

WRITTEN AT WEST-ASTON.

June, 1808.

YES, I remember the dear suffering saint,
Whose hand, with fond, commemorative care,
Planted that myrtle on my natal day.
It was a day of joy to him she loved
Best upon earth ;—and still her gentle heart,
That never felt one passion's eager throb,
Nor aught but quiet joys, and patient woes,
Was prompt to sympathize with all ; and most
With that beloved brother.—She had hoped
Perchance, that, fondly on his arm reclined
In placid happiness, her feeble step
Might here have wandered through these friendly shades,
This hospitable seat of kindred worth :
And that the plant, thus reared, in future years
Might win his smile benignant, when her hand

Should point where, in its bower of loveliness,
 Bright spreading to the sun its fragrant leaf,
 His Mary's myrtle bloomed.—Ah me! 'tis sad
 When sweet affection thus designs in vain,
 And sees the fragile web it smiling spun
 In playful love, crushed by the sudden storm,
 And swept to dark oblivion, mid the wreck
 Of greater hopes!—Even while she thought of bliss,
 Already o'er that darling brother's head
 The death-commissioned angel noiseless waved
 His black and heavy wings: and though she mourned
 That stroke, in pious sorrow, many a year,
 Yet, even then, the life-consuming shaft
 In her chaste breast she uncomplaining bore.
 Now, both at rest, in blessed peacefulness,
 With no impatient hope, regret, or doubt,
 Await that full completion of the bliss
 Which their more perfect spirits shall receive.
 Fair blossomed her young tree, effusing sweet
 Its aromatic breath; for other eyes
 Blushed the soft folded buds, and other hands

Pruned its luxuriant branches : friendship still
Preserved the fond memorial ; nay, even yet
Would fain preserve with careful tenderness
The blighted relic of what once it loved.
Hard were the wintry hours felt even here
Amid these green protecting walls, and late
The timid Spring, oft chilled and rudely checked,
At last unveiled her tenderest charms, and smiled
With radiant blushes on her amorous train ;
But no reviving gale, no fruitful dew,
Visits the brown parched leaf, or from the stem,
The withering stem, elicits the young shoots
With hopes of life and beauty ; yet thy care
Perhaps, dear Sydney, thine assiduous care
May save it still. What can resist the care
Of fond, assiduous love ? Oh ! it can raise
The shuddering soul, though sunk beneath the black,
Suspended pall of death ! Believe this lip,
Believe this grateful heart, which best can feel
The life-restoring power of watchful love.