

**CONTEMPLATION,  
OR A CHRISTIAN'S  
WANDERINGS**

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Contemplation, or a Christian's Wanderings by William Vivian

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# CONTEMPLATION,

OR

A CHRISTIAN'S WANDERINGS



BY

WILLIAM VIVIAN,

OF TOR, DEVON.

"Rude thought runs wild in Contemplation's field."

YOUNG.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND Co.;

HAMILTON AND ADAMS; BALDWIN AND CRADOCK:

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BATH; RIVIERE, UNION STREET: PLYMOUTH; BY NETTLETON,

AND ROWE: TORQUAY; BY COCKEREM, AND DOORNE.

MDCCCXXXVI.

736.

TO THE  
INVALID VISITORS OF TORQUAY,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

in the sincere hope that they may be enabled by the Giver of all grace and consolation, to participate in the peace and comfort so mercifully extended to the author, during a period in which he was taught to sympathize with those who are afflicted by a "body of sin and death," and to desire earnestly that the passing hour of their chastening, may be their entrance (by the sovereign mercy of the blessed Father of Spirits,) into His own holy and eternal rest. Hosea, ii. 15.

Tor, December, 1835,



## CANTO I.

### I.

The circling year again with steady course  
Renews its infant days; enlivening Spring  
Swells into form respiring Nature's force,  
And softly waking spreads her fragrant wing,  
Upborne by gentle Zephyrs; bids them sing  
Her welcome triumph o'er stern Winter's powers,  
And shew her azure banner brightening  
Above the cold dark cloud where still he lowers  
To blight the tender buds of her too forward flowers.



## II.

How beautiful! What calm delight to view  
New life, new vigour, and new beauty rise  
From what was late so desolate. All new  
And lovely now, e'en the remembrance dies  
Of chilling blasts or storm defaced skies.  
Around young flowers extend their varied sheen,  
And wave their perfum'd heads to Zephyr's sighs,  
Where mantled in their robes of brightest green  
The peaceful meadows and their wooded dells are seen.

## III.

A heart-expanding sight. How softly sweet  
The smiling verdure of the flowery green,  
Yielding its mossy carpet to our feet.  
What cooling freshness in the leafy screen  
Which folds the winding rivulet between  
Its pendant branches; now beneath their shade  
Pausing awhile, as fearing to be seen;  
Then rippling on where waterlilies braid  
Its emerald zone with pearls, along the sunny glade.

## IV.

Welcome the pleasures Nature's graces yield ;  
Welcome her soft repose. I too, with thee  
Fair Streamlet, from the troubled world conceal'd,  
Seek here her quiet converse : flowing free  
In musical meand'rings, thou may'st be  
The pattern of my verse and thought : thy rest  
Beneath the graceful bend of forest tree,  
Is calm and tranquil, while thy troubled breast  
Where more expos'd, marks thee the world's unwilling  
guest.

## V.

So from the works of man to thee I turn  
Fair work of God : upon thy tranquil shrine  
The incense of a thankful heart may burn.  
While laurel wreaths with other strains entwine  
Thy flowery chaplet shall alone be mine :  
Mine be the task thy varied scenes to dress  
In that soft majesty wherein they shine  
On thy fair page, and shew their power to bless  
The soul with joys of earth without its weariness.

## VI.

And thou her Handmaid (waiting still from heaven  
When earth became accurs'd) direct my theme  
Meek Contemplation! teach me what is given  
To Reason's exercise, when thy pure beam  
Directs its course aright; no fitful gleam  
Of vain imagination suffering,—disperse  
The mists of error and the worldling's dream,  
While Nature's useful lessons I rehearse,  
And class thy words of wisdom in my wand'ring verse.

## VII.

Thou tellest now how Spring's young happy day  
Comes welcom'd in. Upon the blooming thorn  
The feather'd songster chaunts his roundelay,  
And choicest flowers bloom sweetly to adorn  
The fragrant garlands of her natal morn.  
All youth and beauty! Winter's reign is o'er:  
His chilling hours of terror all are gone;  
Lost in the gulf of ages, whose dark shore  
Time's rapid wing has past—revisiting no more.