

THE
BROKEN BRACELET,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Author of BY
Waterman
MRS. C. H. WATERMAN.

(FORMERLY MISS WATERMAN.)

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Dedication.

TO MY MOTHER.

FOR thee, my mother, do I gather up,
 Into a garland, all my flowers of song;
Whate'er they bear of beauty, unto thee
 Their varying tones of melody belong.

It was thy partial eye discerned them first;
 Thy partial ear that listened to each lay;
Thy hand that treasured them with miser's care,
 And gathered them together day by day.

For thee each simple verse contained a spell,
 A charm beyond the fading gloss of earth;
A something that did seem to link thy child
 With spirits of a loftier, nobler birth.

And yet, before each spreading branch became
The goodly tree thy hopeful glance descried,
The careful guardian of its earliest shoot
Was softly sleeping by the earth's cold side.

And thus, my mother, do I deck thy grave
With the same flowers thy kindly hand hath nurst,
And leave them there, as on a holy shrine,
Gathered as one—the last lay and the first.

Advertisement

BY THE EDITOR.

It has frequently been suggested by the literary friends of Mrs. Esling, that it was but a simple act of justice to one so greatly and so long endeared to the lovers of poetry, by her pure-spirited and feeling effusions, to collect and publish them in a volume, and thus assign them their proper place among the productions of the American muse.

These poems have found favour throughout the country, as they have appeared in various periodical publications, not by learning or art displayed in them, not by ministering to the too prevalent love of morbid excitement, but by their sweet melody and true womanly feeling. They are poems of the affections, welling forth from a heart chastened by the discipline of life, sympathizing with all human sorrow, and loving the beautiful in nature and the true in sentiment with unaffected fervour.

In arranging them for publication, the editor has selected from the pieces submitted to his inspection those which seemed most strongly marked by the peculiar characteristics of the author; and he trusts that the publication may be useful by its influence on the tone of public feeling in literature, as well as by ascertaining with precision that high place of the author among American writers, which has long been acknowledged as her true position.

J. F.

September 6th, 1850.

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THE BROKEN BRACELET.

'Twas spring, the fair, and balmy spring,
When earth is freshly blossoming,
And o'er each gladdened sylvan scene
Is spread its carpeting of green ;
When the tall trees their shadows throw
Like living things in streams below,
When the blithe birds on soaring wing
To heaven's blue arch their carols sing ;
When the bright rill, in some loved tale,
Is whispering music thro' the vale ;
When the low swell of harmonies
Comes on the sweetly laden breeze.
It was, when every lovely thing
Is loveliest—'twas in joyous spring,
That, with the rose-leaves round them strown,
Two youthful lovers sat alone,
Like monarchs, on their balmy throne.

On the bright glowing cheek of one
The burning tints of summer's sun

Had lingered long, as if it loved
The blushing bloom through which it roved ;
O'er it fell locks of raven hair
As day and night had mingled there ;
Yet night as lighted near and far
By many an ever-burning star,
For the soft glory of her eyes
Were bright as are Italia's skies.
Italia's skies !—from them they caught
Their beams of quick, poetic thought ;
From them the sudden flashes came
That turned the gazer's heart to flame,
Yet swifter than the wind that roves
'Mong the fresh flowers it fondly loves,
Changed the wild gleam, and softness lay
In those young orbs like early day.
She was of that far land whose clime
Is ever like a silvery chime,
That land of sweetest poesy,
Of sculpture, painting, minstrelsy,
Of ever-blooming Italy.

And he who sat beside her there,
With shining locks of sunny hair,
And eyes whose sweet cerulean blue
The heavens' own light seemed shining through ;
He was not of her clime, but one
Whose race of life, though scarce begun,
Seemed slowly drawing to its close,
Its everlasting, sweet repose.
He came to that bright shore, whose breath
Might stay awhile the shafts of death,

Ere ten fair summers o'er his head
Their April flowers and showers had shed.
Time passed away, and that wan boy
Drank the rich draughts of health and joy ;
And gently on his lily cheek
The rose-leaf spread its crimson streak,
But 'twas the flower within his heart
That did its shining tints impart
To his pale cheek ; for love made fair
All that had erst been pain and care,
And gleaming on him from afar
Was one glad light,—his boyhood's star.
She, with a heart whose every thrill
Was pure and fresh as summer's rill ;
She, who had guided him through all
Sweet paths to the bright fountain's fall,
The orange groves, the jasmine's shade,
The playful water's white cascade ;
Who bade her lute in numbers sweet,
Ever his welcome footsteps greet ;
She, who in pain and grief had come,
Like some young spirit from its home,
Still lingered round him with a love
That angel hearts might feel above ;
Though o'er her path more suns had shone
Than her boy-lover yet had known,
Though two more circling years had given
To her dark eyes a deeper heaven,
Yet did she cling to that young breast
As to her haven home of rest.
He loved her—and a glow of pride

Her rich, bright cheek to crimson dyed,
When that fond boy was at her side.

They scarce had passed their childhood's years,
But oh! a fount of hopes and fears,
Sprung in their hearts, that childhood's hours
Never yet knew, when 'mid its flowers
Like uncaged birds it freely sings,
The happiest of created things.
Oh! childhood, what can give again
The blessed light that led us then?
What after power can restore
The perished hopes and joys of yore?
Will the soft, murmuring, silver rill
Sing us the same glad music still?
Can the young rose in all its bloom
Breathe round our steps its first perfume?
Will not the hidden thorn be seen
Through folds of crimson and of green?
Oh! when we gazed with childhood's eyes,
How blue were heaven's o'erarching skies;
How every little shining brook
Mirrored us back each happy look;
How the glad flowers in clustering bands
Sprang ever ready to our hands,
How hope stood smiling by to please
With sun-brought hours, its votaries;—
Through life we ne'er again shall know
The undimmed days of long ago.

There sat they in that orange bower,
Filled with the perfume of its flower,

While the pale moon, with silvery ray,
Bathed the young leaves that round them lay,
And the soft night-wind bore along
The echo of the maiden's song :

“ Sing, silver lute,
The stars are mute,
And the wind breathes out like a mellow flute ;
The nightingale
In plaintive wail,
Pours to the rose its lone love tale.

“ Echo is near,
Thy tones to hear,
Oh ! fill, I pray, her airy ear,
Come, come, lute mine,
Night's jewels shine,
To welcome those dear notes of thine.

“ But brighter far
Than night's fair star,
The beams of my lover's soft eyes are ;
Dearer to me
His smiles shall be,
When waked, my gentle lute, by thee.”

The song was hushed, and grove and dell
But faintly whispered back its spell,
When, breaking with her voice's tone,
The stillness that had round them grown,
The dark-eyed maiden softly said,
“ My Guido ”—when the golden head

That had been pillowed on her breast,
Like some fond bird within its nest,
Slowly from its sweet couch was raised,
And the blue eyes in fondness gazed
On the young speaker, as each tone
Were murmuring fairy spells alone.
“My Guido, why art thou so sad?
Methinks when all around is glad,
And when the earth seems only made
For such as thou and I, its shade
But a retreat when the warm sun
Too bright our pathway shines upon,
When the fair stars but seem to peep
From their blue homes love’s watch to keep,
When the calm moon but lends its ray,
To guide true lovers on their way,
When the soft twilight only brings
Fairy-like songs, whose echo rings
Thro’ silver fountains down the grove,
An everlasting lay of love ;
Thou wert not wont, when earth was bright,
To hide thee sadly from its light,
But ever at its sunniest hour
Had welcome smile for bird, or flower.
I cannot brook that clouds should now
Darken the sunlight of thy brow,
Nor dim those eyes’ blue heaven, for they
Have ever been my brightest day.
If clouds of sorrow must awhile
Drive from the lip and eye their smile,
Why have mine eyes, my Guido, still
Mirrored to thee like some fair rill

This lonely heart, which but for thine,
Had nought whereon it might recline,
And if dark care may bid the voice
Cease in glad measure to rejoice,
Why have my tones been breathed to thee
In happy lays of minstrelsy?
I have no tie to bind me here
Save that it is mine early home,
And every tree, and floweret dear
With sweetest memories come.
But the strong chain that most hath bound
My heart-strings to this land of mine,
Is that one sad and silent mound,
O'er which we've trained the ivy vine,
The last sole link, so early riven,
Moulders beneath its quiet sod,
While in its azure home of heaven,
The spirit bows before its God.

“ Guido, if ever thou hast gazed
Upon a fond, and watching eye
Till its dear orb was fixed and glazed,
And death's relentless shaft was nigh;
If ever thou hast heard the tone
That was the music of thy heart,
In a low, soft, and tender moan
From the loved voice depart;
If ever thou hast stood beside
One who had nursed thine infant years,
And felt the world, the broad, the wide,
Was but a wilderness of tears:
Then might a cloud of anguish chase
The sun of gladness from thy face.

“I have done this, ’twas mine to bind
The bruised reed, too rudely shaken,
To bid the worn and weary mind
To other hopes and joys awaken.
My mother!—what a holy tie
Is whispered in that sacred name!
What founts, that death alone can dry!
What love, that death alone can tame!
She was a broken-hearted thing—
A sigh, amid a song of mirth—
For she had taught her heart to cling
Too closely to the dreams of earth,
And like a dream—a summer dream—
It passed before her yearning gaze;
But oh! it coloured life’s bright stream,
To leave dark shadows o’er her days.

“She loved, my Guido, one whose brow
Was fair as thine to look upon,
And breathed in trustfulness the vow
That made their youthful spirits one.
Bright halcyon years flew by, and she
Lived in the light of other eyes.
A dark-haired girl played at her knee,
One baby boy, like hope’s bright skies,
Shed round her path its rainbow dyes.
Like hope—oh! yes, for what so frail
As hope’s too bright, too flattering tale!

“One morn she missed him from her side,
Her bud of promise and of pride,
And noon, and night she sought in vain,—
He never blessed her eyes again.

Both fled—the father and the child,—
And earth for her no longer smiled.
Deserted—life's sweet dream was o'er,
She heard not of, nor saw them more.
I was, alas! too frail a one
For her crushed heart to rest upon,
And slowly as the leaves decay
In summer's last approaching day,
So sank she to that quiet grave,
Round which the ivy loves to wave.

“'Tis long years since, and I have striven
To think of her; but in yon heaven
She must be happy, and my sighs
May make less blest her paradise.
Is it not, love, a mournful tale?
Thy cheek hath even grown more pale;
Come, rouse thee, Guido—I have sung,
And now around my lute's low chords
Echo too long hath idly hung,
Waiting for its soft murmuring words;
Sweep thou its strings, for notes of mine
Can never be so sweet as thine.”

And Guido took the lute, but long
His voice refused to swell its song,
He brushed the silent tears away
That on his drooping eyelids lay,
For he had yet a boon to ask
That needed all affection's mask;
And yet, her heart so sorely tried
With woes she strove so long to hide,

How could he bid that heart again
Receive another wound or pain?
So long they trembled on his tongue,
The thoughts that at his heart-strings hung,
That he must whisper in her ear,
The words 'twould pain her now to hear,
Why was her own land so beloved?
There first her childhood's footsteps roved;
His fingers gently touched its strings,
And his soft voice in music rings:

“Art thou not here, with thy starry eyes,
Oh! beautiful child of Italia's skies?
Art thou not watching with me even now
The struggling moon thro' the green orange bough?
Does not thy hand with its soft downy clasp,
Like a dove in its shelter still lay in my grasp?
And are not thy heart's gentle throbbings, sweet one,
Still beating in trustfulness now 'gainst mine own?
And yet thou wilt ask me with that saddened glance
To wake, tho' in music, from love's dreamy trance.
Ilini, Ilini, how often we've roved
To these fair blooming bowers beloved and loved;
How often in these after years have we smiled
At the thought of the child that was leading the child;
And how often we made, in this sweet home of ours,
Love's bright, balmy throne, of spring's blossoming
flowers;
But they faded, they died, tho' the sun's mellow light
Still lingered around them; they perished ere night,
And, Ilini, Ilini, how like to those flowers
Have faded, my dear one, those bright days of ours,

For childhood no longer doth linger around
To make the green earth like one wide fairy ground.
They passed—but in sunlight, Ilini, they fled,
Yet how dear is the perfume in parting they shed ;
When children no longer, the heart will look back,
Tho' blighted with sorrow, to that sunny track,
For 'mid the dark gloom that hath shadowed us here,
That one gleam of our childhood yet bright shall appear.
It hath beamed thro' my vision, Ilini, at night,
And led me afar with its soft, glancing light ;
The seas have been traversed, and oh ! I have been
In the home of my boyhood, the trees shining green,
The waterfall murmuring the dark woods along,
The lark waking morn with its loud swelling song,—
All these I have welcomed, for have they not come,
From the land of my birth, from my dear native home ?
And if, my Ilini, a cloud e'er arose
On the brow of thy Guido, twas thinking of those."

