moon on a cloudless night,
 And strong as an army arrayed for fight,

She descends to Earth from the Gates of Heaven.

Her eyes are like those of the gentle Dove—
 Her accents are sweet with the breath of love :
 Her smiles are for all—whether rich or poor,
 And her blessings are scattered at every door :
 Her ears are open to every call,
 And she stoops from Heaven—all to all.

Behold her a shepherdess on the plain,

A meek-eyed Recluse in the grotto's shade :

The lowliest cottage she does not disdain,

Nor flees from the palace in pomp arrayed.

Where the din of the busy town is loud,
 You will find her mixed with the stirring crowd :

Where the Hermit dwells on the silent hill,

She is there by his side, in the solitude :

She sits on the turf of the crystal rill,

Where the laborer eats his rustic food,

And yet where the sumptuous fare is spread

She does not refuse her spirit to shed.

She is grave with the Matron grave and sage,

With the Damsel she sports of tender age,

With the serious, serious—and yet gay,

When the hour to be serious has passed away.

With the weeping she weeps, with the laughing, laughs ;

With the sorrowing, of their chalice quaffs :

With the Statesman looks to the public weal,
 And with the Apostle burns with zeal.
 The fountain of wisdom she is to the wise,
 With the Soldier all nerve in the battle-hour ;
 With the Holy Seer she scans the skies,
 And sings with the Poet in shady bower.

Like the genial rays of the vernal sun
 Painting all things they shine upon,
 Scattering abroad their hues and dyes
 With infinite, lovely varieties :
 Those rays on the dewy grass are green,
 White in the jessamine, red in the rose ;
 The hyacinth smiles on their azure sheen,
 And tinged with their yellow the sun-flower glows :
 Still the light which diffuses its rays upon
 Green, white, red, and azure, and yellow, are one.

So Piety, though all varied on Earth,
 Now melting with grief, and now dimpling with mirth,
 Now urging the Warrior on to the plain,
 Now keeping watch with the Hermit lone,—
 Now soothing the pangs of a Mother's pain,
 Now mourning with some disconsolate one,
 Now clad in Poverty's ragged weeds,
 Now robed in ermine and purple rich,
 Is the same—when the heart is glad or bleeds—
 With all conditions—she recks not which :—
 With all who seek it, her spirit will rest,
 And “without distinction” all may be blest.

Dr. C. Pise, Cath. Clergyman of Brooklyn, N. Y.

[For page 37.]

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

Mother, mother, the winds are at play;
 Prithee the let me be idle to day.
 Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
 Languidly under the bright blue sky;

See how slowly the streamlet glides;
 Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
 Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
 And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
 And the flies go about him one by one;
 And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
 Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree;
 But very lazily fieth he;
 And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
 That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
 How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near;
 And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
 It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I were yonder cloud,
 That sails about with its misty shroud;
 Books and work I no more should see,
 But I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee!

Mrs. Gilmore.

LINES ON RECEIVING A ROSE FROM A CHILD.

She gave me a Rose,—'twas the prettiest that grew
In her fragrant and elegant bower :
And her innocent grace and coy artlessness threw
A fresh charm on that beautiful flower :
I took it, as Adam, when Paradise smiled,
Might have taken a bud from an Angel of Light :
For no spirit was gentler than that of this child,
And no blossom more pure to the sight.

Dr. Pise.



MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES

FOR

STUDY AND ANALYSIS.

HE COMES TO REST WITHIN MY HEART.

He comes to rest within my heart,
As meek as infancy ;
Oh, what shall ever tear apart
This loving Guest from me !

As on the softly-blooming flowers
The dews descend at even,
So grace upon my heart in showers,
Descends from holy Heaven.

And as the flow'ret bathed in dew
Breathes odors from its breast,
So shall my favored bosom too,
Breathe fervor to my guest.

He comes to rest within my heart,
As meek as infancy :
Oh, what shall ever tear apart
This loving Guest from me !

Dr. Pise.

HYMN.

I.

My God! yon matin ray
 Which, like a dimple bright,
 Glows on Aurora's cheek,
 As shrinks the shadowy night,
 Tells of those guiltless hours
 I passed in childhood's bowers,
 So innocently-gay.

II.

My God! yon flaming sun
 High in his noon-day car
 Drawn by the steeds of Heaven,
 Flinging their red manes far,
 Bids the reflecting soul
 Think how the swift hours roll—
 How soon life's prime is done.

III.

