

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

Secure, and see the last light on the wave
 Of Time, which wafts you silent to your grave ;
 Like the calm evening ray, that smiles serene
 Upon the tranquil Thames, and cheers the sinking scene.

A RUSTIC SEAT NEAR THE SEA.

To him, who, many a night upon the main,
 At mid-watch, from the bounding vessel's side,
 Shivering, has listened to the rocking tide,
 Oh, how delightful smile thy views again,
 Fair Land! the sheltered hut, and far-seen mill
 That safe sails round and round ; the tripping rill
 That o'er the gray sand glitters ; the clear sky,
 Beneath whose blue vault shines the village tower,
 That high elms, swaying in the wind, embower ;
 And hedge-rows, where the small birds' melody
 Solace the lithe and loitering peasant lad !
 O Stranger! is thy pausing fancy sad
 At thought of many evils which do press
 On wide humanity!—Look up ; address
 The GOD who made the world ; but let thy heart
 Be thankful, though some heavy thoughts have part,
 That, sheltered from the human storms' career,
 Thou meetest innocence and quiet here.

WARDOUR CASTLE.

If rich designs of sumptuous art may please,
 Or Nature's loftier views, august and old,
 Stranger! behold this spreading scene ;—behold
 This amphitheatre of aged trees,