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WITH

POETICAL EXPLANATIONS,

FOR THE

AMUSEMENT OF YOUNG PERSONS.



HARRISBURG, PA.

PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY THEO. F. SCHEFFER.

1857.

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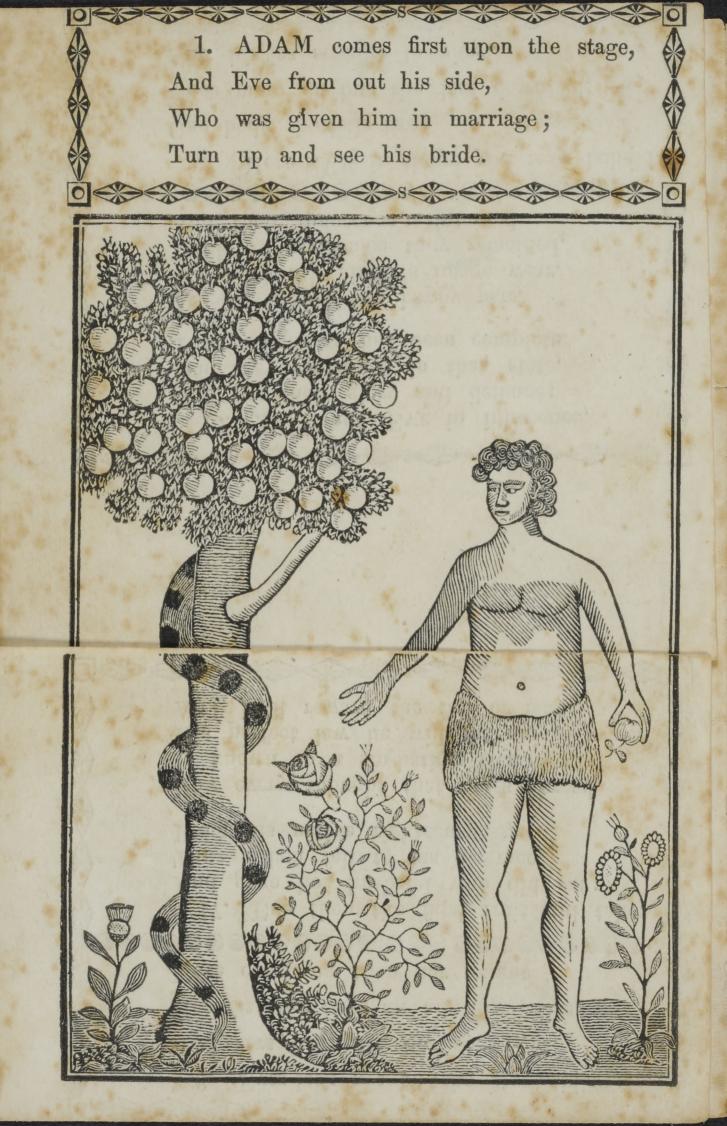
That we may not mislead our little readers, it is desired they would understand the *Mermaid* and *Griffin* to be only creatures of fable, that never did exist. And although *Death* is represented in the form of a human skeleton, yet this is only an emblem; for Death is not a being, but a state.

