Of his own house? The light that shines alroad How can it lead him to an act of love? I hom can he comfort! will the afflicted turn Their steps to him or will the eye of grief and sorrow such him! To the name of friend Fenown to the poor man? Whence is he to hear The sweet creative voice of gratitude? Touch there fair hazels - my beloved Friend! Through his a right invisible to thee, From such unde intercourse the woods all shrink Ils at the blowing of Ustolphos horn-Thou, Lucy, art a maiden inland bred; and thou hast hown "some nusture; but in truth I had met the here with that heen look Halfernel in its cagernels, those thicks Thus flushed with a tempestions loom, I might han almost deem'd that I had hell a houseless being in a human hape, An enemy of nature, hither sent from regions for beyond the Indian hill. lone rest on this light bed of purple heath, Und let me see thee sink into a dream Of gentle thoughts, protracted till then eye Be calm at water when the winds we gove and no one can tell whether. The those day Both stretch & along the ground, his trather has

That in one instant at the bouch of spining 100 but forth their under leaves, & through nine In the dark nights, have both logether theard The driving storm - Will blefred be the Down hat leach philosophy and good desires In this their the Lycum, hand of hune Wrought not this run - y am quelt lefi hen For seeing with worthy or sulline h what we blazon with the pompour hang To book with feeling of fisher rul freigt which hold I selent station in this beauteous world. be gentle Stewards of a Socti time! be Towers without whose aid the wille man Hould waste full half of the long summeriday, and its cool limbrage, make the fore won her Then fully suns are blazing, to his verse i opition, as a range our mostily hit wifts to alove the breathing sea - and ye no by w los who with most necessary care Line the concentration of your groves And we whose general ministry dis a witer hose the covert of these Tha des, Even as a steel, between the mast of man and the une asy food of twood man himself not down, and his own unquel heart, the that I had a musice and a croce Tarmonion al your owie, to lell he world

What ye have done for me. It seems a day, One of Those heavenly days which cannot die, When through the autumnal woods, a figure quaint, Equipped with wallet & with crooked stick ye ad me, & I followed in your steps, Tricked out in proud disquise of beggass weeds, Dut on for the occasion, by advice and exhortation of my frugal dame. Mothey accontrement of power to smile at thorns & brakes & brambles, & in Fruth 60 Those ragged than need was. They led me for Those quardian Spirits into some dear nooh Unvisited where not a broken bough Drosped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign Of devastation, but the hagles reje Tall & ored, north, milh_white cluster hung, a virgin seem _ a little while I stood, Breathing with ouch supprefrion of the heart Us joy delights in; and with wive wotraint (Toluptuons fearlefro, a roal, eyed The banquet, or beneath the trees I vate amone the flowers, & with the flowers & player. Temper well known to those who after long Und way expectation, have been blessed With sudden happiness beyond all hope .-Arhaps it was a lower beneath whose leavy The violets of five teasons reappear and fade, unsuen by any human eye,