

## Admonition to a Traveller

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!

- The lovely cottage in the guardian nook  
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,  
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode -O do not sigh  
As many do, repining while they look;  
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book  
This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

- Think what the home would be if it were thine,  
Even thine, though few thy wants! -Roof, window, door,  
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine:  
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day  
On which it should be touched would melt away!