

Sweet moralist ! afloat on life's rough sea
 The christian has an art unknown to thee ;
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
 Where duty bids he confidently steers,
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
 And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

Translations from VINCENT BOURNE.

1. THE G L O W - W O R M,

1.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
 A worm is known to stray ;
 That shews by night a lucid beam,
 Which disappears by day.

2.

Disputes have been and still prevail
 From whence his rays proceed ;
 Some give that honour to his tail,
 And others to his head.

3.

But this is sure—the hand of might

That kindles up the skies,

Gives *him* a modicum of light,

Proportion'd to his size.

4.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant

By such a lamp bestow'd,

To bid the trav'ler, as he went,

Be careful where he trod:

5.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light

Might serve, however small,

To shew a stumbling stone by night,

And save him from a fall.

6.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine

Is legible and plain,

'Tis power almighty bids him shine,

Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye

7.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

2. THE JACK DAW.

I.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

2.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather ;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.