

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM  
BENWELL, M.A.<sup>1</sup>

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 !

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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

<sup>1</sup> 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.

The thing I am, and think, that ev'n as thou  
 Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,  
 Proud mountain! whilst the scattered vapours fly  
 Unheeded round thy breast,—so, with calm brow,  
 The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear  
 The smile unchanged of peace, though pressed by care!

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NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;  
 But when the winds, slow wafted from the main,  
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,  
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate  
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot  
 Of those who once majestic in their prime  
 Stood smiling at decay, till bowed by time  
 Or injury, their early boast forgot,  
 They may have fall'n like thee! Pale and forlorn,  
 Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,  
 They lift, still unsubdued, as they would scorn  
 This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;  
 Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear  
 The trace of creeping age, and the pale hue of care!

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ASSOCIATIONS.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,  
 Still on that vision which is flown I dwell,  
 On images I loved, alas, too well!  
 Now past, and but remembered like sweet sounds  
 Of yesterday! Yet in my breast I keep  
 Such recollections, painful though they seem,  
 And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream  
 I start, and find them not; then I could weep