My God! yon gem of Eve
 Upon the twilight brow
 Of Hesper glimmering faint,
 Tells all is fading now;
 Shadows are gathering fast:
 Look, mortal, look thy last,
 And take thy long, long leave!

IV.

My God! if morning bright,
 When peace crowned all the hours,
 Hath from me past away,
 And with it childhood's flowers;
 And if my manhood's noon
 Goes from me—ah! how soon!
 While gathers sombre night.

V.

Oh! as the last dim ray
 Still flickers in the skies,
 My God! close not thine ear,
 Turn not away thine eyes:
 My prayer, my prayer ascends,
 As life's last taper ends—
 Spare—as I pass away!

Dr. Pise.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE AND THE CHERUB.

Suggested by the death of a lovely Infant.

I.

List! List!—the Bird of Paradise
 Carol's her sweet hymn forth:
 And from the blest bowers of the skies,
 Comes down upon the earth;
 He comes to bear a message bright
 To a sweet cherub—the delight
 Of those that gave her birth.

II.

He perched upon the gentle child
 Whilst smiling she reposed,
 Bearing upon her features mild
 And lovely—as she dozed—
 The impress of her mother dear,
 Who watched her slumber with a tear,
 And her meek eyelids closed.

III.

And to the Cherub thus he sung
 The tidings brought from Heaven:
 "Come with me, innocent and young,
 And thou shalt be, ere even,
 In bowers of Peace and groves of Bliss—
 Thou art not made for worlds like this,
 Far better will be given!

IV.

“Come to the realms of Paradise,
 Where angels weave their wreaths
 From flowers ambrosial of the skies,
 On which Spring ever breathes.
 And *such* a Spring!—not like the one
 Which now so brightly smiles upon
 The meadows and the heaths.

V.

“Come to the everlasting Spring
 Where flowers undying bloom,
 Where we, of Paradise, will sing
 While fond ones deck thy tomb :
 There wilt thou, spotless Cherub, twine
 A garland for those friends of thine
 Whom Love shall thither bring.”

VI.

The Cherub heard the message-bird—
 The Bird of Paradise :—
 And calmly, when the message heard,
 She closed her meek, blue eyes ;
 And, in an instant, wing'd her flight
 To Elysian groves of Love and Light,
 Amid the holy skies.

Dr. Pise.

 THE SHIP AT ANCHOR.

Is she not beautiful ? reposing there
 On her own shadow, with her white wings furl'd ;
 Moveless, as in the sleepy, sunny air,
 Rests the meek swan in her own quiet world.

Is she not beautiful ? her graceful bow
 Triumphant rising o'er the enamoured tides ;
 That, glittering in the noonday sunbeam, now
 Just leap and die along her polished sides.

A thousand eyes are on her ; for she floats,
 Confessed a queen, upon the subject main ;
 And, hark ! as from her decks delicious notes
 Breathe, softly breathe, a soul-entrancing strain.

Music upon the waters ! pouring soft
 From shore to shore along the charmed wave ;
 The seaman's dreariest toils beguiling oft,
 And kindling high the ardor of the brave.

Yet, wafted by the morning's favoring breeze,
 Far from the slumbering flood and leaf-hung bay,
 That matchless bark upon the faithless seas
 Shall wend her wild and solitary way.

There, haply tempest-borne, far other sounds
 Than those shall tremble thro' her quiv'ring form ;
 And as from surge to mightier surge she bounds,
 Shall swell, toned infinite, the midnight storm !

In vain ! she spurns the ignoble calm, and loves
 To front the tempest in his gathering hour ;
 Waked as to life, the fleet-wing'd wonder roves
 Where loudest lift the winds a voice of power !

Then go, deceitful beauty ! bathe thy breast
 For ever where the mountain billows foam,
 E'en as thou wilt.—The hour of peace and rest
 Is not for thee.—The ocean is thy home.

Carrington.

SERENITY.

Reflected on the lake, I love
 To see the stars of evening glow ;
 So tranquil in the heavens above,
 So restless in the wave below.

Thus, heavenly hope is all serene ;
 But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
 As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

Heber.

MORNING.

What secret hand, at morning light,
 By stealth unseals mine eye,
 Draws back the curtain of the night,
 And opens earth and sky ?

'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept
 My resting hours from harm ;
 No ill came nigh me, for I slept
 Beneath the Almighty's arm.

'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,
 Like manna scatter'd round ;
 And clothes me, as the lily springs
 In beauty from the ground.

Thine is the hand that shaped my frame,
 And gave my pulse to beat ;
 That bare me oft through flood and flame,
 Through tempest, cold, and heat.

