

598 (L.M.)
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AN ODE.

INSCRIBED WITH MUCH SOLICITUDE, TO THE VISITORS at the BAZAAR.

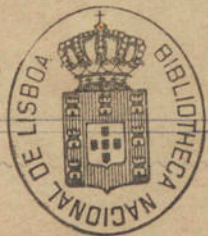
We greet you, friends! on this auspicious day,
 With hearty wishes venturing on our lay.
 Our British School is known to many here;
 And many, too, have known its quiet cheer.
 Like beacon bright that shines across the sea,
 Like cottage lamp to wanderers on the lea,
 It has to all, who need on foreign land,
 For forty years stretched forth a helping hand;
 To widow and to orphan lent its aid,
 While youth and maiden dwelt within its shade.
 Like kindred homes it should be widely known,
 From North to temperate, and to torrid zone.
 Its former boys tread many a distant shore;
 The prosperous ones should think of days of yore.
 Help is much needed, for friends come and go,
 And at this time our funds are very low.
 Pray, don't confine your sympathy to the lip,
 But largely into your full pockets dip.
 This is the sympathy we sorely need, —
 You'll see how much, if our Report you read.
 Let Charity her gilded wings display,
 And Love, her fair twin-sister, have full sway.
 Please, when you wander past our pretty stalls,
 And gaze at tempting beauties on the walls,
 Think of the pains, the care, the skill bestowed
 By those whose hearts with fondest aims have glowed.
 By these they hope your interest kind to gain, —
 The best return for all their toil and pain.
 Of rarities you'll find there is no end,
 To please the husband, wife, or child or friend.
 Or, if you're seeking something for yourself,
 You'll find the sweetest things in loveliest delf;
 And even if you be a *connoisseur*,
 You'll find full many a precious gem, we're sure:
 You there may see what dainty hands have made, —
 Perhaps of simple work, perhaps inlaid.
 Fine Arts there surely find a fitting place,
 Wherein to prove to you their witching grace.
 And as you fondly muse on hours of toil,
 We're certain that success you will not spoil:
 Pray, make us glad, while here you wend your way,
 And when you're asked for «Yes», oh! don't say «Nay»
 Then, as you visit this, our School Bazaar,

You'll certainly excel the brightest star:
 And like the moon, the empress of the night,
 You'll shed on us a soft and *silvery* light:
 While, like her beams to traveller on his way,
 You'll scatter blessings on our School to-day;
 You'll nobly aid in spreading education,
 And each of you will thus adorn your nation.

To speak plain truth, 'tis cash we sorely need;
 You'll reap according as you sow the seed:
 'Tis *universal* aid we seek this time,
 Hence the fond hope which prompts our humble rhyme.
 The child of France, Spain, Italy is taught;
 Portugal, Sweden, Germany have sought,
 And have not been denied the British School.
 We ask you, then, to make no rigid rule,
 Remembering, that whate'er your creed or birth,
 To day, at least, you tread on neutral earth.
 Shed, like the sun, on us your *golden* rays:
 Give us your aid, and — may we aid? — your praise.
 Who can neglect their delicate behest,
 Or even pause for more than one request,
 When ladies ask? Then purchase in our fair,
 And by your purchases do thus *your* share:
 Buy what you want; if you don't want, still buy:
 There's self-denial, if you doubt, just try.
 We have the gift; come, cross our hand with gold.
 Then all that's good shall be for you foretold:
 Repay our labour, spend your money well;
 We've toiled, our one sole object now to sell.

Our humble *parabols* we would extend
 To Portugal's Monarchs — each the children's friend.
 These thoughts are launched, freighted with strong desire
 That, reader! you deal gently with our lyre.
 Think only of the aim we have in view —
 To succour many by the aid of few.
 Pearly drops trickle down the mountain side
 To form at last the vast broad river's tide;
 So good deeds, flowing from a generous soul,
 Yield fairer fruit the further on they roll.
 May good Dame Fortune shed her smiles abroad,
 And guide us on the way that leads to God!

«BRITISH PROTESTANT SCHOOL»,
LISBON, 1885.



Anonymous.

