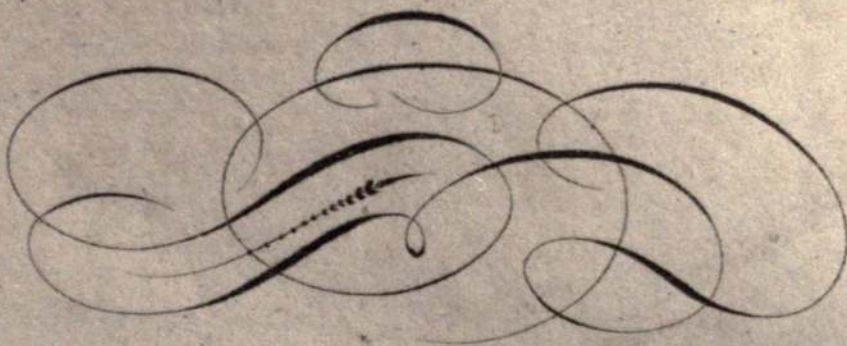




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OF  
POETRY.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

INTENDED AS READING LESSONS FOR THE YOUNGER  
CLASSES.

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BY W. F. MYLIUS.

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*With Two Engravings.*

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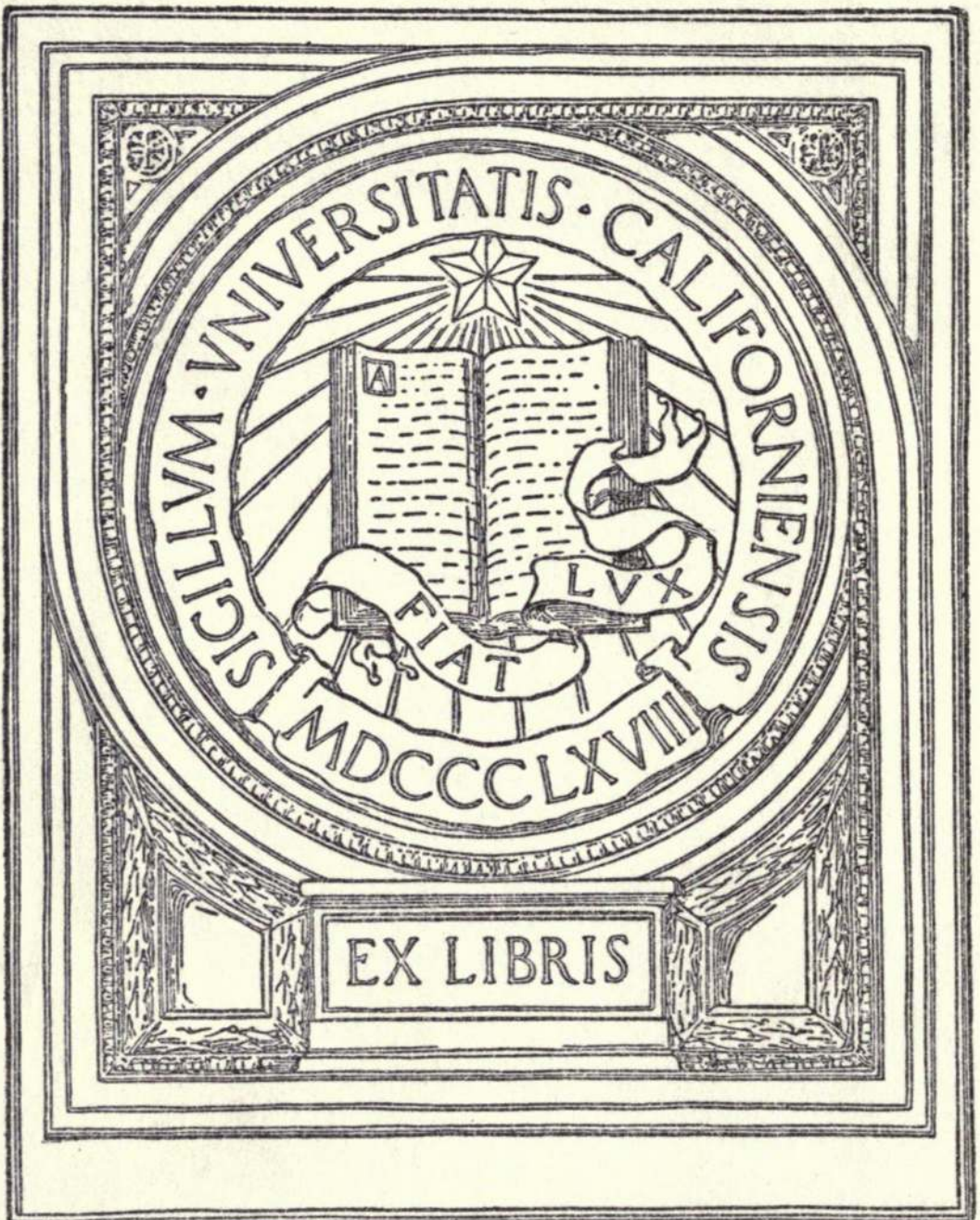
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## P R E F A C E.

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**T**HOUGH innumerable volumes have within a few years been produced in aid of the endeavours of the instructors of youth, our schools and teachers have yet to regret the want of a Book of Poetry suited to the capacities of their younger pupils.

Many books of Original Poems, and many Collections of Poetry, have indeed been published; but I believe they have in all instances been found either above, or below the scale of intellect to which they were intended to adapt themselves:—they were too long, or too short, whether used as lessons for reading, or exercises for learning by heart; and the form in which they are furnished by the bookseller suggests to the young readers the idea of a toy to be trifled with in play-hours, rather than of a kind conductor to their feeble steps in the path of education.

I have endeavoured to avoid these several defects in the present volume; and I offer it to other heads of schools with confidence, from being able to assure them, that I have ranged for my purpose through the whole *parterre* of British poets, and culled from each the fragrance that was yet untasted.—By far the greater part of the Reading Lessons contained in this little work have never before appeared in any book intended for the Use of Schools:—they frequently present lively and interesting pictures to the fancy of young persons, and their subjects are

3 2

always favourable to the growth of those virtues which are the professed object of every plan of education.

I have given a place in this collection to some of the beautiful little pieces composed by Dr. Watts, which I had long regretted to see consigned almost entirely to the mere nursery ; while, from their exquisite simplicity, their natural pathos, and their soundness of precept, they claim partiality and distinction from persons of mature taste.

I have also found means to adapt a few of the celebrated Fables by Mr. Gay to my present purpose, by making use of nothing more than the simple story of each, which in all instances will be found to contain a moral or application sufficiently obvious to create a lively interest. Indeed, a part of my plan was to make a selection that should supply readings for the different capacities usually existing in pupils of any age between six and twelve years, after which period, I conceive, my Poetical Class-Book, lately published, may be put into their hands with advantage.

My last care was to publish this little volume in a form rather adapted to use than ornament. It therefore appears in a plain sheep binding, uniform with my Junior Class-Book, my School Dictionary, and my Poetical Class-Book for Senior Pupils.

*Red Lion Square,*  
*Oct. 25, 1810.*



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# READING LESSONS.

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---

## LESSON I.

### SONG.

**H**AIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,  
In the genuine attractions of Nature array'd ;  
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,  
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.  
The linnet enchants us the bushes among ;  
Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song ;  
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,  
And with ecstasy hang on the ravishing notes.  
Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,  
And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings ;  
Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest,  
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.  
From our culture yon garden its ornament finds,  
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds ;  
To live to some purpose we constantly try,  
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.  
Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,  
We may well be content with our woods and our fields :  
How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,  
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health !

MRS. H. MORE.

---

## LESSON II.

### AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day  
From ev'ry opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads the wax,  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for ev'ry day  
Some good account at last.      WATTS.

---

### LESSON III.

#### THE THRUSH.

How void of care yon merry thrush,  
That tunes melodious on the bush,  
That has no stores of wealth to keep,  
No lands to plough, no corn to reap !

He never frets for worthless things,  
But lives in peace, and sweetly sings ;  
Enjoys the present with his mate,  
Unmindful of tomorrow's fate.

Of true felicity possest,  
He glides through life supremely blest,  
And for his daily meal, relies  
On him whose love the world supplies.

Rejoic'd he finds his morning fare,  
His dinner lies—he knows not where ;—  
Still to the unfailing hand he chants  
His grateful song, and never wants.      WILLIAMS.

LESSON IV.

TO A SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,  
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,  
The oaks are budding ; and beneath,  
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,  
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,  
The swallow too is come at last ;  
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,  
I saw her dash with rapid wing,  
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach  
To my reed roof your nest of clay,  
And let my ear your music catch  
Low twittering underneath the thatch  
At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,  
The Hindostani woods among,  
Could in his desert hermitage,  
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,  
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,  
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,  
What our vain systems only guess,  
And know from what wide wilderness  
You came across the sea.

---

LESSON V.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

I WOULD a little while restrain  
Your rapid wing, that I might hear

Whether on clouds that bring the rain,  
 You sail'd above the western main,  
 The wind your charioteer ?

I would inquire how journeying long,  
 The vast and pathless ocean o'er,  
 You ply again those pinions strong,  
 And come to build anew among  
 The scenes you left before ?

And if, as colder breezes blow,  
 Prophetic of the waning year,  
 You hide, though none know where or how,  
 In the cliff's excavated brow,  
 And linger torpid here :

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream  
 Bids you to happier hours awake,  
 And tells that, dancing in the beam,  
 The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,  
 The May-fly on the lake ?

Or, if by instinct taught to know  
 Approaching dearth of insect food ;  
 To isles and willowy aites you go,  
 And crowding on the pliant bough,  
 Sink in the dimpling flood :

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom  
 Your deep and ouzy couch above,  
 The time when flowers of promise bloom,  
 And call you from your transient tomb,  
 To light, and life, and love ?

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

---

LESSON VI.

TO TWO YOUNG LADIES.

WHEN tender rose-trees first receive,  
 On half-expanded leaves, the shower ;

Hope's gayest pictures we believe,  
And anxious watch each coming flower.

Then, if beneath the genial sun,  
That spreads abroad the full-blown May,  
Two infant stems the rest outrun,  
Their buds the first to meet the day,  
With joy their op'ning tints we view,  
While morning's precious moments fly :  
My pretty maids, 't is thus with you,  
The fond admiring gazer, I.

Still may the favouring Muse be found :  
Still circumspect the paths ye tread :  
Plant moral truths in Fancy's ground,  
And meet old age without a dread.

Yet, ere that comes, while yet ye quaff  
The cup of health without a pain,  
I'll shake my grey hairs when you laugh,  
And, when you sing, be young again.

BLOOMFIELD.

---

## LESSON VII.

### CLEANLINESS.

COME, my little ROBERT, near—  
Fie ! what filthy hands are here !  
Who that e'er could understand  
The rare structure of a hand,  
With its branching fingers fine,  
Work itself of hands divine,  
Strong, yet delicately knit,  
For ten thousand uses fit,  
Overlaid with so clear skin  
You may see the blood within,—  
Who this hand would choose to cover  
With a crust of dirt all over,

*A Summer Evening.*

Till it look'd in hue and shape  
 Like the fore-foot of an ape?  
 Man or boy that works or plays  
 In the fields or the highways,  
 May, without offence or hurt,  
 From the soil contract a dirt,  
 Which the next clear spring or river  
 Washes out and out for ever—  
 But to cherish stains impure,  
 Soil deliberate to endure,  
 On the skin to fix a stain  
 Till it works into the grain,  
 Argues a degenerate mind,  
 Sordid, slothful, ill inclin'd,  
 Wanting in that self-respect  
 Which does virtue best protect.

All-endearing Cleanliness,  
 Virtue next to Godliness,  
 Easiest, cheapest, needful'st duty,  
 To the body health and beauty,  
 Who that's human would refuse it,  
 When a little water does it?

MRS. LEICESTER.

---

 LESSON VIII.

## A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,  
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
 And there follow'd some droppings of rain!  
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;  
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks into rest,  
 And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,  
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,

And melts into tears : then he breaks out and shines,  
And travels his heav'nly way ;  
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,  
Of rising in brighter array.      WATTS.

---

**LESSON IX.****THE MORNING MIST.**

LOOK, WILLIAM, how the morning mists  
Have covered all the scene ;  
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold,  
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale  
These floating vapours shroud,  
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,  
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists  
Sweep o'er the southern sky,  
The dim effulgence of the sun  
That lights them as they fly ?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day  
In all its strength arise,  
And roll along his azure way,  
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale  
The village spire so white,  
And the grey wood and meadow green  
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world  
The clouds shall pass away ;  
The light that struggles through them now  
Shall beam eternal day.      SOUTHEY.

## LESSON X.

## CHEERFUL THOUGHTS AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

THAT gooseberry-bush attracts my wandering eyes,  
 Whose vivid leaves so beautifully green  
 First opening in the early spring are seen ;  
 I sit and gaze, and cheerful thoughts arise  
 Of that delightful season drawing near  
 When those grey woods shall don their summer dress  
 And ring with warbled love and happiness.  
 I sit and think that soon the advancing year  
 With golden flowers shall star the verdant vale.  
 Then may the enthusiast youth at eve's lone hour,  
 Led by mild Melancholy's placid power,  
 Go listen to the soothing nightingale,  
 And feed on meditation ; while that I  
 Remain at home and feed on gooseberry pie.

ANTHOLOGY.

## LESSON XI.

## THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THERE was a little stubborn dame,  
 Whom no authority could tame,  
 Restive by long indulgence grown,  
 No will she minded but her own :  
 At trifles oft she 'd scold and fret,  
 Then in a corner take a seat,  
 And sourly moping all the day,  
 Disdain alike to work or play.  
 Papa all softer arts had try'd  
 And sharper remedies applied ;  
 But both were vain, for every course  
 He took still made her worse and worse.  
 Mamma observ'd the rising lass,  
 By stealth retiring to the glass,  
 To practise little airs unseen,  
 In the true genius of thirteen :



On this a deep design she laid  
 To tame the humour of the maid,  
 Upon the wall, against the seat  
 Which JESSY us'd for her retreat,  
 Whene'er by accident offended,  
 A looking-glass was straight suspended,  
 That it might show her how deform'd  
 She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd;  
 And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,  
 To bend her humour to her duty.  
 All this the looking-glass achiev'd,  
 Its threats were minded and believ'd.  
 So when all other means had fail'd,  
 The silent monitor prevail'd. WILKIE.

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 LESSON XII.

## ENVY.

THIS rose-tree is not made to bear  
 The violet blue, nor lily fair,  
 Nor the sweet mignonet:  
 And if this tree were discontent,  
 Or wish'd to change its natural bent,  
 It all in vain would fret.

And should it fret, you would suppose  
 It ne'er had seen its own red rose,  
 Nor after gentle shower  
 Had ever smell'd its rose's scent,  
 Or it could ne'er be discontent  
 With its own pretty flower.

Like such a blind and senseless tree  
 As I've imagined this to be,

All envious persons are:  
 With care and culture all may find  
 Some pretty flower in their own mind,  
 Some talent that is rare. MRS. LEICESTER.

## LESSON XIII.

## THE LITTLE THIEF.

I TELL with equal truth and grief,  
 That little Kitt's an arrant thief;  
 Before the urchin well could go,  
 She stole the whiteness of the snow;  
 And more—that whiteness to adorn,  
 She stole the blushes of the morn;  
 Stole all the softness Æther pours  
 On primrose buds in vernal show'rs:  
 There's no repeating all her wiles,  
 She stole the Graces' winning smiles;  
 'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,  
 To plant a star in either eye;  
 She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,  
 And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;  
 The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,  
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store  
 To which, in time, she added more;  
 At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen  
 Her air and love-commanding mien;  
 She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,  
 And, to assert their voice, appear'd;  
 She play'd—the Muses, from their hill,  
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill:  
 Apollo's wit was next her prey,  
 And then the beams that light the day;  
 While Jove, her pilfering thefts to crown,  
 Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;  
 Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;  
 And t'other day she stole—my heart.

ANONYMOUS.

LESSON XIV.

A STUDY FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

O HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice !

For she has treasures greater far  
Than East or West unfold,  
And her reward is more secure  
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years ;  
And in her left, the prize of fame  
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.      LOGAN.

---

LESSON XV.

TO A ROBIN.

FOND, timid creature ! fear not me,  
Think not I mean to injure thee ;  
I am not come with hard intent,  
To steal the treasure Heaven hath sent ;  
Hovering with fond anxiety,  
Around thine unfledg'd family,

I came not rudely to invade  
 The little dwelling thou hast made ;  
 To hurt thy fair domestic peace,  
 And wound parental tenderness.

When cheerless wintry scenes appear,  
 Thy sprightly song well pleas'd we hear.  
 Let no malign, exploring eye,  
 The little tenement descry ;  
 Still may thy fond assiduous care,  
 Thine offspring unmolested rear ;  
 Teach them like thee, to spread the wing,  
 And teach them too, like thee to sing.  
 And may each pure felicity  
 That birds can feel, be felt by thee.

When gloomy winter shall appear,  
 And clouds do form the weeping year :  
 When cold thy little frame shall chill,  
 And piercing hunger thou shalt feel ;  
 Then from each rude tempestuous wind  
 Some genial shelter may'st thou find ;  
 Some gentle mansion let thee come,  
 And peck the hospitable crumb.

Till spring once more revive the plain,  
 And bid thee frame thy nest again.      **FAWCETT.**

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## LESSON XVI.

### INSTRUCTION FROM ANIMALS.

**T**HE daily labours of the bee  
 Awake my soul to industry.  
 Who can observe the careful ant,  
 And not provide for future want ?  
 My dog, the trustiest of his kind,  
 With gratitude inflames my mind :  
 I mark his true, his faithful way,  
 And in my service copy Tray.

In constancy and nuptial love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who from the chilly air  
With pious wing protects her care;  
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.  
From nature, too, I take my rule,  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
Nor would I, with felonious flight,  
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.  
Rapacious animals we hate :  
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.  
Do not we just abhorrence find  
Against the toad and serpent kind ?  
But envy, calumny, and spite,  
Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
Thus ev'ry object of creation  
Can furnish hints to contemplation ;  
And from the most minute and mean,  
A virtuous mind can morals glean. GAY.

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LESSON XVII.

THE BOY AND SNAKE.

HENRY was every morning fed  
With a full mess of milk and bread.  
One day the boy his breakfast took,  
And ate it by a purling brook.  
His mother lets him have his way.—  
With free leave Henry every day  
Thither repairs, until she heard  
Him talking of a fine grey bird.

This pretty bird, he said, indeed,  
Came every day with him to feed,  
And it lov'd him, and lov'd his milk,  
And it was smooth and soft like silk.  
On the next morn she follows Harry,  
And carefully she sees him carry  
Through the long grass his heap'd-up mess.  
What was her terror and distress,  
When she saw the infant take  
His bread and milk close to a snake !  
Upon the grass he spreads his feast,  
And sits down by his frightful guest,  
Who had waited for the treat ;  
And now they both begin to eat.  
Fond mother ! shriek not, O beware  
The least small noise, O have a care—  
The least small noise that may be made  
The wily snake will be afraid—  
If he hear the lightest sound,  
He will inflict th' envenom'd wound.  
She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe,  
As she stands the trees beneath ;  
No sound she utters ; and she soon  
Sees the child lift up its spoon,  
And tap the snake upon the head,  
Fearless of harm ; and then he said,  
As speaking to familiar mate,  
“ Keep on your own side, do, Grey Pate : ”  
The snake then to the other side,  
As one rebuked, seems to glide ;  
And now again advancing nigh,  
Again she hears the infant cry,  
Tapping the snake, “ Keep further, do ;  
Mind, Grey Pate, what I say to you.”  
The danger's o'er—she sees the boy  
(O what a change from fear to joy !)

Rise and bid the snake "good bye;"  
Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I  
Will come again to-morrow day:"  
Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON XVIII.

SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heav'nly King,  
Who reigns above the sky!

How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful Majesty?

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace;  
Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will:  
But they perform his heav'nly word,  
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring;  
Th' eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice. WATTS.

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LESSON XIX.

THE PRIMROSE.

SAY, gentle lady of the bower,  
For thou, though young, art wise;

And known to thee is every flower  
Eeneath our milder skies :

Say, which the plant of modest dye,  
And lovely mien combin'd,  
That fittest to the pensive eye  
Displays the virtuous mind.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,  
But on the gay parterre  
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt ;—  
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you seek, the nymph replies,  
Has bow'd the languid head ;  
For on its bloom the blazing skies  
Their sultry rage have shed.

Yet search yon shade obscure, forlorn,  
Where rude the bramble grows ;  
There, shaded by the humble thorn,  
The lingering primrose blows.      MICKLE.

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## LESSON XX.

### HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.



Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ;  
And streams shall murmur all around.     ADDISON.

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LESSON XXI.

TO A FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD.

MUST thou, sweet bird, no more thy master cheer ?  
No more shall I thine artless chantings hear ?  
Oh skill'd in music's pure simplicity !  
How have my tranquil hours been blest by thee !  
When tir'd with efforts of laborious thought,  
Sooth'd were my languors by thy sprightly note :  
When borne on Poesy's swift sailing wing,  
To some fair scene, all paradise and spring,  
List'ning to thee, I felt the scene more fair,  
And with a wilder transport wander'd there ;  
When (by dark threat'ning clouds a captive made)  
I sigh'd for vernal scene, and vocal shade,  
While thy domestic warblings chas'd my spleen,  
I miss'd nor vocal shade, nor vernal scene.  
Each day I listen'd to thy varied song,  
Pleas'd with the labours of thy little tongue :  
Sweet was thy song, when morning shed its ray ;  
Sweet was thy song, when evening closed the day.  
When care oppress'd me, thou couldst bid it flee ;  
When friends were far, I found a friend in thee.

The most melodious dweller in the grove,  
Ne'er told in notes so soft its artless love.

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## LESSON XXII.

