

PICTURE OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN I was sitting, sad, and all alone,
 Remembering youth and love for ever fled,
 And many friends now resting with the dead,
 While the still summer's light departing shone,
 Like many sweet and silent summers gone ;
 Thou camest, as a vision, with a mien
 And smile like those I once on earth had seen,
 And with a voice of that remembered tone
 Which I in other days, long since, had heard :
 Like Peace approaching, when distempers fret
 Most the tired spirit, thy fair form appeared ;
 And till I die, I never shall forget,—
 For at thy footstep light, the gloom was cheered,—
 Thy look and voice, oh ! gentle Margaret.

HOUR-GLASS AND BIBLE.

LOOK, Christian, on thy Bible, and that glass
 That sheds its sand through minutes, hours, and days,
 And years ; it speaks not, yet, methinks, it says,
 To every human heart : so mortals pass
 On to their dark and silent grave ! Alas
 For man ! an exile upon earth he strays,
 Weary, and wandering through benighted ways ;
 To-day in strength, to-morrow like the grass
 That withers at his feet !—Lift up thy head,
 Poor pilgrim, toiling in this vale of tears ;
 That book declares whose blood for thee was shed,
 Who died to give thee life ; and though thy years
 Pass like a shade, pointing to thy death-bed,
 Out of the deep thy cry an angel hears,
 And by his guiding hand thy steps to heaven are led !

MILTON.

ON THE BUSTS OF MILTON, IN YOUTH AND AGE, AT
STOURHEAD.

IN YOUTH.

MILTON, our noblest poet, in the grace
Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair,
That brow untouched by one faint line of care,
To mar its openness, we seem to trace
The front of the first lord of human race,
'Mid thine own Paradise portrayed so fair,
Ere Sin or Sorrow scathed it : such the air
That characters thy youth. Shall time efface
These lineaments as crowding cares assail !
It is the lot of fall'n humanity.
What boots it ! armed in adamantine mail,
The unconquerable mind, and genius high,
Right onward hold their way through weal and woe,
Or whether life's brief lot be high or low !

IN AGE.

AND art thou he, now "fall'n on evil days,"
And changed indeed ! Yet what do this sunk cheek,
These thinner locks, and that calm forehead speak !
A spirit reckless of man's blame or praise,—
A spirit, when thine eyes to the noon's blaze
Their dark orbs roll in vain, in suffering meek,
As in the sight of God intent to seek,
'Mid solitude or age, or through the ways