He ceased,—and silent, sad, and mute,
Ilini took the silver lute,
As if to search amid its chords,
For the dark meaning of his words ;
Fruitless the search, and proud, and high
Flashed the Italian maiden's eye ;
One moment and her fingers swept
O'er the hushed strings—Ilini wept.
Was he then weary—had he grown
Forgetful of her voice's tone ?
And was he breaking then the chain
Whose links were flowers?—was the light rein

Love had thrown o'er him, thus to be
Sundered for ever?—was it he
Who lived but in her smile, yet said,
My thoughts are not with thee? Her head
Drooped o'er her lute, her long black hair
Seemed shrouding it, so thickly there
Did its rich mass of ringlets cling,
Mingling with every silver string.
Not long she drooped, for Guido's hand
Threw quickly back each clustering band,
And his warm lip the tear-drop stayed,
That down her cheek like dew-showers strayed.
“Unkind Ilini, I have read
Those eyes too long, to ask thee now
Why the dark thoughts that o'er them sped
Have dimmed awhile thy brow ;
I have too long love's close watch kept
In those dear orbs of thine,
To ask thee why, beloved, they wept
When tears were not in mine.
I know thy thoughts, and tho' my home
Were brighter even than thy smile,
Thy Guido's footsteps would not roam
From thy dear side. No, long-lost Isle,
My heart is not with thee, and why
Yearn I for thy far distant sky?”

Night's starry host gathered in brightness high,
And not a cloud darkened the shining sky ;
The moon rode by, and all her glittering band
Bathed in a flood of light the smiling land.

The sleeping flowers, shut in each little cell,
Seemed fitting homes, where fairy elves might dwell.
The plaintive nightingale, the whole night long,
Sang to the slumbering rose its pensive song.
The silvery waters, with a murmur low,
Chimed thro' the quiet groves in softened flow ;
The very winds with gentler breezes rose,
And nature's self had sunk to calm repose.
Ah ! who can gaze upon the midnight skies,
The burning stars, those hidden mysteries,
And feel not in the heart how wild, how vain,
How worse than folly is the love of gain ;
How false, how fleeting is the sparkling cup
Which hope's retreating fingers still hold up ;
How wild the feverish, burning thirst for fame ;
How pale the laurel, wreathing round a name ;
How perishable all that earth has given,
When balanced with the lasting gifts of heaven ?
Night brightly shone, and yet they lingered still,
Those youthful lovers, by the glancing rill.
Still fondly lingered, till each beating heart
The paling moon waned sweetly to depart ;
Night rose, and set, and many an evening hour
Left its bright diamonds on tree and flower,
And many a summer's sun with watching eye,
Had wiped those budding trees, and flowerets dry,
Since Guido whispered of his boyhood's home,
And his fond wish once more thro' it to roam ;
She often saw upon his fair cheek dwell
A burning drop—that cheek she loved so well ;
It must not be, and she, with woman's guile,
Told him he might depart, with patient smile.

Oh! who but woman ever strives to hide
 For others' sake the woes they have supplied?
 Who covers burning hearts with wreathed smiles?
 Who from another's breast its care beguiles?
 Who lives on loving, tho' the world grow dark?
 Who finds not still in him that one sought ark?
 Who lingers long upon a whispered word
 That once had thrilled the bosoms inmost chord?
 Who clings like ivy, tho' the storm might burst
 On its devoted head, yet e'en as first
 It clung, so clings, until by slow decay
 Its withering tendrils gently drop away.
 'Tis woman's lot thro' life, and often shown,
 To heal another's wound, and hide her own:
 So with Ilini, smiling to the last,
 She gathered all the present for the past.

'Twas noon—and ere the sun's bright golden ray
 Should fade, her Guido would be far away:
 Him she had watched upon a couch of pain,
 Him she saw blushing into health again;
 The voice that was to her like music's spell,
 Ere night must whisper that sad word, farewell.
 'Twas sorrowful to think that eye might dim
 In other climes, and she be not with him;
 The flower she nursed—for was he not a flower,
 A stranger blossom in her native bower?
 And she must part with him. Alas! how sad
 To lose what once had made our spirits glad!
 How cling we to a thing our hands have nursed,
 It may be some frail bud we tended first—

We planted it, a fragile, slender root,
And lo! it offers us its grateful fruit;
It flourished underneath our guarding hands,
And what a bright and goodly tree it stands!
It grows with us, and from its fragrant bed,
Scatters its blossoms brightly o'er our head.
Even so had Guido grown, the wan, pale boy,
Was unto her the well-spring of her joy;
His smiles had been the blossoms of the root,
And his deep love, the broad tree's ripened fruit.

'Twas their last day—they stood together now,
While saddened thoughts darkened each youthful brow,
They lingered by the river—as in rest
A boat lay calmly on its heaving breast.
The gathered clouds shone brightly on its tide,
And still they lingered sadly side by side;
Silent they stood, and yet one moment more
And that lone bark would bear him from the shore.
And in the distance still he saw more dim
The white sails grow, that waited but for him;
One moment more, and echo bore along
The last low notes of Guido's parting song:

“Ilini, fare thee well!
The white wave dances round my vessel's prow,
I hear the billowy swell,
And linger yet to kiss thy saddened brow.

“Ilini, far from thee,
Long nights shall gather round my couch again,
And I shall wake to see
Those tender eyes, but oh! alas! in vain.

“Ilini, sweet love, mine,
 The sun shall linger in thy orange bowers,
 The ivy’s clinging vine
 Shall throw its shadows o’er thy pensive hours.

“The silver fount shall play,
 Like sweet, low music round thy fairy feet,
 And its remembered lay
 Will bring again those moments fair and fleet.

“Thou hast all these, mine own,
 To cherish while thy Guido is afar;
 He hath but thy loved tone,
 Whose spell shall guide him to his boyhood’s star.

“Ilini, love, adieu!
 I hear afar the white wave’s billowy swell.
 May skies for ever blue
 Hover o’er thee—Ilini, fare thee well!”

One hurried kiss, one last, one long embrace,
 One yearning look upon her tearful face,
 And he was gone—and like a funeral knell,
 The winds still sighed, Ilini, fare thee well!
 Gone—and alone each fair and sunny track
 Her feet must traverse till he should come back;
 What tho’ the silver fountain’s softened chime
 Wooed her with music—tho’ the jasmine climb
 With perfumed blossoms to the lattice high,
 Tho’ the glad stars shone on her from the sky,
 Tho’ the low murmuring of the night-bird’s song,
 Carolled its lay the orange bowers among,

Tho' all was happiness—one ringing knell
The winds still brought—Ilini, fare thee well!

But ere a second spring's young blossoms burst
In the loved bower where they had wandered first,
Guido returned—his childhood's haunts were sad,
And earth had but one home to make him glad.
Thro' all his dreams, still Italy would rise
With the bright glory of her cloudless skies ;
But one fair spirit hovered o'er each hour,
And she was lonely in her rose-wreathed bower ;
Her voice's echoes on his parting day,
From his full heart had never died away ;
But like a mock-bird sang within his breast
Of hope, and joy, and its far distant nest.

Again the white-winged vessel cleaved the deep,
And favouring breezes hailed her snowy sweep,
She cut the waters "like a thing of life."
Glad as a heart with joyous feelings rife ;
Young Guido stood upon the heaving deck,
Watching that land, a far off glimmering speck ;
That dear loved land, the very winds seemed winging
To his fond ear its waters' silvery singing.
Its orange groves seemed breathing on the gale,
Filling with perfumed breath each flowing sail ;
Nearer he comes—his foot hath pressed its shore,
And the dark dangers of the seas are o'er.
He lingered not beside its marble shrines,
Its graceful columns, where the creeping vines
Cling like affection, nor beside the fall
Of its clear fountains, murmuring music's call ;

But like a winged bird, fled onward still,
To that one bower beside the sparkling rill.

Hid 'neath the clustering boughs of green and gold,
Lips, brighter than the rosebud's crimson fold,
Eyes, like the starlight of the soft midnight,
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright,
Ilini sat—her taper fingers clung
To the loved lute, o'er which she fondly hung;
With a light fairy touch she woke the chords,
And listening echo drank the maiden's words.

“I am lonely, I am lonely, and this bower hath for me
No joy like that 'twas wont to have, my Guido, love,
with thee.

In vain, in vain around my feet the summer flowerets
lay,
They have no perfume in their breath, for Guido is
away.

“The stars that shine on all around with soft benignant
light,

But whisper to my beating heart, how lonely is the
night.

The birds that thro' the balmy groves made merry holi-
day,

Have not a music-tone for me, for Guido is away.

“How pleasant were the summer flowers, that clustered
round our feet,

How joyous looked the happy stars, that seemed our
smiles to greet,

How musical the song of birds came to the listening ear ;
Oh ! earth was then an Eden's spot, for Guido, love,
was here."

Her song was still, but quickly to her ear
The sound of footsteps came, nearer, more near ;
Another instant, and Ilini sprung
To Guido's bosom, and her white arms hung
On his loved neck, as tho' in that one clasp
The whole wide world of joy was in her grasp !
It was enough—they met together now,—
Each eye was gazing on the other's brow.
It was enough—each wild and throbbing heart
Was closely beating 'gainst its dearer part.
Oh ! bliss supreme, when virtue's shining ray
Gilds with its beams love's bright and early day.
Days passed—they wandered thro' those paths again,
So fraught with memories of youth's joyous reign ;
The world to them was like a fairy scene
Of cloudless skies, and valleys clothed in green ;
And yet there seemed one little spot to fill,
Tho' dear as life, they might be dearer still ;
Tho' close the link that bound them, yet hath heaven
A closer tie to the true-hearted given ;
And ere another sun its rays should hide,
Guido would call his loved Ilini, bride.

Loud rung the minstrel's merry lay ;
The lighted halls were proud and gay ;
The bright and youthful dancers meet
With laughing lip, and winged feet ;

And golden locks came floating by,
Like sudden sunshine thro' the sky;
And eyes, whose beams might shame a night
Of starlight gleams, they were so bright;
And cheeks, before whose bloom the rose
Its blushing treasure-house might close.
But who was she in brightness there,
With the dark locks of shining hair
Floating upon the perfumed air?
Each rich and glossy raven curl
Was wreathed with strings of orient pearl;
With the pure robe of snowy white,
And zone clasped with the diamond bright;
Arms flashing on the gazer's sight,
Like snow-flakes in the morning's light,
Gemless, except there brightly shone
A Bracelet gently clasping one:
'Twas emerald, set with shining gold,
And, as it glimmered 'neath the fold
Of her loose sleeve, its searching eyes
Seemed filled with hidden mysteries;—
It was Ilini, the fair bride,
Who stood thus in those halls of pride.

Gaily the happy measure rung,
And long the lute in music sung,
And fairy forms, now here, now there,
Hovered like children of the air.
Anon—and thro' the giddy maze
Two youthful forms arrest the gaze,
Graceful in beauty as the swan,
Or wild flowers waving o'er the lawn;

Onward they move, 'tis Guido's foot
Keeps measure to the ringing lute ;
It is Ilini's glimmering feet,
That its sweet, gentle notes repeat.

One swell of music,—and the fall
Of glittering gems rung thro' the hall :
Pressed in the dance, by Guido's hand,
Ilini's bracelet burst its band,
And strewed upon the marble floor
The fragments of its glittering store :
As Guido stooped the clasp to raise,
There was a wildness in his gaze ;
A deathlike shivering o'er him came,
That strongly shook his trembling frame ;
He raised it—and with anguished brow,
Hung o'er the pictured face below ;
He from his heaving bosom drew
A golden locket—'neath his view
Two images of beauty lie—
The selfsame cheek, the lip, the eye.
Turning with quick and hurried start,
As tho' despair were at his heart,
He whispered, “ Speak, Ilini, mine,
Where came this semblance ?—'tis not thine !
Tell me what face these jewels hide ?”
“ Mine own loved mother's.” Wild, he cried,
“ Oh God ! oh God ! my sister bride !”
One long, loud shriek swelled on the air,
The thrilling cry of dark despair,
And all was sad and silent there.

Ilini's glazing eyes grew dim,
But still alone they turned on him ;
Her snowy arms were pale and cold,
But round his neck their tight'ning hold
Still closely hung—her heart, tho' chill,
Lay 'gainst his own in fondness still ;
And when those arms at last gave way,
Ilini's corse before him lay.

* * * * *

Years have gone by, and time has shed
His snowy wreaths o'er Guido's head ;
And when the stars are gleaming bright,
Upon the quiet brow of night,
A lone old man, with hoary hair,
And time-worn cheeks, and forehead bare,
May oft be seen beside a mound,
Where early flowers a bed have found.
'Tis the wan boy, who came to thee
For life, and love, fair Italy.

EDITH;

OR, WOMAN'S TRIALS.

THE sun, with bright and cheerful beam,
 Broke in a sufferer's silent room;
The midnight lamp, with feeble gleam,
 Paled, as the morning broke the gloom.
It lingered with a softened ray,
 Upon a couch of wo and pain,
Where eyes awoke to greet the day,
 That ne'er might see its rise again;
Where Death stood by with giant might,
To quench life's flickering lamp of light.

A motionless and shrivelled hand,
 Lay resting in a youthful palm,
Whose touch, like an enchanter's wand,
 Gave to the weary sufferer balm.
The glaring eyes in earnest love,
 Were fixed upon a childlike face,
As, though in after years above,
 Her spirit might its looks retrace;
A widowed mother's gaze was cast
Upon her child, her first, her last.

Above that mother's couch of care,
 A youthful head with grief did bow,
 Till silken locks of sunny hair
 Floated across an aged brow ;
 Like tendrils of the clinging vine
 That clasps the o'erworn oak around,
 Their golden fibres fondly twine,
 With silver threads time's snows had crowned,
 And lay above that face of death,
 Brightly, as wooed by summer's breath.