### THE SAME CONTINUED.

WELL knows the clear-ton'd blackbird how to sing,  
And with sweet sounds to hail the welcome spring;  
Charm'd with the song, the silent swain the while,  
Leans on his staff, and listens with a smile;  
Yet must the jetty songster's sweetest note  
Yield to the strains that tremble in thy throat.  
Oft have I mark'd the active sky-lark rise,  
On soaring wings, ambitious of the skies;  
Oft have I stood the ascending song to hear,  
Till the lost songster lessen'd into air.  
Much have I prais'd the lively melody—  
But more I prize the notes that flow from thee!  
When the fall'n sun but faintly streaks the sky,  
And softer colours soothe the pensive eye;  
The plaining chantress of the night I love,  
Warbling her sadness to the silent grove;  
Thro' the calm air the lone mellifluous song  
Pours its full tide of harmony along:  
Low it begins, while all is hush'd around,  
And gently steals from silence into sound:  
With gradual rise ascends the skilful lay,  
Prolongs the liquid swell, and slowly melts away.  
Sweet is the strain as Hammond's tender line,  
Dear is the song—but not so dear as thine!

FAWCETT.

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## LESSON XXIII.

### PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING th' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;

That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies !

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er I turn mine eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !

There 's not a plant, or flow'r below,  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard :  
He keeps me with his eye :  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?            WATTS.

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LESSON XXIV.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all-gracious Providence !  
Can I deserve thy care ?  
Ah ! no ; I've not the least pretence  
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still  
 From dangers and from death ;  
 Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill,  
 E'er since thou gav'st me breath ?  
 I live once more to see the day,  
 That brought me first to light ;  
 O ! teach my willing heart the way  
 To take thy mercies right !  
 Tho' dazzling splendour, pomp, and show,  
 My fortune has denied,  
 Yet more than grandeur can bestow,  
 Content hath well supplied.  
 I envy no one's birth or fame,  
 Their titles, train, or dress ;  
 Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim  
 Beyond what I possess.  
 I ask and wish not to appear  
 More beauteous, rich, or gay :  
 Lord, make me wiser every year,  
 And better every day.

M. L.

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 LESSON XXV.

## THE REAPER'S CHILD.

If you go to the field where the reapers now bind  
 The sheaves of ripe corn, there a fine little lass,  
 Only three months of age, by the hedge-row you'll find,  
 Left alone by its mother upon the low grass.

While the mother is reaping, the infant is sleeping ;  
 Not the basket that holds the provision is less  
 By the hard-working reaper, than this little sleeper,  
 Regarded, till hunger does on the babe press.

Then it opens its eyes, and it utters loud cries,  
 Which its hard-working mother afar off will hear ;  
 She comes at its calling, she quiets its squalling,  
 And feeds it, and leaves it again without fear.

When you were as young as this field-nursed daughter,  
You were fed in the house, and brought up on the knee;  
So tenderly watched, thy fond mother thought, her  
Whole time well bestowed in nursing of thee.

MRS. LEICESTER.

---

LESSON XXVI.

OF MY LITTLE, A LITTLE I'LL GIVE.

DEAR boy, throw that icicle down,  
And sweep this deep snow from the door;  
Old winter comes on with a frown,  
A terrible frown for the poor.  
In a season so rude and forlorn,  
How can age, how can infancy bear  
The silent neglect and the scorn  
Of those who have plenty to spare?  
Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale;  
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in.—  
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,  
We'll make him at home to a pin.  
Abundance was never my lot;  
But out of the trifle that's given,  
That no curse may alight on my cot,  
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven.  
The fool and the slave gather wealth;  
But if I add nought to my store,  
Yet while I keep conscience in health,  
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

BLOOMFIELD.

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LESSON XXVII.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,  
Which in Milton's page we see,  
Flowers of Eve's embowered dwelling,  
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Mary, how the roses  
 Emulate thy damask cheek ;  
 How the bud its sweets discloses—  
 Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are, by plain direction,  
 Emblems of a double kind ;  
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,  
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty  
 Blossom, fade, and die away ;  
 Then pursue good sense and duty,  
 Evergreens ! which ne'er decay.

COTTON.

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 LESSON XXVIII.

## TO A ROBIN.

SPARE thy reproach, thou more than tongue,  
 That little, lively eye !  
 It was not I that stole thy young ;  
 Indeed it was not I.

With pleasure equal to thine own,  
 I've watch'd thy tender brood ;  
 And mark'd how fondly thou hast flown  
 To bear them daily food.

Nor e'en than thine with less delight  
 I look'd, and long'd to see  
 The first attempts of infant flight,  
 With patience taught by thee.

This spot indignant do not quit,  
 Thy confidence replace,  
 And here with generous trust commit,  
 Once more, thy tender race.

For here thy young have oft before  
 Securely spread the wing :  
 Oh grant my shades one trial more,  
 Here pass one other spring.

FAWCETT.

## LESSON XXIX.

## THE INVITATION.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold ;  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love. MARLOW.

## LESSON XXX.

## THE BEGGAR MAN.

ABJECT, stooping, old, and wan,  
See yon wretched beggar man ;  
Once a father's hopeful heir,  
Once a mother's tender care.

When too young to understand,  
 He but scorch'd his little hand  
 By the candle's flaming light  
 Attracted, dancing, spiral, bright ;  
 Clasping fond her darling round,  
 A thousand kisses heal'd the wound.  
 Now, abject, stooping, old, and wan,  
 No mother tends the beggar man.

Then nought too good for him to wear,  
 With cherub face and flaxen hair,  
 In fancy's choicest gauds array'd,  
 Cap of lace with rose to aid ;  
 Milk white hat and feather blue ;  
 Shoes of red ; and coral too  
 With silver bells to please his ear,  
 And charm the frequent ready tear.  
 Now, abject, stooping, old, and wan,  
 Neglected is the beggar man.

See the boy advance in age,  
 And learning spreads her useful page ;  
 In vain ; for giddy pleasure calls,  
 And shows the marbles, tops, and balls.  
 What's learning to the charms of play ?  
 The indulgent tutor must give way.  
 A heedless wilful dunce, and wild,  
 The parents' fondness spoil'd the child ;  
 The youth in vagrant courses ran ;  
 Now, abject, stooping, old, and wan,  
 Their fondling is the beggar man.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON XXXI.

THE VIOLET.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,  
 Fatal to the pride of rank,



See me in my low condition,  
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)  
No variety's imprest ;  
Suited to an humble station,  
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,—  
May in her fantastic train,  
When Pastora deigns to wear me,  
Has no floweret half so vain. CUNNINGHAM.

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LESSON XXXII.

THE MAGPYE'S NEST.—A FABLE.

WHEN the Arts in their infancy were,  
In a fable of old 'tis exprest,  
A wise magpye constructed that rare  
Little house for young birds, call'd a nest.

This was talk'd of the whole country round ;  
You might hear it on every bough sung,  
“ Now no longer upon the rough ground  
Will fond mothers brood over their young ;

“ For the magpye with exquisite skill  
Has invented a moss-cover'd cell,  
Within which a whole family will  
In the utmost security dwell.”

To her mate did each female bird say,  
“ Let us fly to the magpye, my dear ;  
If she will but teach us the way,  
A nest we will build us up here.

“ It's a thing that's close arch'd over head,  
With a hole made to creep out and in ;  
We, my bird, might make just such a bed,  
If we only knew how to begin.”

## LESSON XXXIII.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

To the magpye soon ev'ry bird went,  
 And in modest terms made their request,  
 That she would be pleas'd to consent  
 To teach them to build up a nest.  
 She replied, " I will show you the way,  
 So observe every thing that I do.  
 First two sticks 'cross each other I lay—"  
 " To be sure," said the crow ; " why, I knew,  
 " It must be begun with two sticks,  
 And I thought that they crossed should be."  
 Said the pye, " Then some straw and moss mix,  
 In the way you now see done by me."  
 " O yes, certainly," said the jackdaw,  
 " That must follow of course, I have thought ;  
 Though I never before building saw,  
 I guess'd that without being taught."  
 " More moss, straw, and feathers, I place,  
 In this manner," continued the pye.  
 " Yes, no doubt, madam, that is the case ;  
 Though no builder myself, so thought I."

## LESSON XXXIV.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

WHATEVER she taught them beside,  
 In his turn every bird of them said,  
 Though the nest-making art he ne'er try'd,  
 He had just such a thought in his head.  
 Still the pye went on showing her art,  
 Till a nest she had built up half way ;  
 She no more of her skill would impart,  
 But in anger went flutt'ring away.  
 And this speech in their hearing she made,  
 As she perch'd o'er their heads on a tree ;

“ If ye all were well skill'd in my trade,  
Pray, why came ye to learn it of me ?”

When a scholar is willing to learn,  
He with silent submission should hear :

Too late they their folly discern ;

The effect to this day does appear :

For whenever a pye's nest you see,

Her charming warm canopy view,

All birds' nests but hers seem to be

A magpye's nest just cut in two\*.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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## LESSON XXXV.

### THE EMMETS.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !  
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,  
Without our regard or concern :

Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,  
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,  
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,  
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,  
And for winter they lay up their stores :  
They manage their work in such regular forms,  
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,  
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,  
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time :  
When death or old age shall stare in my face,  
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,  
If I trifle away all their prime !

\* I beg to inform my young readers, that the magpye is the only bird that builds a top to the nest for her young.

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,  
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven :

Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,  
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,

I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.      WATTS.

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LESSON XXXVI.

TO THE RAINBOW.

LOVELIEST of the meteor-train,  
Girdle of the summer-rain,  
Tinger of the dews of air,  
Glowing vision fleet as fair,  
While the evening shower retires,  
Kindle thy unhurting fires,  
And among the meadows near,  
Thy refulgent pillar rear ;  
Or amid the dark-blue cloud,  
High thine orb'd glories shroud ;  
Or the moisten'd hills between,  
Bent in mighty arch be seen,  
Through whose sparkling portals wide  
Fiends of storm and darkness ride.

Like Cheerfulness thou'rt wont to gaze  
Always on the brightest blaze,  
Canst from setting suns deduce  
Varied gleams and sprightly hues ;  
And on lowering gloom imprint  
Smiling streaks of gayest tint.      ANTHOLOGY.

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LESSON XXXVII.

INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs  
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,  
With fleeces so clean and so white ;

Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,  
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,  
How much we may learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,  
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;

So foul and so fierce are their natures :

But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,  
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,  
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,  
Should hinder another in jesting or play ;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt :

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire !

There's none but a madman will fling about fire,

And tell you " 'Tis all but in sport." WATTS.

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## LESSON XXXVIII.

### THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !

The glory of April and May !

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,

And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field ;

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,

Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,

Though they bloom and look gay like the rose :

But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;

Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade ;

But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;

This will scent like a rose when I'm dead. WATTS.

## LESSON XXXIX.

## THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream,  
 I bow'd my snowy pride,  
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame,  
 For what the Fates denied :

The fair Pastora chanced to pass,  
 With such an angel air,  
 I saw her in the watery glass,  
 And loved the rival fair.

Ye Fates, no longer let me pine,  
 A self-admiring sweet,  
 Permit me, by your grace divine,  
 To kiss the fair-one's feet :

That if by chance the gentle maid  
 My fragrance should admire,  
 I may, upon her bosom laid,  
 In sister sweets expire.      CUNNINGHAM.

## LESSON XL.

## A HYMN.

THE glorious armies of the sky,  
 To Thee, Almighty King,  
 Triumphant anthems consecrate,  
 And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights  
 Fall vastly short of Thee :  
 How distant then must human praise  
 From thy perfections be !

The blushes of the morn confess  
 That thou art still more fair,  
 When in the east its beams revive,  
 To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breeze  
Of every flowery bloom,  
In balmy whispers own, from Thee  
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,  
And waters murmuring fall,  
To praise the first Almighty Cause  
With different voices call.

Thy numerous works exalt Thee thus,  
And shall I silent be ?

No ; rather let me cease to breathe,  
Than cease from praising Thee ! MRS. ROWE.

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LESSON XLI.

A SUPPOSED VOICE FROM WITHIN AN URN.

Poor, trifling mortal, tell me why  
Thou hast disturb'd my urn ?  
Seek'st thou to find out what am I ?—  
Vain man, attend and learn !

To know what letters spell'd my name  
Is useless quite to thee ;  
A heap of dust is all my frame,  
And all that thou shalt be.

What glitt'ring honours, or high trust,  
Once dignified me here,  
Were characters impress'd on dust,  
Which quickly disappear.

Learn then the vanity of birth :—  
Condition, honours, name,  
Are all but modes of common earth,  
The substance still the same.

Bid avarice and ambition view  
The extent of all their gains !

Themselves and their professions too  
A formless vase contains.—

Let Virtue be thy radiant guide :  
'Twill dignify thy clay,  
And raise thy ashes, glorified,  
When Suns shall fade away.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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LESSON XLII.

WHICH IS THE FAVOURITE?

BROTHERS and sisters I have many :  
Though I know there is not any  
Of them but I love, yet I  
Will just name them all ; and try,  
As one by one I count them o'er,  
If there be one a little more  
Lov'd by me than all the rest.  
Yes ; I do think, that I love best  
My brother Henry, because he  
Has always been most fond of me.  
Yet, to be sure, there's Isabel ;  
I think I love her quite as well.  
And, I assure you, little Ann,  
No brother nor no sister can  
Be more dear to me than she :  
Only I must say, Emily,  
Being the eldest, it's right her  
To all the rest I should prefer.  
Yet, after all I've said, suppose  
My greatest favourite should be Rose.  
No, John and Paul are both more dear  
To me than Rose, that's always here,  
While they are half the year at school ;  
And yet that neither is no rule.



I've nam'd them all, there's only seven ;  
I find my love to all so even,  
To ev'ry sister, every brother,  
I love not one more than another.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON XLIII.

THE LIFE OF A FAIRY.

COME, follow, follow me,  
You, fairy elves that be ;  
Which circle on the green,  
Come, follow Mab your queen :  
Hand in hand, let's dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.

Upon a mushroom's head,  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye, or wheat,  
Is manchet, which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsy ;  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so the time beguile ;  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;  
Yet in the morning may be seen,  
Where we the night before have been.

PERCY'S BALLADS.

## LESSON XLIV.

## TO A HEDGE SPARROW.

LITTLE flutterer ! swiftly flying,  
 Here is none to harm thee near ;  
 Kite nor hawk, nor school-boy prying :  
 Little flutterer, cease to fear.

One, who would protect thee ever,  
 From the school-boy, kite, and hawk ;  
 Musing, now obtrudes, but never  
 Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

Thou, perchance, poor little trembler !  
 Art like one whom I could name :  
 Fearful fluttering, no dissembler,  
 And, like thee, unknown to fame.

Here at eve, and after labour,  
 Would he trill his roundelay ;  
 And, perchance, with pipe or tabor,  
 Call the early morn away.

Little flutterer ! swiftly flying,  
 Here is none to harm thee near ;  
 Kite nor hawk, nor school-boy prying :  
 Little flutterer ! cease to fear. ANTHOLOGY.

## LESSON XLV.

## THE LIFE OF A HERMIT.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd  
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;  
 And while to shade my lonely cave  
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;  
 And while the maple dish is mine,  
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;  
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,  
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,  
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;  
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
The wren has wove her mossy nest,  
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence she flies,  
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At noon I take my custom'd round.  
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,  
And every opening primrose count,  
That trimly paints my blooming mount.  
At eve within yon studious nook,  
I ope my brass-embossed book :  
Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn.

T. WARTON.

## LESSON XLVI.

## THE HIGHLAND DROVER'S RETURN.

Now fare thee well, England ! no further I'll roam ;  
But follow my shadow that points the way home :  
Your gay Southern shores shall not tempt me to stay ;  
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play !  
'T is this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,  
Gives my sinews their strength, and my bosom its glow.

Farewell, mountaineers ! my companions, adieu !  
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,  
I shall miss your white horns on the brink of the bourne ;  
And o'er the rough heaths where you'll never return.  
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,  
While your drover speeds back to his Maggy again.

O Tweed ! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,  
More than life, more than love, my tir'd spirit inhales ;  
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,  
With her bare-footed lasses, and mountains so blue :

To the mountains away ; my heart bounds like the hind,  
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,  
And in fancy trace back every stream to its source,  
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before,  
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild moor ;  
The keen polar star nightly rising to view,  
But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true.

BLOOMFIELD.

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## LESSON XLVII.

### TIME SPENT IN DRESS.

IN many a lecture, many a book,  
You all have heard, you all have read,  
That time is precious. Of its use  
Much has been written, much been said.

There's not a more productive source  
Of waste of time to the young mind  
Than dress ; as it regards our hours,  
My view of it is now confin'd.

Without some calculation, youth  
May live to age and never guess,  
That no one study they pursue,  
Takes half the time they give to dress.

Write in your memorandum-book  
The time you at your toilette spend ;  
Then every moment which you pass  
Talking of dress with a young friend :

And ever when your silent thoughts  
Have on this subject been intent,  
Set down as nearly as you can,  
How long on dress your thoughts were bent.

If faithfully you should perform  
This task, 't would teach you to repair

Lost hours, by giving unto dress  
Not more of time than its due share.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON XLVIII.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,  
" You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again :"  
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed  
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep and a little more slumber ;"  
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without  
number ;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,  
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher ;  
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;  
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,  
He had took better care for improving his mind :  
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking :  
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me ;"  
That man's but a picture of what I might be :  
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,  
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

WATTS.

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LESSON XLIX.

TO A FLOWER.

CHILD of the spring ! fair opening flower !  
I love thine early bloom ;  
To snatch thee from yon shelt'ring bower,  
Let no rude hand presume.

*To the Setting Sun.*

Yet, yet protected from the blast,  
 Thy leaves in beauty blow ;  
 Ah ! soon thy halcyon days are past,  
 Stern winter lays thee low.

But when revolves the varying year,  
 And sleeps the wasting storm,  
 Returning life again shall cheer  
 Thy renovated form.

When nature's rougher skies are fled,  
 Then clothed in loveliest hue,  
 Again thou'lt lift thy gentle head,  
 And drink the vernal dew. ANTHOLOGY.

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 LESSON L.

## TO THE SETTING SUN.

AND wilt thou go, bright regent of the 'day ?  
 Farewell, awhile ! we part to meet again.  
 Ere long shall I review thy golden ray ;  
 Ere long shalt thou resume thy glorious reign.  
 The sea, that now absorbs thy falling light,  
 Compell'd, shall soon its rosy prey restore ;  
 Bereaved, but not for ever, is my sight ;  
 Without despair, these eyes thy loss deplore.  
 Oh Virtue ! when thine orb droops tow'rd's its bed,  
 With such calm faith sad Friendship breathes adieu :  
 Thou shalt emerge, fair star, from death's black shade,  
 The splendid course of glory to renew.  
 Soon shall the grave release thee from its gloom ;  
 Hope sweetly wipes the eye that wets thy tomb.

FAWCETT.

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 LESSON LI.

## LANDSCAPES.

HAIL, greenwood shades, that stretching far,  
 Defy e'en summer's noontide power,

When August in his burning car  
 Withholds the cloud, withholds the show'r.  
 The deep-ton'd low, from either hill,  
 Down hazel aisles and arches green,  
 (The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill)  
 Roar'd echoing through the solemn scene :

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,  
 Secluded haunts, how dear to me !  
 From all but Nature's converse borne,  
 No ear to hear, no eye to see.  
 Their honour'd leaves the green oaks rear'd,  
 And crown'd the upland's graceful swell ;  
 While answ'ring through the vale was heard  
 Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Shaking his matted mane on high,  
 The gazing colt would raise his head ;  
 Or timorous doe would rushing fly,  
 And leave to me her grassy bed :  
 Where, as the azure sky appear'd  
 Through bowers of every varying form,  
 Midst the deep gloom methought I heard  
 The daring progress of the storm.

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## LESSON LII.

### THE SAME CONTINUED.

GENIUS of the forest shades,  
 Sweet, from the heights of thy domain,  
 When the grey evening shadow fades,  
 To view the country's golden grain !  
 To view the gleaming village spire  
 Midst distant groves unknown to me ;  
 Groves, that grow bright on borrow'd fire ;  
 Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee !

When morning still unclouded rose,  
 Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,

Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,  
 I trac'd the births of various streams.  
 From beds of clay, here creeping rills  
 Unseen to parent OUSE would steal ;  
 Or, gushing from the northward hills,  
 Would glitter through TORES' winding dale.  
 But ah! ye cooling springs, farewell !  
 Herds, I no more your freedom share ;  
 But long my grateful tongue shall tell  
 What brought your gazing stranger there.  
 ' Genius of the forest shades,  
 ' Lend thy power and lend thine ear ;'  
 Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,  
 And bring thy peace and silence here.

BLOOMFIELD.

## LESSON LIII.

## HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
 My rising soul surveys ;  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravish'd heart ?  
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redress'd,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in prayer.



Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,  
Thy tender care bestow'd :  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe;  
And led me up to man.

---

LESSON LIV.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

WHEN worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ;  
And, in a kind and faithful friend,  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more ;

My ever grateful heart, O Lord !  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;

For O ! Eternity's too short,  
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

## LESSON LV.

## FLEETING SKIES.

THE sky's inconstant vestures we behold,  
 In ever shifting figures loosely roll'd :  
 Each shape they take, amusive to the sight,  
 Soon as assum'd, th' unsteady wearers quit :  
 Each beauteous tint all-col'ring light supplies,  
 A moment's space enchants the eye, and dies :  
 Nor hue to stand, nor form is seen to stay,  
 The unfixt pictures fade and float away.  
 In its rude outline, to wild fancy's gaze,  
 Yon cloud a ridge of yellow rocks displays ;  
 Hardly she views the craggy vapour o'er,  
 Ere the lax, fluid landscape is no more.  
 Flushing the west, admire that splendid red ;  
 Scarce can we call it fair, before 'tis fled !  
 The rosy pomp is turn'd to sober grey ;  
 We look'd a moment off, and find it pass'd away !  
 As earth's clear wave repeats th' o'erhanging skies,  
 Copies the cloud, and to the blue replies ;  
 Heaven's changeful face, a faithful moral glass,  
 Of human life reflects the changeful face.

