

This poem, written at Andover, consists of thirty-three Spenserian stanzas, and is, therefore, too long to be inserted here. But the following quotation may serve as a specimen of the whole :

“ Sometime now past in the autumnal tide,
When Phoebus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees, all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head—
Their leaves and fruit seemed painted, but were true
Of green, of red, of yellow—mixed hue,
Rapt were my senses, at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,
If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is He, that dwells on high!
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That bath this under world so richly dight;
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then, on the stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seemed to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire,
Hath hundred winters passed since thou wast born,
Or thousand, since thou break'st thy shell of horn?
If so, all these, as nought, eternity doth scorn.

Then higher, on the glittering sun I gazed,
Whose beams were shaded by the leafy tree;
The more I looked, the more I grew amazed,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this universe's eye—
No wonder some made thee a deity:
Had I not better known, (alas!) the same had I.

Silent, alone, where none or saw or heard,
In distant paths I led my wandering feet.
My humble eyes, to lofty skies I reared
To sing some song, my mazed muse tho't meet.
My great Creator I would magnify,
That nature had thus decked liberally,
But ah! and ah! again, my imbecility.

While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel perch'd o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain;
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings, with her, awhile to take my flight.

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and played on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject thus their voices raise,
And, in their kind, resound their Maker's praise,
While I, as mute, can warble forth no higher lays?”