No sound came thro' the silent gloom,
 Save the quick throbbing of the breast
 For which the deep and yawning tomb,
 Threw open wide its gates of rest,
 Till murmurs of a dying breath,
 Thro' the still, quiet chamber stole,
 "My Edith!"—and the wings of death
 Bore the freed spirit to its goal ;
 And when it reached the Eternal Throne,
 The orphan, Edith, stood alone.

Alone—for she who marked the path
 Whereon her childhood's footsteps trod,
 Had left the world of storms and wrath,
 To dwell in glory with her God.
 She, who had taught her heart to pray,
 To bless the storm, however rude,
 Who bade her infant lips to say,
 "Father—whatever is, is good ;"
 To breathe, tho' clouds might shade her sun,
 "Thy will on earth, not mine, be done ;"

Like dew showers on a summer rose,
 That bids it weep yet know not why,
 Is the sad tear that sorrow throws
 In childhood's bright and sunny eye.
 She wept—the heart, tho' young and weak,
 May feel its earthly trials deep,
 And yet may want the words to speak
 The aching thoughts that will not sleep;
 And time alone may chase the cares,
 That childhood's early bosom wears.

Years sped away—and Edith's cheek
 Wore a bright beam of ruddier glow:
 Her heart's glad streamlet, pure and weak,
 Had swelled into a wider flow:
 She loved not flowers and fields the less,
 Because she loved them not alone,
 She shrunk not from the kind caress,
 Tho' the filled heart kept back its own,
 And she who had a thousand friends,
 But to one idol fondly bends.

She loved—oh! what a troubled sea
 Is that whereon to launch our bark!
 What a wide waste of misery,
 Without one sure protecting ark!
 A raft upon a swelling wave,
 With day's declining ray to guide,
 Each less'ning beam but shows the grave
 That yawns beneath the treach'rous tide:
 A shrine where sacrifices burn,
 Wrung from the heart's too trusting urn.

She loved—and he whose sunny smile
Gilded her heaven with ev'ry beam,
Knew the dark world's intriguing guile,
Wherewith to colour life's glad stream ;
The eloquence of ages hung,
Rich as Golconda's golden mine,
In priceless gems upon his tongue,
The fav'rite of the gifted nine ;
And never did the laurel bow
Upon a loftier, nobler brow.

They wedded—and the vaulted aisle
Echoed their vows of youth and love.
Oh ! mother, didst thou fondly smile
Amid the hosts of saints above—
Better thine Edith's youthful heart
Had burst the bonds of life with thine,
Than thus have pledged its dearest part
Upon a faithless altar's shrine,
And vowed to honour and obey
One who held faith a toy of play ;

One, who could see the morning rise ;
Watch the mute flower in day rejoice ;
Hear the glad lark raise to the skies,
In matin hymns, his warbling voice ;
Mark the dumb brute go forth to share
The glory of its early light ;
Yet one, whose impious spirit dare
To own no knowledge of its might—
To whom eternity was shown
In the world's wilderness alone.

She knew it not—altho' in prayer,
 He never bent with her the knee,
She hoped his creed a form might wear
 Acceptable to Deity ;
But when above his couch she bent,
 When pain and sickness racked his form,
And heard dark words with madness blent,
 And marked the wild, internal storm,
Deceit's dark veil had left her sight :
Her temple was a place of night.

Tho' the dark wing of death was there,
 Waiting to bear the soul away,
Her Maker heard the wife's fond prayer,
 And bade the feeble spirit stay :
He who had marked the contrite knee
 Bend morn and night at mercy's throne,
Would save the sinful soul, that she
 Might win to worship with her own :
And, cleansed from guilt, its sins forgiven,
Might share her heritage of heaven.

Unlike the rock whose waters flowed
 Beneath the holy prophet's hand,
No hallowed stream, like diamonds, glowed
 Upon his bosom's desert sand ;
Forgetful of the early vow
 That won her at the altar stone,
He heeded not the change of brow
 That spoke the weary heart alone ;
Nor heard the prayer, nor marked the eye
Which proffered gifts that never die.

Back, like a bark 'mid ruin wrecked,
 Came the crushed heart of early years,
 'Mid hope, that once it fondly decked,
 It found a haven in her tears.
 Few years had passed—yet o'er her face
 Was stamped the marks of time and care;
 Oh! mother, thou couldst scarcely trace,
 In its sad lines, thine Edith there—
 Couldst never deem in eyes so wild,
 Spake the wronged spirit of thy child.

“Thy will be done (was still the prayer),
 Who doth my earthly trials send;
 Nerve my weak heart its pangs to bear;
 Let not my weary spirit bend!”—
 Her woman's heart, though humbled low,
 Faithful, as to its trust the dove,
 Thro' a wide wilderness of wo,
 Pursued its missioned course of love—
 Lonely and sad, but not in vain,
 For peace brought back its bough again.

Time passed—she clasped within her own
 A dying hand, but youthful still;
 The early light of life was gone,
 And joy no more its pulses thrill;
 Yet she had taught that heart to bow,
 Submissive to th' uplifted rod,
 And, faithful to her early vow,
 Had led her husband to his God;
 The pleading prayer a woman gave,
 Yielded a life beyond the grave.

Mother, rejoice—like burnished gold
Bright from the fiery furnace won,
Again thy gentle child behold,
Her last sad earthly trial done—
Spread thy maternal arms once more,
And clasp her to thy loving breast;
Her bark hath anchored on the shore
To seek faith's meed, a place of rest.
She who a soul from sin had won,
Now breathes in heaven, "Thy will be done."

WE WEEP FOR THEE.

We weep for thee when evening breezes sighing
Come sadly moaning thro' the whispering tree—
When summer sunset's golden glows are dying,
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee when the young stars are beaming
O'er the bright paths where thou wert wont to be,
And sadly, as we watch their silvery gleaming,
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee when the glad morn is breaking
In rosy brightness o'er the smiling lea—
When 'neath its light the summer buds are waking,
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee when early flowers are springing
Around the sportive fountain's mimic sea—
But by its side thy voice no more is ringing—
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee when birds to heaven are soaring
On the fleet wing, unwearying, and free—
When thro' the air their matin hymns are pouring,
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee when summer bloom has faded,
When flowers and birds before the bleak winds flee,
When winter's dreary robe their paths has shaded,
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee when to the skies ascending
Our evening prayers are breathed on lowly knee;
Beside our own thy form no more is bending—
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee, that thou no more art smiling
By thy home fireside, and thy tones of glee
No more are heard our saddened hearts beguiling—
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee, beloved, while stranger voices
Speak of thy home beyond the bounding sea,
Of the fond hearts in whom thy heart rejoices—
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee, that thou no more art treading
In old familiar paths—thy favourite tree
Unknown, unseen, its dewy shower is shedding—
We weep for thee.

We weep for thee, beloved; and, sad and dreary,
Have watched the lagging summers slowly flee;
Yet thou didst not return—and, lone and weary,
We weep for thee.

THE HEART THAT LOVES SINCEREST.

THE fond heart that loves sincerest
May not try its strength and power
When youth's sunny rays are dearest,
And our life's a summer hour ;

When our brows are all unshaded,
And our breasts with joy beat high,
And our buds of hope unfaded
Burst in blossoms to our eye ;

When our smiles beam forth the brightness
Of a spirit free and wild,
And our hearts possess the lightness
Of a glad, unshackled child.

'Tis not then love twines around us,
The sweet spell that binds us long,
'Tis not then, when joy has crowned us,
That its chains are firm and strong.

But 'tis when all these have ended,
And our youth has passed away,
And the autumn leaves are blended
With pale flowers that once were gay ;

When our eyes have learned to linger
Over joys that could not last,
And fond fancy's unseen finger
Is still pointing to the past ;

When the many clouds of sorrow
 Dim the brightness of our sky,
 And the beams of every morrow
 Shall be greeted with a sigh.

Yes, 'tis then, when hope shall perish,
 That love, faithful love appears,
 The worn, wounded breast to cherish,
 'Mid the wreck and blight of years.

Oh! the heart that loves sincerest
 Still clings on in wo and gloom,
 And when death's dark shafts are nearest,
 It will follow to the tomb.

AND THOU ART GONE.

AND thou art gone!

And like a shadow upon memory's stream,
 Or the last echo of some long-loved tone,
 Must thou for ever seem.

Visions shall come,
 And, in the long, sad silence of the night,
 Thy busy heart will wander to the home
 Lost to thine aching sight.

And thou shalt see
 The cheerful fireside, and the hearthstone seat,
 The kind, calm smile of age, and childhood's glee,
 That blessed thy homeward feet.

Familiar things,
With their dumb eloquence, shall meet thine eye,
And show thee how the weak heart fondly clings
To early joys gone by.

Perchance a flower,
A faded, withered bud, may reach thy gaze,
One that was cherished from its earliest hour,
To tell of other days.

Yes, its pale leaf
Shall be to thee as the heart's open book,
The lonely record of its joy and grief,
Where thou alone mayst look.

And thou wilt weep ;
Yes, thou wilt weep—and thine eyes fondly roam
(Where loving ones such fragile relics keep)
Back to thy native home.

But thou art gone,
And the loved many, far across the sea,
Crowd in thy heart, while memory but of one
Fills our fond breasts with thee.

Farewell, farewell!
Thick-coming fancies bind me with a chain,
Whose links are severed by that funeral knell,
Ne'er to unite again.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

THE long, long nights are coming on, the time for mirth
 and song,
 The gathering round the household hearth of all the
 happy throng,
 The meeting-place of parted friends, whose light hearts
 glad the year,
 And strip it of its loneliness—and yet thou art not
 here.

Again the winter fire illumines the scenes of other days,
 And well remembered faces beam before its cheerful
 blaze ;
 It throws its wild and fitful gleams around the pictured
 walls,
 And there upon a vacant seat in startling brightness
 falls.

There is a tone in music gone, a star from out our sky,
 That left us with thy gentle words, and with thy kin-
 dling eye ;
 And sadly youthful voices fall upon our aching ear :
 Our lonely spot is desolate—because thou art not here.

Four weary years have fled away, since last that vacant
 chair
 Was as a throne of joy to us, for thy glad form was
 there ;

Those long and weary years have dimmed the freshness
of our youth,
But tightened round our loving hearts their early ties
of truth.

The sunny summer of our life hath lost its shining hue,
And sombre autumn clouds have veiled its morning's
azure blue ;
But yet for thee the heart's young buds shall bloom
'mid winter drear,
That wither in their solitude, because thou art not here.

Come to us, brother, o'er the wave ; its pure white crest
of foam
Shall waft thee, like the wings of hope, back to thy
native home ;
The voices of familiar friends, an answering unto thine,
Shall whisper to thee through the winds, and lure thee
o'er the brine.

The long, long nights are coming on, the time for mirth
and song,
The gathering round the household hearth of all the
happy throng ;
The meeting-place of parted friends, whose light hearts
glad the year,
And strip it of its loneliness—and yet thou art not
here.

THE WRECK.

THROUGH the dreary shades of midnight
 That fell on sea and plain,
 The booming of a mournful gun
 Pealed sadly o'er the main.

'Twas a signal from the waters,
 Of a worn, weary wreck,
 And the last trusted hope of those
 Who lined its heaving deck.

It had pealed along the billows,
 And on the lonely shore,
 Until its echoes died away
 In ocean's sullen roar.

And not a star with kindly beam
 Sent forth a guiding ray,
 To where, upon the angry sea,
 The shattered vessel lay.

She who had trod the waters bright,
 With fearless step and brave,
 Now bent before the coming blast,
 The plaything of the wave.

Her masts, that towered in grandeur,
 Her sails, that swept the breeze,
 Her lofty flag, that streamed on high,
 Were buried in the seas.

And woman's wail came through the storm,
Loudly, but all in vain,
And childhood's low and plaintive cry
Was borne across the main.

And manhood's hardy heart was weak,
Its lip and cheek grew pale,
For o'er the water's darkened waste
There gleamed no friendly sail.

Yet still that signal of distress
Came like a funeral dirge,
And echo only mocked the sound
Across the moaning surge.

At length the wrath of gathered clouds
Burst madly on the deck,
And the gray mist of morning's light
Shone on the lonely wreck.

Where are the manly forms that strove
'Mid peril dark and dread,
And woman's young and gentle heart,
And childhood's shining head?

Where are they all? go ask the wave
That smiles serene and free;
Oh! what a vast and mighty tomb
Is thine, insatiate sea!

CHILDREN.

I LOVE a band of children
That gather in their mirth;
They are the brightest blossoms,
Upon our blooming earth.

They bring us back glad feelings,
And scatter o'er our ways,
With their own shining presence,
The light of early days.

Old scenes start up before us,
And youth's romances rise,
With all the perished beauty
That used to glad our eyes.

Again we tread the pathways,
We loved to tread of yore,
And our own laughter's echo,
Breaks on the ear once more.

Time seems to have forgotten
To mark us in his flight;
Day looks as tho' its brightness
Since then had known no night.

A band of happy children,
Is our own pictured past,
The glow that gleams around them,
Upon our hearts was cast.

Our shouts, like theirs, rang freely
Upon the summer air,
And the same breezes wafted
Our locks of sunny hair.

They quit us,—and the darkness
Of years comes o'er the sight,
We feel time's mighty pinion,
Has swept us in its flight.

Our laughter has no echo,
Our hushed hearts cease to glow
With the deep swell of gladness,
That filled them long ago.