FAWCETT.

## LESSON LVI.

## NURSING.

O HUSH, my little baby brother !  
 Sleep, my love, upon my knee.  
 What though, dear child, we've lost our mother ;  
 That can never trouble thee.  
 You are but ten weeks old tomorrow ;  
 What can you know of our loss ?  
 The house is full enough of sorrow.  
 Little baby, don't be cross.

Peace, cry not so, my dearest love ;  
Hush, my baby-bird, lie still.—  
He's quiet now, he does not move,  
Fast asleep is little Will.

My only solace, only joy,  
Since the sad day I lost my mother,  
Is nursing her own Willy boy,  
My little orphan brother.      MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON LVII.

TO THE BURNIE BEE.

BLYTHE son of summer, furl thy filmy wing,  
Alight beside me on this bank of moss ;  
Yet to its sides the lingering shadows cling,  
And sparkling dew's the dark-green turfs imboss :  
Here may'st thou freely quaff the nectar'd sweet  
That in the violet's purple chalice hides,  
Here on the lily scent thy fringed feet,  
Or with the wild-thyme's balm anoint thy sides.  
Back o'er thy shoulders throw those ruby shards,  
With many a tiny coal-black freckle deck'd,  
My watchful look thy loit'ring saunter guards,  
My ready hand thy footstep shall protect.  
Here to the elves who sleep in flowers by day,  
Thy softest hum in lulling whispers pour,  
Or o'er the lovely band thy shield display,  
When blue-eyed twilight sheds her dewy shower.  
So shall the fairy-train by glow-worm light  
With rainbow tints thy folding pennons fret ;  
Thy scaly breast in deeper azure dight,  
Thy burnish'd armour speck with glossier jet ;  
With viewless fingers weave thy wintry tent,  
And line with gossamer thy pendent cell ;

Safe in the rift of some lone ruin pent,  
Where ivy shelters from the storm-wind fell.

ANTHOLOGY.

## LESSON LVIII.

## TO SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen  
Of modest air, and brow serene !  
'Tis thou inspir'st the sage's themes ;  
The poet's visionary dreams.

Whate'er exalts, refines, and charms,  
Invites to thought, to virtue warms :  
Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good,  
We owe to thee, sweet Solitude !

In these blest shades, O still maintain  
Thy peaceful, unmolested reign !  
Let no disorder'd thoughts intrude  
On thy repose, sweet Solitude !

With thee the charm of life shall last,  
Although its rosy bloom be past ;  
~~Shall~~ still endure when Time shall spread  
His silver blossoms o'er my head.

No more with this vain world perplex'd,  
Thou shalt prepare me for the next ;  
The springs of life shall gently cease,  
And angels point the way to peace.

MRS. H. MORE.

## LESSON LIX.

## INVITATION TO A ROBIN.

SWEET lonely bird, of all most fit  
For pensive scenes, since thou canst quit  
Society's unpleasing throng,  
And lov'st alone to tune thy song ;

The naked thorn now bids thee fear  
 A bleaker, ruder season near ;  
 Still to my vine-bound window come,  
 And share the Poet's scanty crumb.  
 Enjoy my hearth's warm cheering heat,  
 From cold and want still sure to meet  
     A friendly safe retreat.

The herd will seek the friendly stall,  
 The grove's last tarnish'd leaf will fall,  
 And soon a keener blast will blow,  
 And scatter wide the gathering snow.  
 Pay then thy visit void of dread,  
 For here each morn thy meal I'll spread,  
 And greet with joy each safe return ;  
 Till taught by *gratitude*, you learn  
 The courage *want* inspir'd before,  
 And fear to venture down no more ;  
     But boldly trust the floor.

For ever from his threshold fly,  
 Who, void of honour, once shall try,  
 With base inhospitable breast,  
 To bar the freedom of his guest.  
 Should any there spread snares for thee,  
 Still welcome here thy visit be,  
 Thy notes shall cheer the low'ring day,  
     And smooth thy Poet's lay.

REV. J. H. POTT.

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## LESSON LX.

### TO A SNOW-DROP.

POETS still, in graceful numbers,  
 May the glowing roses chuse ;  
 But the snow-drop's simple beauty  
     Better suits a humble Muse.  
 Earliest bud that decks the garden,  
     Fairest of the fragrant race,

First-born child of vernal Flora,  
 Seeking mild thy lowly place ;  
 Though no warm or murmuring zephyr  
 Fan thy leaves with balmy wing,  
 Pleas'd we hail thee, spotless blossom,  
 Herald of the infant spring.  
 Through the cold and cheerless season,  
 Soft thy tender form expands,  
 Safe in unaspiring graces,  
 Foremost of the bloomy bands.  
 White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,  
 Rising from a wintry bed ;  
 Chilling winds, and blasts ungenial,  
 Rudely threat'ning round thy head.  
 Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage  
 Seems the angry blasts to fear ;  
 Yet secure, thy tender texture  
 Ornaments the rising year.

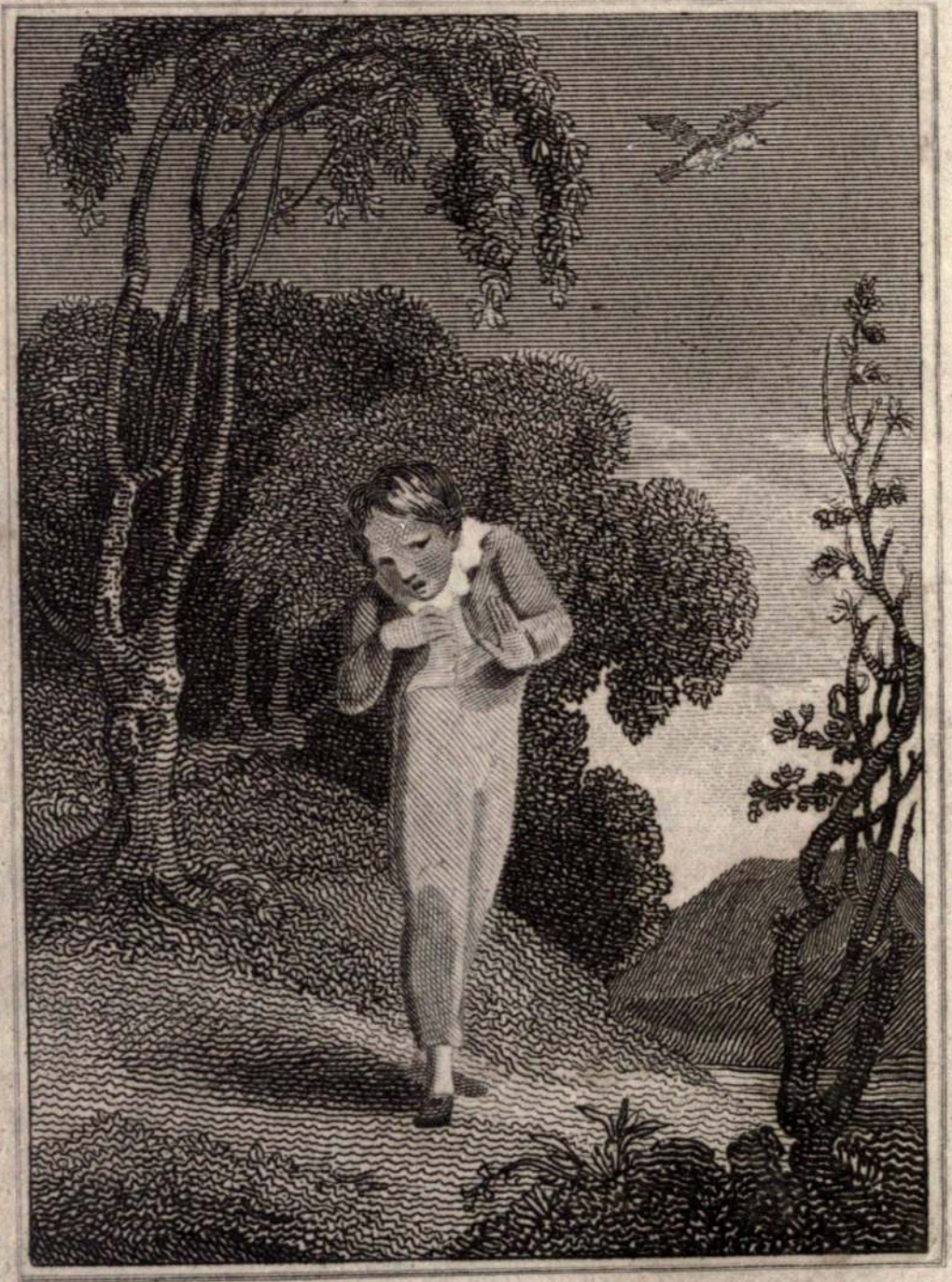
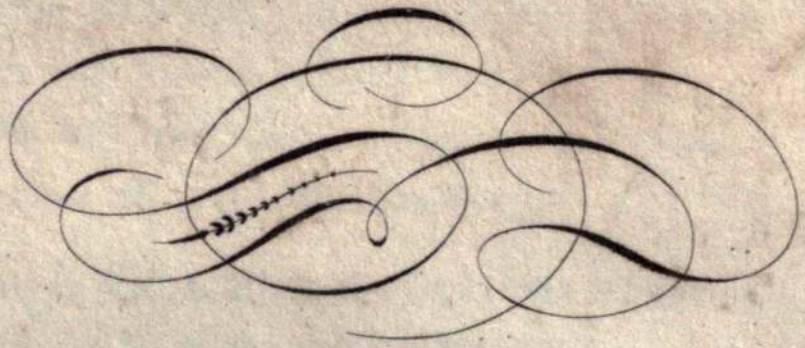
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LESSON LXI.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

No warm tints or vivid colouring  
 Paint thy bells with gaudy pride ;  
 Mildly charm'd, we feel thy fragrance  
 Where no thorns insidious hide.  
 'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty  
 To attract the roving sight ;  
 Nature, from her varied wardrobe,  
 Chose thy vest of purest white.  
 White, as falls the fleecy shower,  
 Thy soft form in sweetness grows ;  
 Not more fair the valley's treasure,  
 Not more sweet her lily grows.





— He fear'd the little bird,  
That singing in the air he heard,  
Was telling his transgression.



Drooping harbinger of Flora,  
Simply are thy blossoms drest ;  
Artless as the gentle virtues,  
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.  
When to pure and timid virtue,  
Friendship twines a votive wreath,  
O'er the fair selected garland  
Thou thy perfume soft shalt breathe.

LANGHORNE.

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LESSON LXII.

THE BOY AND THE SKY-LARK.—A FABLE.

“ A WICKED action fear to do,  
When you are by yourself ; for though  
You think you can conceal it,  
A little bird that's in the air  
The hidden trespass shall declare,  
And openly reveal it.”

Richard this saying oft had heard,  
Until the sight of any bird  
Would set his heart a-quaking ;  
He saw a host of winged spies  
For ever o'er him in the skies,  
Note of his actions taking.

This pious precept, while it stood  
In his remembrance, kept him good  
When nobody was by him ;  
For though no human eye was near,  
Yet Richard still did wisely fear  
The little bird should spy him.

But best resolves will sometimes sleep ;  
Poor frailty will not always keep  
From that which is forbidden ;  
And Richard one day, left alone,  
Laid hands on something not his own,  
And hop'd the theft was hidden.

His conscience slept a day or two,  
As it is very apt to do

When we with pain suppress it ;  
And though at times a slight remorse  
Would raise a pang, it had not force  
To make him yet confess it.

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LESSON LXIII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

WHEN on a day, as he abroad  
Walk'd by his mother, in their road  
He heard a sky-lark singing ;  
Smit with the sound, a flood of tears  
Proclaim'd the superstitious fears  
His inmost bosom wringing.

His mother, wond'ring, saw him cry,  
And fondly ask'd the reason why.

Then Richard made confession,  
And said, he fear'd the little bird  
He singing in the air had heard  
Was telling his transgression.

The words which Richard spoke below,  
As sounds by nature upwards go,  
Were to the sky-lark carried ;  
The airy traveller with surprise  
To hear his sayings, in the skies  
On his mid journey tarried.

His anger then the bird exprest :  
" Sure, since the day I left the nest,  
I ne'er heard folly utter'd  
So fit to move a sky-lark's mirth,  
As what this little son of earth  
Hath in his grossness mutter'd.

Dull fool ! to think we sons of air  
On man's low actions waste a care,  
His virtues, or his vices ;  
Or, soaring on the summer gales,  
That we should stoop to carry tales  
Of him or his devices !

Mistaken fool ! man needs not us  
His secret merits to discuss,  
Or spy out his transgression ;  
When once he feels his conscience stirr'd,  
That voice within him is the *bird*  
That moves him to confession."

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON LXIV.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee ?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine !  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill.  
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king !  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee,  
All that summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice.  
Man for thee does sow and plough ;  
Farmer he, and landlord thou !  
Thou dost innocently enjoy,  
Nor does thy luxury destroy :  
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year !  
To thee, of all things upon earth,  
Life is no longer than thy mirth.

Happy insect, happy, thou  
 Dost neither age nor winter know,  
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced and sung  
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest. COWLEY.

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### LESSON LXV.

#### THE FATE OF HIM WHO SCORNS ADVICE.

##### A FABLE.

As an old hen led forth her train,  
 And seem'd to peck to show the grain ;  
 She raked the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,  
 And glean'd the spacious yard around :  
 A giddy chick, to try her wings,  
 On the well's narrow margin springs,  
 And prone she drops. The mother's breast  
 All day with sorrow was possest.

A cock she met ; her son she knew,  
 And in her heart affection grew.

“ My son,” says she, “ I grant your years  
 Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.  
 I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold ;  
 I hear with joy your triumphs told.  
 'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread ;  
 But let thy ever wary tread  
 Avoid yon well ; that fatal place  
 Is sure perdition to our race.”

He thank'd her care ; yet day by day  
 His bosom burn'd to disobey ;

“ Why was this idle charge ?” he cries :  
 “ Let courage female fears despise ;  
 Or did she doubt my heart was brave,  
 And therefore this injunction gave ?”

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,  
 And plunges in the depth profound. GAY.

LESSON LXVI.

A WALK BY THE WATER.

LET us walk where reeds are growing,  
By the alders in the mead ;  
Where the crystal streams are flowing,  
In whose waves the fishes feed.

There the golden carp is laving,  
With the trout, the perch and bream ;  
Mark, their flexile fins are waving,  
As they glance along the stream.

Now they sink in deeper billows,  
Now upon the surface rise ;  
Or from under roots of willows  
Dart to catch the water flies.

'Midst the reeds and pebbles hiding,  
See the minnow and the roach ;  
Or, by water lilies gliding,  
Shun with fear our near approach.

Do not dread us, timid fishes,  
We have neither net nor hook ;  
Wanderers we, whose only wishes  
Are to read in Nature's book,

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON LXVII.

TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,  
Fresh verdure decks the grove,  
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,  
And shun the noon-tide heat ;

My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,  
Or weave the mossy nest ;  
Here rove and sing the livelong day,  
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,  
That trickles down the glade,  
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,  
And revel in the shade.

No school boy rude, to mischief prone,  
E'er shows his ruddy face,  
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,  
In this sequester'd place.

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### LESSON LXVIII.

#### THE SAME CONTINUED.

HITHER the vocal thrush repairs,  
Secure the linnet sings ;  
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,  
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Ph'loemel ! ah ! quit thy haunt,  
Yon distant woods among,  
And round my friendly grotto chaunt  
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red breast fear,  
Domestic bird, to come  
And seek a sure asylum here,  
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
Shall store of fruit preserve ;  
O let me thus your friendship bribe !  
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,  
To you these plums belong ;  
Sweet is the fruit which you have peck'd,  
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,  
Our mutual interest guard ;  
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,  
Your songs be my reward.

GRAVES.

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LESSON LXIX.

ALL THE OBJECTS WE SEE IN NATURE, DEMAND  
OUR GRATITUDE.

OH! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Thus I would my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy.  
Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r ;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleas'd and blest with God alone ;  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colours of delight ;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear and court my song ;  
Would lift my voice and tune my string,  
And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.  
The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world and give the day ;  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain :

All of these, and all I see,  
 Should be sung, and sung by me.  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

PARNELL.

## LESSON LXX.

## HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,  
 Companion of the wise and good :  
 Oh ! I love with thee to walk,  
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,  
 Which innocence and truth imparts,  
 And melts the most obdurate hearts !  
 A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
 And still in ev'ry shape you please.  
 Now, wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
 A lone philosopher you seem ;  
 Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky.  
 Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;  
 And while meridian fervors beat,  
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;  
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
 And the faint landscape swims away,  
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
 And that best hour of musing thine.  
 Descending angels bless thy train,  
 The virtues of the sage and swain ;  
 Plain innocence, in white array'd,  
 Before thee lifts her fearless head :  
 Oh ! let me pierce thy secret cell,  
 And in thy deep recesses dwell.  
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
 When Meditation has her fill,



I just may cast my careless eyes  
Where London's spiry turrets rise,  
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
Then shield me in the woods again. THOMSON.

## LESSON LXXI.

## THE BROKEN DOLL.

AN infant is a selfish sprite ;  
But what of that ? the sweet delight  
Which from participation springs,  
Is quite unknown to these young things.  
We elder children then will smile  
At our dear little John awhile,  
And bear with him, until he see,  
There is a sweet felicity  
In pleasing more than only one,  
Dear little craving selfish John.

He laughs, and thinks it a fine joke,  
That he our new wax doll has broke.  
Anger will never teach him better ;  
We will the spirit and the letter  
Of courtesy to him display,  
By taking in a friendly way  
These baby frolics ; till he learn  
True sport from mischief to discern.

Reproof a parent's province is ;  
A sister's discipline is this ;  
By studied kindness to effect  
A little brother's young respect.  
What is a doll ? a fragile toy.  
What is its loss ? if the dear boy,  
Who half perceives he's done amiss,  
Retain impression of the kiss,  
That follow'd instant on his cheek ;  
If the kind loving words we speak

Of "Never mind it," "We forgive,"  
 If these in his short memory live  
 Only perchance for half a day—  
 Who minds a doll—if that should lay  
 The first impression in his mind,  
 That sisters are to brothers kind?  
 For thus the broken doll may prove  
 Foundation to fraternal love.

MRS. LEICESTER.

LESSON LXXII.

EACH BLEMISH STRIKES AN ENVIOUS MIND.

A FABLE.

As near a barn, by hunger led,  
 A peacock with the poultry fed;  
 All view'd him with an envious eye,  
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.  
 He, conscious of superior merit,  
 Contemns their base reviling spirit;  
 His state and dignity assumes,  
 And to the sun displays his plumes;  
 Which, like the heaven's o'er-arching skies,  
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes.

"Mark with what insolence and pride  
 The creature takes his haughty stride!"  
 The turkey cries, "Can spleen contain?  
 Sure never bird was half so vain:  
 But were intrinsic merit seen,  
 We turkeys have the whiter skin."

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;  
 And next was heard the hissing goose,  
 "What hideous legs, what filthy claws!  
 I scorn to censure little flaws.  
 Then what a horrid squalling throat!  
 E'en fowls are frightened at the note."

“ True, those are faults,” the peacock cries ;  
“ My scream, my shanks you may despise ;  
But such blind critics rail in vain :  
What, overlook my radiant train !  
Know, did my legs, your scorn and sport,  
The turkey or the goose support,  
And did ye scream with harsher sound,  
Those faults in you had ne’er been found :  
In beauty faults conspicuous grow,  
The smallest speck is seen on snow.”

GAY.

## LESSON LXXIII.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,  
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !  
The winter’s past, the tempests fly,  
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;  
The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,  
Salutes the gay return of spring :  
The silver dews, the vernal showers,  
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers ;  
The joyous fields, the shady woods,  
Are cloth’d with green, or swell’d with buds.  
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,  
Shalt flourish on the fair-one’s breast,  
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,  
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.  
Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !  
Arise, ye flowery race, arise !  
And haste thy beauties to disclose,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BROOME.

## LESSON LXXIV.

## ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.

WELCOME, little helpless stranger,  
 Welcome to the light of day,  
 Smile, upon thy happy mother,  
 Smile, and chase her cares away.

Lift thy eyes and look around thee,  
 Various objects court thy sight :  
 Nature spreads her verdant carpet,  
 Earth was made for thy delight.

Welcome to a mother's bosom,  
 Welcome to a father's arms ;  
 Heir to all thy father's virtues,  
 Heir to all thy mother's charms.

Joy thou bring'st, but mix'd with tremblings,  
 Anxious cares and tender fears ;  
 Pleasing hopes and mingled sorrows,  
 Smiles of transport dash'd with tears.

Who can say what lies before thee,  
 Calm or tempest, peace or strife ;  
 With what various turns and trials  
 Heaven may mark thy chequer'd life ?

Who can tell what eager passions  
 In this little breast shall beat ;  
 When ambition, love, or glory,  
 Shall invade this peaceful seat ?

Angels guard thee, lovely blossom,  
 Hover round and shield from ill ;  
 Crown thy parents' largest wishes,  
 And their fondest hopes fulfil !

LESSON LXXV.

TO A GREEN CHAFFER ON A WHITE ROSE.

You dwell within a lovely bower,  
Little chaffer, gold and green,  
Nestling in the fairest flower,  
The rose of snow, the garden's queen.

There you drink the crystal dew,  
And your shards as emeralds bright,  
And corselet of the ruby's hue,  
Hide among the petals white.

Your fringed feet may rest them there,  
And there your filmy wings may close ;  
But do not wound the flower so fair  
That shelters you in sweet repose.

Insect, be not like him who dares  
On pity's bosom to intrude,  
And then that gentle bosom tears  
With baseness and ingratitude.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON LXXVI.

THOUGHTS IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman 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 ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap ;  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield,  
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.

GRAY.

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## LESSON LXXVII.