In death's dark valley though I stray,
 'Twould there my steps attend ;
 Guide with the staff my lonely way,
 And with the rod defend.

May that dear Hand uphold me still,
 Through life's uncertain race,
 To bring me to thine holy hill,
 And to thy dwelling place.

REMEMBRANCE.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTH IS A SIGH.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends ;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends :
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms ?
Condemned to suffer, through the day,
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares—where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wish'd return.
From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam :
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers, with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find ?

Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
 Life's summer prime of joy ?
 Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd,
 And feelings blasted or betray'd,
 The fabled bliss destroy :
 And youth remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on ;
 But, with the baseless hopes of youth,
 Its generous warmth is gone :
 Cold, calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth ;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage.

Ali.

GOOD NIGHT.

" Good night ! "—'Tis a pleasant, kindly sound !
 Why thrills my heart with a quicker bound ?—
 They are household words ; and time's rapid flight
 Has broken the band ;—like a *knell*, sounds, " Good night."

They call to mind the long-past hours
 When life was fair as elysian bowers,
 And I heeded not joys that fled from my sight
 When eve's sable curtain bade us part, with, " Good night."

Now jocund laugh and mirth resound,
 For happy children are gathering round ;
 To rest they hie with waning light,
 And to parents dear, " Good night, good night ! "

All gay of heart they are parting there,—
 Nor do they heed the mother's prayer
 That time may ne'er assert his right,
 To shroud that hearth where 'tis now, " Good night."

That mother has hush'd her babe to rest,
 In quiet 'tis slumbering on her breast ;
 And she breathes a prayer to the Father of light
 To bless her babe ;—with her fond, " Good night."

Shall these visions fade,—these bright hopes pall ?
 These holy ties be sunder'd all ?
 Shall death chain forms so gay and bright,
 And part those dear ones, with a long, " Good night ?"

Yes ! such is life ;—a rolling stream ;—
 Its very joy, a fleeting dream !
 But hope points onward, with beacon bright
 To an endless day, where comes no, " Good night."

Jane. (Pupil of the Ursulines.)

ADIEU TO THE CONVENT.

Sacred shrine of holy feeling,
 Blest abode of dove-like peace,
 Hark ! the fatal knell is pealing !
 Must thy kind protection cease ?
 Must the ties fore'er be broken,
 Which so long have bound me here ?
 And no more kind words be spoken
 By those friends I hold so dear ?

Oh! how hard it is to leave thee,
 Guardian of my sunny hours!
 Who, alas! will soothe or cheer me
 When life's tempest o'er me lowers?
 Who, when sorrows quickly pressing
 Round this care-worn brow of mine,
 Will with gentle, fond caressing,
 Consolation give like thine?

Painful is this sad, sad parting—
 I alone its anguish know!
 Ask not then, why tears are starting
 Say not; why this grief, this woe?
 Last adieu! dear Friends, dear Mothers!
 Ah! may Heaven repay you well!
 I must now seek friends in others,
 But forget me not! Farewell!

E. Galbraith. (Pupil of the Ursulines.)

URSULINES,

Quebec, July, 184..

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

(Fiftieth anniversary of the priestly ordination of our venerated chaplain, Rev. Thos. Maguire, V. G.)

In vain have I attempted to control
 The kindling thoughts that rush upon my soul,
 Or bid the expression on my lip expire,
 Or stay the hand that longs to strike the lyre;
 As o'er the twilight depths of fifty years
 Rapt Fancy sweeps. Before my view appears
 An antique temple. Pious crowds are kneeling,
 And, from the dome, the deep-toned bells are pealing:
 Within the sanctuary rich vestments glow;
 The crosier towers; the surpliced priests bow low:

Sweet incense rises ;—music floats along,
 And lofty aisles the sacred hymn prolong ;
 The mitred Prelate,—vested from on high
 With awful power,—almost to deify,
 Advances, and commits, with rites august,
 To youthful hands, a mighty, sacred trust !

