

IN HORTO REV. J. STILL,

APUD KNOYLE, VILLAM AMENISSIMAM.

STRANGER! a while beneath this aged tree
 Rest thee, the hills beyond, and flowery meads,
 Surveying; and if Nature's charms may wake
 A sweet and silent transport at thine heart,
 In spring-time, whilst the bee hums heedless nigh,
 Rejoice! for thee the verdant spot is dressed,
 Circled with laurels green, and sprinkled o'er
 With many a budding rose: the shrubs all ring
 To the birds' warblings, and by fits the air
 Whispers amid the foliage o'er thine head!
 Rejoice, and oh! if life's sweet spring be thine,
 So gather its brief rose-buds, and deceive
 The cares and crosses of humanity.

 GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

COME to these peaceful seats, and think no more
 Of cold, of midnight watchings, or the roar
 Of Ocean, tossing on his restless bed!
 Come to these peaceful seats, ye who have bled
 For honour, who have traversed the great flood,
 Or on the battle's front with stern eye stood,
 When rolled its thunder, and the billows red
 Oft closed, with sudden flashings, o'er the dead!
 Oh, heavy are the sorrows that beset
 Old age! and hard it is—hard to forget
 The sunshine of our youth, our manhood's pride!
 But here, O aged men! ye may abide