The sunny locks are darkened,
Thro' which the breezes played,
And all our summer brightness
Has settled into shade.

Oh! for youth's blessed morning,
Of feelings free and wild!
Would I could be for ever,
A bright-eyed, happy child!

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL.

BRIGHT waters of the valley,
Whose singing rills I hear
Towards the far-off setting sun,
Ye will not pierce my ear.

Speak to the white man, river,
Who drives us from the sod,
Tell him the wronged red Indian's cause,
Lies with the Indian's God.

And you, ye trackless forests,
That stretch afar in gloom,
'Neath the broad shadow of your trees,
No hunter finds his tomb.

No warrior sings his death-song,
Above his father's grave,
No chief can make his resting-place,
Beside his brother brave.

To far, far distant valleys,
Your hunted children go,
'Mid stranger plains, and solitudes,
Again to bend the bow.

Our old men droop around us,
Our maidens' cheeks grow pale,
And childhood's voice, once glad and free,
Pours out its parting wail.

Farewell, young home of boyhood!
Farewell, broad hunting ground!
No more thro' your deep forests now
The Indian's footsteps bound.

No more the white-winged arrow,
Shall pierce the leaping roe,
For, towards the far-off setting sun,
Your hunted children go.

LAMENT FOR HOME.

I SORROW in a stranger home, upon a stranger shore,
 I sorrow for my childhood's hearth, my gentle friends
 of yore ;
 I sorrow for my mother's kiss again upon my brow,
 I sorrow that those happy days are nought but memory
 now.

Oh, mother, mother ! call me back, my heart is break-
 ing fast,
 The future hath no charms to give, like that which gilds
 the past ;
 My joys are with my childhood's home, my childhood's
 sunny track ;
 Oh, mother, gentle mother ! speak and call the fond
 one back.

Call me again to sport in glee among my summer
 bowers,
 To chase the painted butterfly o'er beds of blushing
 flowers,
 To gather earth's young blossoms up in garlands bright
 and fair,
 And wreath them, with my loving hands, among thy
 shining hair.

Thou canst not, mother, give again those blessed days
 of yore,
 The undimmed eye, the unchilled heart, thou never canst
 restore ;

For sorrow, like a darkened pall, hath swept across my
sight,
And broken hopes upon my heart have left untimely
blight.

But thou canst love the shaded eye that others learned
to hate,
And thou canst guard the bruised heart against the
shafts of fate,
And thou canst bid joy's lamp again, light up my
home of birth,
If thou wilt call the lone one hence, back to the house-
hold hearth.

Oh, mother, mother! call me back, my heart's weak
chords give way,
And stranger hands, ere long, may serve to shroud my
pulseless clay;
Let not, above my unknown grave, the stranger's foot-
steps roam—
Mother, kind mother, call me back, oh! let me die at
home.

THE ARAB TO HIS STEED.

COME forth, my proud Arabian, the swelling sounds of war
Peal loudly on the morning air, from crimsoned fields afar;
Toss back thy wild and flowing mane, the foeman's
vaunting cry
Can bring no terrors to thy heart—no dimness to thine
eye.

'Mid thousand coursers on the plain, though winged
with lightning speed,
I've seen thee foremost in the ranks, my brave, fleet-
footed steed,
Undaunted 'mong a hostile band, thy proud, defying
neigh
Sent horror to the craven hearts that lined thine on-
ward way.

With tiny hands, my gallant steed, I've stroked thine
arching neck,
And many a childish garland wreathed, thy king-like
head to deck;
I've taught thee to a nursling's touch that lofty head to
bow,
And cheered thee with a manly strength to dare the
battle's brow.

Come forth, my proud Arabian—impatient of delay,
I see thee madly paw the earth, I hear thy swelling
neigh ;
Come forth—thy prancing hoof is armed, and ready for
the toil,
The Arab rider and his steed fight for their native soil.

One bound—I clasp thy panting sides, I feel thy heav-
ing heart,
And yet, ere night—perchance, perchance, my gallant
steed, we part ;
It matters not—away, away, we battle for the brave,
So that the Arab and his steed may fill a victor's
grave.

REGRET FOR CHILDHOOD.

THE early home of childhood,
How beautiful it seems,
With its flowers and its wild-wood,
A fairy land of dreams.

When rills had pleasant voices,
And every bush and bee,
Like hearts that joy rejoices,
Were ever wild with glee.

When birds at early morning,
With wingéd music gay,
Waked with their pleasant warning,
Young flowers to greet the day.

When life was made of harmony,
A constant sunny beam,
Ah! who would to reality,
Waken from such a dream?

Our childhood's home is shaded,
Its flowers forget to bloom,
And hearts, once bright, have faded,
To moulder in the tomb.

And streams that sung of pleasure,
By which we lingered long,
To our chilled ears their measure
Breathes but a saddened sound.

The birds that came to cheer us,
 Unheeded pass our eyes,
 And though they warble near us,
 Our hearts have no replies.

Dark clouds, unseen, were o'er us,
 When childhood's skies were blue,
 Their shadows rest before us,
 In many an ebon hue.

No after-gladness singeth
 One song like childhood's theme,
 No after-sunshine bringeth
 One ray like childhood's beam.

DEAD FLOWERS.

THEY lie within my hand,
 Drooping and pale, the summer's sweetest flowers,
 Garlands whose beauties decked the sunny bowers,
 A fair and dying band.

This was a blushing rose,
 The queen of beauty, whose bright crimson breast,
 Offered the bee a balmy couch of rest,
 At summer sunset's close.

This was the lily, pale
 As a young corpse whose bosom's gentle flow
 Hath lost its life-stream—and the gathered snow,
 Lies lowly in the vale.

They wreathed around a brow
That flashed white brightness on the lily's leaf,
Above a cheek which paled the rose with grief,
Faded and dying now.

The eyes which shone beneath
This coronal of odour-breathing flowers,
Looks not upon thee in the festal hours,
Thou poor neglected wreath.

But richer blossoms meet
Round the pure beauty of the forehead fair,
Binding the shining glories of the hair,
Which their young tendrils greet.

And thou art left to mourn
In thy sad loneliness, like to a heart,
On which neglect hath fixed its poisoned dart,
With many sorrows worn.

Thy sweet and balmy breath,
Is as old feelings which fond memories wreath
Round that crushed heart, o'er its hushed hopes to breathe
A fragrance after death.

Thou art familiar things
To my sad eyes, and to my heap of woes,
Thou faded lily, and thou withered rose,
But old remembrance brings.

With things of by-past hours
I'll cherish thee, pale melancholy leaves,
Though my weak heart afresh with sorrow grieves,
Mourning o'er thee, dead flowers.

COME TO THE GREENWOOD.

COME to the greenwood, come,
 There's music in the breeze,
 The birds have built a leafy home
 High in the waving trees.

Come to the greenwood ; lone
 Must be the heart, and sad,
 Which the blithe summer's cheering tone
 Can neither lure nor glad.

A voice is in the rills,
 A voice is in the flowers,
 And echoes round the distant hills,
 That bring back joyous hours.

There's beauty in the sky,
 There's joy in every beam,
 To wake the weary heart, and eye,
 From its long midnight dream.

Come to the greenwood, there,
 Time, on the rosy hours,
 Chases the wrinkled form of care,
 Far from his throne of flowers.

Come to the greenwood, come,
 Bright is the summer day ;
 But, like a listless child I roam,
 For my heart's sun's away.

LITTLE THINGS.

It is a little thing to stand
 Beside the couch of pain,
 To smooth the pillow for the head,
 That ne'er may rise again.

To wet the parched and fevered lip,
 To cool the burning palm ;
 And yet, unto the sufferer's heart,
 How precious is the balm.

It is a little thing, to speak
 A comfort to the mind,
 Or dew with tears the galling chains
 Around it darkly twined.

To calm with words of gentle love
 The soul with wo oppressed,
 To lay the weary, aching head
 Upon the soothing breast.

It is a little thing, to wipe
 The freshly bursting tear,
 From off the eye that looks upon
 Some loved one on their bier.

To whisper—"I will be thy friend!"
 That little magic word
 Will breathe new music once again,
 On that heart's broken chord.

These are but little things—and yet
How priceless is their worth !
Unseen, unheard, but felt throughout
The wide extended earth.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

SHE treads the white and shining foam
With step of pride and might,
And far across her ocean home,
She cuts her path of light.
Her star-gemmed pennon courts the gale,
Her white sails flutter free,
And spreading far her snowy veil,
The Ship rides out at Sea.

The coming billows kiss its side,
Its keel the white spray laves,
And bounding o'er the glancing tide,
Its prow salutes the waves.
Like beauty in its strength and power,
When lovers bend the knee,
In worship to its sunny hour,
Was that proud Ship at Sea.

The skies are changed—an angry frown
Looks on the heaving deep,
But an all-seeing eye shines down,
Where the wild storm wings sweep.

The waves that smiled at morning's light,
And frolicked in their glee,
Now gather with the tempest's might
To overwhelm the Ship at Sea.

And like a feather in the storm,
It bows before its wrath,
And floats a feeble, helpless form,
Upon its once glad path.
The snowy sheet that led it on,
Before the breezes flee,
And all its hope and trust is gone—
Heaven guard the Ship at Sea!

The murmurs of a plaintive wail
Rose from the waters drear—
Above the tempest and the gale,
It reaches mercy's ear.
The clouds break on the swelling main,
In light o'er land and lea,
Her pennon proudly floats again—
God saves the Ship at Sea.

Within the hollow of thy hand,
The raging waters lie,
Thou bid'st the boiling billows stand,
Untroubled 'neath thine eye.
So when the clouds of life are dark,
The heart looks up to thee
As to its haven and its ark,
Like that lone Ship at Sea.

THE DEATH OF THE AGED.

THEY have gone, they have gone from us, the white-haired of our hearth ;

The ancestors of weary years have passed away from earth ;

The aged hand that used to guide our tottering steps aright,

The bland, kind face that smiled on us, has vanished from our sight.

The trembling voice that weaker grew, as our own gathered strength ;

The time-dimmed eye, that knew not day, save only by its length ;

The hearts that had grown old in life before our own were formed,

And yet, for us, with all the glow of early youth were warmed.

They have gone from among us ; their life had lost its dream,

And clouds of cold reality had settled on its stream ;

Their eyes had seen the roses of many a summer fall,

And marked the breath of winter blast the brightest coronal.

And they had seen the sun grow dim, though in its pride and might,

And they had found the world of day to them a world of night ;

The shadowings of many years had gathered in a
cloud,
And wrapt the time-worn, weary mind as in a midnight
shroud.

And while the earth to other eyes without, was bright
and gay,
They saw within, the lamp was dim, that lit the house
of clay ;
They have gone from among us, and our hearts no more
shall greet
The kind old man that used to fill the fireside's vacant
seat.

And she, the long-loved matron, whose thin locks of
snowy white
Once floated o'er a sunny brow, in ringlets dark and
bright,
In vain our eyes shall wander, to see each silvered
head,
While memory whispers to our hearts, those aged ones
are dead.

They have gone, they have gone from us, the white-
haired of our hearth,
And those we loved to look upon are lying in the
earth ;
They have left us but dark shadows, which may not
pass away,
Until our forms shall moulder where we laid their
senseless clay.

THE HASTY WORD.

FORGET it, oh ! forget the sound,
 That had such fatal power to wound ;
 It was not meant to deeply dwell
 With such a dark and withering spell ;
 It was not meant to give a pain,
 That kind tones could not heal again.
 A hasty word will sometimes start
 From out an overburdened heart,
 That tears, however, fast they fall,
 Can ne'er again its sound recall ;
 And time, as still it onward rolls,
 Divides yet more the once knit souls,
 Until the heart is only stirred
 With memory of a hasty word.

Oh ! let it not in mercy rest
 Within thy once forgiving breast ;
 Look back upon the days of youth,
 Of guileless love, of trust, and truth ;
 Look back upon the pleasant days,
 When life was made of summer rays,
 When every look and tone of mine
 Was gently answered back by thine ;
 When, not a thought of either's heart,
 The other's love did not impart.
 Look back, look back, and tell me, will
 Thy wounded pride uphold thee still ?
 Will no fond pleading voice be heard
 For pardon, for a hasty word ?

When fleeting years shall pass away,
And earth shall claim her kindred clay ;
When parted by death's dreadful doom,
There's no forgiveness in the tomb ;
Think, how thy sickening heart will yearn
For that which never can return,
And all those sunny days will rise
Before thy vainly aching eyes,
And all the thousand tones of love
Again within thy breast shall move ;
Then, in mine ear, will be unheard
Thy pardon, for a hasty word.

HOME.

I LANGUISH for my home, my home ;
Kind mother, call me back ;
My sickened heart will leap to see
My childhood's sunny track.
My wearied feet have strayed afar,
That loved with thee to roam ;
The earth is but a wilderness—
Then, mother, call me home.

Alone I watch the silver stars
Upon the summer sky,
And fancy, in their holy light,
I see thy gentle eye ;

And to my bosom's inmost depths,
Some secret whisperings come,
To tell me of the loving hearts
That glad mine early home.

Mother, loved mother, like the dove
That sought the holy ark,
I bring to that lone resting-place,
A time-worn, weary bark.
It tempts no more the waves of life ;
A wreck upon its foam,
Shattered and frail, it turns to thee—
Then, mother, call me home.