### THE TAME STAG.—A FABLE.

As a young stag the thicket past,  
The branches held his antlers fast :  
A clown, who saw the captive hung,  
Across the horns his halter flung.  
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,  
He bore the present to his lord.  
His lord was pleas'd ; as was the clown,  
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.  
The stag was brought before his wife ;  
The tender lady begg'd his life.  
How sleek's the skin ! how speck'd like ermine !  
Sure never creature was so charming !

At first within the yard confin'd,  
He flies and hides from all mankind ;  
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,  
And distant awe, presumes to gaze ;  
Munches the linen on the lines,  
And on a hood or apron dines ;  
He steals my little master's bread,  
Follows the servants to be fed :  
Nearer and nearer now he stands,  
To feel the praise of patting hands ;  
Examines ev'ry fist for meat,  
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat ;  
Attacks again with levell'd horns ;  
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

GAY.

## LESSON LXXVIII.

## GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip, he this day  
Has his long coats cast away,  
And (the childish season gone)  
Put the manly breeches on.  
Officer on gay parade,  
Red-coat in his first cockade,  
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,  
Birthday beau surpassing him,  
Never did with conscious gait  
Strut about in half the state,  
Or the pride (yet free from sin)  
Of my little MANIKIN ;  
Never was there pride, or bliss,  
Half so rational as his.  
Sashes, frocks, to those that need'em—  
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—  
He can run, or he can ride,  
And do twenty things beside,

Which his petticoats forbad :  
Is he not a happy lad ?  
Now he's under other banners,  
He must leave his former manners ;  
Bid adieu to female games,  
And forget their very names,  
Puss in corners, hide and seek,  
Sports for girls and punies weak !  
Baste the bear he now may play at,  
Leap-frog, foot-ball, sport away at ;  
Show his skill and strength at cricket,  
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket ;  
Run about in winter's snow  
Till his cheeks and fingers glow ;  
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,  
Without any fear to fall.  
If he get a hurt or bruise,  
To complain he must refuse.  
Though the anguish and the smart  
Go unto his little heart,  
He must have his courage ready,  
Keep his voice and visage steady,  
Brace his eye-balls stiff as drum,  
That a tear may never come,  
And his grief must only speak  
From the colour in his cheek.  
This and more he must endure,  
Hero he in miniature !  
This and more must now be done,  
Now the breeches are put on.

MRS. LEICESTER.



## LESSON LXXIX.

THREE YOUNG SHEPHERDESSES SEEK INSTRUCTION FROM URANIA, AND OBTAIN THE FOLLOWING PRECEPTS AND OBSERVATIONS.

SINCE, gentle nymphs, my friendship to obtain,  
You've sought with eager step this peaceful plain,  
My honest counsel with attention hear;  
Though plain, well meant, imperfect, yet sincere;  
What from maturer years alone I've known,  
What time has taught me, and experience shown.  
No polish'd phrase my artless speech will grace,  
But unaffected candour fill its place:  
My lips shall flatt'ry's smooth deceit refuse;  
And truth be all the eloquence I'll use.

Know then, that life's chief happiness, and woe,  
From good or evil education flow;  
And hence our future dispositions rise;—  
The vice we practise, or the good we prize.  
When pliant Nature any form receives  
That precept teaches, or example gives,  
The yielding mind with virtue should be grac'd,  
For first impressions seldom are effac'd.  
Then holy habits, then chastis'd desires,  
Should regulate disorder'd Nature's fires.

If Ignorance, then, her iron sway maintain,  
If Prejudice preside, or Passion reign,  
If Vanity preserve her native sway,  
If selfish tempers cloud the opening day,  
If no kind hand impetuous pride restrain,  
But for the wholesome curb we give the rein;  
The erring principle is rooted fast,  
And fix'd the habit that thro' life may last.

## LESSON LXXX.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

EUPHELIA sighs for flatt'ry, dress, and show :  
 Too common sources these of female woe !  
 In Beauty's sphere pre-eminence to find,  
 She slights the culture of th' immortal Mind :  
 I would not rail at Beauty's charming pow'r,  
 I would but have her aim at something more :  
 The fairest symmetry of form or face,  
 From intellect receives its highest grace ;  
 The brightest eyes ne'er dart such piercing fires  
 As when a soul irradiates and inspires.  
 Beauty with reason needs not quite dispense,  
 And coral lips may sure speak common sense ;  
 Beauty makes Virtue lovelier still appear ;  
 Virtue makes Beauty more divinely fair !  
 Confirms its conquest o'er the willing mind,  
 And those your beauties gain, your virtues bind.  
  
 Yet, would Ambition's fire your bosom fill,  
 Its flame repress not—be ambitious still ;  
 Let nobler views your best attention claim,  
 The object chang'd, the energy the same :  
 Those very passions which our heart invade,  
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made.  
 Indulge the true ambition to excel  
 In that best art—the art of living well.  
 But first extirpate from your youthful breast  
 That rankling torment which destroys your rest :  
 All other faults may take a higher aim,  
 But hopeless Envy must be still the same.  
 Some other passions may be turn'd to good,  
 But Envy must subdue, or be subdu'd.  
 This fatal gangrene to our moral life,  
 Rejects all palliatives, and asks the knife ;  
 Excision spar'd, it taints the vital part,  
 And spreads its deadly venom to the heart.

## LESSON LXXXI.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

BE wisdom still, tho' late, your earnest care,  
Nor waste the precious hours in vain despair:  
Associate with the good, attend the sage,  
And meekly listen to experienc'd age.  
What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain,  
Such as the wise may want, the bad attain;  
Yet still Religion's sacred treasures lie  
Inviting, open, plain to ev'ry eye;  
For ev'ry age, for ev'ry genius fit,  
Nor limited to science nor to wit;  
Not bound by taste, to genius not confin'd,  
But all may learn the truths for all design'd.  
Tho' low the talents, and the acquirements small,  
The gift of grace divine is free to all;  
She calls, solicits, courts you to be blest,  
And points to mansions of eternal rest.

And when advanc'd in years, matur'd in sense,  
Think not with further care you may dispense;  
'Tis fatal to the int'rests of the soul  
To stop the race before we've reach'd the goal;  
For nought our higher progress can preclude  
So much as thinking we're already good.  
The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest:  
Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best.  
We either gain or lose, we sink or rise,  
Nor rests our struggling Nature till she dies:  
Then place the standard of Perfection high;  
Pursue and grasp it, e'en beyond the sky.

## LESSON LXXXII.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

LEARNING is all the bright Cleora's aim;  
She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of fame;

On interdicted ground presumes to stand,  
 And grasps at Science with avent'rous hand ;  
 The privilege of Man she does invade,  
 And tears the chaplet from his laurel'd head.  
 Why found her merit on a foreign claim ?  
 Why lose a substance to acquire a name ?  
 Let the proud sex possess their vaunted pow'rs ;  
 Be other triumphs, other glories, ours !  
 The gentler charms which wait on female life,  
 Which grace the daughter and adorn the wife,  
 Be these our boast ; yet these may well admit  
 Of various knowledge, and of blameless wit :  
 Of sense resulting from a nurtur'd mind,  
 Of polish'd converse, and of taste refin'd :  
 Of that quick intuition of the best,  
 Which feels the graceful, and rejects the rest :  
 Which finds the right by shorter ways than rules :  
 An art which Nature teaches—not the schools.

Accomplishments by Heav'n were sure design'd,  
 Less to adorn than to amend the mind :  
 Each should contribute to this gen'ral end,  
 And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.  
 Th' acquirements which our best esteem invite,  
 Should not project, but soften, mix, unite :  
 In glaring light not strongly be display'd,  
 But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

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### LESSON LXXXIII.

#### THE SAME CONTINUED.

LET Woman then her real good discern,  
 And her true int'rests of Urania learn :  
 As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
 Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,

Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light ;  
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
And bear its beauties from its native wood,  
Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,  
Its form decays, and all its odours die ;  
So Woman, born to dignify retreat,  
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,  
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
With softness polish, and with virtue warm,  
Fearful of Fame, unwilling to be known,  
Should seek but Heav'n's applauses, and her own.  
Hers be the task to seek the lonely cell  
Where modest want and silent anguish dwell ;  
Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knees,  
Cheer the cold heart, and chase the dire disease.  
The splendid deeds, which only seek a name,  
Are paid their just reward in present fame ;  
But know, the awful all-disclosing day,  
The long arrear of secret worth shall pay ;  
Applauding saints shall hear with fond regard,  
And He, who witness'd here, shall there reward.

MRS. H. MORE.

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LESSON LXXXIV.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

As prostrate to the god of day,  
With heart devout, a Persian lay,  
His invocation thus began :

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,  
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense  
The various gifts of Providence,  
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,  
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,  
The day with sudden darkness hung ;

With pride and envy swell'd, aloud  
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud :

Weak is this gaudy god of thine,  
Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall I, nor vows nor incense know ?  
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,  
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd :  
It was that god, who claims my prayer,  
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there ;  
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,  
Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind,  
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose ; the vapour tost  
The sport of winds in air was lost,  
The glorious orb the day refines.  
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

GAY.

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LESSON LXXXV.

INVOCATION TO MAY.

COME, fairest nymph ! resume thy reign,  
Bring all the graces in thy train :

With balmy breath and flow'ry tread  
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,  
Where in Elysian slumber bound,  
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,  
Recal the zephyrs from the west ;  
Restore the sun, revive the skies,  
At mine and Nature's call arise !  
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
And misses her accustom'd May.

See ! all her works demand thy aid,  
The labours of Pomona fade ;

A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree ;  
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee.  
The birds forget to love and sing,  
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,  
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide ;  
Create, where'er thou turn'st thy eye,  
Peace, plenty, love and harmony,  
Till ev'ry being share its part,  
And heaven and earth be glad at heart.

WEST.

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LESSON LXXXVI.

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF A CHILD'S  
MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

My neat and pretty book, when I thy small lines see,  
They seem for any use to be unfit for me.

My writing, all misshaped, uneven as my mind,  
Within this narrow space can hardly be confin'd.

Yet I will strive to make my hand less awkward look ;  
I would not willingly disgrace thee, my neat book !

The finest pens I'll use, and wondrous pains I'll take,  
And I these perfect lines my monitors will make.

And every day I will set down in order due,

How that day wasted is ; and should there be a few  
At the year's end that show more goodly to the sight,

If haply here I find some days not wasted quite,

If a small portion of them I have pass'd aright,

Then shall I think the year not wholly was misspent,

And that my Diary has been by some good angel sent.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON LXXXVII.

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower  
With silver crest and golden eye,

That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine ;  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May ;  
To sultry August spreads its charms ;  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale,  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

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### LESSON LXXXVIII.

#### THE SAME CONTINUED.

BUT this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen ;  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
And blooms on consecrated ground  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast ;  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
That decks the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—In every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair,



It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The rose has but a summer reign,  
The DAISY never dies. MONTGOMERY.

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LESSON LXXXIX.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

I READ his awful name emblazon'd high  
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky ;  
Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree :  
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,  
I hear the voice of God among the trees ;  
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;  
In every creature own thy forming pow'r,  
In each event thy providence adore.  
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul :  
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,  
Secure within the temples of thine arms ;  
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.  
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;  
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate  
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;  
Teach me to quit this transitory scene  
With decent triumph and a look serene ;  
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

## LESSON XC.

## THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

As in the sunshine of the morn,  
 A butterfly, but newly born,  
 Sat proudly perking on a rose,  
 With pert conceit his bosom glows ;  
 His wings, all glorious to behold,  
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,  
 Wide he displays ; the spangled dew  
 Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a snail,  
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail  
 Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies,  
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries :

“ Why wake you to the morning's care ?  
 Why with new arts correct the year ?  
 Why grows the peach with crimson hue ?  
 And why the plum's inviting blue ?  
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,  
 That vermin of voracious kind ? ”

“ What arrogance ! ” the snail reply'd ;  
 “ How insolent is upstart pride !  
 For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,  
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,  
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,  
 You dragg'd a slow and noisome train.  
 I own my humble life, good friend ;  
 Snail was I born, and snail shall end.  
 And what's a butterfly ? At best,  
 He's but a caterpillar drest ;  
 And all thy race, a num'rous seed,  
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed.”

GAY.

## LESSON, XCI.

## THE LAMENTATION OF A ROBIN.

THE gentle pair that in these lonely shades,  
Wandering at eve or morn, I oft have seen,  
Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,  
With drooping wing, forlorn  
Along the grove, along the daisied green :  
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,  
Till the light dews impearled all the plain,  
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold ;  
Stories of love, and high adventures old,  
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.  
Ah ! where is now the hope of all my lay ?  
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead !  
With them the meed of melody is fled,  
And fled with them the list'ning ear of praise.  
Vainly I dreamt that when the wint'ry sky  
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,  
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,  
To sooth keen hunger's pain,—  
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain :  
That oft within the hospitable hall  
Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,  
Some friendly crumb, perchance, for me design'd,  
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.  
Deluded bird ! those hopes are now no more !  
Dull Time has blasted the despairing year,  
And winter frowns severe,  
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar ;  
Yet not within the hospitable hall  
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear ;  
No piteous eye is near  
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

LANGHORNE.

## LESSON XCII.

AGREEABLE AND SURPRISING VARIETY IN THE  
WORKS OF PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED IN THE  
NATURE OF TREES AND PLANTS.

SAY, know'st thou why the beech delights the glade,  
 With boughs extended and a rounder shade,  
 Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,  
 And with a pointed spear divide the skies ?  
 Or why, again, the changing oak should shed  
 The yearly honours of his stately head,  
 Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen  
 Unchang'd its branch and permanent its green ?  
 Wanting the sun why does the caltha fade ?  
 Why does the cypress flourish in the shade ?  
 The fig and date, why love they to remain  
 In middle station and an even plain,  
 Whilst in the lower marsh the gourd is found,  
 And while the hill with olive shade is crown'd ?  
 Why does one climate and one soil endue  
 The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,  
 Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue ?  
 The twining jasmine and the blushing rose  
 With lavish grace their *morning* scents disclose,  
 The fragrant tuberose and jonquil declare  
 The stronger impulse of an *evening* air ?  
 How does it happen that the plant, which well  
 We name the sensitive, should move and feel ?  
 Whence know her leaves to answer her command,  
 And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand ?  
 Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,  
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread.  
 Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,  
 They neither know to spin or care to toil ;  
 Yet with confest magnificence deride  
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.      PRIOR.

## LESSON XCIII.

## DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain ;  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd :  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !  
How often have I paus'd on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church, that topp'd the neighbouring hill ;  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made :  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play ;  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending, as the old survey'd ;  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round ;  
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd. . . .  
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please.

GOLDSMITH.

## LESSON XCIV.

## INVITATION TO THE BEE.

CHILD of patient industry,  
Little active, busy bee,

Thou art out at early morn,  
 Just as the opening flowers are born,  
 Among the green and grassy meads  
 Where the cowslips hang their heads ;  
 Or by hedge-rows, while the dew  
 Glitters on the harebell blue.—

Then on eager wing art flown  
 To thymy hillocks on the down ;  
 Or to revel on the broom ;  
 Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;  
 Murmuring still, thou busy bee,  
 Thy little ode to industry !

Go while summer suns are bright,  
 Take at large thy wand'ring flight ;  
 Go and load thy tiny feet  
 With every rich and various sweet ;  
 Cling around the flow'ring thorn,  
 Dive in the woodbine's honey'd horn,  
 Seek the wild rose that shades the dell,  
 Explore the foxglove's freckled bell,  
 Or in the heath-flower's fairy cup  
 Drink the fragrant spirit up.

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### LESSON XCV.

#### THE SAME CONTINUED.

**BUT** when the meadows shall be mown,  
 And summer's garlands overblown ;  
 Then come, thou little busy bee,  
 And let thy homestead be with me.  
 Then, sheltered by thy straw-built hive,  
 In my garden thou shalt live,  
 And that garden shall supply  
 Thy delicious alchemy :  
 There, for thee, in autumn blows  
 The Indian pink, and latest rose,

The mignonette perfumes the air,  
And stocks' unfading flow'rs are there.  
Yet fear not when the tempests come,  
And drive thee to thy waxen home,  
That I shall then, most treacherously,  
For thy honey murder thee.

Ah, no!—throughout the winter drear,  
I'll feed thee, that another year  
Thou may'st renew thy industry  
Among the flowers, thou little busy bee.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON XCVI.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE sage, awak'd at early day,  
Through the deep forest took his way ;  
Drawn by the music of the groves,  
Along the winding gloom he roves :  
From tree to tree the warbling throats  
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,  
His ear imperfect accents caught :  
With cautious step he nearer drew  
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.  
High on the branch a pheasant stood,  
Around her all her list'ning brood ;  
Proud of the blessings of her nest,  
She thus a mother's care exprest :

“ No dangers here shall circumvent ;  
Within the woods enjoy content.  
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust,  
Than man, of animals the worst.  
In him ingratitude you find,  
A vice peculiar to the kind.

The sheep, whose annual fleece is dyed,  
 To guard his health and serve his pride,  
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,  
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.

The swarms, who, with industrious skill,  
 His hives with wax and honey fill,  
 In vain whole summer days employ'd,  
 Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.

What tribute from the goose is paid!

Does not her wing all science aid!

What now rewards this gen'ral use?

He takes the quills and eats the goose.

When services are thus acquitted,

Be sure we pheasants must be spitted." GAY.

---

## LESSON XCVII.

### HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave rising bright,  
 Lift on high thy golden head;  
 O'er the misty mountain spread  
 Thy smiling rays of orient light!  
 See the golden god appear!  
 Flies the fiend of darkness drear;  
 Flies, and in her gloomy train,  
 Sable grief, and care, and pain!  
 See the golden god advance!  
 On Taurus' heights his coursers prance:  
 With him haste the vernal hours,  
 Breathing sweets, and dropping flowers.  
 Laughing Summer at his side,  
 Waves her locks in rosy pride;  
 And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,  
 Bears his golden sheaf behind.  
 O haste, and spread the purple day  
 O'er all the wide ethereal way!



Nature mourns at thy delay :  
God of glory, haste away !  
From the red wave rising bright,  
Lift on high thy golden head ;  
O'er the misty mountains spread  
Thy smiling rays of orient light !

LANGHORNE.

## LESSON XCVIII.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,  
Attendant on the spring !  
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green  
Thy certain voice we hear ;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet  
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering in the wood,  
To pull the flowers so gay,  
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,  
Thou fly'st the vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year !

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;  
 We'd make with social wing  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.      LOGAN.

---

LESSON XCIX.

TRUE WISDOM.

HAPPY the man, old Solon cried,  
 Who, with his farm content,  
 Can smile at Cræsus' pomp and pride  
 From his low tenement;

Who can with freedom range the wood,  
 Or climb the mossy rock;  
 Can at the fountain take his food,  
 Or tend his fleecy flock:

Whose thoughts, free, open, unconfin'd,  
 Are void of all deceit;  
 Where freedom only rules the mind,  
 And keeps her godlike seat.

Let misers, with ambition curs'd,  
 O'er stormy regions roam;  
 Like Tantalus, they always thirst,  
 But peace still dwells at home:

There, there alone, rests sweet repose;  
 No storms that seat surprise;  
 Calm as the stream which by him flows,  
 The cottage where he lies;

No dangers fright his steady soul,  
 Or discompose his rest;  
 Let the earth shake, or thunders roll,  
 'Tis peaceful in his breast.

LESSON C.

THE BEASTS IN THE TOWER.

WITHIN the precincts of this yard,  
Each in his narrow confines barr'd,  
Dwells every beast that can be found  
On Afric or on Indian ground :  
How different was the life they led  
In those wild haunts where they were bred,  
To this tame servitude and fear,  
Enslav'd by man, they suffer here !

In that uneasy close recess  
Couches a sleeping lioness ;  
That next den holds a bear ; the next  
A wolf, by hunger ever vext ;  
There, fiercer from the keeper's lashes,  
His teeth the fell hyena gnashes :  
That creature on whose back abound  
Black spots upon a yellow ground,  
A panther is, the fairest beast  
That haunteth in the spacious East.  
He underneath a fair outside  
Does cruelty and treach'ry hide.

That cat-like beast that to and fro  
Restless as fire does ever go,  
As if his courage did resent  
His limbs in such confinement pent,  
That should their prey in forest take,  
And make the Indian jungles quake,  
A tiger is. Observe how sleek  
And glossy smooth his coat : no streak  
On satin ever match'd the pride  
Of that which marks his furry hide.  
How strong his muscles ! he with ease  
Upon the tallest man could seize ;

In his large mouth away could bear him,  
 And into thousand pieces tear him :  
 Yet cabin'd so securely here,  
 The smallest infant need not fear.

---

LESSON CI.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THAT lordly creature next to him  
 A lion is. Survey each limb :  
 Observe the texture of his claws,  
 The massy thickness of those jaws ;  
 His mane that sweeps the ground in length,  
 Like Samson's locks, betok'ning strength.  
 In force and swiftness he excels  
 Each beast that in the forest dwells ;  
 The savage tribes him king confess,  
 Throughout the howling wilderness :  
 Woe to the hapless neighbourhood,  
 When he is press'd by want of food !  
 Of man, or child, of bull, or horse,  
 He makes his prey ; such is his force.  
 A waste behind him he creates,  
 Whole villages depopulates.  
 Yet here within appointed lines  
 How small a grate his rage confines !  
 This place methinks resembleth well  
 The world itself in which we dwell.  
 Perils and snares on every ground  
 Like these wild beasts beset us round.  
 But Providence their rage restrains,  
 Our heavenly Keeper sets them chains ;  
 His goodness saveth every hour  
 His darlings from the lion's power.

MRS. LEICESTER.

LESSON CII.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair :

Good-morrow, sir, to you ;

Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,

Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too ;

Good-morrow to each maid

That will with flowers the tomb bestrew

Wherein my love is laid.

I'll seek him there ! I know, ere this,

The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;

But I will go, or send a kiss

By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,

He knows well who do love him ;

And who with green turfs rear his head,

And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray take heed—

With bands of cowslips bind him ;

And bring him home—but 'tis decreed

That I shall never find him.      HERRICK.

