

**AUNT MARY'S POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND
SELECT, FOR THE
USE OF YOUNG PERSONS**

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Aunt Mary's Poetry, Original and Select, for the Use of Young Persons by Mary

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MARY

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The very great demand which has been made for a certain little "Collection of Poetry for Young Persons," lately out of print, has induced the compiler to send out another edition in a more popular form, with considerable additions, both original and select.

She begs to acknowledge her obligations to several friends for their kind contributions, and has availed herself to a considerable extent of the very suitable productions of Mary Howitt, Mrs. Hemans, and several other popular poets of the present day, as well as others of older date.

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AUNT MARY'S POETRY.



THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD EVIDENT.

SEE here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, and the words; but you do not see the writers, the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, nor the binder; you never did see them; you never will see them; and yet there is not one of you that will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther, I affirm that you see the very minds of these men in seeing this book; and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that they had skill, contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason. In the same manner if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter of it; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; if you see one room contrived for this purpose, another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude the builder was a person of skill and forecast who formed the house with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who, when he sees the sign

of a wheatsheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter; but who, when he sees the wheatsheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself, "This had a wise and good Creator."

THE BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration,
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Vainly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils!

THE NAUTILUS.

Two feet they upward raise, and steady keep,
These are the masts and rigging of the ship;
A membrane stretched between, supplies the sail,
Bends from the masts, and swells before the gale:
The other feet hang paddling on each side,
And serve for oars to row, and helm to guide:
'Tis thus they sail, pleased with the wanton game,
The fish, the sailor, and the ship the same.

But when the swimmers dread some danger near,
The sportive pleasure yields to stronger fear:
No more they wanton drive before the blasts,
But strike the sails, and bring down all the masts;
The rolling waves their sinking shells o'erflow,
And dash them down again to sands below.

THE BEE.

The bee observe—

She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form—a cunning architect,
That at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,
Travels the livelong day. Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer, than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, look here and learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis
To live by industry.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm;
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.
The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,