Thick-thronging memories crowd my heart,
And every gleam that's cast
Upon it now, is but the light
I borrow from the past.
In vain—in vain I seek for peace
Beneath God's bright blue dome ;
Its angel form is but with thee—
Then, mother, call me home.

THE EARLY DEAD.

WHERE are they all? the early dead,
The rosebuds of our flowery path,
The half-blown blossoms that have fled,
Before the tempest's gathered wrath?

Where is the boy, the bright-eyed boy,
That stood beside his mother's knee,
Whose ringing laughter told of joy
And blessings in futurity?

The timid nursling, on whose head
Unnumbered prayers and hopes were poured,
Round whom the light of love was shed,
From woman's vast exhaustless hoard.

Where is the promised bud of bloom?
It moulders 'neath the silent sod;
But through the darkness of the tomb,
The white-winged spirit sees its God.

And where is she who early learned
To love earth's fair and sunny bowers,
Whose gentle spirit fondly turned
Its worship to the summer flowers?

With shining locks of golden hair,
That clustered o'er her snowy brow,
As if to teach the lilies there,
Before their sunny beam to bow?

The fair, bright girl, whose lisping tongue
Prattled of deep and hidden things,
Whose little heart was finely strung,
From some high harp's celestial strings—

Where, where is she?—The bright, green grass
Waves o'er a little mound, whose sod
Whispers the night-winds as they pass,
Another angel's gone to God.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER DEAD
BABE.

FATHER of light, I lay
Before thy mighty throne this pulseless thing,
This precious piece of clay,
In humbleness of heart to thee I bring!

Father, whose deeds are love,
Accept the soul that's flitting to thee now,
Take to thine arms my dove,
Oh! wave across its way thine olive bough.

Father, thou knowest best,
Who laid this bud of promise in my path,
Whether an ark of rest
Could shelter it, amid the tempest's wrath?

Thou, who hast watched the shoot
Of this crushed flower, whose petals were unblown,
Saw germs of bitter fruit
Scattered around, 'mong its young blossoms sown.

And thou, in mercy, took
This fragile thing—before the coming storm
Had oped the sealed-up book,
That withers gathering hopes when fresh and warm.

Thou, whose high throne of grace
Is raised above the burning stars of night,
Whose glories we may trace
Through every rolling planet's living light;

Who lookest from on high
 Into bereaved hearts; whose gracious ear
 Hath heard the raven's cry,
 List to a mother's prayer—in mercy hear.

Father, to thee I trust
 My smiling babe, oh! smiling, e'en in death.
 Can this be only dust?
 Then life, oh! fleeting life, thou'rt but a breath.

Father, within thy hand
 Is immortality, and endless joy:
 Take to thine angel-band,
 My heart's pure cherub, my young, bright-haired boy.

Give to my baby wings,
 Give him the vestments of thy grace, oh! God.
 Into thy breast he springs—
 Hold, hold, my aching heart, I kiss thy rod.

COME UNTO ME.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give ye rest.”

“COME unto me, ye who are heavy laden,”
 Come unto me, ye who are sore oppressed,
 The white-haired sire, the young and tender maiden,
 “Come unto me, and I will give ye rest.”

Ye who have seen the clouds of tempests cover
All that the earth had promised fair and bright,
Ye who have seen death's pinions darkly hover
Quenching the life that was a joy and light,

Come unto me, though shadows round ye gather,
Though the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Then ask for comfort from a heavenly Father,
"Come unto me, and I will give ye rest."

Ye who are mourning o'er the young and cherished,
Ye who have laid the lovely in the earth,
Ye who have wept when the young infant perished,
Ere it had lisped its little words of mirth,

Come unto me, and see its wings of brightness,
The fading flower that withered on thy breast;
Thou shalt receive it in its robe of whiteness—
"Come unto me, and I will give ye rest."

Ye who have mourned when autumn leaves were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the old slept in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with glory wreaths were bound;

Ye who have sighed for kindred voice to bless ye,
Ye who so oft its gentle tones have blest,
Come where in peace they shall again caress ye,
"Come unto me, and I will give ye rest."

Many are the mansions in yon bright dwelling,
Glad are the homes no sorrows ever dim,

Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
 Blooms the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed,
 Then hither haste, all ye who mourn in sadness,
 "Come unto me, and I will give ye rest."

KIND WORDS.

OH! what a spell of mighty power
 There lurketh in kind words,
 To gild with light the tempest hour,
 And thrill the bosom's chords.

The wounded heart that time hath chilled,
 Whose young glad dreams are o'er,
 Can be again with rapture filled,
 As in the days of yore.

The tear-dimmed eye may sweetly smile —
 The cheek regain its bloom,
 And joyance linger there awhile,
 Like sunlight o'er a tomb.

And half-forgotten dreams may come,
 Waked by a gentle breath,
 And ties of kindred and of home,
 Start from their sleep of death.

The long—long years of happiness,
That vanished with our youth—
The woven links, once wont to bless
With trustfulness and truth—

The severed chain that used to bind,
With young affection deep,
The human heart, where hopes enshrined
Their holiest love-watch keep—

All that have past away, and left
Their withering records here,
To teach the sickened soul bereft,
How transient joys appear—

All from the fount of memory rush,
Like flow'rets newly strown,
And the glad bosom's sudden gush,
Attests the gentle tone.

A little thing can sweetly ring
The heart's harp's broken chords ;
Who'er hath power to bid them sing,
Oh ! spare not thou kind words.

THE MARINER'S SONG OF HOME.

THE blue waves leap around me,
And thousand leagues away
Our proud ship on her outward track,
Breaks the wild billows' spray.

She sports upon the waters,
 She cleaves the whitening foam,
And the mariner again is borne
 Far from his love and home.

I see thee in thy gentleness,
 My fair and cherished bride,
My little ones around thy knee,
 Frolic in childhood's pride.

And infant laughter on mine ear,
 In many a mocking tone,
Breaks the sad silence of my watch,
 Upon the seas alone.

No more I train the woodbine vine
 Around thy lattice high,
No more my welcome and reward,
 I find within thine eye.

No more thy voice's music comes
 Like song of mountain rill,
With strains of joyous happiness,
 My bosom's depths to fill.

No more within thy dove-like clasp
 My own rude hand doth lie,
As when together we have roved
 Beneath the starlit sky.

Thy sailor braves the stormy wave,
 He meets the billows roar ;

That beacon guides him on the sea,
That lights him on the shore.

Then, fare thee well—the sounding surge
Bears me afar from thee,
As the white gull, on soaring wing,
Sails proudly o'er the sea.

The bright blue summer sky's above,
Around, the lashing foam,
But the sweet picture's in my heart
Of thee, beloved, and home.

THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

GENTLE Child, and sunbright Flowers,
Laughing in the rosy hours,
Not a cloud above thee lowers,
Earth looks glad and fair ;
Like a Spirit thou dost tend
Dewy buds that round thee bend,
Seeming their rich breath to send,
Where thy footsteps are.

Ever thus should joy like thine,
Where the summer roses twine,
In the gladsome, gay sunshine,
Fondly linked be found ;

Where thou art, each glowing thing,
Wafted on the balmy wing,
Of the ever-smiling spring,
Should be scattered round.

For, like unto thy young life,
Is the blossom blushing rife,
Ere the winds of tempests' strife,
Hurl it from the bough ;
Earth hath many, many cares,
Though its breast no impress bears,
And the sunny smile it wears,
Hath no sorrow now.

Yet the clouds may gather dark,
And with gloom our pathway mark,
As we launch our tender bark
On life's stormy wave ;
O'er its troubled ocean driven,
Hope's strong cable snapt, and riven,
We approach that only haven,
Won but through the grave.

Those glad flowers that round thee fling
All the perfumed breath of spring,
Once could round my fingers cling,
In youth's joyous morn ;
Now for me, the roses bright,
In the glory of their might,
Flashing in the sunny light,
Cannot screen the thorn.

But for thee, oh! joyous child,
Earth hath but a little smiled,
Still for thee the world's dark wild
 Hath some shining hours ;
And thy laughter's joyous shrill,
And thy voice's music trill,
Long shall echo bird, and rill,
 Sweet one, mid the flowers.

THE MOTHER TO HER SON GOING TO
BATTLE.

COME thou, my young and beautiful,
 I mark thine eagle glance
Is bent in earnest watchfulness
 Upon the gleaming lance.

The bright sword leaps into thy hand,
 The white plumes wave afar,
The clarion calls thee to the field,
 The purple field of war.

My bravest one—I shall not see
 The flashing of thine eye,
When the loud pealing cannon rolls
 Its thunder to the sky.

I shall not see thy manly form
 The front of battle dare,

But well I know its hottest rage,
My warrior-boy will share.

The untamed spirit of thy soul
Will shield thee in the fight,
When the loud battle-cry is heard
For liberty and right.

Then forward, forward to the war,
'Till the bright day is won ;
Thou art not only mine—thou art
Thy country's—oh, my son !

Come, let me buckle to thy side
The sword of promise now,
And let thy mother's fingers clasp
The helmet on thy brow.

But gaze not in mine eyes the while,
With that fond smile of old,
Or thou wilt burst the steeléd bonds
That my heart's throbbings hold.

I would not shed a tear for thee,
My conqueror, my pride,
But in my bosom's deepest depths
My woman's wo I hide

I nursed thee for the eagle's flight,
I give thee to the field,
And they may bring thee back, mine own,
A corpse upon thy shield.

Then may my mighty strength give way,
My task of duty done,
For thou'rt not only mine—thou art
Thy country's, oh, my son!

THE SON'S RETURN FROM BATTLE.

THE mournful pealing of the drum
Swelled on the wind afar,
When the conqueror of the battle,
Came homeward from the war.

His white plume danced not in the breeze,
Amid a waving train ;
His charger slowly trod the ground,
Led by his bridle rein.

The shouts of welcome died away,
As one by one they bent
Before their rescued country's friend—
Her bleeding monument.

He came—a conqueror he came ;
But oh ! that glance of fire
Was quenched amid the battle's din,
On freedom's burning pyre.

The voice that raised the war-cry loud,
Throughout the thickest fight,

Is silent—save where echoing hills,
Cry liberty and right.

The helmet, clasped by tender hands,
Is rudely rent in twain,
And on his golden locks of youth,
Was many a crimson stain.

They brought the youthful conqueror back,
From off the bloody field?
His pall—the banner of the free,
His bier, a warrior's shield.

But where was woman's firmness now,
And where was woman's pride?
For death's and sorrow's victims met
Together, side by side—

The living mother, who had clasped
The helmet on his brow,
And the dead warrior-boy who brought
His gory honours now.

She had no tears, when glory called,
To dim his onward course;
She had none now—for they were chilled
To ice-streams at their source.

They parted round the warrior's bier,
The mother's task was done;
A soft, low wail she breathed—"Oh! thou
Wert too much mine, my son."

THE WIDOW'S SON AT SEA.

THE clouds are gathering dark and thick,
 Upon the frowning sky,
 And lightning flashes wild and quick,
 And thunder peals on high.
 But where the storm-winds loudest rave,
 A mother bends her knee,
 And wildly calls on heaven to save
 The widow's son at sea.

Night folds her dreary mantle round—
 And howling from afar,
 The same mad winds with frightful sound,
 Swell like the notes of war.
 They sweep along o'er land and wave,
 All fetterless and free,
 But still that prayer was heard, to save
 The widow's son at sea.

Morn came at length—a dreary waste
 Where'er the eye was cast,
 But through the waves was seen to haste
 A ship with sailless mast ;
 Its parting sides white foam did lave,
 It seemed to mildly flee
 Before the breeze, and what could save
 The widow's son at sea ?

Though loud the tempest-breath was stirred,
 And fierce the tempest's might,

That lonely woman's prayer was heard,
 In that wild, stormy night ;
 His eye was on the swelling wave,
 The mother's bended knee ;
 His mighty hand was stretched to save
 The widow's son at sea.

FLOWERS.

EARTH hath a thousand tongues, that swell
 In converse soft and low—
 We hear them in the flowery dell,
 And where the waters flow.
 We note them when the pliant reed
 Bends to the summer air,
 Its low-toned music gently freed
 By the soft breezes there,
 And angels from their starry height,
 On hills, and dales, and green banks write.

There is a language in each flower
 That opens to the eye,
 A voiceless, but a magic power,
 Doth in earth's blossoms lie ;
 The flowering Almond first to bring
 Its perfume to the breeze,
 The earliest at the call of spring,
 Among the green-clad trees,
 Whispers of indiscretion's fate,
 Trusting too soon—convinced too late.

The Wall-flower clinging cheerfully,
 Amid decaying bloom,
Tells of the heart's fidelity,
 In stern misfortune's gloom ;
And like the clasping Ivy vine,
 When all around depart,
Closer in storms the bonds entwine,
 Of friendship round the heart ;
And glory's cloud is proudly seen,
In the bright Laurel's evergreen.

Hope smiles amid the blossoms white
 That crowns the Hawthorn bough,
And in the Myrtle's leaflets bright,
 Love softly breathes his vow.
The Little Lily of the Vale
 Seems sent our hearts to bless,
Still whispering, on spring's balmy gale,
 Return of Happiness.
While blooming on some favoured spot,
We trust to thee, Forget-me-not.