—— 'Tis done, and now begins that bright career,
 Of which we celebrate the fiftieth year !
 But who, with able hand, shall weigh the amount
 Of his vast labours ? his good deeds recount ?
 The miracles of patience, piety and zeal ;
 His sacrifices for his neighbour's weal !
 Shall I call forth those riches, safely stored,
 His labours in the vineyard of the Lord ?
 And count the summer suns, and winter skies,
 He saw, as parish-pastor¹ o'er him rise ?
 Shall I retrace, thro' forests all untrod,
 His steps to win the Red-man² to his God ?
 Or see him with creative hand engage
 Where fostering science³ forms the future sage ?
 Then crossing seas, and distant climes exploring,
 In Rome, at the Apostle's shrine adoring ;
 Or viewing her famed temples ;—still in all
 He serves Religion ;—journeys at her call.
 But wherefore dwell with praise on years gone by,
 Their record lives—'tis registered on high

1 Parish of St. Michel.

2 Two years spent as Missionary among the Indians.

3 The college of St. Hyacinth numbers Rev. T. M. among its chief benefactors. The allusions contained in the lines which follow, will be sufficiently clear to the pupils of the Ursulines, accustomed to hear the deceased spoken of in terms of unflinching gratitude.

For us, in later years there is a theme,
 Sweet as the gushing of some mountain stream,
 Whose silvery waters, murmuring as they flow,
 Bring life and beauty to the meads below.
 'Tis when that generous servant of the Lord,
 With mind by nature, science, virtue, stored,
 Renouncing honors, offered to but few,
 Into an humbler sphere, will pleased, withdrew.
 'Tis then we hailed him Father, Friend, and Guide,
 When o'er our destinies he deigned preside.
 Oh! sweet it is to follow quite secure,
 A Guide of precept and example sure ;
 And sweet to know his every wish and care,
 Tends but to make us happy :—such our share !

Our warm hearts glow, and tears suffuse our eyes
 While fervent prayers, for him, to heaven arise,
 Long may he live—till rich in glorious days,
 Richer in merits, his freed soul shall raise
 Her eager wings, with holy ardor rife,
 And burst exultant on a brighter life !

URSULINE CONVENT, Quebec, May 9, 18..

X.

ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE PUPILS OF THE URSULINE CON-
 VENT, TO THE REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR ON A FESTAL
 OCCASION.

Dear Reverend Mother ! Long our wishes call
 This festal day, that gilds at last our Hall !
 For now, all cluster'd round thee, we may tell
 The feelings kind that in our young hearts dwell ;
 And speak of gratitude, unfeigned, sincere,
 For all thy countless favors, Mother dear !
 Who is it seeks with true maternal zeal,
 Our present happiness, and future weal ?

Who watches o'er her flock with tender care ?
 Whose warning voice would guard from ev'ry snare ?
 And when our wayward feet are prone to stray,
 Who guides us sweetly back to wisdom's way ?
 Ah ! it is thine, dear Mother, thus to blend
 The offices of Guardian, Parent, Friend.

Yes ! as the gardener tends with equal care
 The various plants that bloom in his parterre,
 This from far China, that from India's shore,
 These from the mountain cliff where torrents roar ;
 On each bestows the needful time and toil,
 Till each unfolds as in its native soil ;—
 So *we* transplanted to the cloister's shade,
 The objects of thy special care are made !

Oh ! may our minds' unfolding beauties prove
 Some slight return for thy unwearied love !

Here let me pause ! 'tis an inspiring theme,
 But words, alas ! how very weak they seem,
 And how they mock our efforts to portray
 All that we feel on this dear festal day ;
 Ah ! let the echoes of this proud Hall ring,
 While with one voice, as with one heart we sing :
 Long live our Mother dear ! long live our Friend !
 May joys unnumbered on her steps attend !
 Long may that star of purest ray serene,
 Gild with new gladness every Convent scene ;
 Nor disappear, but brighter still to rise,
 And glôw with fadeless lustre in the skies !
 Meanwhile, as years revolve we'll hail its gentle ray,
 And raise the joyful shout : " Long live St. Andrew's day ! "

URSULINES, Quebec, Nov. 29, 1856.

X.

A FESTAL OFFERING.

(For the feast of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, patron of our venerable Chaplain, Rev. Th. Maguire.)

Heard ye that silvery strain of triumph ring ?
 Saw ye, descending swift on radiant wing,
 That bright-robed angel ? who's the victor now ?
 That glorious crown is for a martyr's brow !
 For thine, heroic son of Albion's Isle,—
 Thou of the upright soul, devoid of guile !
 Illustrious Prelate ! whose unblemished name
 Is wreath'd with laurels of immortal fame.
 Vainly did foes insult ; their feeble rage
 Mov'd not the steady purpose of the sage.
 Let vile assassins come—he'll calmly wait,
 True to his trust, and firmly meet his fate.
 Oh ! glorious fate ! to give one's life for God—
 To hold the faith, and seal it with one's blood.
 Ask Canterbury, now, who is her boast ;
 Will she proud Henry show, and all his host,
 Or the meek martyr ?