---

LESSON CIII.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,

In every clime ador'd ;

By saint, by savage, and by sage,

Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great first cause, least understood !

Who all my sense confin'd

To know but this, that thou art good,

And that myself am blind.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do;  
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away;  
 For God is paid when man receives:  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand  
 Presume thy bolts to throw,  
 Or deal damnation round the land  
 On each I judge thy foe.

---

#### LESSON CIV.

##### THE SAME CONTINUED.

MEAN though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;  
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
 Still in the right to stay;  
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
 To find the better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar—earth, sea, skies ;  
One chorus let all beings raise ;  
All nature's incense rise !           POPE.

---

LESSON CV.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

SISTER.

THROUGH the house what busy joy,  
Just because the infant boy  
Has a tiny tooth to show !  
I have got a double row,  
All as white, and all as small ;  
Yet no one cares for mine at all.  
He can say but half a word,  
Yet that single sound's preferr'd  
To all the words that I can say  
In the longest summer day.  
He cannot walk ; yet if he put  
With mimic motion out his foot,  
As if he thought he were advancing,  
It's prized more than my best dancing.

BROTHER.

Sister, I know you jesting are,  
Yet O ! of jealousy beware.  
If the smallest seed should be  
In your mind of jealousy,  
It will spring, and it will shoot,  
Till it bear the baneful fruit.

I remember you, my dear,  
 Young as is this infant here.  
 There was not a tooth of those  
 Your pretty even ivory rows,  
 But as anxiously was watch'd,  
 Till it burst its shell new hatch'd,  
 As if it a phœnix were,  
 Or some other wonder rare.  
 So when you began to walk—  
 So when you began to talk—  
 As now, the same encomiums past.  
 'Tis not fitting this should last  
 Longer than our infant days;  
 A child is fed with milk and praise.

MRS. LEICESTER.

---

LESSON CVI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

My God, all nature owns thy sway,  
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!  
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,  
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
 And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,  
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;  
 And when she pours her choral song,  
 Her melodies to thee belong!  
 Or when, in paler tints array'd,  
 The evening slowly spreads her shade;  
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
 Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,  
 Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,  
 And calmer purer thoughts inspire;  
 From earth the pensive spirit free,  
 And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.  
 In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,  
 In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,



Upon the mountain's awful head,  
Or where the sheltering woods are spread,  
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern's depth or echoing grove,  
A voice is heard of praise and love.  
As o'er thy works the seasons roll,  
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul.  
Oh never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human scene in vain!  
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,  
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
The joys that from thy favour rise!

MISS WILLIAMS.

---

LESSON CVII.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

○ HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,  
For liberty that sighs;  
And never let thine heart be shut  
Against the wretch's cries!  
For here forlorn and sad I sit  
Within the wiry grate;  
And tremble at the approaching morn  
Which brings impending fate.  
If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,  
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,  
Let not thy strong oppressive force  
A free-born mouse detain.  
O do not stain with guiltless blood  
Thy hospitable hearth;  
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd  
A prize so little worth!

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast

My frugal meal supply :

But if thine unrelenting heart

That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,

Are blessings widely given ;

Let nature's commoners enjoy

The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind

To all, compassion gives ;

Casts round the world an equal eye,

And feels for all that lives. MRS. BARBAULD.

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### LESSON CVIII.

#### ODE TO SPRING.

No longer hoary winter reigns,

No longer binds the streams in chains,

Or heaps with snow the meads ;

Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,

At last the spring appears on high,

And smiling over earth and sky,

Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,

The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,

And echo down the dale ;

The hills uplift their summits green,

The vales more verdant spread between,

The cuckoo in the wood unseen,

Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye

With all the colours of the sky,

With all the pride of Spring ;

Now heaven descends in sunny showers,

The sudden fields put on their flowers,

The green leaves wave upon the bowers,  
And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,  
And find the wonted verdant food  
Beside the well-known rills ;  
Blythe in the sun the shepherd swain  
Like Pan attunes the past'ral strain,  
While many echoes send again  
The music of the hills.

Maria, come ! now let us rove,  
Now gather garlands in the grove,  
Of every new-sprung flower :  
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,  
We'll trace the windings of the flood :  
O come, thou,—fairer than the bud  
Unfolding in a shower !

LOGAN.

---

**LESSON CIX.****THE HUMBLE BEE.**

GOOD morrow, gentle humble bee,  
You are abroad betimes, I see,  
And sportive fly from tree to tree,  
To take the air :  
And visit each gay flower that blows ;  
While every bell and bud that glows,  
Quite from the daisy to the rose,  
Your visits share.

Saluting now the pied carnation,  
Now on the aster taking station,  
Murm'ring your ardent admiration ;  
Then off you frisk,  
Where poppies hang their heavy heads,  
Or where the gorgeous sunflower spreads  
For you her luscious golden beds,  
On her broad disk.

To live on pleasure's painted wing,  
 To feed on all the sweets of spring,  
 Must be a mighty pleasant thing,  
     If it would last.

But you, no doubt, have wisely thought,  
 These joys may be too dearly bought,  
 And will not unprepar'd be caught  
     When summer's past.

---

LESSON CX.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Too soon will fly the laughing hours ;  
 And this delightful waste of flowers  
 Will shrink before the wintry showers,  
     And winds so keen.

Alas ! who then will lend you aid,  
 If your dry cell be yet unmade,  
 Nor store of wax and honey laid  
     In magazine ?

Then, lady buz, you will repent,  
 That hours for useful labour meant  
 Were so unprofitably spent,  
     And idly lost.

By cold and hunger keen opprest,  
 Say, will your yellow velvet vest,  
 Or the fur tippet on your breast,  
     Shield you from frost ?

Ah ! haste your winter-stock to save,  
 That snug within your Christmas cave,  
 When snows fall fast and tempests rave,  
     You may remain.

And the hard season braving there,  
 On spring's warm gales you will repair,  
 Elate thro' crystal fields of air,  
     To bliss again.

## LESSON CXI.

## COUNTRY SCENES.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadows pass,  
And print long footsteps on the glitt'ring grass;  
The cows, neglectful of their pasture, stand,  
By turns obsequious to the miiker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,  
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;  
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,  
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;  
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng  
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,  
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;  
Here let my breast, through quivering trees, inhale  
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.  
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?  
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.  
Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,  
The face of Nature cheers as well as I.  
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,  
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun;  
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,  
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves;  
The chirping birds from all the compass rove,  
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:  
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,  
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,  
With various prospects gratify the sight,  
And scatter fix'd attention on delight.

PARNELL.

## LESSON CXII.

## RECOLLECTIONS IN A DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET was the sound when oft at ev'ning close,  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose !  
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingled notes came soften'd from below ;  
 The swain responsive, as the milk-maid sung ;  
 The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school ;  
 The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :—  
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail ;  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
 But all their bloomy flush of life is fled !  
 All but yon widow'd solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring.  
 She, wretched matron ! forc'd, in age for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread ;  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn ;  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;—  
 She only left, of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

GOLDSMITH.

## LESSON CXIII.

## THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

## A FABLE.

As cross his yard, at early day,  
 A careful farmer took his way,  
 He stopp'd ; and, leaning on his fork,  
 Observ'd the flail's incessant work.

In thought he measur'd all his store.  
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;  
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,  
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A barley-mow, which stood beside,  
Thus to its musing master cried:

“ Say, good sir, is it fit, or right,  
To treat me with neglect and slight?  
Me, who contribute to your cheer,  
And raise your mirth with ale and beer!  
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,  
And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?  
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,  
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,  
Meet objects here? Command it hence!  
A thing so mean must give offence.”

The humble dunghill thus replied:

“ Thy master hears and mocks thy pride:  
Insult not thus the meek and low;  
In me thy benefactor know;  
My warm assistance gave thee birth,  
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth.  
But upstarts, to support their station,  
Cancel at once all obligation.”

GAY.

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## LESSON CXIV.

### A HYMN.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach  
The howling wilds are still;  
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,  
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,  
Their sacred stores unlock;

Loud in the desert sudden streams  
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends  
Upon the morning gale ;  
Red o'er the hills the roses bloom,  
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,  
A robe of beauty wears ;  
And in new heavens a brighter sun  
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,  
Appointed times disclose ;  
And fairer in Emanuel's land  
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace  
The loud hosannah sing !  
With hallelujahs and with hymns,  
O Zion, hail thy king !

LOGAN.

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LESSON CXV.

THE SISTER'S EXPOSTULATION ON THE BROTHER'S  
LEARNING LATIN.

SHUT these odious books up, brother—  
They have made you quite another  
Thing from what you us'd to be—  
Once you lik'd to play with me—  
Now you leave me all alone,  
And are so conceited grown  
With your Latin, you'll scarce look  
Upon any English book.  
We had us'd on winter eves  
To con over Shakespeare's leaves,  
Or on Milton's harder sense  
Exercise our diligence—



And you would explain with ease  
The obscurer passages ;  
Find me out the prettiest places,  
The poetic turns, and graces,  
Which, alas ! now you are gone,  
I must puzzle out alone ;  
And oft miss the meaning quite,  
Wanting you to set me right.  
All this comes since you've been under  
Your new master. I much wonder  
What great charm it is you see  
In those words, *musa*, *musæ* ;  
Or in what they do excel  
Our word, *song*. It sounds as well  
To my fancy as the other.  
Now believe me, dearest brother,  
I would give my finest frock,  
And my cabinet, and stock  
Of new playthings, every toy,  
I would give them all with joy,  
Could I you returning see  
Back to English and to me.

---

LESSON CXVI.

THE BROTHER'S REPLY.

SISTER, fie, for shame, no more,  
Give this ignorant babble o'er,  
Nor, with little female pride,  
Things above your sense deride.  
Why this foolish under-rating  
Of my first attempts at Latin ?  
Know ye not, each thing we prize  
Does from small beginnings rise ?  
'Twas the same thing with your writing,  
Which you now take such delight in.

First you learnt the down-stroke line,  
 Then the hair-stroke thin and fine,  
 Then a curve, and then a better,  
 Till you came to form a letter ;  
 Then a new task was begun,  
 How to join them two in one ;  
 Till you got (these first steps past)  
 To your fine text hand at last.  
 So, though I at first commence  
 With the humble accident,  
 And my study's course affords  
 Little else as yet but words,  
 I shall venture in a while  
 At construction, grammar, style,  
 Learn my syntax, and proceed  
 Classic authors next to read,  
 Such as wiser, better, make us,  
 Sallust, Phædrus, Ovid, Flaccus :  
 All the poets (with their wit),  
 All the grave historians writ,  
 Who the lives and actions show  
 Of men famous long ago ;  
 Even their very sayings giving  
 In the tongue they used when living.

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LESSON CXVII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THINK not I shall do that wrong  
 Either to my native tongue,  
 English authors to despise,  
 Or those books which you so prize ;  
 Though from them awhile I stray,  
 By new studies call'd away,  
 Them when next I take in hand,  
 I shall better understand,

For I've heard wise men declare  
Many words in English are  
From the Latin tongue deriv'd,  
Of whose sense girls are depriv'd,  
'Cause they do not Latin know.—

But if all this anger grow  
From this cause, that you suspect,  
By proceedings indirect,  
I would keep (as misers pelf)  
All this learning to myself;  
Sister, to remove this doubt,  
Rather than we will fall out,  
(If our parents will agree)  
You shall Latin learn with me.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON CXVIII.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,  
The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare;  
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,  
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;  
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,  
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects spring supplied,  
The May-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;  
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain's side,  
The wood-larks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay summer's sportive insect train,  
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;  
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,  
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,  
 What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,  
 What time the village peoples all the hill,  
 And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

Who dreams of nature, free from nature's strife?  
 Who dreams of constant happiness in life?—  
 Contentment bids, for all, our praise arise,  
 To him whose mandate spake the world to form,  
 Gay spring's gay bloom, and summer's cheerful skies,  
 And autumn's corn-clad field, and winter's sounding storm.

SCOTT.

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 LESSON CXIX.

## TO A ROBIN.

DESCENDING from the leafless spray,  
 The scatter'd crumbs to eat,  
 Fearless of harm, last night I saw  
 Thee hopping round my feet.

This morn thy tuneful notes I heard  
 Where murmurs softly rill;  
 And why, my pretty sonneteer,  
 Didst thou desert my sill?

Why, perch'd upon the broken wall,  
 Or hop-pole stack hard by,  
 Dost thou behold my peaceful cot  
 With more suspicious eye?

Now, now, when all the feather'd tribe  
 Scarce charm us with a note,  
 O come, and charm my pensive dame  
 With thy melodious throat.

Safe from the winter's piercing cold,  
 The blast that bends the trees,  
 The falling snow and rigid frost,  
 That numbs with every breeze.

Return, sweet bird, and take thy home  
 With me, thy friend sincere ;  
 Repay my kindness with a song,  
 And I'll protect thee here.

DR. PERFECT.

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LESSON CXX.

CONTEMPLATION.

WHILE soft through water, earth and air,  
 The vernal spirits rove,  
 From noisy joys, and giddy crowds,  
 The rural scenes remove.

The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,  
 And hush'd the blustering gale ;  
 While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe  
 Along the flow'ry vale.

The circling planets' constant rounds  
 The wint'ry wastes repair ;  
 And still from temporary death  
 Renew the verdant year.

But, ah ! when once our transient bloom,  
 The spring of life, is o'er,  
 That rosy season takes its flight,  
 And must return no more.

Yet judge by reason's sober rules,  
 From false opinion free,  
 And mark how little pilf'ring years  
 Can steal from you or me.

Each moral pleasure of the heart,  
 Each lasting charm of truth,  
 Depends not on the giddy aid  
 Of wild, inconstant youth.

## LESSON CXXI.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

THE vain coquet, whose empty pride  
 A fading face supplies,  
 May justly dread the wint'ry gloom,  
 Where all its glory dies.

Leave such a ruin to deplore,  
 To fading forms confin'd :  
 Nor age nor wrinkles discompose  
 One feature of the mind.

Amidst the universal change,  
 Unconscious of decay,  
 It views unmov'd the scythe of Time  
 Sweep all besides away.

Fix'd on its own eternal frame,  
 Eternal are its joys ;  
 While, borne on transitory wings,  
 Each mortal pleasure flies.

While ev'ry short-liv'd flower of sense  
 Destructive years consume,  
 Thro' Friendship's fair enchanting walks  
 Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time  
 The beauteous prospect ends ;  
 But, lengthen'd through the vale of death,  
 To Paradise extends. MISS CARTER.

## LESSON CXXII.

## THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.—A FABLE.

IN other men we faults can spy,  
 And blame the mote that dims their eye,  
 Each little speck and blemish find,  
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A turkey, tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;  
Behind her ran her infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.  
“ Draw near, my birds,” the mother cries,  
“ This hill delicious fare supplies ;  
Behold, the busy negro race,  
See, millions blacken all the place !  
Fear not : like me with freedom eat ;  
An ant is most delightful meat.  
How bless'd, how envy'd were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife !  
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days :  
Sometimes with oysters we combine,  
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine ;  
From the low peasant to the lord,  
The turkey smokes on ev'ry board.  
Sure men for gluttony are curst,  
Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.”

An ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,  
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech :  
“ Ere you remark another's sin,  
Bid thy own conscience look within :  
Control thy more voracious bill,  
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.”

GAY.

## LESSON CXXIII.

## THE HOT-HOUSE ROSE.

AN early rose borne from her genial bower  
Met the fond homage of admiring eyes,  
And while young Zephyr fann'd the lovely flower,  
Nature and Art contended for the prize.

Exulting Nature cried, “ I made thee fair,  
'Twas I that nursed thy tender buds in dew ;

I gave thee fragrance to perfume the air,  
And stole from beauty's cheek her blushing hue."

"Cease, goddess, cease," indignant Art replied,  
"And ere you triumph, know that, but for me,  
This beauteous object of our mutual pride  
Had been no other than a vulgar tree.

"I snatch'd her from her tardy mother's arms,  
Where sun-beams scorch and piercing tempests blow ;  
On my warm bosom nursed her infant charms,  
Prun'd the wild shoot, and train'd the straggling bough.

"I watch'd her tender buds, and from her shade  
Drew each intruding weed with anxious care,  
Nor let the curling blight her leaves invade,  
Nor worm nor noxious insect harbour there.

"At length the beauty's loveliest bloom appears,  
And Art from Fame shall win the promis'd boon,  
While wayward April, smiling through her tears,  
Decks her fair tresses with the wreaths of June.

"Then, jealous Nature, yield the palm to me,  
To me thy pride its early triumph owes ;  
Though *thy* rude workmanship produc'd the tree,  
'Twas *Education* form'd the perfect Rose !"

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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## LESSON CXXIV.

### THE BLACKBIRDS.—AN ELEGY.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,  
His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil ;  
The melting streams began to flow,  
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,  
Whom Nature wak'd to mirth and love,  
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,  
And thus it echoed through the grove.



- “ O fairest of the feather'd train !  
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,  
Attend with pity to my strain,  
And grant my love a kind return.
- “ I'll guide thee to the clearest rill  
Whose streams among the pebbles stray,  
There will we sip, and sip our fill,  
Or on the flow'ry margin play.
- “ I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,  
Impervious to the school-boy's eye ;  
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,  
And to thy downy bosom fly.
- “ When, prompted by a mother's care,  
Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,  
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,  
Or cheer thy labours with a song.
- “ And when my lovely mate would stray,  
To taste the summer sweets at large,  
I'll wait at home the live-long day,  
And fondly tend our little charge.”

## LESSON CXXV.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

HE led her to the nuptial bow'r,  
And perch'd with triumph by her side ;  
What gilded roof could boast, that hour,  
A fonder mate or happier bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song ;—  
“ Behold,” said he, “ the new-born day :  
The lark his matin-peal has rung,  
Arise, my love, and come away.”

Together through the fields they stray'd,  
And to the murm'ring rivulet's side,

Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd,  
With artless joys, and decent pride.

When O! with grief my Muse relates  
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,  
Sent by an order from the Fates,  
A gunner met them in the vale.—

Alarm'd, the lover cried, “ My dear,  
Haste, haste away, from danger fly ;  
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,  
O spare my love, and let me die.”

At him the gunner took his aim,  
Too sure the volley'd thunder flew !  
O had he chose some other game,  
Or shot as he was wont to do !

Divided pair ! forgive the wrong,  
While I with tears your fate rehearse ;  
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
And save the lover in my verse.

JAGO.

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LESSON CXXVI.

THE RAINBOW.

AFTER the tempest in the sky  
How sweet yon rainbow to the eye !  
Come, my Matilda, now while some  
Few drops of rain are yet to come,  
In this honeysuckle bower  
Safely shelter'd from the shower,  
We may count the colours o'er.—  
Seven there are, there are no more ;  
Each in each so finely blended,  
Where they begin, or where are ended,  
The finest eye can scarcely see.  
A fixed thing it seems to be ;

But, while we speak, see, how it glides  
Away, and now observe it hides  
Half of its perfect arch—now we  
Scarce any part of it can see.  
What is colour? If I were  
A natural philosopher,  
I would tell you what does make  
This meteor every colour take :  
But an unlearned eye may view  
Nature's rare sights, and love them too.  
Whenever I a rainbow see,  
Each precious tint is dear to me ;  
For every colour find I there,  
Which flowers, which fields, which ladies wear ;  
My favourite green, the grass's hue,  
And the fine deep violet-blue,  
And the pretty pale blue-bell,  
And the rose I love so well,  
All the wondrous variations  
Of the tulip, pinks, carnations,  
This woodbine here both flower and leaf ;—  
'Tis a truth that's past belief,  
That every flower and every tree,  
And every living thing we see,  
Every face which we espy,  
Every cheek and every eye,  
In all their tints, in every shade,  
Are from the rainbow's colours made.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON CXXVII.

TO A SWALLOW.

WHY tarriest thou, my pretty bird,  
When all thy friends are flown?  
How canst thou overtake their flight,  
Or tell where they are gone?

Why tarriest thou, my pretty bird?  
 Cold is the midnight air;  
 And nipping frosts, and chilling winds,  
 And winter snows are near.

Tarry not then, my pretty bird;  
 These will be death to thee,  
 From which no friendly heart can save,  
 How warm soe'er it be.

Why tarriest thou, my pretty bird,  
 Thus twittering all the day,  
 And wheeling round, and round, and round,  
 To call thy mate away?

Why tarriest thou, my pretty bird?  
 Perhaps thy mate is dead;  
 Or, false to thee, perhaps with some  
 More happy swallow fled?

Go!—in some warmer region seek  
 A mate more true than she;  
 And, nestling by her side, again  
 The happiest swallow be.

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### LESSON CXXVIII.

#### SONG.

O HAPPINESS, celestial fair,  
 Our earliest hope, our latest care,  
 Oh hear our fond request!  
 Vouchsafe, reluctant nymph, to tell  
 In what sweet spot thou lov'st to dwell,  
 And make us truly blest.

Amidst the walks of public life,  
 The toils of wealth, ambition's strife,  
 We long have sought in vain;

The crowded city's noisy din,  
 And all the busy haunts of men,  
 Afford but care and pain.

Pleas'd with the soft, the soothing pow'r  
 Of calm Reflection's silent hour,  
 Sequester'd dost thou dwell?  
 Where care and tumult ne'er intrude,  
 Dost thou reside with Solitude?  
 Thy humble vot'ries tell.

O Happiness, celestial fair,  
 Our earliest hope, our latest care!  
 Let us not sue in vain!  
 Oh deign to hear our fond request,  
 Come, take possession of our breast,  
 And there for ever reign.      MRS. H. MORE.

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LESSON CXXIX.

THE AFFECTION OF A DOG.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast  
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,  
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,  
 To all his friends, and e'en his queen unknown:  
 Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,  
 Furrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs,  
 In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,  
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed;  
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew,  
 The faithful Dog alone his master knew!  
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,  
 Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;  
 And though e'en then expiring on the plain,—  
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,  
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again,  
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet:  
 'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,

Seiz'd with dumb joy : then falling by his side,  
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died ! POPE.