And quivering to the lightest wind
 That fans the summer flower,
The Aspen's tender leaves we find,
 Shrinking beneath its power,
At every trembling breath that steals
 Its spreading boughs between,
Each little blossom's leaf reveals
 A pang of misery keen,
Like lightly uttered careless words,
Wounding the heart's half broken chords.

Wo for the Aspen tree—and wo
 For hearts too finely strung,
The tempest wind shall round them blow,
 And heart, and branch be wrung ;
The storm's dread wing shall o'er them sweep,
 And bow them to the blast,
While each must early learn to weep
 The hopes that could not last :
The bosom's sensibility,
Is pictured in the Aspen tree.

The little Blue Bell lifts its head
 The Amaryllis beside,
Emblems, upon their grassy bed,
 Of lowliness and pride,—
Bright as the summer's bluest cloud,
 Each opening bell appears,
The sun that gilds the floweret proud,
 Its humble blossom cheers ;
Sweeter the Blue Bell's lowly mien,
Than pride in dazzling radiance seen.

The variegated Columbine
 Hangs its bright head to earth,
As half ashamed the sun should shine
 Upon its place of birth ;
And drooping on its tender stem,
 As the low night-wind swells,
It seems in many a dew-drop gem,
 Like folly's cap and bells,
Rung by the wind in frolic play,
Whene'er they sportive pass that way.

The Musk Rose loads the evening breeze,
 With its own rich perfume,
 Wafting far incense through the trees,
 From its thick, clustering bloom ;
 Charming as beauty's palmiest hours,
 Capricious as its smiles,
 One summer sees it crowned with flowers,
 The next no breezy wiles
 Can lure one bud where thousands smiled,
 And hence capricious beauty styled.

And what is beauty ?—Lo, the sun
 That left the blooming spray,
 Shines once again the boughs upon—
 The Roses—where are they ?
 Some strew with leaves the grassy plain,
 Flashing in crimson hue,
 Some languish there that ne'er again
 Shall drink the evening dew ;
 And fleeting beauty's saddened close
 Is traced in the pale, withered Rose.

What brings the bright and shining leaf,
 The scarlet Poppy wears ?
 A consolation for our grief,
 A solace for our cares ;
 The ancients wreathed the brows of sleep,
 With the rich Poppy flowers,
 For slumber dries the eyes that weep,
 And pictures happy hours ;
 And in its scarlet blossom rests
 A healing balm for wounded breasts.

Yes, flowers have tones—God gave to each
A language of its own,
And bade the simple blossom teach
Where'er its seeds are sown ;
His voice is on the mountain height,
And by the river's side,
Where flowers blush in glowing light,
In lowliness or pride ;
We feel o'er all the blooming sod,
It is the language of our God.

He spreads the earth an open book
In characters of life,
All where the human eye doth look
Seem with his glories rife ;
He paints upon the burning sky
In every gleaming star,
The wonder of his homes on high,
Shining to faith afar ;
His voice is in the tempest's wrath,
And in the soft south zephyr's path.

For us frail, feeble things of clay,
Are all these beauties given,
The glorious, wide-spread orb of day,
And the bright, starry heaven ;
The far-stretched waters, and the land,
The mountain, and the plain,
These are the free gifts of his hand,
And shall they plead in vain ?
Rocks, hills, and flowers their homage pay,
And shall we worship less than they ?

No—from the green, enamelled sod
 Let the soul's praises rise,
 The living temple of our God,
 Arched by his own blue skies.
 There let thy grateful praise be heard,
 There let thy prayers be given,
 And with the hymns of flower and bird,
 They shall ascend to heaven,
 And sooner reach the eternal bowers
 Breathed over beds of blushing flowers.

BROTHER, COME HOME!

COME home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
 With these unwearying words of melody—
 Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
 That beam in brightness, but to gladden thine;
 Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
 Where cherished memory rears her altar shrine—
 Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days;
 Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove;

Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays :
 Come to the fireside circle of thy love—
 Brother, come home !

Come home !

It is not home without thee ; the lone seat
 Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be ;
 In every echo of returning feet,
 In vain we list for what should herald thee—
 Brother, come home !

Come home !

We nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
 Watched every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,
 Saw o'er their bloom, the chilly winter bring
 Its icy garlands, and thou art not here—
 Brother, come home !

Come home !

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep !
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
 With these unwearying words of melody—
 Brother, come home !

HE COMES.

He comes—

Home's holy spells around his heart are cast
 Their gentle music-breath hath lured him back,

And the soft shadowy pictures of the past,
Start up again before his homeward track ;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
The echoes of loved voices, hushed so long,
Have stolen like spirits through his midnight
dreams,
And tones have whispered in their fairy song,
Bringing back moments lit by rainbow gleams ;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
But oh ! the eyes that shone in joy for him,
As his loved footsteps' echo met the ear,
With their long watching vigils have grown dim,
And beam but sadly at these words of cheer,
My Brother comes.

He comes—
But long, long weary years have fled away,
And time, perchance, hath sadly changed his face,
Blanched his dark locks with the world's slow decay,
But each loved lineament again we'll trace ;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
Speed him ! white sails, across the heaving deep ;
Change hath not crept into our hearts—those years
Have been but trusty jailers, sent to keep
Closer those tried affections nurst in tears ;
My Brother comes.

He comes—

Home's holy spells around his heart are cast,
Their gentle music-breath hath lured him back,
And the soft, shadowy pictures of the past,
Start up again before his homeward track ;
My Brother comes.

THE GIFTED ONE.

THEY hailed her high and bright,
They named her among the gifted of the land,
They bowed as to the light
Of some fair star, a homage-paying band.

They wove a wreath of fame,
And bade its laurels round her temples twine,
They sang her simple name,
Till their high breathings made it half divine.

They hung around her lyre,
As though enchantment lingered o'er each chord,
They praised the spirit's fire,
That gleamed amid its music's every word.

Each soft-poetic swell,
Whispering of hidden feelings, warm and strong,
They wove into a spell
Of melting sweetness, gentleness, and song.

They called her glowing mind
A cell, where buried jewels richly shone,
With fond affections twined,
Responsive only to her magic tone.

And what—oh! what was she,
The idol of their plaudits, young and bright?
Like a lone, withered tree,
Struck by the tempest with untimely blight.

Careless on her dull ear,
Came the proud whispers—for they wanted still
One echo, low and clear,
To bid her sickened heart with pleasure thrill.

They know not of the hoard
Of blighted feelings in her aching breast,
Of hopes, once fondly stored,
Till, adder-like, they stung their place of rest.

They knew not each low strain,
Breathing of ruined hopes, and pleasures crushed,
Was a sweet dream, though vain
The heart had dreamed, 'til grief its music hushed.

Love's silken fetters threw
A moonlight shadow o'er her sunny way,
Till to a chain they grew,
Whose iron links clasped tighter, day by day.

And this was she, whose song
Pleased the gay world; whose gently murmuring lyre,

Breathed music to a throng
Who knew not of her heart's consuming fire.

What was the gift—the proud
The lofty gift, to her who stood alone ;
Who, amid the mighty crowd,
Had failed to bind one heart unto her own ?

It was a sorrowing thing
That she, who taught young bosoms how to feel,
Should bear alone the sting
Of hidden woes, the world could never heal.

THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

OH ! where are those deep, bright, blue skies,
Those starry gems of even ?
They beam not on my darkened eyes,
From yonder azure heaven.

The budding flowers around my feet,
Decked in their brightest bloom,
For me—have but the fragrance sweet
Of their own rich perfume.

The wavy grass that woos the breeze,
So beauteous to the sight ;
The tall, majestic, branching trees,
That catch the moon's first light ;

The mountain tops, the green-clad earth,
Glad waters in their play,
Have neither beauty, might, or mirth,
For one—who knows not day.

This fair,—fair world, which Nature's hands
So lavishly adorn,
For me, in hueless grandeur stands,
Unlovely and forlorn.

I know not if my mother's face
Be beautiful and fair,
In vain—in vain I strive to trace
One gentle feature there.

I know not if her locks be white,
Or darkly intertwined ;
I know not if her looks be bright,
But oh ! I know they're kind.

They gather round the fireside hearth,
My little sisters dear,
I know each voice's tone of mirth,
Each footfall drawing near.

Or, when they come at close of day,
O'erwearied with their games,
Upon each head my hands I lay,
And call them by their names.

Oh ! if without the world is drear,
Within it is glad and bright,

While home and kindred claim me here,
Why mourn I for my sight?

God's will be done—if darkened days
To me on earth be given,
A brighter world awaits my gaze—
The blind shall see in Heaven.

WE SHALL MISS EACH OTHER.

We shall miss each other sadly,
We shall miss the gentle word,
Which our young bosom gladly
With responsive pleasure stirred.

We shall miss each other's voices,
When the hearth-fire blazes bright,
When heart with heart rejoices
At the gathering hour of night.

We shall miss the sweet caresses
With which we have loved to meet,
And the gentle tone that blesses
Our fond ears shall fail to greet.

They will crowd around the places
Where in youth we fondly strayed,
And in vain the eye retraces
The deep prints our footsteps made.

They were always seen together
By the hillside and the plain,
But in bright or shady weather
They shall ne'er be seen again.

Thou art passing from thy dwelling
In thy trustfulness and truth,
And the bitter tear is swelling
In the homestead of thy youth.

On the faces thou hast cherished
From thy childhood's earliest hour,
The bright joyous smile hath perished
Like the early blighted flower.

They have wept that thou wert leaving
The old haunts that knew thee first,
And the loving ones bereaving
That thine infancy hath nursed.

Long the silent tear of sorrow
Their fond watching eyes shall gem,
For the glad sun of to-morrow
Will not bring thee back to them.

Many—many tones may meet thee,
And in gentle murmurs come,
But their music cannot greet thee
Like the voices of thy home.

Oh! we shall miss each other,
And the words of earlier years
When they're whispered by another,
Shall but wake our saddened tears.

THE EXILE'S DREAM OF HOME.

HE slumbered in a foreign land, with stranger skies
 above,
 Far from his sunny childhood's home, the circle of his
 love ;
 Long weary leagues were stretched between, and yet
 his wakeful heart,
 From all it early used to love, had learned not to de-
 part.

It wandered softly back again to his old halls of birth,
 Where merry hearts, and laughing eyes, made glad the
 social hearth,
 The mingling of young voices sweet, swelled on the
 summer breeze,
 And gleesome footsteps frolicked round the green an-
 cestral trees.

Light forms were glancing to and fro, and locks of
 sunny hair
 Floated in wild luxuriance upon the balmy air ;
 And laughter, like an unchecked rill of silvery water
 clear,
 Fell with a rush of melody upon his slumbering ear.

Eyes that had failed to meet his own at morning's
 ruddy light,
 Nor gazed upon him joyously, at the deep hush of night,

He heard fond words of sweet import, in love's soft,
 hallowed tone,
 And clasping hands of snowy hue lay close within his
 own.

Around those fair and tender hands his fingers tightly
 twine,
 While a soft murmuring thro' his sleep, whispers,
 "Mine, only mine!"
 Slowly, the misty vision fades at those low thrilling
 words,
 And fled 's the magic touch that struck his heart-harp's
 hidden chords.

The vision's past, and loosened now is slumber's light-
 linked chain,
 And lonely days, and lonely nights of thought are his
 again ;
 But tho' upon a foreign strand, or on the ocean's foam,
 Still grateful leaps the Exile's heart for that long dream
 of home.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DWELLING.

GENTLE tones are sweetly swelling
 By the hearthstone's cheerful blaze,
 Mingling voices there are telling
 Heart-breathed prayers in tender lays ;
 And around the Christian's dwelling,
 Peace for ever fondly strays.

There a sacred altar rises,
Where no step profane may fall,
Where hypocrisy's disguises
Have no power the thoughts to thrall ;
But the light the Christian prizes,
Seems to gild and hallow all.

Children cling in joy together ;
No discordant sounds are there,
But a gleam of sunny weather,
Every smiling face doth share ;
On Hope's wings each shining feather,
Seems a brighter hue to wear.

Little feet that know not straying
Gather round the altar stone ;
Little voices soft are praying,
In sweet childhood's lisp tone ;
While glad angel harps are playing,
Round their God's eternal throne.

Heavenly spirits hover round them,
Lending light to every breast ;
In a garnered sheaf they've bound them,
For the harvest-home of rest,
Till the hand of grace hath crowned them,
In the mansions of the blest.

Dulcet sounds are ever sighing
Softest music for their ear ;
Noiseless wings are ever flying,
Of some angel passing near ;

And low tones, like echoes dying,
Their tuned hearts alone can hear.

Bending age, with locks of whiteness,
Gleaming with time's spotless snow,
Blend with ringlets, whose glad brightness
Might outshine the sunset's glow ;
And their bosoms' cheerful lightness
In the same clear channels flow.

Forms may bow with each to-morrow,
And dark locks to silver turn,
But escape the stings of sorrow,
If the earnest bosoms yearn
One clear drop of peace to borrow,
From pure faith's exhaustless urn.

Time hath not one spell of power
E'er to lay upon the heart,
Like the breath that bids the flower
Slowly wither, part by part ;
But unscathed in stormiest hour,
It escapes the envenomed dart.

Like a prisoned spirit shedding
Light and joy on all within,
Faith illumines, where'er we're treading,
Paths that righteousness shall win,
By avoiding those that's wedding
Our weak footsteps into sin.