But wherefore call on heaven
 For bright examples holy men have given ?
 Live there not still the just, the pure of heart,
 E'en as the Syrian cedar towers apart,
 Resists the storm, and casts a goodlier shade
 Where all the forest's pride is prostrate laid ?
 Lives there not one whose merits we revere ?
 Companions, say ! *one* whom our hearts hold dear,
 Whose cherish'd name is link'd with all we love—
 With present joys and hopes of bliss above :
One who has taught our youthful minds to soar
 Above those pleasures wordlings vain adore ?
 Yes ! Reverend Father ! and might we this day
 Attempt thy worth exalted to portray,

What glowing imagery the muse should bring !
 How would the Convent's loudest echoes ring !
 But if the garland thus unformed we leave,
 A fairer wreath our grateful hearts shall weave,
 When, humbly bowed before the sacred shrine,
 We join thee at the mysteries divine !
 There, 'mid those splendors man may not unfold,
 We'll ask for blessings human tongue ne'er told.

Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

December 28, 18 .

X.

THE MEMORABLE TWENTIETH MAY !

(A tribute of gratitude to our venerated Chaplain, Rev. George L. LEMOINE, who, on the occasion commemorated in the following lines, perilled his life to save the church from being destroyed by fire.)

It was the evening hour,—a cloudless sky ;—
 The moon had wheel'd her silver orb on high
 With one attendant star :—the others, veiled,
 Stood at a distance, or on ether paled.
 The city's din had ceased,—no sound of care,
 For Night was stilling, with her dreamy air,
 Earth's joys and sorrows ; hushing all to rest—
 E'en as a mother, clasping to her breast
 Her wearied infant, lulls it to repose.—
 Around the Convent, too, the shadows close ;
 Light hearts are slumbering at this early hour ;
 Of youth and innocence sleep is the dower.

—— But whence that sudden glare, as noon-day bright ?
 Is't some volcano bursting on the night ?
 Hark ! now the tocsin sounds—the city wakes
 To view the wreathing flames, tossing on high,
 And casting wide a storm of angry flakes,
 That fall, like meteors, on the mansions nigh—

Built as of tinder.—See! the flames are driven
 Like fierce tornado;—onward still they come,
 And now;—but, oh! forbid it gracious Heaven!
 They reach the church! they near our cloistered Home:
 All, all is threatened! “Help! ye Angels strong!
 Heavenly Protectors, who have watched us long.—
 Mary, dear Mother! oh! protect thy shrine;
 Say, shall it perish?—Perish,—when ’tis thine?”
 Hark! from the streets, the cry that rends the air;
 “Save, save the chapel! Firemen, haste! ’tis there—
 ’Tis even there, the fire!—direct your aim!”
 But firemen, can they rush into the flame?
 ’Tis on them, like a sea, whose waves devour!
 On, on it rolls! Oh! unpropitious hour!
 Who then shall do the deed, with danger rife—
 To save the Convent, who peril his life?
 — Ah! *he* was there! that generous, daring Friend—
 Into the furnace flames that round him spend
 Their rage, he rushes! *nerv’d* with purpose high,
 To save that sacred fane, or with it die!
 There waged he conflict dire—yet, hap’ly, brief,—
 For now appear, eager to bear relief,
 A host of citizens,—of friends most true,—
 A venerable prelate, clergy, too! ————
 A shout goes up— “That church must not burn down;”
 And hundreds join *him*, battling there alone.
 “Haste to the rescue!” Some the chapel wall
 Ascend with ladders, till their axes fall
 Upon the cindered roof—others, within,
 Bear succor where most needed,—while the din
 Of crashing timbers, hissing flames, and cries
 Of eager cheering from that crowd arise;
 Still fierce the rival elements contend,
 And for the mastery their rage expend.

• • • * • • • • •

But where are they, and say in what affright,
 The inmates of the cloister on this night?
 Would ye behold them?—calmness still is theirs;
 They're aiding, too,—oh! with what ardent prayers!
 Before the altar, see them prostrate now—
 The mother speaks for all the solemn vow:—
 “Protect thine own, O Lord!—in Joseph’s name
 We come, secure, Thy gracious aid to claim!”
 And strong from anxious hearts went up the prayer
 Of faith to heaven,—the prayer of thousands there.
 But see, the flames retire!—It is the breath
 Of Him who, in that night-wind’s veering, saith
 Unto that sea of fire: “Here be thou stayed,
 Enough the ruin thy red waves hath made.”
 — Now from the crowd went up the joyous cry:
 “The danger’s o’er!—Virgins ye need not fly
 Your cloistered Home!”