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LESSON CXXX.

ON VISITING THE GARDENS OF ERMENONVILLE.

HAIL, beauteous grounds, where Nature reigns the queen,  
And Art, her modest handmaid, serves unseen !  
Escap'd from pride's clipt shades and carv'd alcove,  
Mine eyes, refresh'd, dwell on the shapes they love.  
The friends of Nature here delighted trace  
All her encourag'd world of blooming grace ;  
With sweet consent, t'enrich the blest retreat,  
Here all her amiable forms are met !  
No tyrant law, in these elysian plains,  
Her inclination to be fair restrains ;  
Prisons her waters, and curtails her trees,  
And robs her easy works of all their ease.  
For trim parterre and ranks of marshal'd flowers,  
Long uninflected paths, and formal bowers ;  
The ground, whose outline playful Fancy drew,  
With pleasing change of surface charms the view :  
Now heaves in hills, in valleys now descends,  
Now in the meads expanded plain extends.  
The woods, which no obdurate steel bereaves,  
Swell on the eye with all their wealth of leaves ;  
In whose wide realm of shadows, while we shun  
The dazzling regions of the summer's sun,  
The walk that sweetly rambles, pleas'd, we find,  
And our green way, with blissful error, wind ;  
The sinuous paths, by beauty taught to twine,  
Curl all along their undulating line :  
The alley's leafy walls, a wavy veil,  
From the pleas'd sight the coming scene conceal ;  
Each rounded turn renews the sweet surprise,  
And a fresh bowery view delights the eyes !

## LESSON CXXXI.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

THE unforc'd water, licens'd here to stray,  
Pursues its native, roving, downward way :  
Now in the river rolls an ample tide,  
And wreaths through sunny meads its azure pride :  
Now, in cool streamlet, all retir'd it roams,  
And lends its flowing grace to sylvan glooms ;  
In gentle lapse through the deep umbrage led,  
Along a sweetly rude and craggy bed,  
Whose rugged stones, objected to the tide,  
With tuneful interruption break its glide :  
While oft, to vary its wild-tinkling song,  
Down a rough stair the current drops along,  
And soothes the ear, amid the silent shades,  
With lulling warblings of minute cascades :  
Now, all impetuous rushing from on high,  
Sublime, it strikes th' astonish'd ear and eye :  
In foaming cadence, and with thund'ring sound,  
The liquid ruin tumbles to the ground !

Fair Novelty exhausts her needful power,  
To stay the wings of Pleasure's fleeting hour ;  
Repair with fresh supply the joys of sight,  
And keep from languishing the long delight :  
Onward we wander with unwearied eyes,  
And hail successive pictures as they rise !  
Sweet objects, made by union yet more sweet,  
In each harmonious composition meet ;  
While each fair landscape, from its happy place  
In the just series, draws a fairer grace ;  
Contrast to every charm fresh magic gives,  
And beauty, beauty pleasingly relieves.

## LESSON CXXXII.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

HERE, the rich brilliant scene allures the view,  
 That asks of morning beams each sprightlier hue;  
 Where living imagery constant moves  
 'Mid the still loveliness of plains and groves.  
 Gracing the piece, the village path appears,  
 Unceasing trod by rustic passengers;  
 The peasant, chanting many an airy song,  
 His humble beast of burden guides along;  
 The flock and herd the plodding keeper drives,  
 And all around the glowing landscape lives!  
 Now to a different view our steps repair,  
 And hail the form of calmer beauty there;  
 That wooes the sun, slow lapsing from his height,  
 To clothe her placid scene in gentler light;  
 Delicious quietude here soothes the breast,  
 Of power to lull e'en troubled souls to rest;  
 Here pensive reverie would choose her seat,  
 When she would all th' excluded world forget,  
 Stunn'd by its noise, to this still region steal,  
 And all the luxury of silence feel!

Rival of Arcady! where'er we range,  
 Thy sweets enchant us in an endless change!  
 By thee, e'en Clifden's bower, and Hagley's pride,  
 And Shenstone's simpler shades, are all outvied!  
 Whate'er of rapture Eden's self could give,  
 From thy rich scenes the gladden'd eyes receive!

FAWCETT.

## LESSON CXXXIII.

## ODE IN ELFRIDA.

HAIL to thy living light,  
 Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseate ray,  
 That bids gay Nature all her charms display,



In varied beauty bright !  
That bids each dewy-spangled flow'ret rise,  
And dart around its vermeil dyes ;  
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,  
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

Away, ye goblins all !  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt,  
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt  
Beside some lonely wall ;  
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tower,  
Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,  
Through each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye elves, away !  
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray ;  
That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
Where, thron'd in artless majesty,  
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.

MASON.

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LESSON CXXXIV.

AN INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles  
O'er Nature's soft repose ;  
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,  
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice  
Attends each mental pow'r :  
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy  
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come ; while the peaceful scene invites,  
Let's search this ample round,  
Where shall the lovely fleeting form  
Of Happiness be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth  
 Of gay assemblies dwell ;  
 Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,  
 That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft the laughing brow of joy  
 A sick'ning heart conceals !  
 And through the cloister's deep recess  
 Invading sorrow steals !

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,  
 The fugitive we trace ;  
 It dwells not in the faithless smile  
 That brightens Clodio's face.

Oh blind to each indulgent aim  
 Of pow'r supremely wise !  
 Who fancy happiness in aught  
 The hand of Heaven denies.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,  
 Is happiness confin'd ;  
 And, deaf to folly's call, attends  
 The music of the mind.      MISS CARTER.

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LESSON CXXXV.

THE LADY TRAVELLER.

It was a friar of orders grey,  
 Walk'd forth to tell his beads ;  
 And he met with a lady fair,  
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

“ Now Christ thee save, thou reverend Friar,  
 I pray thee tell to me,  
 If ever at yon holy shrine  
 My true love thou didst see ? ”

“ And how should I know your true love  
 From any other one ? ”

- “ O, by his cockle hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.”
- “ But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view ;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
And eyne of lovely blue.”
- “ O Lady, he is dead and gone !  
Lady, he's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone.
- “ Within these holy cloisters long  
He languish'd and he died,  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

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LESSON CXXXVI.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

- “ HERE bore him bare-fae'd on his bier,  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall.”
- “ And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth ?  
And didst thou die for me ?  
Then farewell home ! for evermore  
A pilgrim I will be.
- “ But first upon my true love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf  
That wraps his breathless clay.
- “ His cheek was redder than the rose ;  
The comeliest youth was he !  
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,  
Alas ! and woe is me !”

“ Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile  
 Beneath this cloister wall :  
 See through the thorn blows cold the wind,  
 And drizzly rain doth fall.”

“ O stay me not, thou holy friar !  
 O stay me not, I pray !  
 No drizzly rain that falls on me  
 Can wash my fault away.

“ And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,  
 And art thou dead and gone !  
 And didst thou die for love of me ?  
 Break, cruel heart of stone !”

ANCIENT BALLADS.

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## LESSON CXXXVII.

### VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

THE Diamond's and the Ruby's rays  
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,  
 And more attract our love and praise,  
 Than Beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet Tear in pity's eye  
 Transcends the Diamond's brightest beams ;  
 And the soft blush of modesty,  
 More precious than the Ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,  
 May strike the sight with quick surprise ;  
 But Truth and Innocence alone  
 Can still engage the good and wise.

No glitt'ring ornament or show  
 Will aught avail thy grief or pain :  
 Only from inward worth can flow  
 Delight that ever shall remain.      FORDYCE.

## LESSON CXXXVIII.

## THE POET AND THE ROSE.—A FABLE.

I HATE the man who builds his name  
On ruins of another's fame.

As in the cool of early day  
A poet sought the sweets of May,  
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,  
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends,  
A Rose he pluck'd; he gaz'd, admir'd;  
Thus singing, as the muse inspir'd :

“ Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace :

How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envied place  
With never-fading love !

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,  
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die !

“ Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find

More fragrant roses there ;  
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
With envy and despair !

One common fate we both must prove ;  
You die with envy, I with love.”

“ Spare your comparisons,” replied

An angry Rose who grew beside.

“ Of all mankind you should not flout us :

What can a poet do without us ?  
In ev'ry love-song Roses bloom ;  
We lend you colour and perfume :  
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,  
To found her praise on our abuse ?  
Must we, to flatter her, be made  
To wither, envy, pine and fade ?”

GAY.

## LESSON CXXXIX.

## THE ROOK AND THE SPARROWS.

A LITTLE boy with crumbs of bread  
 Many a hungry sparrow fed.  
 It was a child of little sense,  
 Who this kind bounty did dispense ;  
 For suddenly it was withdrawn,  
 And all the birds were left forlorn,  
 In a hard time of frost and snow,  
 Not knowing where for food to go.  
 He would no longer give them bread,  
 Because he had observ'd (he said)  
 That sometimes to the window came  
 A great black bird, a rook by name,  
 And took away a small bird's share.  
 So foolish Henry did not care  
 What became of the great rook,  
 That from the little sparrows took,  
 Now and then, as 't were by stealth,  
 A part of their abundant wealth ;  
 Nor ever more would feed his sparrows.  
*Thus ignorance a kind heart narrows.*  
 I wish I had been there, I wou'd  
 Have told the child, rooks live by food  
 In the same way that sparrows do.  
 I also would have told him too,  
 Birds act by instinct, and ne'er can  
 Attain the rectitude of man.  
 Nay that even, when distress  
 Does on poor human nature press,  
 We need not be too strict in seeing  
 The failings of a fellow being.

MRS. LEICESTER.

## LESSON CXL.

## TO A LADY-BIRD.

OH ! lady-bird, lady-bird, why dost thou roam  
So far from thy comrades, so distant from home ?  
Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the air,  
Who the sweets of the grove and the garden can share,  
In the fold of a leaf who can form thee a bower,  
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower ;  
Ah ! why, simple lady-bird, why dost thou venture,  
The dwellings of man so familiar to enter ?  
Too soon you may find, that your trust is misplac'd,  
When by some cruel child you are wantonly chas'd,  
And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,  
May be torn by his barbarous hands from your back :  
And your smooth jetty corselet be pierc'd with a pin,  
That the urchin may see you in agonies spin ;  
For his bosom is shut against pity's appeals,  
He has never been taught that a lady-bird feels.  
Ah ! then you'll regret you were tempted to rove,  
From the tall climbing hop, or the hazel's thick grove,  
And will fondly remember each arbour and tree  
Where lately you wander'd contented and free ;  
Then fly, simple lady-bird ! fly away home,  
No more from your nest and your children to roam.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

## LESSON CXLI.

## TO THE WOOD-LARK.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art,

For surely that would touch her heart,  
Who kills me with disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,  
Such notes of woe could waken.

Thou tell'st of never-ending care,  
Of speechless grief and dark despair:  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, no more!  
Or my poor heart were broken!

BURNS.

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LESSON CXLII.

THE WORK OF AN ALMIGHTY HAND.

THE lofty pillars of the sky,  
And spacious concave rais'd on high,  
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim:  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,  
And publishes to ev'ry land  
The work of an Almighty hand.  
Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
What though in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice:



For ever singing as they shine,  
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

ADDISON.

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LESSON CXLIII.

THE EVENING WALK.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,  
Where ebbing waters musically roll ;  
And solitude and silent eve restore  
The philosophic temper of the soul !

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest  
The busy tumult of declining day,  
To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,  
And ev'ry wild emotion drives away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,  
Your task be ended with the setting sun ;  
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,  
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beautiful visions o'er the soften'd heart,  
In this still moment all their charms diffuse !  
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,  
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful mem'ry wakens all her powers,  
She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,  
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought restores  
The social virtue and the absent friend.

Come, Marianne, come, and with me share  
The sober pleasures of this solemn scene ;  
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,  
But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

MISS CARTER.

## LESSON CXLIV.

## THE EARLY BUTTERFLY.

TRUSTING the first warm day of spring,  
 When transient sun-shine warms the sky,  
 Light on his yellow spotted wing  
 Comes forth the early butterfly.

With wavering flight, he settles now  
 Where pilewort spreads its blossoms fair,  
 Or on the grass where daisies blow,  
 Pausing, he rests his pinions there.

But, insect! in a luckless hour  
 Thou from thy winter home hast come,  
 For yet is seen no luscious flower  
 With odour rich and honey'd bloom.

And these that to the early day,  
 Yet timidly their bells unfold,  
 Close with the sun's retreating ray,  
 And shut their humid eyes of gold.

For night's dark shades then gather round,  
 And night-winds whistle cold and keen,  
 And hoary frost will crisp the ground,  
 And blight the leaves of budding green!

And thou, poor fly! so soft and frail,  
 May'st perish e'er returning morn,  
 Nor ever on the summer gale  
 To taste of summer sweets be borne!

Thus unexperienc'd rashness will presume  
 On the fair promise of life's opening day,  
 Nor dreams how soon the adverse storms may come,  
 "That hush'd in grim repose expect their evening prey."

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

## LESSON CXLV.

## THE GOLDFINCHES.

'T WAS gentle spring, when all the plummy race,  
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine;  
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,  
And with her mate in love's sweet cares to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,  
With wondrous art they built their airy seat;  
In the next orchard lived a friendly thrush,  
Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here, blest with ease, and in each other blest,  
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves;  
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest  
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either eye!  
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food  
What joy each other's likeness to descry,  
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?  
How does the fairest purpose often fail!  
A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast  
Their flattering hopes, and leave them both to wail.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,  
Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay;  
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the tempting prize,  
And bore it in his impious hands away!

## LESSON CXVI.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

BUT how shall I describe in numbers rude  
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,  
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd  
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

“ O grief of griefs !” with shrieking voice she cried,  
 “ What sight is this that I have liv’d to see !  
 O ! that I had in youth’s fair season died,  
 From love’s false joys and bitter sorrows free.

“ Was it for this, alas ! with weary bill,  
 Was it for this I pois’d the unwieldy straw ?  
 For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,  
 Nor shunn’d the pond’rous stick along to draw ?

“ Was it for this I pick’d the wool with care,  
 Intent with nicer skill our work to crown ;  
 For this with pain I bent the stubborn hair,  
 And lin’d our cradle with the thistle down ?

“ O plund’rer vile ! O more than adders fell !  
 More murd’rous than the cat with prudish face !  
 Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,  
 And thievish as the cuckoo’s pilf’ring race !”

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,  
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return’d ;  
 Then side by side they sought the distant vale,  
 And there in secret sadness inly mourn’d.

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## LESSON CXLVII.

### ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life !  
 Free from care and free from strife,  
 Free from memory’s ruthless reign,  
 Fraught with scenes of former pain ;  
 Free from fancy’s cruel skill,  
 Fabricating future ill ;  
 Time, when all that meets the view,  
 All can charm, for all is new ;  
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
 Never, never to return !

Then to toss the circling ball,  
 Caught rebounding from the wall;  
 Then the mimic ship to guide  
 Down the kennel's dirty tide;  
 Then the hoop's revolving pace  
 Through the dusty streets to chase;  
 O what joy!—it once was mine;  
 Childhood, matchless boon of thine!  
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
 Never, never to return!

SCOTT.

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 LESSON CXLVIII.

## MORNING.

SEE the star that leads the day,  
 Rising, shoots a golden ray,  
 To make the shades of darkness go  
 From heaven above and earth below;  
 And warns us early with the sight,  
 To leave the beds of silent night.  
 See the day that dawns in air,  
 Brings along its toil and care:  
 From the lap of night it springs,  
 With heaps of business on its wings;  
 Prepare to meet them in a mind  
 That bows submissively resign'd;  
 That would to works appointed fall,  
 That knows that God has order'd all.  
 And whether with a small repast,  
 We break the sober morning fast;  
 Or in our thoughts and houses, lay  
 The future methods of the day;  
 Or early walk abroad to meet  
 Our business with industrious feet:—  
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,  
 His glory still be kept in view.

O Giver of eternal bliss !  
 Heavenly Father ! grant me this ;  
 Grant it to all, as well as me,  
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee,  
 Who revere thy Son above,  
 Who thy sacred Spirit love !

PARNELL.

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 LESSON CXLIX.

## EVENING.

THE deep'ning shades o'erspread the golden west,  
 The mottled clouds sweep on before the breeze ;  
 Rude Labour leaves his weary sons to rest,  
 And sea-like murmurs sound among the trees.  
 The muffled owl sails by on silent wing,  
 The downy moth pursues her dusky way ;  
 Light-crested gnats their busy carols sing,  
 And closing flow'rets mourn departing day.  
 Soft dews descending bathe the thirsty ground,  
 A mingled fragrance cheers the pensive night ;  
 Dim rising vapours slowly roll around,  
 And wand'ring glow-worms shed their emerald light.  
 The mingled charm shall cheat my ardent soul,  
 And, gleaming through the dim fantastic light,  
 Bright shadowy forms about my head shall roll,  
 And golden visions bless my ravish'd sight.

---

 LESSON CL.

A VIRTUOUS COURSE IN YOUTH MAKES A HAPPY  
 OLD AGE.

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,  
 And folly and fashion expect our whole time,  
 Ah, let not those phantoms our wishes engage ;  
 Let us live so in youth, that we blush not in age.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
 But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;  
 Then, richer than kings, and as happy as they,  
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,  
 And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,  
 What charm in lost beauty or wealth should I find?  
 My treasure, my wealth, is sweet peace of mind.

That peace I'll preserve then, as pure as was giv'n,  
 And taste in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;  
 Thus Virtue and Wisdom can warm the cold scene,  
 And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,  
 And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn;  
 Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,  
 I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

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LESSON CLI.

TO A ROBIN.

SWEET warbler, thy song on the thorn  
 Inspires me each day with delight;  
 I hear thy mild carol to morn,  
 And thy minstrelsy charms me at night.  
 But the blossoms of summer must fade,  
 And thy beak will be robb'd of its fruit;  
 The groves will deny thee a shade,  
 And with sorrow thy voice will be mute.  
 I mark thee forlorn in the wood  
 All leafless—a tear in thine eye;—  
 I see thee a stranger to food,  
 And knowing not whither to fly.  
 Then wing thee to Rosalind's bower,  
 Whose song is a rival to thine;

Her goodness will gild the dark hour,  
For the virtues in Rosalind shine.

Thou wilt gather the crumbs from her hand,  
And shake from thy pinions the snows ;  
Thy wish will her myrtles command,  
To yield thee from storms a repose.

How chang'd then thy fate, and the scene !  
When her bow'rs will be charm'd with thy lay ;  
Unruffled by winter's stern reign,  
And forgetting the sunshine of May.

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## LESSON CLII.

### THE SQUIRREL.

THE squirrel, with aspiring mind,  
Disdains to be to earth confin'd,  
But mounts aloft in air :

The pine-tree's giddiest height he climbs,  
Or scales the beech tree's loftiest limbs,  
And builds his castle there.

As Nature's wildest tenants free,  
A merry forester is he,

In oak-o'ershadow'd dells,  
Or glen remote, or woodland lawn,  
Where the doe hides her infant fawn,  
Among the birds he dwells.

Within some old fantastic tree,  
Where time has worn a cavity,  
His winter food is stor'd :

The cone beset with many a scale,  
The chesnut in its coat of mail,  
Or nuts complete his hoard.

And of wise prescience thus possest,  
He near it rears his airy nest,  
With twigs and moss entwin'd ;



And gives its roof a conic form,  
Where safely shelter'd from the storm  
He braves the rain and wind.

LESSON CLIII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THOUGH plumeless, he can dart away,  
Swift as the wood-pecker or jay,  
His sportive mate to woo :  
His summer food is berries wild,  
And last year's acorn cups are fill'd  
For him with sparkling dew.

Soft is his shining auburn coat,  
As ermine white his downy throat,  
Intelligent his mien ;  
With feathery tail and ears alert,  
And little paws as hands expert,  
And eyes so black and keen.

Soaring above the earth-born herd  
Of beasts, he emulates the bird,  
Yet feels no want of wings :  
Exactly pois'd, he dares to launch  
In air, and bounds from branch to branch  
With swift elastic springs.

And thus the man of mental worth  
May rise above the humblest birth,  
And adverse fate control ;  
If to the upright heart be join'd  
The active persevering mind,  
And firm unshaken soul.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

## LESSON CLIV.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM AT  
MIDNIGHT.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,  
To shelt'ring caverns fly ;  
And justly dread the vengeful fate  
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law  
The threat'ning storms obey,  
Intrepid Virtue smiles serene,  
As in the blaze of day :

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,  
The lightning's lurid glare,  
It views the same all-gracious Power,  
That breathes the vernal air:

Through Nature's ever varying scene,  
By different ways pursu'd,  
The one eternal end of Heaven  
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect,  
O'er flaming æther glows,  
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears  
That vulgar minds molest,  
Let no fantastic terrors break  
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care  
Of Providence defend ;  
And delegated angels round,  
Their guardian wings extend !

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm  
Of jarring worlds survey,

That ushers in the glad serene  
Of everlasting day!

MISS CARTER.

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LESSON CLV.

SCENERY IN SPRING.

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd eye.  
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd  
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
In all the colours of the flushing year,  
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;  
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
And see the country, far diffus'd around,  
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye  
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath  
The fair profusion, yellow autumn spies.

THOMSON.

## LESSON CLVI.

## FURTHER PROGRESS OF SPRING.

AT length the finish'd garden to the view  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Along these blushing borders bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;  
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first ;  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes ;  
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown,  
 And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
 Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
 And full ranunculus, of glowing red.  
 Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd  
 To family, as flies the father-dust,  
 The varied colours run ; and while they break  
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks  
 With secret pride the wonders of his hand.  
 No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,  
 First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes :  
 Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,  
 Low bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils  
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;  
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks,  
 Nor, shower'd from ev'ry bush, the damask rose ;  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

THOMSON.

LESSON CLVII.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

A FABLE.