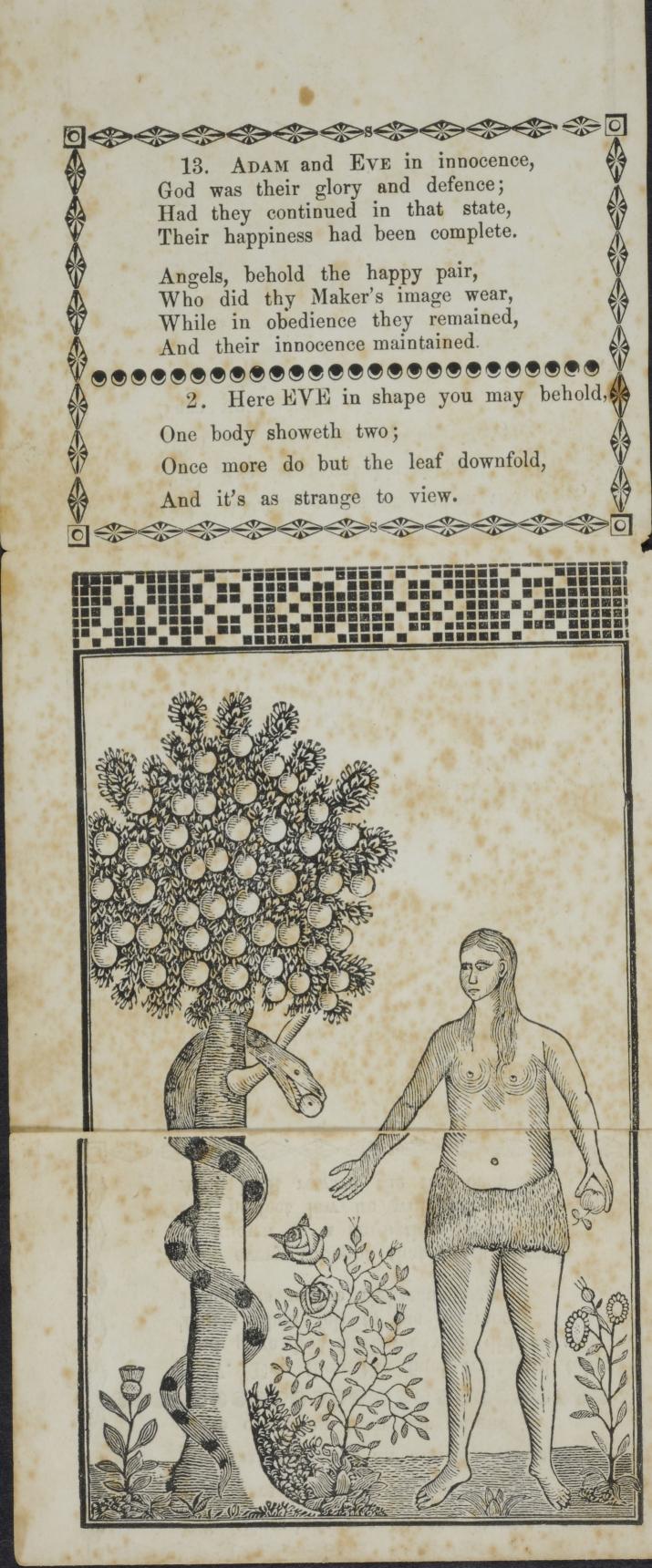
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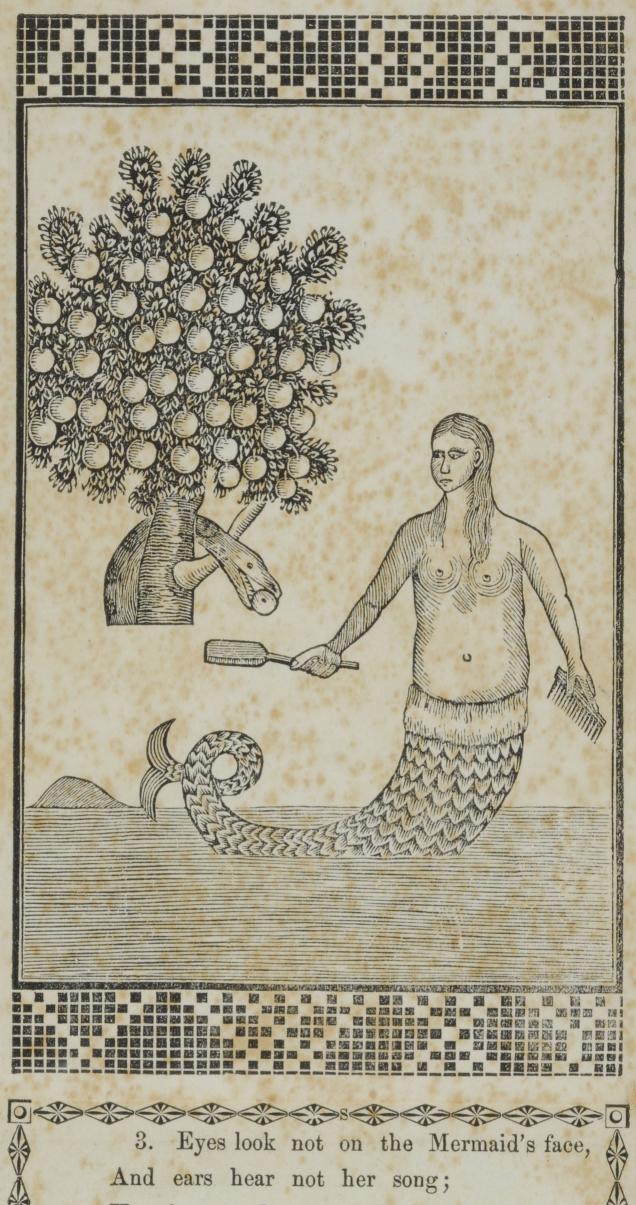
