

Stream of the lake! why hasten on?  
 A boist'rous ocean spreads before,  
 Where dash dark tides, and wild winds moan,  
 And foam-wreaths skirt a cheerless shore.  
 Nor bending flowers, nor waving fields,  
 Nor aught of rest is there for thee;  
 But rest to thee no pleasure yields;  
 Then haste and join the stormy sea!

Stream of the lake! of bloody men,  
 Who thirst the guilty fight to try;—  
 Who seek for joy in mortal pain,  
 Music in misery's thrilling cry,—  
 Thou tell'st: peace yields no joy to them,  
 Nor harmless Pleasure's golden smile;  
 Of evil deed the cheerless fame  
 Is all the meed that crowns their toil.

Not such would prove,—if Pleasure shone,—  
 Stream of the deep and peaceful lake!  
 His course, whom Hardship urges on,  
 Through cheerless waste and thorny brake.  
 For, ah! each pleasing scene he loves,  
 And peace is all his heart's desire;  
 And, ah! of scenes where Pleasure roves,  
 And Peace, could gentle minstrel tire?

Stream of the lake! for thee await  
 The tempests of an angry main;  
 A brighter hope, a happier fate,  
 He boasts, whose present course is pain.  
 Yes, ev'n for him may death prepare  
 A home of pleasure, peace, and love;  
 Thus blessed by hope, little his care,  
 Though rough his present course may prove.

The minister paused as he concluded, and looked puzzled. "Pretty well, I dare say," he said; "but I do not now read poetry. You, however, use a word that is not English,—'Thy winding *marge* along.' Marge!—what is marge?" "You will find it in Johnson," I said. "Ah, but we must not use all the words we find in Johnson." "But the poets make frequent use of it." "What poets?" "Spenser." "Too old,—too old: no authority now," said the minister. "But the Wartons also use it." "I don't know the Wartons." "It occurs also," I iterated, "in one of the most finished sonnets