WAK'D to the morning's pleasing care,  
The mother rose, and sought her heir.  
She saw the nurse, like one possest,  
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

“ Sure some disaster has befall :  
Speak, nurse ; I hope the boy is well ? ”

“ Dear madam, think not me to blame ;  
Invisible the fairy came :  
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,  
And in the place a changeling laid.  
Where are the father's mouth and nose,  
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes ?  
See here, a shocking awkward creature,  
That speaks a fool in every feature ! ”

“ The woman's blind,” the mother cries ;  
“ I see wit sparkling in his eyes.”

“ Lord ! madam, what a squinting leer !  
No doubt the fairy hath been here.”

Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite  
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light ;  
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,  
And thus her folly reprimands :

“ Whence sprung the vain conceited lie  
That we the world with fools supply ?  
What ! give our sprightly race away,  
For the dull helpless sons of clay ?  
Besides, by partial fondness shown,  
Like you we dote upon our own.  
Where yet was ever found a mother,  
Who'd give her booby for another ? ”

## LESSON CLVIII.

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heav'n attend thy shade,  
 My early friend, my favourite maid !  
 When life was new, companions gay,  
 We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold  
 The flower of beauty fair unfold !  
 And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,  
 Or bring thee to an early tomb !

Untimely gone ! for ever fled  
 The roses of the cheek so red ;  
 Th' affection warm, the temper mild,  
 The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd :

Alas ! the cheek where beauty glow'd,  
 The heart where goodness overflow'd,  
 A clod amid the valley lies,  
 And "Dust to dust" the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,  
 And to thy grave untimely borne !  
 Vanish'd for ever from my view,  
 Thou sister of my soul, adieu !

Fair with my first ideas train'd,  
 Thine image oft will meet my mind ;  
 And while remembrance brings thee near,  
 Affection sad will drop a tear.

LOGAN.

## LESSON CLIX.

## A FAREWELL HYMN TO IRWAN VALE.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,  
 My infant years where fancy led,

And sooth'd me with the western gale ;  
Her wild dreams waving round my head,  
While the blythe blackbird told his tale :—  
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

The primrose on the valley's side,  
The green thyme on the mountain's head,  
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,  
The wilding's blossom blushing red ;  
No longer I their sweets inhale :—  
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

How oft, within yon vacant shade,  
Has evening clos'd my careless eye !  
How oft along those banks I've stray'd,  
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by !  
Full long their loss shall I bewail :—  
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,  
To mark the close of parting day ;  
Along yon flow'ry banks to rove,  
And watch the wave that winds away ;—  
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,  
Though far from these and Irwan's vale !

LANGHORNE.

## LESSON CLX.

## HYMN TO MAY.

FROM the wide altar of the foodful earth,  
The flowers, the herbs, the plants their incense roll ;  
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth ;  
The vermeil gardens breathe the spicy soul.  
Grateful to May, the nectar spirit flies,  
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,  
The zephyr's balmy burthen worthy of the skies. }

The bee, the golden daughter of the spring,  
 From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,  
 And loads its little thighs, or gilds its wing  
 With all the essence of the flushing groves :  
 Extracts the aromatic soul of flow'rs,  
 And, humming in delight, its waxen bow'rs  
 Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial hours. }

The aërial songsters soothe the list'ning groves :  
 The mellow thrush, the ouzle sweetly shrill,  
 And little linnet, celebrate their loves  
 In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill ;  
 The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,  
 A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,  
 And melancholy music dies along the dale. }

The gay exuberance of gorgeous spring,  
 The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd yale,  
 The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,  
 The murm'ring fountain, and the breathing dale.  
 The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,  
 The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite ;  
 Yet unadorn'd by May no longer charm the sight. }

W. THOMPSON.

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### LESSON CLXI.

#### ODE TO THE MISSEL THRUSH.

THE winter solstice scarce is past,  
 Loud is the wind, and hoarsely sound  
 The mill-streams in the swelling blast,  
 And cold and humid is the ground.  
 When to the ivy, that embowers  
 Some pollard-tree, or shelt'ring rock,  
 The troop of timid warblers flock,  
 And shudd'ring wait for milder hours.

While thou ! the leader of their band,  
 Fearless salut'st the opening year ;



Nor stay'st, till blow the breezes bland  
That bid the tender leaves appear ;  
But on some tow'ring elm or pine,  
Waving elate thy dauntless wing,  
Thou joy'st thy love-notes wild to sing,  
Impatient of St. Valentine !

Oh, herald of the spring ! while yet  
No harebell scents the woodland lane,  
Nor starwort fair, nor violet,  
Braves the bleak gust and driving rain ;  
'Tis thine, as through the copses rude,  
Some pensive wanderer sighs along,  
To soothe him with thy cheerful song,  
And tell of Hope and Fortitude !

For thee, then, may the hawthorn bush,  
The elder and the spindle tree,  
With all their various berries blush,  
And the blue sloe abound for thee !  
For thee the coral holly glow,  
Its arm'd and glossy leaves among,  
And many a branched oak be hung  
With thy pellucid misseltoe.

Still may thy nest, with lichen lin'd,  
Be hidden from the invading jay ;  
Nor truant boy its covert find,  
To bear thy callow young away :  
So thou, precursor still of good,  
O herald of approaching spring,  
Shalt to the pensive wand'rer sing  
Thy song of hope and fortitude !

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON CLXII.

LINES WRITTEN IN A COLD SPRING.

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove,  
For shelter cry all the long day ;

Their huts in the branches above  
 Are cover'd no longer by May.  
 The birds that so cheerfully sung,  
 Are silent, or plaintive each tone ;  
 And as they chirp, low, to their young,  
 The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies on carpets so green,  
 O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread !  
 Not a sweet-brier sprig can be seen,  
 To finish this wreath for my head.  
 Some flow'rets, indeed, may be found,  
 But these neither blooming nor gay ;  
 The fairest still sleep in the ground,  
 And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd  
 Her rich, though fantastical, geer ;  
 With envy the months may have join'd,  
 And jostled her out of the year.  
 Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine,  
 To see their lov'd gardens undress'd ;  
 But I,—whilst my Phillida's mine,—  
 Shall always have May in my breast.

CUNNINGHAM.

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LESSON CLXIII.

HARVEST TIME.

FAREWELL the pleasant violet-scented shade,  
 The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead ;  
 The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd ;  
 The sunny wall with bloomy branches spread.

Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay ;  
 Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field :  
 Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,  
 When evening breezes mingled odours yield.

Of these no more—now round the lonely farms,  
 Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat ;  
 Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,  
 Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,  
 Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain ;  
 Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,  
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,  
 And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield ;  
 Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,  
 Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,  
 Some lead to shelt'ring barns the fragrant corn ;  
 Some form tall ricks, that, tow'ring o'er the plains,  
 For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,  
 Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend ;  
 Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,  
 And bid to Heav'n your grateful praise ascend !

SCOTT.

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 LESSON CLXIV.

## FEIGNED COURAGE.

HORATIO, of ideal courage vain,  
 Was flourishing in air his father's cane,  
 And, as the fumes of valour swell'd his pate,  
 Now thought himself *this* hero, and now *that* :  
 "And now," he cried, "I will Achilles be ;  
 My sword I brandish ; see, the Trojans flee.  
 Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade  
 A lane through heaps of slaughter'd Grecians made !  
 And now, by deeds still braver, I'll evince,  
 I am no less than Edward the Black Prince.—"

Give way, ye coward French :"—As thus he spoke,  
 And aim'd in fancy a sufficient stroke  
 To fix the fate of Cressy or Poitiers ;  
 (The Muse relates the Hero's fate with tears)  
 He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,  
 Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.  
 Ah ! where is now that boasted valour flown,  
 That in the tented field so late was shown !  
 Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,  
 And the Black Prince goes whimpering to bed.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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## LESSON CLXV.

### A REAPING SCENE.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,  
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand  
 In fair array, each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,  
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,  
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike their scanty harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh, grateful think,  
 How good the God of harvest is to you,  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,

While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide hover round you like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of Fortune ponder ;—that your sons *may* want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

THOMSON.

LESSON CLXVI.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;  
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep.  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;  
 My fountains, all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But a sweet-brier twines it around.  
 Not my fields in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire  
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear,  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there.  
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilac to render it gay !  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
 What strains of wild melody flow !

How the nightingales warble their loves  
 From the thickets of roses that blow !  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As she may not be fond to resign.

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LESSON CLXVII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood-pidgeons breed :  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,  
 How that pity was due to——a dove,  
 That it ever attended the bold ;  
 And she call'd it the sister of love.  
 But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
 Methinks I should love her the more.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?  
 And where are her grots and her bowers ?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

LESSON CLXVIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A FABLE.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,  
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold ;  
Deep in the wood secure he lay,  
The thefts of night regal'd the day.  
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare ;  
In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,  
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,  
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

“ Let us awhile the war suspend,  
And reason, as from friend to friend.”

“ A truce ?” replies the wolf. “ 'Tis done.”  
The dog the parley thus begun :

“ How can that strong intrepid mind  
Attack a weak defenceless kind ?  
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.  
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,  
Which coward tyrants never felt.  
How harmless is our fleecy care !  
Be brave ; and let thy mercy spare.”

“ Friend,” says the wolf, “ the matter weigh :  
Nature design'd us beasts of prey ;  
As such, when hunger finds a treat,  
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.  
A wolf eats sheep but now and then,  
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.”

GAY.

## LESSON CLXIX.

## AN EVENING WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

'Tis pleasant to wander along on the sand,  
 Beneath the high cliff that is hollow'd in caves ;  
 When the fisher has put off his boat from the land,  
 And the prawn-catcher wades through the short rip-  
 pling waves.

Bright gleam the white sails in the slant rays of even,  
 And stud as with silver the broad level main,  
 While glowing clouds float on the fair face of heaven,  
 And the mirror-like water reflects them again.

How various the shades of marine vegetation,  
 Thrown here the rough flints and the pebbles among,  
 The feather'd conferva of deepest carnation,  
 And the dark purple slake and the olive sea-thong !

While Flora herself unreluctantly mingles  
 Her garlands with those that the Nereids have worn,  
 For the yellow-horn'd poppy springs up on the shingles,  
 And convolvulas rival the rays of the morn.

But now to retire from the rock we have warning,  
 Already the water encircles our seat ;  
 And slowly the tide of the evening returning,  
 The moon-beams reflects in the waves at our feet.

Ah ! whether as now the mild summer sea flowing,  
 Scarce wrinkles the sand as it murmurs on shore,  
 Or fierce wintry whirlwinds impetuously blowing,  
 Bid high madd'ning surges resistlessly roar ;

That Power which can put the wide waters in motion,  
 Then bid the vast billows repose at his word ;  
 Fills the mind with deep rev'ence, while earth, air, and  
 ocean,

Alike of the universe speak him the Lord.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.



## LESSON CLXX.

## THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

VIRTUE dwells in Arden's vale ;  
There her hallow'd temples rise ;  
There her incense greets the skies,  
Grateful as the morning gale !  
There with humble Peace, and her,  
Lives the happy villager :  
There the golden smiles of morn  
Brighter every field adorn ;  
There the sun's declining ray  
Fairer paints the parting day ;  
There the woodlark louder sings,  
Zephyr moves on softer wings,  
Groves in greener honours rise,  
Purer azure spreads the skies ;  
There the fountains clearer flow,  
Flowers in brighter beauty blow ;  
For, with Peace and Virtue, there  
Lives the happy villager.  
Distant still from Arden's vale  
Are the woes the bad bewail ;  
Distant fell Remorse and Pain,  
And Phrensy smiling o'er her chain !  
Grief's quick pang, Despair's dead groan,  
Are in Arden's vale unkown :  
For, with Peace and Virtue, there  
Lives the happy villager !  
In his hospitable cell,  
Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell ;  
And, with aspect mild and free,  
The graceful nymph, Simplicity.  
Hail, ye liberal Graces, hail !  
Natives all of Arden's vale :  
For, with Peace and Virtue, there  
Lives the happy villager !      LANGHORNE.

## LESSON CLXXI.

## THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller  
 The sky-lark's earliest song,  
 Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits  
 The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller  
 The gales that round him play,  
 When faint and wearily he drags  
 Along his noontide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun  
 Full wearily toils he,  
 The flowing water makes to him  
 Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,  
 And all is calm around,  
 There is sweet music to his ear  
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell  
 That marks his journey's bourn ;  
 But sweeter is the voice of love  
 That welcomes his return.

ANTHOLOGY.

## LESSON CLXXII.

## CONTENT.

How clad with smiles the vernal morn !  
 How gay the bloom-bespangled thorn !  
 The lark is up, the welkin rings,  
 And with his flock the shepherd sings.  
 O ! let my days with his be spent,  
 In rural shades with mild content :  
 The blackbird warbles on the bough,  
 The milkmaid sings beneath her cow ;

The mower, up with early dawn,  
Prepares to fleece the clover'd lawn ;  
The farmer views the blooming wheat,  
And starts the lev'ret from her seat ;  
Whilst I this lonely vale frequent,  
To muse the praises of content.

Pleas'd with my little flock of sheep  
That on my native downs I keep,  
Mine are the joys of peace and health,  
And sure I want no greater wealth :  
No vain desires my soul infest,  
Nor dwells ambition in my breast :  
Heaven, all such follies to prevent,  
Form'd all my thoughts to soft content.

WILLIAMS.

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LESSON CLXXIII.

BEAUTIFUL VARIETIES IN TREES.

NOR less attractive is the woodland scene,  
Diversified with trees of every growth,  
Alike, yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks  
Of ash, or lime, or beech distinctly shine  
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.  
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
Though each its hue peculiar : paler some,  
And of a wannish grey ; the willow such  
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf ;  
And ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm :  
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak.  
Some glossy leav'd, and shining in the sun ;  
The maple and the beech of oily nuts

Prolific, and the lime, at dewy eve,  
 Diffusing odours : nor unnoticed pass  
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
 Now green, now tawny ; and, ere autumn yet  
 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

COWPER.

## LESSON CLXXIV.

## THE NAUTILUS.

[*The editor recommends his young readers to look into a book of Natural History for an account of the interesting little animal which is the subject of the following poem.—Madrepore is a sort of coral.*]

WHERE southern suns and winds prevail,  
 And undulate the summer seas ;  
 The Nautilus expands his sail,  
 And scuds before the fresh'ning breeze.

Oft is a little squadron seen  
 Of mimic ships, all rigg'd complete ;  
 Fancy might think the fairy queen  
 Was sailing with her elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is design'd,  
 Each channel'd bark of purest white !  
 With orient pearl each cabin lin'd,  
 Varying with every change of light.

While with his little slender oars,  
 His silken sail, and tapering mast,  
 The dauntless mariner explores  
 The dangers of the wat'ry waste.

Prepar'd, should tempests rend the sky,  
 From harm his fragile bark to keep,  
 He furls his sail, his oar lays by,  
 And seeks his safety in the deep :

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,  
He hears the storm above him roar ;  
Mid groves of coral glowing red,  
Or rocks o'er-hung with madrepore.

So let us catch life's favouring gale:  
But if fate's adverse winds be rude,  
Take calmly in th' adventurous sail,  
And find repose in solitude.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON CLXXV.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

MIRANDA! mark, where shrinking from the gale,  
Its silken leaves yet moist with morning dew,  
That fair faint flower, the lily of the vale,  
Droops its meek head, and looks, methinks, like you!

Wrapp'd in its modest veil of tender green,  
Its many bells a soft perfume dispense ;  
And bending, as reluctant to be seen,  
In simple loveliness it soothes the sense.

With bosom bar'd to meet the garish day,  
The glaring tulip, gaudy, undismay'd,  
Offends the eye of taste, that turns away,  
And seeks the lily in her fragrant shade.  
So, in unconscious beauty, pensive, mild,  
Miranda still shall charm—Nature's ingenuous child.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON CLXXVI.

THE PEACH,

MAMMA gave us a single peach,  
She shar'd it among seven ;  
Now you may think that unto each  
But a small piece was given.

Yet though each share was very small,  
 We own'd when it was eaten,  
 Being so little for us all  
 Did its fine flavour heighten.

The tear was in our parent's eye,  
 It seem'd quite out of season ;  
 When we ask'd wherefore she did cry,  
 She thus explain'd the reason.

“ The cause, my children, I may say,  
 Was joy, and not dejection ;  
 The Peach, which made you all so gay,  
 Gave rise to this reflection :—

“ It's many a mother's lot to share,  
 Seven hungry children viewing,  
 A morsel of the coarsest fare,  
 As I this Peach was doing.

MRS. LEICESTER.

## LESSON CLXXVII.

### TO THE THRUSH.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,  
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain :  
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
 At thy blith carol, clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,  
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,  
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !  
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !  
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,  
 What wealth could never give nor take away.

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care !  
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee  
 I'll share.

BURNS.

LESSON CLXXVIII.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH  
OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.—

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'T was on those little silver feet.  
With what a pretty skipping grace,  
It oft would challenge me the race ;  
And when 't had left me far away,  
'T would stay, and run again, and stay.  
For it was nimbler much than hinds ;  
And trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses over-grown,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness ;  
And all the spring time of the year  
It only loved to be there :  
Among the beds of lilies, I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it altho' before mine eyes.  
For, in the flaxen lilies shade,  
It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until his lips e'en seem'd to bleed ;  
And then to me 't would boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still,  
On roses thus itself to fill ;  
And its pure virgin limbs to fold,  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.

Had it liv'd long, it would have been  
 Lilies without, roses within.—  
 The wanton troopers riding by,  
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die !

MARVELL.

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 LESSON CLXXIX.

## A HYMN.

O God of Abraham ! by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed !  
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
 Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
 Before thy throne of grace ;  
 God of our fathers, be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life,  
 Our wandering footsteps guide,  
 Give us by day our daily bread,  
 And raiment fit provide !

O spread thy covering wings around,  
 'Till all our wand'rings cease,  
 And at our Father's lov'd abode  
 Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer  
 Thy mercy we implore ;  
 Then with the grateful voice of praise  
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

LOGAN.

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 LESSON CLXXX.

## SELF-EXAMINATION.

LET not soft slumber close my eyes,  
 Before I've recollected thrice



The train of actions through the day :  
Where have my feet mark'd out their way ?  
What have I learnt where'er I've been,  
From all I've heard,—from all I've seen ?  
What know I more, that's worth the knowing,  
What have I done that's worth the doing ?  
What have I sought, that I should shun ;  
What duties have I left undone ;  
Or into what new follies run ?  
These self-inquiries are the road  
That lead to virtue, and to God.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF PYTHAGORAS.

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LESSON CLXXXI.

THE INFLUENCE OF SPRING ON THE FEATHERED  
TRIBES.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin  
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,  
And try again the long forgotten strain ;  
At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows,  
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,  
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn ;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And wood-lark o'er the kind contending throng,  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns

To let them joy, and purposes in thought  
 Elate to make her night excel their day.  
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove.  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
 Innumerable songsters, in the fresh'ning shade  
 Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix,  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe, discordant, heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

THOMSON.

## LESSON CLXXXII.

## THE RETURN AFTER ABSENCE.

LONG absent from the shore that gave him birth,  
 How blest the traveller treads his parent earth !  
 Ah ! how his heart (as, thro' the well-known land,  
 Gazing the long-lov'd fields on either hand,  
 To his dear native town he swift returns)  
 T' embrace his old associates fondly burns !  
 Yon house he hails ! its figure unforget !  
 Dear was its threshold to his frequent foot.  
 There has he pass'd full many a social day,  
 And met the looks that smil'd his cares away :  
 Oft has its hearth beam'd on his wintry hour,  
 And summer dress'd for him its garden's bower.  
 There two ingenuous hearts, which Love had pair'd  
 Along with Love, his faithful friendship shar'd :  
 Eager he pants t' excite a sweet surprise,  
 And sudden stand before their glistening eyes !  
 To tell them where his roving steps have been,  
 And all a wanderer's curious eyes have seen !  
 Vain hope ! another house is now their home,  
 And his sad visit seeks their neighbouring tomb.

The names, so often utter'd, there he reads,  
And with their imag'd shape his fancy feeds !  
Bent on their grave his eyes, and clasp'd his hands,  
Fix'd as their stone, th' afflicted statue stands ;  
And long their living monument appears,  
In whose still marble nothing stirs but tears.

## LESSON CLXXXIII.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

Now to yon vacant walls his feet repair,  
A while to nurse his mournful feelings there !  
Thither he goes, by pensive Memory mov'd,  
For long they held the forms that long he lov'd :  
Untenanted the empty scene remains,  
And sooths the void that in his bosom reigns :  
How silent now and cold that genial hearth,  
That warm'd to wise discourse or harmless mirth !  
Where oft he blissful sat, and, grave or gay,  
Full sweetly wore the winter's eve away !  
Ah ! where is now that hospitable blaze,  
Whose household sunshine wont to gild his face,  
Which through the dark'ning room, as day withdrew,  
(Sigh soothing light !) the red effulgence threw ;  
And long allur'd his limning eye to trace  
Amusive pictures in its various face ?  
Now, not one ray from thence his eyes receive,  
Though fast around him fall the shades of eve ;  
And from that window autumn's glooms appear ;  
Through which he us'd to watch the dying year ;  
And, while the fuel's splendours round him play'd,  
Remark the sun-deserted foliage fade !  
Now to the garden-scene forlorn he moves,  
And through the sylvan ruin mournful roves ;  
Tall weeds, in wide luxuriance rising round,  
Ensigns of Solitude, possess the ground ;

Choaking each walk his friends no longer tread,  
 The high coarse grass reminds him they are fled;  
 Whose prosperous, unmolested blades declare,  
 'Tis long since social steps were printed there.

FAWCETT.

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LESSON CLXXXIV.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

ONE summer's morn,  
 A BEE rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;  
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,  
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs.  
 It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,  
 Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care,  
 A great œconomist was she,  
 Nor less industrious than the Bee:  
 Hence every day the Ant is found  
 With anxious steps to tread the ground.  
 The active Bee with pleasure saw  
 The Ant fulfil her parent's law.  
 "Ah, sister labourer," says she,  
 "How very fortunate are we!  
 Who, taught in infancy to know  
 The comforts which from labour flow.  
 Why is our food so very sweet?  
 Because we earn before we eat.  
 Why are our wants so very few?  
 Because we Nature's calls pursue.  
 Whence our complacency of mind?  
 Because we act our parts assign'd.  
 Have we incessant tasks to do?  
 Is not all Nature busy too?  
 Doth not the sun with constant pace  
 Persist to run the annual race?"

