

His ubi sedatus furor est, petit utraque nympham  
 Qualem inter Veneres Anglia sola parit,  
 Hanc penés imperium est, nihil optant amplius,  
 hujus  
 Regnant in nitidis, et sine lite, genis.

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THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale that all day long  
 Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
 Nor yet when even tide was ended,  
 Began to feel as well he might  
 The keen demands of appetite ;  
 When looking eagerly around,  
 He spied far off upon the ground,  
 A something shining in the dark,  
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark,

So

So stooping down from hawthorn top,  
 He thought to put him in his crop;  
 The worm aware of his intent,  
 Harangu'd him thus right eloquent.

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,  
 As much as I your minstrelsy,  
 You would abhor to do me wrong,  
 As much as I to spoil your song,  
 For 'twas the self-same power divine,  
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine,  
 That you with music, I with light,  
 Might beautify and cheer the night.  
 The songster heard his short oration,  
 And warbling out his approbation,  
 Releas'd him as my story tells,  
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn,  
 Their real int'rest to discern:  
 That brother should not war with brother,  
 And worry and devour each other,

But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
 'Till life's poor transient night is spent,  
 Respecting in each other's case  
 The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those christians best deserve the name  
 Who studiously make peace their aim ;  
 Peace, both the duty and the prize  
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

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V O T U M.

O matutini rores, auræque salubres,  
 O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,  
 Graminei colles, et amænæ in vallibus umbræ !  
 Fata modó dederint quas olim in rure paterno  
 Delicias, procul arte, procul formidine novi,  
 Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper  
 avebat,  
 Ante larem proprium placidam expectare senec-  
 tam,