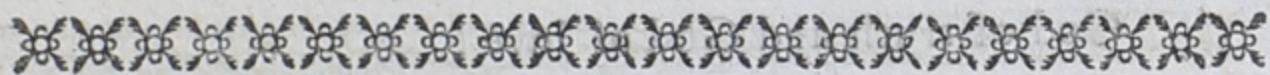


Silence he cannot bear, noise is distraction,
 Noise kills with bustle, silence with reflection ;
 No want he feels, — what has he to pursue ?
 To him 'tis less to *suffer*, than to *do*.

The *busy* world's a fool, the *learn'd* a sot,
 And his sole hope to be by all forgot :
 Wealth is procur'd with toil, and kept with fear,
 Knowledge by labour purchas'd costs too dear ;
 Friendship's a clog, and family a jest,
 A wife but a bad bargain at the best ;
 Honour a bubble, subject to a breath,
 And all engagements vain since null'd by death ;
 Thus all the wise esteem, he can despise,
 And *caring not*, 'tis he alone is wise :
 Yet, all his wish possessing, finds no rest,
 And only lives to know, *he never can be blest*.



The SONG of SIMEON paraphrased.

By Mr. MERRICK.

'TIS enough — the hour is come.

Now within the silent tomb

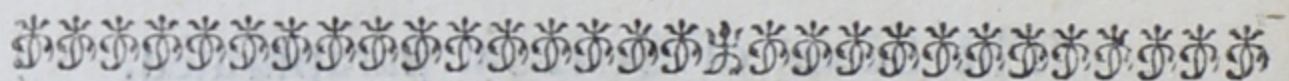
Let this mortal frame decay,

Mingled with its kindred clay ;

Since thy mercies oft of old

By thy chosen seers foretold,

Faithful now and stedfast prove,
 God of truth and God of love !
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day-spring from on high.
 Son of righteousness, to thee
 Lo ! the nations bow the knee,
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's star ;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams intensely shed
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head.
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth and God of love !



On the Invention of LETTERS.

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
 The lively image of the voice to paint ;
 Who first the secret how to colour found,
 And to give shape to reason, wisely found ;
 With bodies how to cloath ideas, taught ;
 And how to draw the picture of a thought :

Who