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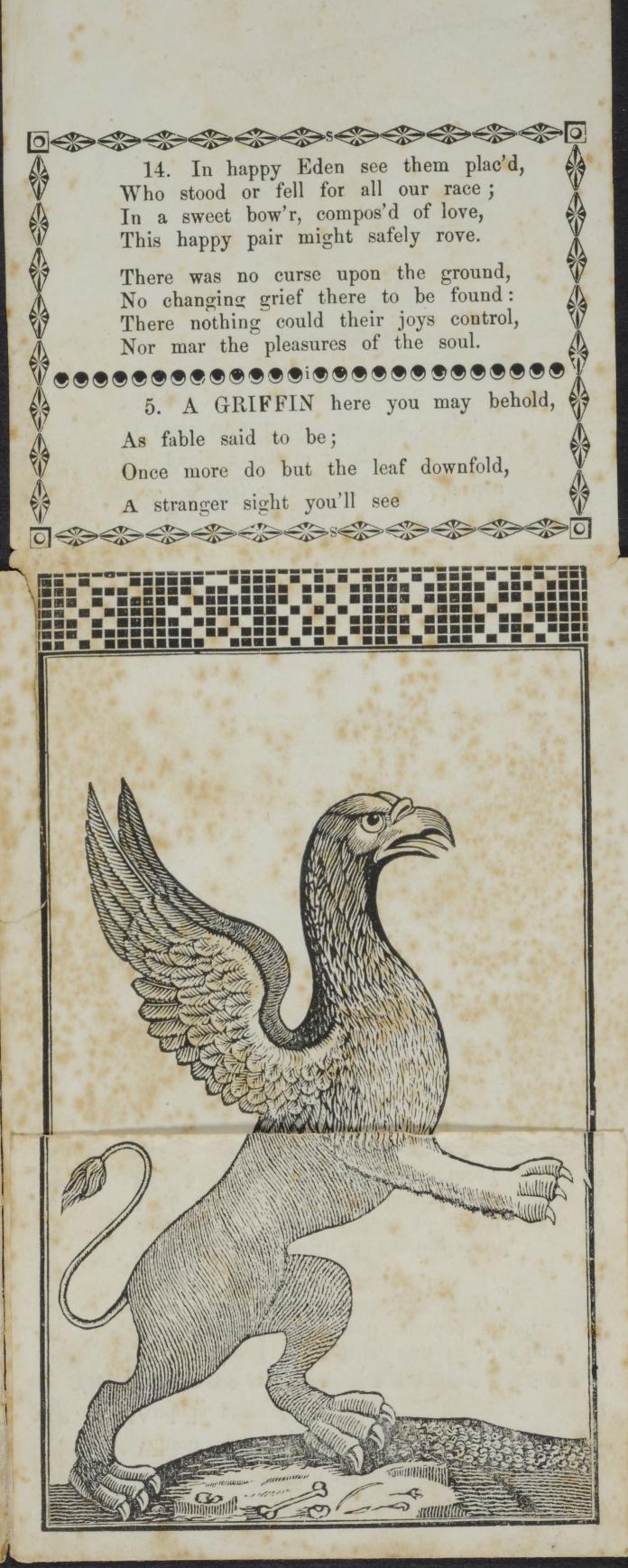
Her features have an alluring grace, More charming than her tongue.

