

SONNET.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND.

Since dark December shrouds the transient day,
And stormy Winds are howling in their ire,
Why com'st not THOU, who always can'st inspire
The soul of cheerfulness, and best array
A fullen hour in smiles?—O ! haste to pay
The cordial visit fullen hours require !
Around the circling Walls a glowing fire
Shines ;—but it vainly shines in this delay
To blend thy spirit's warm Promethean light.
Come then, at Science, and at Friendship's call,
Their vow'd Disciple ;—come, for they invite ;
The social Powers without thee languish all.
Come,—that I may not *hear* the winds of night,
Nor *count* the heavy eye-drops as they fall !