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*SONNET XLI.**To Tranquillity.*

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**I**N this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,  
How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity !  
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye,  
By the low cradles, thou delight'st to sit,  
Of sleeping infants—watching the soft breath,  
And bidding the sweet slumb'ers easy lie ;  
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,  
Where the poor languid suff'rer—hopes to die.  
Oh ! beauteous sister of the halcyon Peace !  
I sure shall find thee in that heav'nly scene  
Where Care and Anguish shall their pow'r resign ;  
Where Hope alike, and vain Regret shall cease ;  
And Memory—lost in happiness serene,  
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine !

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