

L'Enbooy.

I SEE how other men aspire,
Who lofty strains can nobly raise ;
And feel that this, my humble lyre,
Must yield to them the meed of praise.

But Mirth may come to Virtue's aid,
When gloom the face of day would hide ;
And Truth, in mirthful garb arrayed,
May find an entrance, else denied.

Then scorn not thou the sportive lay,
Nor judge it by the rigid letter ;
With covert aim it winds its way
By smiling paths to make men better.