

POEMS

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Poems by E. F. A. Sergeant

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E. F. A. SERGEANT

POEMS



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BY

E. F. A. SERGEANT.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ADELINE.

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1836.

INTRODUCTION.

It seems desirable that the following pages should be prefaced by a few words, both explanatory and deprecatory.

I can readily imagine doubts arising in some minds respecting the propriety of allowing one so young as the writer to appear before the public. Possibly a somewhat satisfactory answer may be found in the fact, that from earliest childhood she has been accustomed to see others writing, despatching through the post, and has afterwards herself read in print those same compositions. Thus all that is novel and exciting in authorship has been, with her, such a daily familiarity, that it has lost its otherwise dangerous influence.

Whilst the readers of the following pages will expect something worth perusal, they will not of course anticipate the productions of mature thought or long

experience. Some of the pieces were composed when the writer was only eleven years old; the others between that age and her fourteenth year. It may be right to say that her first compositions date from a much earlier period. For some two or three years, every device was resorted to—by recreation, employment, and school duties, to divert the mind. Those efforts, however, were unsuccessful; and what was evidently the gift of nature has been allowed—with less interruption—to develop itself. Some of her pieces having already appeared in print, it has been thought desirable to offer the following selection from great numbers both in prose and poetry, to the perusal of her young friends. I express an earnest hope that her readers may find interest in the poems now before them.

As physical strength is increased by constant use of the various physical organs, so mental gifts demand for their expansion and growth the stimulus of judicious cultivation and exercise. Mind—untrained and undisciplined,—the sport of every vagrant thought and wild imagination,—overrun by the rank weeds of sloth and indcision,—is a curse and not a blessing. But cultured by the hand of love;—enriched and brightened by rays from the Sun of Righteousness,—kept and

tended "with all diligence," and ever fragrant with the dews of a holy consecration to Heaven;—then, how radiant become its flowers of truth and purity;—how sweet the influence of its odorous grace;—how bright the beauty of its upspringing plants of celestial wisdom!

Let not the young reader fail to remember that every power vouchsafed is capable of growth and increase, and that for the improvement of every talent, youth is responsible to ONE who says in tones of love and warning, "Occupy till I come."

"Never," as one writes, "does the flower of youth appear more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness." "Therefore, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

ADELINE.

HAMPTON VILLA,
WESTON-SUPER-MARE,
November, 1866

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