17. Eve then the fatal fruit did take, And gave her husband who did eat: Thus Adam fell to his disgrace, From his native righteousuess,

Now every thought that roves abroad, Is known to a sin-hating God: His perfect law he will maintain, Ah! he'll reward the fall of man.

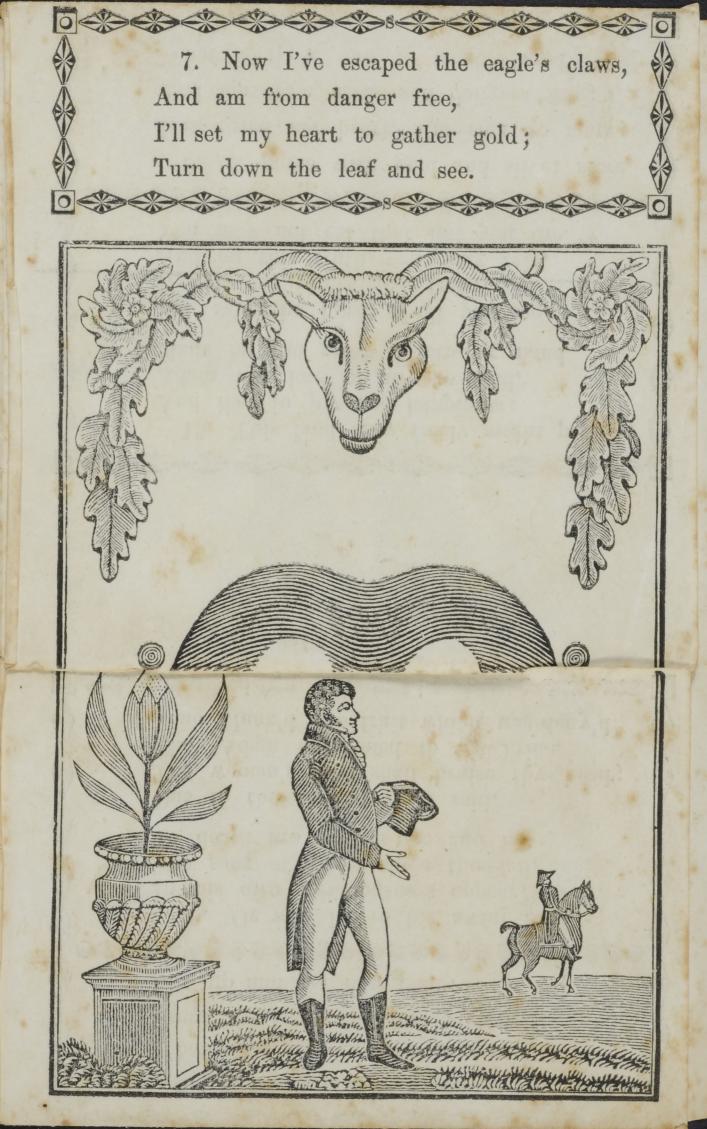
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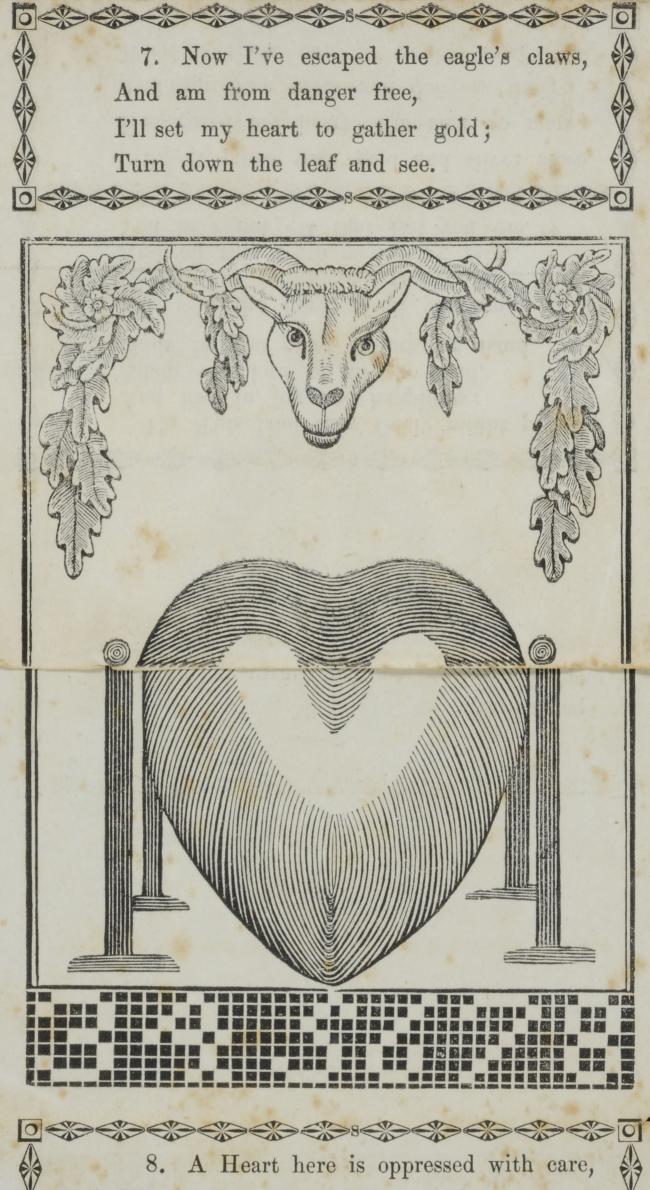