Then, when gentle tones are swelling
To high heaven their prayers and praise,

Hymns, from thankful bosoms, telling
What a halo gilds their days!
Oh! in every Christian's dwelling
The domestic altar raise.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

“Come, tell me, thou old gray-haired man,
What weary days thou’st seen,
Since thou wert like myself, a boy,
And life’s glad path was green?”

“I know that hoary head of thine,
In many a tempest hour,
Hath bowed before the sudden stroke
Of fate’s relentless power.”

“It would be but a heavy tale,”
The aged one began,
“To tell to thee, thou bright-eyed child,
Of such a worn old man.

“I was not wont in other years,
Fair boy, to be so poor.
I never thought, in those bright days,
To beg from door to door;

“I never thought these palsied hands
Would grasp the beggar’s staff,

Or that these ears were made to hear
The loud, unpitying laugh.

“I had a gentle mother once
To part my sunny hair,
A doting sire, whose hoard of love
My heart alone did share.

“I was a little, bright-eyed child,
When, far from all he loved,
To the lone churchyard solemnly
My father was removed.

“The widow reared her orphaned boy
Till childhood's days were o'er,
And when my manhood's days were fresh,
My mother smiled no more.

“Her strugglings with my infancy,
Her long, long watchful care,
Met no return on earth—for she
Was called God's home to share.

“I sought for other joys, and bound
A dear one to my side,
And in my flush of manhood's dawn,
I won a beauteous bride.

“Like blossoms from a blushing tree,
The fruit whereof is good,
Beside me, in the bloom of joy,
Two twin-born roses stood.

- “ But oh ! the goodly tree was felled ;
She paled—and day by day
The life grew weaker at the heart
That on mine own heart lay.
- “ She left me when those little doves
Lay nestling on her breast ;
She left them in that widowed home,
A sad, but sweet bequest.
- “ Thou wilt not blame the poor old man,
That he must weep awhile,
When he recalls his wife’s last look,
Her angel parting smile.
- “ They grew in beauty—and my boy
Had dark locks such as thine ;
My girl’s were golden threads, that seemed
With sunny gleams to twine.
- “ My boy—a bold and daring one—
Had heard of other lands,
And fashioned, in his infancy,
Ships with his tiny hands.
- “ And when he grew a stripling tall,
A manly boy, and brave,
He left his father’s home, to rove
Across the foaming wave.
- “ He never came to tell us aught
That he had looked upon ;

For the dark, wild, and swelling sea,
Had swallowed up my son !

“ All things went wrong ; the sunny brow
Of my home-darling grew
To deadly pale—her rosy cheek
Lost its bright crimson hue.

“ More like that angel in the sky
Each day she seemed to grow,
Till the young ruddy lips grew white,
And the heart ceased to flow.

“ Childless and widowed, parentless,
Beside her coffined form,
I knelt—and all this silver hair
Came in that night of storm.

“ I pressed her cherub brow, and sent
That dove of beauty fair
Back to its parent bird, to take
My last, fond, lone kiss there.

“ And there they met, a blessed band,
A sire and mother dear,
A tender, fond, and doting wife,
With two loved children near.

“ And here am I, the last sole link
Of that uniting chain,
Left through a long, long lapse of years
Of misery and pain.

“Hard poverty hath borne me down—
But one sweet hope is nigh,
He who bears crosses meekly here,
Hath his reward on high.

“To that vast storehouse of my joys,
All hope and thought is given—
Earth may not hold me long, for all
My treasures are in heaven.

“I said ’twould be a heavy one,
When first my tale began ;
Thy young heart will not soon forget
The gray-haired beggar man.”

TIME HATH DEALT KINDLY, FRIENDS,
WITH THEE.

TIME hath dealt kindly, friends, with thee,
For no corroding care
Upon thy fair unsullied brows
Hath left its signet there.

And thy smiles are still unaltered,
Thy cheeks retain their bloom,
The rose, that flourishes with thee,
Hath left mine own in gloom.

Time hath dealt kindly, friends, with thee,
Thy pathways are as bright
As when in our young hopeful days,
We basked in sunny light.

The memory of that vanished time
Comes back in pensive hours,
And to my shaded winter brings
Those faded summer flowers.

Those flowers, that thou and I, my friends,
In youth's gay morning twined,
'Till young affection learned her wreaths
Around our hearts to bind.

Oh, youth!—life's sweetest holiday,
The summer of the heart,
Time's after years can never yield
The joys thou didst impart.

What early dreams have fled with thee!
What love-linked chains were thine!
What fond, delusive, sunny hopes,
Did round thy pathway shine!

And oh! what treasuries of joy
Are those departed years!
My youth—my youth—my sunny youth!
I dew thy grave with tears.

Time hath dealt kindly, friends, with thee,
No gloom is round thee cast,
Thou'rt still unto my heart, my friends,
The present—and the past.

FAR AWAY.

THERE'S joyousness and merriment
 Within the lighted halls ;
 The viol with its happy tones
 In mirthful music calls ;
 The ruby wine-cup sparkles bright,
 And smiles beam glad and gay,
 How many pledge their friends to-night
 Far away ?

How quickly do our footsteps hie
 To where the giddy meet,
 And ask from the false, worldly crowd,
 A respite short and sweet ;
 Our very voices learn their song
 And echo back its lay,
 Forgetting those, amid the throng,
 Far away.

We know not while our smiling lips
 Repeat the ringing laugh,
 How many a draught from sorrow's cup
 Those absent ones may quaff ;
 How often shadows from their path
 Have chased the sunny ray,
 And tempests blighted those, in wrath,
 Far away.

The homestead of their early youth
Greet not their anxious eyes ;
The sick'ning yearning of their souls
For their own summer skies :
The memory of the roof-tree's shade,
'Neath which they've loved to play ;
These, in those breasts a grief have made
Far away.

But we have all that life endears,
Save, that the twining chain
Hath lost one link, which time perchance
May reunite again ;
We rove in the same path we roved
In childhood's summer day,
When those were near we fondly loved,
Far away.

Then, oh, forget them not !—they cling
Where'er their footsteps roam.
To memory's faintest trace, to all
Around their early home ;
Then let us not, when pleasure's bell
Rings out its merry lay,
Forget those absent ones who dwell
Far away ?

THE DEPARTED.

THE departed, the departed, oh! where, oh! where is
 now

The bounding step, the joyous heart, and the sun-
 lighted brow?

Where the cold clods of the valley press on each silent
 breast,

The dear departed sleep in peace, a long unbroken
 rest.

The loved, that threw around our paths, the light of
 earlier years,

Like rainbow beams that brighter shine, through the
 cloud's dropping tears,

The young companions of our youth, that joy's glad
 promise gave,

Oh! where are they? I ask of thee, thou dark and
 yawning grave.

My heart is like a broken flower, that bends before the
 blast;

My widowed joys, and faded dreams, all, all are with
 the past;

But hope lights up my solitude, an ever-burning gem,
 And points to the uniting tomb, when I shall be with
 them.

The eyes are dim that ever came in joy to meet mine
 own ;
The voice is silent that for me had aye a gentle tone ;
The hand is pulseless in whose clasp my hand hath
 fondly lain,
And the bright smile I used to meet, I shall not see
 again.

The departed, the departed, they come to me at night,
When shades of twilight struggle through the day's de-
 caying light ;
When lengthened shadows slowly fall upon the quiet
 ground,
Then spirits of the blessed ones seem whispering all
 around.

Beside me, with her unbound locks floating upon the
 air,
Flinging a sunshine to the earth from that rich golden
 hair,
Stands the glad girl on whom my heart its earnest love
 did shower,
Whose life was like the rosebud's life, that bloomed not
 to a flower.

And how I wept for thee, beloved ! how long I strove
 to hide
To my sick yearning heart, the thought that thou
 couldst e'er have died ;
Thy voice came whispering on the air, that passed me
 quickly by ;
Thy footstep's lingering echo seemed ever my fond ear
 nigh.

Long after thou hadst passed from earth, and thy sun-
beaming face
Others forgot in careless mirth, through memory's light
to trace,
I've called thee from my secret heart with all a miser's
care,
A treasure for my weary hours, that none but me might
share.

Years have gone swiftly by since then, and time's
relentless tide
The cherished forms of other friends laid calmly at thy
side ;
There slumber, in unconscious sleep, hearts that toge-
ther grew,
Yet neither, in that quiet house, the other's presence
knew.

The departed, the departed, they'll rise together, where
Their spirit-wings of endless youth shall fan the view-
less air ;
Would but with them, my soul could seek the mansions
of the blest,
Oh, with the dear departed ones, would would, I were
at rest !

THE SERMON ON THE HIGHWAY.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A VERY TRUTHFUL, TOUCHING DISCOURSE
DELIVERED IN THE OPEN AIR SOME LITTLE TIME AGO.

THE Sermon on the highway, in the unbought church
of God,
The pulpit the broad spreading tree, the aisles the
grassy sod:
He stood, the humble preacher 'neath the holy sabbath
heaven,
And called the sinful soul of man to come and be for-
given.

Far through the woods it echoed—that pleading voice's
tone,
And farther still,—those earnest words reached the
Almighty Throne;
For in their pure sincerity how welcome did they fall
On the attentive ear of Him who watches over all.

No bursts of flashing eloquence came proudly from his
tongue,
No blazing rhetoric of speech upon his accents hung:
'Twas but a simple strain he breathed—a Saviour's
quenchless love,—
And honest words were all he had the human heart to
move.

A feeble instrument he seemed, in an all-powerful
cause;

A lowly pleader for the light of God's most holy laws :
Perchance his "six days' labour" done, 'twas thus he
sought his rest,

And did as did his Master,—made the holy seventh
blest.

He asked no alms, he asked no gifts, he only asked the
soul

To let the gospel, torrent-like, in living waters roll ;

He only asked the liberty those beaming truths to
teach ;

He only asked for leave to stand upon the ground and
preach !

Ah ! who can tell how many hearts were converts unto
thee,

Thou pale old man, beneath the boughs of that far-
spreading tree ;

Ah ! who can tell how deep within the bosom's secret
cell,

That plain, unvarnished strain of truth, with startling
brightness fell.

Long, long my mind shall picture thee—thy forehead
high and bare,

From whence the breezes lifted oft thy long, thin locks
of hair ;

Those clasped hands, that kindling eye, that voice of
earnest love ;

Thou humble delegate of heaven, high missioned from
above !

THE LETTER OVER SEA.

WE'VE seen the blooming buds and flowers
 Of six bright spring-times greet the day,
 And deemed that each, with scented hours,
 Would speed thee on thy homeward way.
 They passed—and when the smiling sky
 Took the deep tint of summer's blue,
 We fondly thought thou wouldst be nigh,
 To watch the roses as they grew :
 Thou camest not—but swift to me
 There sped a letter over sea.

The flowers drooped upon the bough,
 Their sunny hues were bright and brief,
 And sadness gathered on my brow,
 As fell the autumn's yellow leaf ;
 They thickly peopled all the ground,
 And winter spread her mantle drear,
 And moaning winds were heard around,
 Yet the loved wanderer was not here ;
 And all that came to tell of thee
 Was that dear letter over sea.

Time stole the brightness from the eye,
 And chilled the bosom's sunniest glow,
 And taught his icy touch to lie
 Upon the heart-stream's gentle flow—
 Had shaded all the happy days,
 That we together fondly knew,

And dimmed the brightness of those rays
That made our skies for ever blue ;
But still it brought unchangingly
That one loved letter over sea.

Now what a cloud hath dimmed those skies !
And what dark shadows compass all !
What stormy tempests did arise,
To shroud our hopes with such a pall ?
Thou'st found the Lethean draught, and there
Bathed in its stream thy heart and brow ;
And they who love thee, lonely share
Each sad remembrance of thee now.
Thou hast forgotten—and to me
Comes no loved letter over sea.

THE POLISH EXILE.

NIGHT set on Poland's sinking sun ;
Her harrowed cities darkened stood,
And the last light of day went down
On fields of carnage and of blood ;
The insulting victors proudly strode
Across its desolated plain ;
The clanging hoofs of chargers trode
O'er tombless heaps of slain ;
And like a waning star of night,
Its glories melted from the sight.

But one went forth to exile there,
 The eagle of his eye untamed—
 An aged Pole, whose hoary hair
 Left free the brow fear never shamed.
 He wept not—for the fount of tears
 Within their burning cells were dried ;
 He wept not, though a father's fears
 Softened the marble of his pride ;
 One proud and piercing look he cast,
 Where foemen's shouts rung on the blast.

* * * * *

His glance had caught the curling blaze
 Circling o'er Warsaw's flaming wall ;
 Had seen, amid its flickering rays,
 Its towers of strength and grandeur fall :
 Afar its fertile valley rose,
 A blackened mass 'neath hostile tread,
 A yawning vault, for savage foes
 To people with his country's dead ;
 A couch, whereon his comrades sleep
 In death—and yet he could not weep.

“Vengeance is mine”—a voice from heaven
 Spake gently in the exile's ear ;
 “Vengeance is mine—though lance be riven,
 And crushed, awhile, the broken spear.”
 As sunshine through a darkened sky,
 Scatters the storm-clouds hovering round,
 E'en so that murmur from on high,
 The ice-chain round his heart unbound :
 He wept for children, home, and rights—
 God, for his suffering Poland, smites.

A TRIBUTE OF THANKS.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADY WHO SENT ME SOME BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

I THANK thee, lady, for the gift of fair and fragrant
 flowers,
 The harbingers of summer days, and sunny gilded
 hours ;
 I thank thee for the gentle thought—which makes the
 gift to me
 More precious than the richest gems that lie beneath
 the sea.

