EPHEMERAL EFFUSIONS

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Ephemeral effusions by D. R. M.

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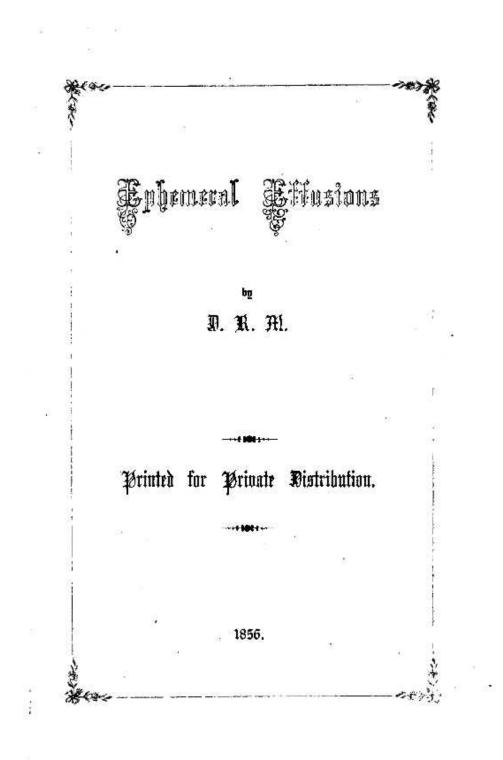
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ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOME VERSES IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Write in Louisa's Album ! No.—Let it remain As spotless, pure, and innocent, as she, To whom the book belongs,

Why stain its snow-white leaves with witless epigrams,

Or dull charades, or lover's faithless songs? Guiltless my pen shall be, chaste, virgin page Of e'en one line, to sully thy fair face; For every word on thy pure surface trac'd, Must mar thy beauty, and belie thy name: But, if your Album must be filled, sweet maid, Let all its treasures emanate from thee; Paint Virtue's image. Pity's soothing grace, Celestial Truth, and Heaven born Piety;



2

Collect the maxims of the wise and good, The dying moments of the martyrs brave ; Portray Religion with its gentle hand Guiding the Christian's pathway to the grave : But let no idle scribbler dare profane This sacred volume, consecrate alone

To virtue, and to thee. Then boast Louisa of a gem so rare, An Album stored with rationality.

THOUGHTS ON QUITTING HENLEY SCHOOL

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I.

Recall'd from those lov'd scenes of harmless mirth, Of early friendships, and of love sincere, To enter on the world's tumultuous stage, Where envy, discord, and deceit appear :

II.

Say, can I leave that spot without regret, Where childhood first induced maturer age, To guide its infant steps in learning's paths, And check each youthful fault by council sage :

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In this retreat my soul was taught to feel The sacred awe, Religion doth impart, To know, all nature own'd a God supreme, And to adore that God with grateful heart.

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IV.

Here first I learnt with steady hand to trace The thanks, I ow'd, to kind parental love, When parted from my kindred and my home, The fond remembrance of that home to prove.

v.

Here first Apollo taught my hand to strike The silver lyre, and wake harmonious sounds : To warble to the Lute's wild plaintive notes, And music's soothing power diffuse around.

VL.

Here first I learnt to imitate each flower, Arrang'd in glowing groups by fancy's aid ; Retain the semblance of beloved friends, And make enduring, forms that time would fade.

VII.

Here first I learnt to join the sportive dance, In which so many cheerful hours are spent; But ah ! the time will come, when age denies Such trivial pleasures, as in youth are lent; Then must our comfort from Religion flow : This too I learnt in Henley's tranquil shade, That peace with God will happiness bestow, When all our transitory joys shall fade.

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IX.

O, may I pass through life in virtue's road, And, when I stand upon the verge of death, May conscience whisper comfort to my soul, And may I, full of faith, resign my breath.