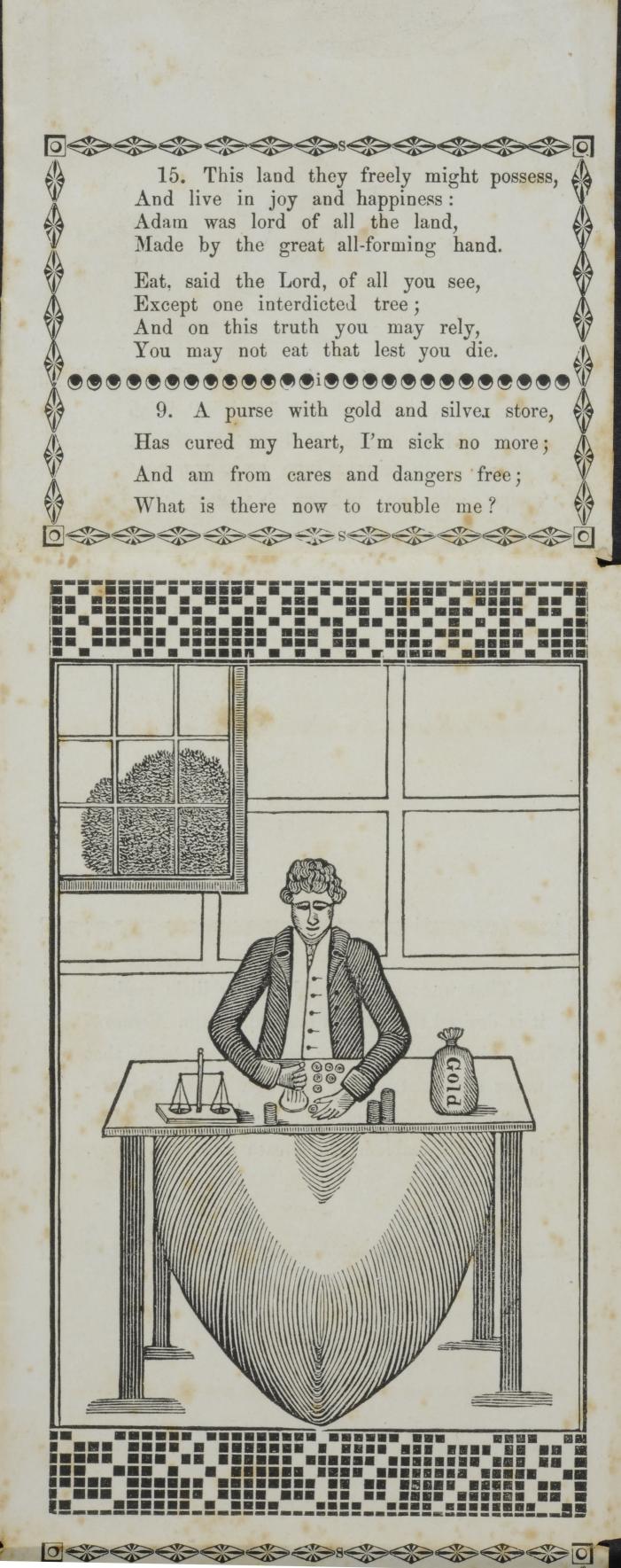


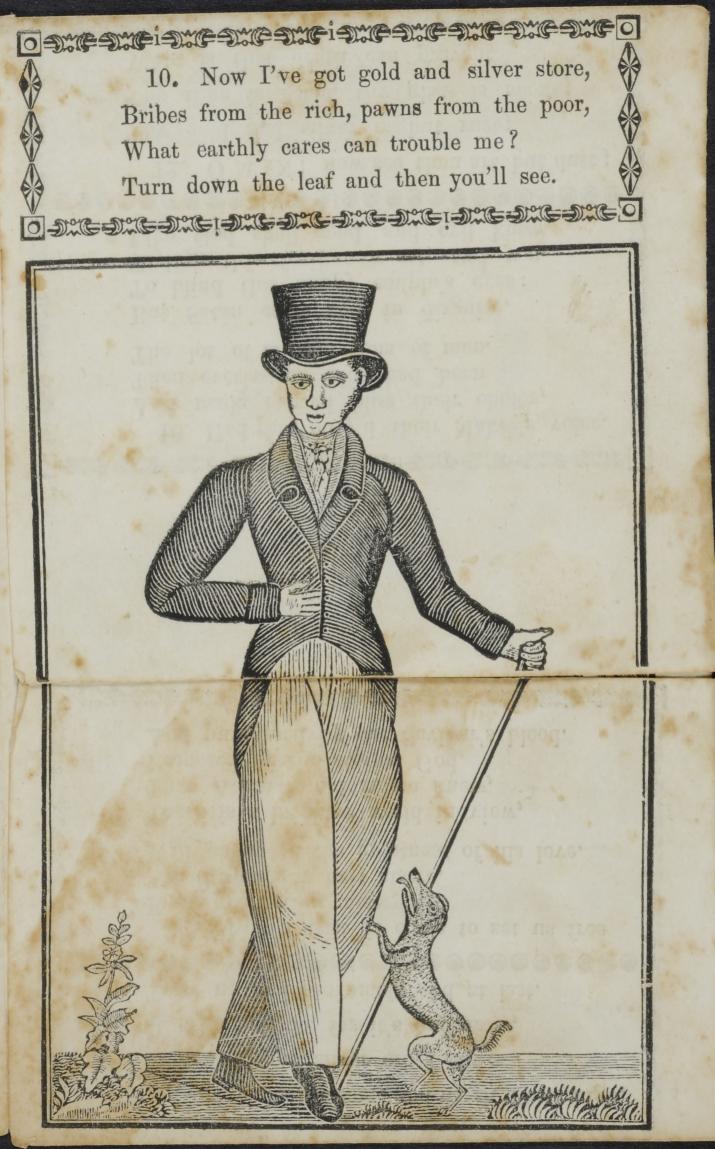
An Infant there doth lie! Which he has taken as a prey, And is prepared to fly. And is prepared to fly. And knowledge, do well guarded stand, Lest Adam should the same espy, And eat thereof and never die. Three Cherubs with a flaming sword, Are set the Tree of Life to guard: Who now among our fallen race, Can hope to see his Maker's face?