Do not the stars which shine so bright,  
Renew their courses every night?  
Doth not the ox obedient bow  
His patient neck and draw the plough?  
Or when did e'er the generous steed  
Withhold his labour or his speed?  
If you all Nature's system scan,  
The only idle thing is man."

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LESSON CLXXXV.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

A WANTON sparrow long'd to hear  
This sage discourse, and straight drew near:  
She found, as on a spray she sat,  
The little friends were deep in chat;  
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,  
And toil and probity their scheme.  
Such talk was hateful to her breast;  
She thought them arrant prudes at best.  
She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,  
And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch her prize.  
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,  
And guess'd her fell design to kill,  
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,  
And why she treated ants as foes?

"Whene'er," said she, "I wish to dine,  
I think the whole creation mine;  
That I'm a bird of high degree,  
And ev'ry insect made for me.  
Hence, oft I search the emmet brood,  
For emmets are delicious food;  
And oft, in wantonness and play,  
I slay ten thousand in a day."

"Oh, fie!" the honest Bee replied,  
"I fear you make base man your guide;

Of ev'ry creature sure the worst,  
 Though in creation's scale the first!  
 Oh spare the Ant—her worth demands  
 Esteem and friendship at your hands.  
 A mind with ev'ry virtue blest,  
 Must raise compassion in your breast."—

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LESSON CLXXXVI.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

"VIRTUE!" rejoin'd the sneering bird,  
 "Where did you learn that Gothic word?  
 Since I was hatch'd, I never heard  
 That virtue was at all rever'd.  
 Virtue in fairy tales is seen  
 To play the goddess or the queen;  
 But what's a queen without the pow'r,  
 Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?  
 Yet this is all that virtue brags,  
 At best 'tis only worth in rags.  
 Such whims my very heart derides;  
 Indeed you make me burst my sides.  
 Trust me, miss Bee—to speak the truth,  
 I've copied man from earliest youth;  
 The same our taste, the same our school;  
 Passion and appetite our rule.  
 And call me bird, or call me sinner,  
 I'll ne'er forgo my sport or dinner."

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,  
 And wide expands her amber eyes.  
 Near and more near grimalkin draws;  
 She wags her tail, protends her paws:  
 Then springing on her thoughtless prey,  
 She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,  
 The wicked wanton Sparrow died.

LESSON CLXXXVII.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF GREEN FIELDS.

LATELY an equipage I overtook,  
And help'd to lift it o'er a narrow brook.  
No horse it had, except one boy, who drew  
His sister-out in it the fields to view.  
O happy town-bred girl, in fine chaise going  
For the first time to see the green grass growing.  
This was the end and purport of the ride  
I learn'd, as walking slowly by their side  
I heard their conversation. Often she—  
“Brother, is this the country that I see?”  
The bricks were smoking, and the ground was broke,  
There were no signs of verdure when she spoke.  
He, as the well-inform'd delight in chiding  
The ignorant, these questions still deriding,  
To his good judgement modestly she yields;  
Till, brick-kilns past, they reach'd the open fields.  
Then, as with rapt'rous wonder round she gazes  
On the green grass, the butter-cups and daisies,—  
“This is the country sure enough!” she cries:  
“Is't not a charming place?” The boy replies,  
“We'll go no further.” “No,” says she, “no need;  
No finer place than this can be indeed.”  
I left them gath'ring flow'rs, the happiest pair  
That ever London sent to breathe the fine fresh air.

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON CLXXXVIII.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
Chirping on my humble hearth;  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
Always harbinger of good,

Pay me for thy warm retreat  
 With a song most soft and sweet;  
 In return thou shalt receive  
 Such a song as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be  
 Form'd as if akin to thee,  
 Thou surpasses, happier far,  
 Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
 Theirs is but a summer-song,  
 Thine endures the winter long,  
 Unimpair'd, and shrill and clear,  
 Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day  
 Puts a period to thy lay,  
 Then, insect! let thy simple song  
 Cheer the winter evening long;  
 While secure from every storm,  
 In my cottage stout and warm,  
 Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,  
 And I delight to shelter thee.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON CLXXXIX.

ON A GOLDFINCH STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS  
 CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,  
 The thistle's downy seed my fare,  
     My drink the morning dew;  
 I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,  
 My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
     My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
 And form genteel, were all in vain,  
     And of a transient date:



For caught, and cag'd, and starv'd to death,  
In dying sighs my little breath  
    Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,  
And thanks for this effectual close,  
    And cure of ev'ry ill!

More cruelty could none express ;  
And I, if you had shown me less,  
    Had been your prisoner still.

— COWPER.

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LESSON CXC.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
    Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver car,  
    State in wonted manner keep.  
    Hesperus entreats thy light,  
    Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
    Dare itself to interpose ;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
    Heaven to clear when day did close.  
    Bless us, then, with wished sight,  
    Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
    And thy crystal shining quiver ;  
Give unto the flying hart,  
    Space to breathe, how short soever :  
    Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
    Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON.

## LESSON CXCI.

## THE KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,  
 To think yon playful kid must die ;  
 From crystal spring, and flow'ry mead,  
 Must in his prime of life recede.

Erewhile in sportive circles round  
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;  
 From rock to rock pursue his way,  
 And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,  
 She saw him climb my rustic cell ;  
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,  
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood,  
 To trace his features in the flood :  
 Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze ;  
 And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed  
 He flew to hear my vocal reed ;  
 And how with critic face profound,  
 And steadfast ear devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,  
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;  
 And tears bedew her tender eye,  
 To think the playful kid must die.

SHENSTONE.

## LESSON CXCI.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY, ON TURNING ONE  
 DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

SMALL, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,

For I must crush among the stoure,  
    Thy slender stem ;  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
    Thou beauteous gem !

Alas ! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,  
The bonny lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat,  
    With speckled breast—  
When upward springing, blyth to greet  
    The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early humble birth,  
Yet cheerfully thou ventur'edst forth  
    Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
    Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and walls must shield :  
But thou between the random bield  
    Of clod or stone,  
Adorn'st the rugged stubble field,  
    Unseen alone.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise,  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies !

BURNS.

## LESSON CXCIH.

## A SONG OF PRAISE.

FROM busy scenes with peace alone retir'd,  
And the warm ray of gratitude inspir'd,  
For blessings past, and mercies yet to come,  
Here let me praise my God and fix my home.

His providence for all my wants provides,  
 His arm upholds me, and his right-hand guides :  
 His breezes fan me in the noon-tide hours,  
 Where coolness walks amid my shades and bowers :  
 His bounty in the silver current flows,  
 Smiles in the blossom, in the fruitage glows :  
 His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,  
 Fed with his balm and water'd with his showers :  
 He bids the rose its crimson folds unloose,  
 And blush refulgent in the purple dew :  
 The lily he arrays with spotless white,  
 Rich in its mantle of inwoven light :  
 The painted tribes their sunny robes display,  
 And lend a lucid softness to the day.  
 Grateful each flower to heaven its incense pays,  
 And breathes its fragrant soul away in praise.  
 Oh! thither may they teach my soul to soar,  
 Confess our Maker, and his steps adore :  
 Contented let me live, submissive die,  
 And hope a fairer Paradise on high !

W. THOMPSON.

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### LESSON CXCIV.

#### MEMORY.

"FOR gold could Memory be bought,  
 What treasures would she not be worth  
 If from afar she could be brought,  
 I'd travel for her through the earth."

This exclamation once was made  
 By one who had obtain'd the name  
 Of young forgetful Adelaide :  
 And while she spoke, lo ! Memory came.—

If Memory indeed it were,  
 Or such it only feign'd to be—  
 A female figure came to her,  
 Who said, " My name is Memory :

“ Gold purchases in me no share,  
Nor do I dwell in distant land ;  
Study, and thought, and watchful care,  
In every place may me command.

“ I am not lightly to be won ;  
A visit only now I make :  
And much must by yourself be done,  
Ere me you for an inmate take.

“ The only substitute for me  
Was ever found, is call'd a pen :  
The frequent use of that will be  
The way to make me come again.”

MRS. LEICESTER.

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LESSON CXCIV.

EVENING.

DAY's sinking fount now pours a milder flood,  
And burnishes with deeper gold the green :  
A lucid autumn paints the summer wood,  
And the pleas'd eye smiles on the saffron scene.  
The long-grown shades announce advancing night ;  
With faintest breath the languid zephyr blows ;  
Th' unruffled trees sleep in the yellow light ;  
And all surrounding things instil repose.  
Calm Evening's tranquil pupil, let me stray ;  
From hectic care, from sultry anger free ;  
All cool my bosom as abated day ;  
Nor clouded, conscience, by a frown from thee !  
At this still hour, oft let me rove serene,  
And catch the temper of the placid scene.

FAWCETT.

## LESSON CXCVI.

## THE CAPTIVE FLY.

SEDUCED by idle change and luxury,  
 See in vain struggles the expiring fly :  
 He perishes ! for lo, in evil hour,  
 He rush'd to taste of yonder garish flower,  
 Which in young beauty's loveliest colours drest,  
 Conceals destruction in her treacherous breast,  
 While round the roseate chalice odours breathe,  
 And lure the wanderer to voluptuous death.

Ill-fated vagrant, did no instinct cry,  
 "Shun the sweet mischief?" no experienc'd fly  
 Bid thee of this fair smiling fiend beware,  
 And say, "The false Apocynum is there?  
 Ah, wherefore quit for this Circean draught  
 The bean's ambrosial flower, with incense fraught ;  
 Or where, with promise rich, *Fragaria* spreads  
 Her spangling blossoms on her leafy beds ;  
 Could thy wild flight no softer blooms detain ?  
 And tower'd the lilac's purple groups in vain ?  
 Or waving showers of golden blossoms, where  
*Laburnum's* pensile tassels float in air,  
 When thou within those topaz keels might creep  
 Secure, and rock'd by lulling winds to sleep ?"

## LESSON CXCVII.

## THE SAME CONTINUED.

BUT now no more for thee shall June uncloset  
 Her spicy clove-pink, and her damask rose ;  
 Nor for thy food shall swell the downy peach,  
 Nor raspberries blush beneath th' embow'ring beech.  
 In vain thy fragile wings are torn,  
 Sharp with distress resounds thy small shrill horn,

While thy gay happy comrades hear thy cry,  
 Yet heed thee not, and careless frolic by ;  
 Till thou, sad victim, every struggle o'er,  
 Despairing sink, and feel thy fate no more ?

An insect lost should thus the muse bewail ?  
 Ah no ! but 'tis the moral points the *tale* :  
 From the mild friend, who seeks with candid truth  
 To show its errors to presumptuous youth ;  
 From the fond caution of parental care,  
 Whose watchful love protects the hidden snare,  
 How do the young reject, with proud disdain,  
 Wisdom's firm voice, and reason's prudent rein,  
 And urge, on pleasure bent, the impetuous way,  
 Heedless of all but of the present day.  
 Then while false meteor-lights their steps entice,  
 They taste, they drink, the empoison'd cup of vice,  
 Till misery follows ; and too late they mourn,  
 Lost in the fatal gulf from whence there's no return.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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## LESSON CXCVIII.

### LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,  
 And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth :  
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,  
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,

Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia.

THOMSON.

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 LESSON CXCIX.

## THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY, what is that thing call'd light,  
 Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
 What are the blessings of the sight?  
 O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;  
 You say the sun shines bright:  
 I feel him warm, but how can he  
 Or make it day or night?

My day and night myself I make,  
 Whene'er I sleep or play,  
 And could I always keep awake,  
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
 You mourn my hapless woe;



But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy ;  
While thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy. CIBBER.

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LESSON CC.

WRITTEN ON THE LEAVES OF AN IVORY  
POCKET-BOOK.

ACCEPT, my dear, this toy ; and let me say,  
The leaves an emblem of your mind display :  
Your youthful mind uncolour'd, pure and white,  
Like crystal leaves transparent to the sight ;  
Fit each impression to receive, whate'er  
The pencil of instruction traces there.  
O then transcribe into the shining page  
Each virtue which adorns the tender age,  
And grave upon the tablet of your heart,  
Each lofty science, and each useful art.  
But with the likeness mark the difference well,  
Nor think complete this hasty parallel—  
The leaves by folly scrawl'd, or foul with stains,  
A drop of water clears with little pains ;  
But from a blotted mind the smallest trace,  
Not seas of bitter tears can e'er efface,  
The spreading mark for ever will remain,  
And rolling years but deepen every stain.  
Once more, one difference let me still explain ;  
The vacant leaves for ever will remain,  
Till some officious hand the tablet fill  
With sense, or nonsense, rhyme, or prose, at will.  
Not so your mind ; without your forming care,  
Nature forbids an idle vacuum there ;

Folly will plant the tares without your toil,  
And weeds spring up in the neglected soil.

THE GIVER.

LESSON CCI.

TO A GERANIUM WHICH FLOWERED DURING  
WINTER.

NATIVE of Afric's arid lands,  
Thou, and thy many-tinctur'd bands,  
Unheeded and unvalued grew,  
While Caffres crush'd beneath the sands  
Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

But our cold northern sky beneath,  
For thee attemper'd zephyrs breathe,  
And art supplies the tepid dew,  
That feeds, in many a glowing wreath,  
Thy lovely flowers of roseate hue.

Thy race, that spring uncultur'd here,  
Decline with the declining year,  
While in successive beauty new,  
Thine own light bouquets fresh appear,  
And marbled leaves of cheerful hue.

Now buds and bells of every shade,  
By Summer's ardent eye survey'd,  
No more their gorgeous colours shew;  
And e'en the lingering asters fade,  
With drooping heads of purple hue.

But naturaliz'd in foreign earth,  
'Tis thine, with many a beauteous birth,  
As if in gratitude they blew,—  
To hang, like blushing trophies forth,  
Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

Oh then, amidst the wint'ry gloom,  
Those flowers shall dress my cottage room,

Like friends in adverse fortune true ;  
And soothe me with their roseate bloom,  
And downy leaves of vernal hue.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON CCII.

SCENES IN WINTER.

THROUGH the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ov  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tam'd 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 th' 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. The foodless wilds

Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,  
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

THOMSON.

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LESSON CCIII.

MOORLAND MARY.

With jet black eyes and sloe black hair,  
 With cheeks so red and arms all bare,  
 And teeth so white and dimpled chin,  
 And bosom fair and pure within;  
 With small straw-hat so loosely tied,  
 And rushy basket at her side,  
 Quite full with berries red and blue  
 And heather buds of many a hue,  
 And step as light as any fairy,  
 I met the little MOORLAND MARY.

If you, sweet girl, will go with me,  
 My little serving-maid to be,  
 And those soft notes you sweetly sung,  
 Repeat them to my nursling young;  
 And leave these hills so bleak and wild,  
 To watch and tend my darling child,  
 To cherish her I fondly love,  
 And tender, true, and faithful prove,  
 And o'er her infant steps be wary,  
 I'll treasure you, sweet MOORLAND MARY.

Oh, lady, listen to my tale,  
 And let my simple words prevail;

My mother's old—she's old and poor—  
And scarce can totter to her door ;  
And me she loves, her only joy,  
She has no other girl or boy :  
Ah ! while she lives, with her I'll stay,  
But think of you when far away.  
She says the grave will rest the weary—  
And then I'll be your MOORLAND MARY.

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LESSON CCIV.

THE BEGINNING OF SPRING.

MINDFUL of disasters past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The sleety storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, the evening chill,  
Reluctant comes the timid spring.  
Scarce a bee with airy ring  
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,  
That clothe the garden's southern bound :  
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps  
From the dark dell's entangled steeps :  
O'er the field of waving broom  
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :  
Scant along the ridgy land  
The beans their new-born ranks expand ;  
The fresh-turn'd soil, with tender blades  
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :  
The swallow, for a moment seen,  
Skims in haste the village green :  
Fraught with a transient frozen show'r,  
If a cloud should haply low'r,  
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,  
Mute on a sudden is the lark ;  
But, when gleams the sun again  
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,

And from behind his watery veil  
 Looks through the thin-descending hail;  
 She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,  
 Salutes the blythe return of light,  
 And high her tuneful track pursues  
 'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.  
 Beneath a willow long forsook,  
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook,  
 And, bursting through the crackling sedge  
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,  
 Startles from the bordering wood  
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

WARTON.

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 LESSON CCV.

## THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

It happen'd on a summer's day,  
 A country lass, as fresh as May,  
 Deck'd in a wholesome russet gown,  
 Was going to the market town;  
 So blithe her looks, so simply clean,  
 You'd take her for a May-day queen:  
 Though for a garland, says the tale,  
 Her head sustain'd a loaded pail.  
 As on her way she pass'd along,  
 She humm'd the fragments of a song;  
 She did not hum for want of thought—  
 Quite pleas'd with what to sale she brought,  
 She reckon'd, by her own account,  
 When all was sold, the whole amount.  
 Thus she—"In time this little ware  
 May turn to great account, with care:  
 My milk being sold for—so and so,  
 I'll buy some eggs as markets go,  
 And set them;—at the time I fix,  
 These eggs will bring as many chicks;

I'll spare no pains to feed them well :  
They'll bring vast profit when they sell.  
With this I'll buy a little pig,  
And when 'tis grown up fat and big,  
I'll sell it, whether boar or sow,  
And with the money buy a cow ;  
This cow will surely have a calf,  
And there the profit's half in half ;  
Besides, there's butter, milk, and cheese,  
To keep the market when I please ;  
All which I'll sell and buy a farm,  
Then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.  
Oh ! then for ribbands, gloves, and rings !  
Ay ! more than twenty pretty things.  
One brings me this, another that,  
And I shall have—I know not what !”  
Fir'd with the thought, the sanguine lass,  
Of what was thus to come to pass,  
Her heart beat strong, she gave a bound,  
And down came milkpail on the ground :  
Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah, well-a-day ! )  
Cow, calf, and farm—all swam away.

LA FONTAINE.

## LESSON CCVI.

## THE PRIMROSE.

PALE trifle of the milder glade,  
A fav'rite of each gentle maid ;  
'Tis you foretel the rising spring,  
And warn the forward thrush to sing,  
Short, very short, is winter's reign,  
Sweet flow'r, when you return again.  
Fair harbinger of mirth, with you  
The concerts of the groves renew ;  
'Tis you inspire the tender dove,  
And bid the blackbird woo his love.

Short, very short, is winter's reign,  
Sweet flow'r, when you return again.

At thy approach the woodcock flies  
To frozen Lapland's darker skies ;  
While Progne comes to rear her cell,  
And greet her sister Philomel.

Short, very short, is winter's reign,  
Sweet flower, when you return again.

At thy approach to welcome May,  
The shepherd makes his liv'ry gay ;  
His pipe which long had useless lain,  
Now wakes to sports the drowsy plain.  
Short, very short, is winter's reign,  
Sweet flower, when you return again.

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## LESSON CCVII.

### THE CLOSE OF SUMMER.

FAREWELL ye banks where late the primrose growing  
Among fresh leaves its pallid stars display'd,  
And the ground-ivy's balmy flowers blowing,  
Trail'd their festoons along the grassy shade.

Farewell to richer scenes and summer pleasures !  
Hedge-rows, emgarlanded with many'a wreath,  
Where the wild roses hang their blushing treasures,  
And to the evening gale the woodbines breathe.

The burning dog-star, and the insatiate mower,  
Have swept or wither'd all this floral pride ;  
And mullein's now or bugloss' ling'ring flower,  
Scarce cheer the green lane's parch'd and dusty side.

His busy sickle now the months-man wielding,  
Close are the light and fragile poppies shorn ;  
And while the golden ears their stores are yielding,  
The azure corn-flowers fall among the corn.



The woods are silent too, where loudly flinging,  
Wild notes of rapture to the western gale,  
A thousand birds their hymns of joy were singing,  
And bade the enchanting powers of spring-time hail!

The stock-dove now is heard in plaintive measure,  
The cricket shrill, and wether's drowsy bell,  
But to the sounds and scenes of vernal pleasure,  
Music and dewy airs, a long farewell!

Yet though no beauteous wreaths adorn the season,  
Nor birds sing blithe, nor sweets the winds diffuse,  
This riper period, like the age of reason,  
Though stript of loveliness, is rich in use.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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LESSON CCVIII.

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I HAVE taught your young lips the good words to say over,  
Which form the petition we call The Lord's Prayer,  
And now let me help my dear child to discover  
The meaning of all the good words that are there.

“Our Father,” the same appellation is given  
To a parent on earth, and the Parent of all—  
O gracious permission! the God that's in heaven  
Allows his poor creatures him Father to call.

To “hallow his name” is to think with devotion  
Of it, and with reverence mention the same;  
Though you are so young, you should strive for some notion  
Of the awe we should feel at the Holy One's name.

His “will done on earth, as it is done in heaven,”  
Is a wish and a hope we are suffer'd to breathe,  
That such grace and favour to us may be given,—  
Like good angels on high we may live here beneath.

“Our daily bread give us,” your young apprehension  
May well understand, is to pray for our food;

Although we ask bread, and no other thing mention,  
 God's bounty gives all things sufficient and good.

You pray that your "trespasses may be forgiven,  
 As you forgive those that are done unto you."  
 Before this you say to the God that's in heaven,  
 Consider the words which you speak!—Are they true?

If any one has in the past time offended  
 Us angry creatures, who soon take offence,  
 These words in the prayer are surely intended  
 To soften our minds, and expel wrath from thence.

We pray that "temptations may never assail us,"  
 And "deliverance beg from all evil" we find;  
 But we never can hope that our prayer will avail us,  
 If we strive not to banish ill thoughts from our mind.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,  
 For ever and ever:" these titles are meant  
 To express God's dominion and majesty o'er ye:  
 And "Amen" to the sense of the whole gives assent.

MRS. LEICESTER.

THE END.





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