

OXFORD REVISITED.

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,
 Oxford, and chime harmonious, but I say,
 Sighing to think how time has worn away,
 Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
 Heard after years of absence, from the vale
 Where Cherwell winds. Most true it speaks the tale
 Of days departed, and its voice recalls
 Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
 Of life, and many friends now scattered wide
 By many fates. Peace be within thy walls!
 I have scarce heart to visit thee ; but yet,
 Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
 Each better hope, since my poor Harriet died,
 What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget !

 IN MEMORIAM.

How blessed with thee the path could I have trod
 Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate,
 (And little wishing more) nor of the great
 Envious, or their proud name ; but it pleased God
 To take thee to his mercy : thou didst go
 In youth and beauty to thy cold death-bed ;
 Even whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
 Of years to come of comfort ! Be it so.
 Ere this I have felt sorrow ; and even now,
 Though sometimes the unbidden tear will start,
 And half unman the miserable heart,
 The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
 And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
 Best friend, farewell, till we do meet again !

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM
BENWELL, M.A. ¹

THOU camest with kind looks, when on the brink
 Almost of death I strove, and with mild voice
 Didst soothe me, bidding my poor heart rejoice,
 Though smitten sore : Oh, I did little think
 That thou, my friend, wouldst the first victim fall
 To the stern King of Terrors ! Thou didst fly,
 By pity prompted, at the poor man's cry ;
 And soon thyself were stretched beneath the pall,
 Livid infection's prey. The deep distress
 Of her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
 To whom thy faith was vowed, thy soul was true,
 What powers of faltering language shall express ?
 As friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
 And sorrowing say, Pure spirit, thou art gone !

AT MALVERN.

I SHALL behold far off thy towering crest,
 Proud mountain ! from thy heights as slow I stray
 Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
 I shall behold upon thy rugged breast,
 The parting sun sit smiling : me the while
 Escaped the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
 May visit, as life's bitter losses press
 Hard on my bosom ; but I shall beguile

¹ An accomplished young friend of the author—a poet and a scholar, formerly fellow of Trinity College, Oxford—who died of a typhus fever, caught in administering the sacrament to one of his parishioners. Mr Benwell had only been married eleven weeks when he died.