————— They look, and with amaze;—
 “The danger’s o’er!—To God be all the praise!”

Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

May 21, 1864.

X.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew¹ tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea²,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

¹ *curfew*, a bell rung in the evening; it was anciently the signal for extinguishing fires.

² *lea*, a fie’d.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion³, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy house-wife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle⁴ yield,
 Their furrow⁵ oft the stubborn glebe⁶ has broke ;
 How jocund⁷ did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure :
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

³ *clarion*, a kind of trumpet ; here, a sound like that of the trumpet.

⁴ *sickle*, a hook with which corn is cut.

⁵ *furrow*, the track of the plough.

⁶ *glebe*, the earth.

⁷ *jocund*, merry.

The boast of heraldy⁸, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies⁹ raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle¹⁰ and fretted¹¹ vault¹²,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn¹³ or animated bust¹⁴
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting¹⁵ breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke¹⁶ the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury¹⁷ repress'd their noble rage¹⁸,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

8 *boast of heraldry*, pride of family.

9 *trophies*, memorials of triumph.

10 *aisle*, the passage of a church.

11 *fretted*, adorned with raised work.

12 *vault*, here, a vaulted roof.

13 *storied urn*. an urn with inscription.

14 *animated bust*, a bust so admirably carved that it seems like life.

15 *fleeting*, departing quickly.

16 *provoke*, arouse.

17 *penury*, poverty.

18 *rage*, any strong passion

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden¹⁹, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
 Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
 Or heap the shrine²⁰ of Luxury and Pride,
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth²¹ rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

¹⁹ *Hampden*, a celebrated member of parliament in the reign of Charles I.

²⁰ *shrine*, repository of anything sacred.

²¹ *uncouth*, inelegant.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,—
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate :
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain²² may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove !
 " Now drooping, woful wan ! like one forlorn,
 " Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

²² *swain*, a rustic, a countryman.

“ One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,
 “ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 “ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 “ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;

“ The next, with dirges²³ due in sad array,
 “ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
 “ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 “ Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn²⁴.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;
 He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 .Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

²³ *dirges*, funeral songs.

²⁴ In the poem, as originally written, the following beautiful stanza preceded the Epitaph :

There, scatter’d o’er, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found,
 The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

It was afterwards omitted, because it seemed too long a parenthesis.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
 Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
 That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway ;
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow ;
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains¹ alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,
 And fixed the scallop² in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;

1 *Swains*—peasants.

2 *Scallop*. The scallop-shell was worn anciently in the hat by pilgrims.

But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
 Then near approaching, " Father, hail ! " he cried,
 And, " Hail, my son ! " the reverend Sire replied ;
 Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
 And talk of various kinds deceived the road ;
 Till with each other pleased and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose ;
 There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home :
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the days long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and beds of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs³ play :
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres⁴ the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood, to banish sleep.

3 *Zephyrs*—gentle breezes, literally western winds.

4 *Parterres*—level plots of ground planted with shrubs and flowers.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
 Then pleased and thankful from the porch they go :
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
 His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
 So seemed the Sire ; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
 He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
 And much he wished, but durst not ask to part ;
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.
 While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain,
 Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
 And o'er their heads, loud rolling thunders ran,
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the winds and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest ;)

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls.
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit viewed,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such, within himself he cried,
 Lock the lost wealth 'a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
 In every setting feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord owned before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel⁵ of uncertain thought :
 His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
 'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie ;

5 *Travel*—labour, pain.

Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind ;
 Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.
 Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 " Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."'
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread :
 They talk of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round the hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride—
 O-strange return !—grew black, and gasped, and died.
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How looked our Hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues : the country lay
 Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way :
 A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
 Approached the careless guide and thrust him in :
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
 "Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odors breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist⁶ not what to do ;
 Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravished as he spoke :)

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown;
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
 These charms success in our bright regions find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky ;
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work His ends ;

6 Wist—knew.

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exerts his attributes on high ;
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“ What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

“ The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine ;
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-weaned his heart from God :
 (Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow :)
 The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 “ But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back ;

This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view,
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
" Lord ! as in Heaven, on earth thy will be done :"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place ;
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Parnell.

 A decorative flourish consisting of a series of overlapping loops, with the word "FINIS" centered within the loops.

FINIS

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