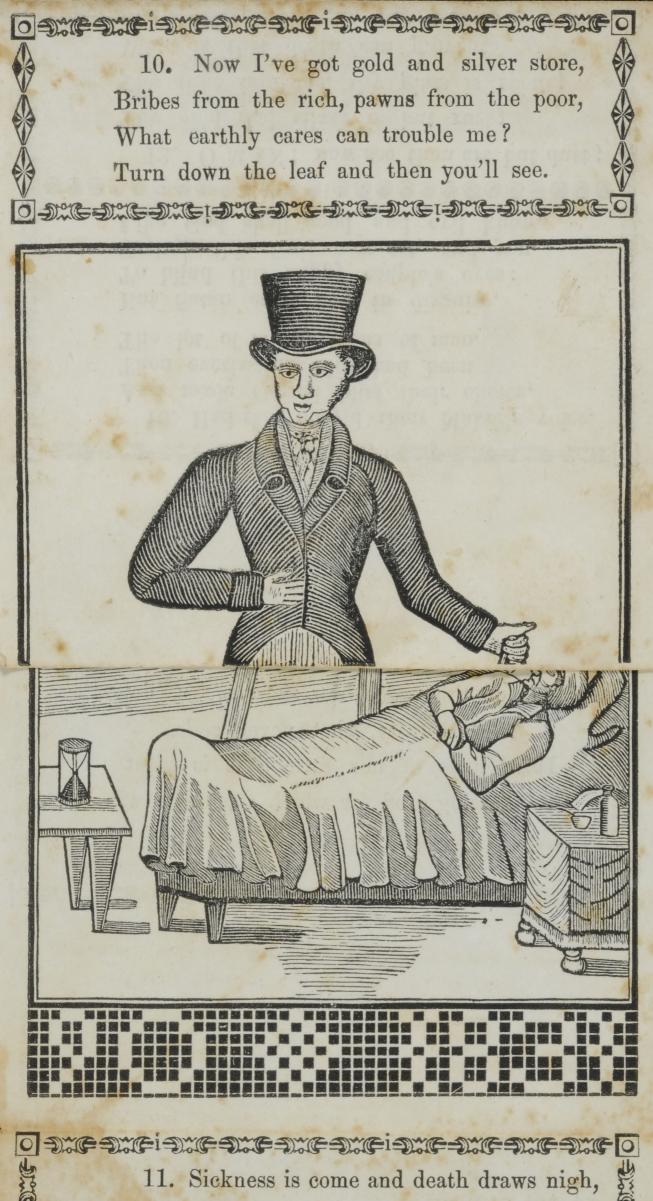




What salve can cure the same? Under the leaf you'll find a cure; Lift up and see how plain. 19. Or who before his awful bar In his own righteousness appear? The sons of Adam since the fall, To death are subject one and all. But to the serpent it is said, The woman's seed shall bruise thy head; Tho' Adam hearkened to his bride, Who pluck'd the fruit which was deny'd.







Help gold and silver ere I die; It will not do, for it's but dross, Turn up and see man's end at last. 20. Now Christ is come to set us free From everlasting misery; All the angelic host above, Will shout to the greatness of his love. There is a brighter world in view, Than Adam in old Salem knew, Proposed by the eternal God, And purchased by our Saviour's blood.



SWESWESSWESSWESSWESSWESSWESSWESSWE

21. Death! why so fast, pray stop thy hand, And let my glass run out its sand: As neither Time nor Death will stay, Let us improve the present day.
Short is space allowed to man, Its length is fitly measur'd by a span: When life begins, we then begin to die; A few year's labor'd, in the grave we lie;
Yet on this space how short soe'er, depends
A long eternity, that never ends.
How little of our little time is spent
In pleasing God for which that time was lent.