

July 24. Sunday, fine, v. st. N. W. cloudless sky, hot
reading & cleaning up. at Chapel P. M. reading the
"Basket of flowers."

"Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark, that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best;
And from the sun, & from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, & found

Religious meanings in the forms of nature;
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds;
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark
That singest like an Angel, in the clouds."

Coleridge. — near in solitude.

" Watcher, who warest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on, with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath, lest his sleep should break,
In the loneliest hour there's a helper nigh —
' Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' "

" Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy vein of fire & thy wasted cheek,
Farest thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Look to the Guide, who can never fail.
He hath trod it himself, he will bear thy sigh —
' Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' "

" Inquirer, who sittest in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy loved one's bed,
Planting the myrtle & rose instead,
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
' Jesus of Nazareth' passeth by. "

Reverend { " Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
Table & hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee
There is One can tell of a home on high,
' Jesus of Nazareth' passeth by. "

Copied out of the "Basket of flowers".