

“TO W. ALLSTON, ON SEEING HIS ‘BRIDE.’

“ Weary and slow and faint with heavy toil,  
The fainting traveller pursues his way,  
O'er dry Arabian sands the long, long day,  
Where at each step floats up the dusty soil ;  
And when he finds a green and gladsome isle,  
And flowing water in that plain of care,  
And in the midst a marble fountain fair,  
To tell that others suffered too erewhile,  
And then appeased their thirst, and made this fount  
To them a sad remembrance, but a joy  
To all who follow — his tired spirits mount  
At such dim-vised company — so I  
Drink of thy marble source, and do not count  
Weary the way in which thou hast gone by.”

J.