I love those little blushing things that spring beneath
 our feet,
 Scattering their incense to the air, in odours rich and
 sweet ;
 Hueing with rays of living light the green and velvet
 sod,
 Whispering to us of hope and heaven, of happiness and
 God.

The bright, free gift, that comes alike unto the rich
 and poor ;
 That springs not more in palace walks than by the cot-
 tage door ;
 That to the tired wayfarer, for many lengthy miles,
 With gayest bloom, and sweet perfume, the weary way
 beguiles.

How truly do they teach our hearts, however great, or
small,
He who in beauty fashioned them, careth alike for all ;
They whisper to the mourner, hope—and point beyond
the tomb,
Where their own heart's transplanted flowers in Eden
brightness bloom.

Yes, lady, thou hast chosen well—in many an after
day,
When their glad hue has faded all, their fragrance past
away,
The stranger, and the stranger's gift, shall rise before
my mind,
With all the pure and cherished things by memory en-
shrined.

THE SWISS EXILE.

FAREWELL to thy valley, my beautiful Rhine,
Farewell to thy glaciers, thy mountains of snow,
In vain thy white peaks in the pale moonlight shine,
And in vain thy bright waters delightfully flow.
No more will I gladden mine eye with the sight,
No more list the echoes 'twas rapture to hear ;
The Alpine song ceases to thrill with delight,
And the glad Ranz des Vaches no more falls on mine
ear.

I go to the far gentle valleys away,
Where the flowers spring brightly, at morning and eve,
Where the bird builds its nest in the rooftree's broad
spray,
And sings to its mate at the daylight's last leave ;
But oft will I turn from the green-covered earth,
To thy sky-crownéd summits with many a tear,
To thy avalanche mountains, dear land of my birth,
And the loved Ranz des Vaches I used gladly to hear.

Its musical numbers, oh, never again
Will they warble for me round my own native hill,
No more will I lead o'er the valley and plain,
The low tinkling herd, with its musical trill.
Alas ! the lone Exile may turn him to die,
For hope hath long ceased his sad bosom to cheer.
Farewell, oh ! farewell to thy peaks, vales, and sky,
And the dear Ranz des Vaches I shall never more hear.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU to ye, mother ! the waves of the sea
Henceforth must the home of your sailor boy be ;
The vessel's broad deck is the couch for his form,
And his lullaby song is the voice of the storm.

One blessing, brave father—the waves may ride high,
But that blessing shall rise through their roar, to the
sky ;

And our Father who sitteth aloft will look down,
With a rainbow-like glance, through the tempest's dark
frown.

Adieu, bright-eyed sister! wherever I roam,
Those eyes, like the magnet, shall draw me to home;
My light, through the lonely night-watch upon deck;
My guardians of safety 'mid perils and wreck.

Nay, cheer up, young brother, faint-hearted and weak!
'Tis a shame to thy manhood, that tear on thy cheek;
Brush back the pale drop, it were childish to weep
For one who was born on the bright-swelling deep.

Adieu, ye beloved ones! the ocean's proud wave,
Was my babyhood's cradle—it may be my grave;
But my heart, like a child's, to its early love true,
Still sighs for the boundless, the beautiful blue.

THE FIRESIDE CIRCLE.

WHEN loud howls the tempest, and fierce rolls the
storm,
And the wild wings of winter are winged to deform—
When a mantle of snow clasps the once blooming
earth,—
How bright are the joys that surround the dear hearth;
The bleak blasts may scatter the blossoms away,
But the fireside circle is cheerful and gay.

There, tottering age, with its white locks, is seen,
Recounting old stories when lifetime was green ;
There, the pleased eye of boyhood past glories can see,
And infancy sports round its grandsire's knee ;
And the fond mother looks, through a smile and a tear,
On the fireside circle, so precious and dear.

And there the glad lover, when day-tasks are done,
May seek at the hearthstone his heart's chosen one—
May clasp the fond hand that ere long is to bind
Yet tighter the chain that hath linked them in mind,
And hail the bright smile that no clouds ever dim,
That shall hallow the fireside circle for him.

And there the lone wanderer, far o'er the main,
Comes back to the fondly loved circle again—
Like a dove to its ark, from the ocean's rude breast,
He flies to that haven of blessings and rest :
No longer he hears the wild sea's sullen roar,
For the fireside circle hath claimed him once more.

The playground of children that meet in their mirth,
The best, dearest spot for old age, upon earth :
The tryst-place of lovers, the mother's fond shrine,
The seaman's first hail, as he quits the blue brine :
The one ready altar devotion uprears,
Is the fireside circle time closer endears.

SAY, SHALL I WEEP, OR SMILE WITH
THEE ?

SAY, shall I weep, or smile with thee ?
Thou know'st my spirit's tone,
Dearest, though glad, or sad, must be
The echo of thine own.

If sorrow taught thine eye to weep,
Or bade thy spirit bow,
Did it not throw a shadow deep
Of care upon my brow ?

Or if a gleam of sunny light
Told of the bosom free,
Has not mine own reflected bright
The gladness back to thee ?

Have I not lived with thee thy life,
Joyed ever in thy joy,
Struggled with all thy spirit's strife,
Shared all thy hope's alloy ?

And shall I, when the hand of time
Weaves garlands for thy brow,
Forget thy summer's sunny clime,
Though winter greet thee now ?

Forget where blooming buds have twined
O'er paths we used to tread,

Because their leaves by Autumn's wind
Are scattered, pale and dead?

And shall I cease to note thy tears
Because they oftener flow;
Or check thy bosom's rising fears
Because thou'rt used to wo?

And be o'erwearied all the while
Of joining in thy grief,
Because thy bruised heart's wan smile
Is sickly, sad, and brief?

When pleasure's sunny spots are dark
Within thy aching breast,
Shall I not make mine own, thine ark
Of comfort, and of rest?

I live in thee,—thy worldly strife,
Thy woes, thy joys are mine,
And shall I dim my light of life,
Ceasing to brighten thine?

No!—let the tempest in its wrath
Scathe both our hearts, or none,
They may not know a different path,
Their lives, or deaths, are one.

Then shall I weep, or smile with thee?
Thou know'st my spirit's tone,
Dearest, though glad, or sad, must be
The echo of thine own.

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart, oh! guard it well,
 'Tis gentle as a flower ;
 Crushed by the tempest's angry swell,
 Bright in the summer hour.

Trusting as woman's earliest love,
 Free from the taint of art,
 Pure as the fond and faithful dove,—
 Oh! guard the stranger's heart.

Deal with it gently: it hath known
 Perchance, a world of wo ;
 And sorrow's sad and lingering tone,
 Hath reached it long ago.

The thorns of many a withered flower
 Have left their aching smart ;
 Oh! guard it in the tempest's hour—
 Cherish the stranger's heart.

Far from his pleasant home of birth,
 His kindred and his land,
 He meets us at the household hearth
 A stranger 'mong the band.

No eye of early friendship there
 Love's cherished looks impart ;

Then with thy kindness chase the care
That chains the stranger's heart.

The stranger's heart, oh! guard it well;
Love's broken links unite,—
Banish its dark and fearful spell,
Joy's once glad lamp relight.

Twine round its weakened chords thine own,
And wheresoe'er thou art,
Support with kindly act and tone
The stranger's wounded heart.

THE MOURNING RING.

I'VE been with thee in gaiety,
Amid the halls of mirth,
Where gathered like the buds of spring,
The gayest forms of earth.
I've heard the carol of the heart,
Where joy and gladness sat,
As if no after hours could dim
The buoyancy of that.
And I have seen the bounding step
Free as the sea-gull's wing;
And turned aside to weep o'er thee,
Sad, melancholy ring.

I've missed the many happy forms
That used to throng my ways,
And all the fond delusive dreams
That gilded earlier days.
Like spectres of the buried past,
The shadowy visions rise,
To die upon my aching heart,
While fading from my eyes.
And, from a host of vanished joys,
A thousand memories spring—
Awakened by the silent touch
Of a sad mourning ring.

And thou hast been with me in grief,
And heard the sighing wail
Of those, to whom thy simple form
But told a well-known tale.
And thou hast seen the once glad breast,
In pulseless slumber deep ;
And marked the sightless glazing eye,
Sink in eternal sleep ;
Yet recked not how that buoyant heart,
In fondness loved to cling
Around the visions that have waked
Before a mourning ring.

There is a sadness in thy touch,
A sorrow in thy form,
That speaks of cold and withered hopes,
That flourished bright and warm.
Perchance it tells of wedded hearts,
And yet unwedded hands—

And, like a mourner at the tomb,
 In silent anguish stands ;
 And, tho' it clings 'mid brighter ones,
 A dark unconscious thing ;
 Yet sorrow hath been busy, where
 We see a mourning ring.

YELLOW LEAVES.

“YELLOW leaves, yellow leaves, whither art wending ?
 Why through the quiet woods sad murmurs sending ?
 Why art thou winged afar swiftly careering,
 Thou who wert wont to bring gladness and cheering ?”

And the leaves answered me—“Far we are roaming,
 While o'er our summer track loud winds are coming ;
 Fast through the forest boughs proudly they're swell-
 ing ;
 Dark is our happy home, leafless our dwelling.

“Winged with the lightning's speed they have o'ertaken
 us,
 But with their icy breath ne'er shall they chain us ;
 Rather a mingled band, withered and dying,
 On the storm's angry blast shall we be lying.

“We will go down to earth, faded and perished,
 Seeking a resting-place where we were cherished ;
 There in its mighty tomb, unwept, unweeping,
 Shall Spring's forgotten leaves sadly be sleeping.

“Farewell, old parent trees, no more caressing
 Shall thy green arms be spread in silent blessing,
 No more above thy boughs shall the birds hover,
 Until the dreary reign of Winter is over.”

Thus on the autumn winds mournfully sailing,
 Answered the hapless things, sad and bewailing ;
 Quick on its viewless wing swept the gale nigh me,
 Sighing, the yellow leaves swiftly passed by me.

I WOULD THAT I WERE BEAUTIFUL.

I WOULD that I were beautiful,
 Though fragile as a flower,
 To weave the spells that beauty weaves,
 And own its magic power.

There's more within a sunny eye,
 A brow of radiance bright,
 A lip that shames the reddest hue
 Of sunset's ruby light—

A cheek on which the summer rose
 Hath reared its blushing throne,
 A forehead which a lily field
 Hath marked out for its own—

There's more in beauty's magic spell,
 The human heart to bind,

Than all the wealth of woman's love,
With faith and fondness twined.

We love the bright and garish sun,
Although alike on all
We see its dazzling beams of light
In golden glory fall.

We love the blushing hues that lie
Within the opening flowers,
Though they're as bright to other eyes
As they have been to ours.

We love all that is beautiful,
Though not for us alone
Is the bright welcome smile of hope,
Or the endearing tone.

Yet will we cling to beauty's chain,
'Till link by link it part,
And the cold iron slowly sinks
To rankle in the heart.

Oh! would that I were beautiful;
If beauty's power could give
That one kind heart wherein mine own
Hath learned so long to live.

Could I but lure it back again
With beauty's siren breath,
I would be fragile as a flower,
And pass with it to death.

THE WANDERER.

HE went in the fulness of boyhood and pride,
 Hope, wreathed with young roses, careered at his side,
 And scattered the sunbeams from off her light wing,
 To gild with glad promises everything.

He walked among flowers that welcomed his feet,
 While the rivulet murmured its melody sweet,
 The spring bird sang blithe on the neighbouring spray,
 And the wanderer smiled as he wended his way.

He left the young blossoms in childhood he nursed,
 Ere the tree in its fulness of beauty could burst,
 And the fond hearts that hallowed the hearth of his
 home
 He heedlessly left, in his boyhood to roam.

And proud was the footstep, and fearless, and free,
 That paced o'er the waves of a far-swelling sea ;
 And still o'er the water, refulgent and bright,
 The glad star of hope was the wanderer's light.

But time wrought a change, and the star waned in
 night,
 Till feeble and faint was its glimmering light,
 And scarce through its mists, o'er the ocean's dark
 foam,
 Could he trace the loved scenes of his boyhood and
 home.

And when the dark locks on his forehead were gray,
The wanderer came to the haunts of his play;—
The flowers that budded wherever he trod,
Lay withered and pale on the desolate sod.

The waters were still that had led him along,
With lullaby murmurs of music and song,
The birds had forsaken their nests in the bough,
And dreary and dark was its loneliness now.

The step of the aged was feeble and weak,
And time ploughed the furrows of care on his cheek,
And he stood in the once happy hall of his birth,
A desolate being, beside the old hearth.

He stood till the swell of sad feelings swept by,
And the feeble old man brushed a tear from his eye;
He saw the night dews his companions' graves gem,
And the wanderer slumbers in quiet with them.

THE MOTHER'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, baby love sleep—there are angels above
That watch o'er thy slumbers, my own little dove;
And I know by the smiles that steal over thy brow,
Thy dreams are of heaven and happiness now.

Thus cradled before me, my innocent child,
With thy cheeks' peachy blossoms, thy heart undefiled,

With the rays of glad sunlight beneath thy shut eyes,
Oh! how can they spare thee from yonder blue skies.

They sent thee, my darling, to this world of ours,
With the soft gales of summer and perfume of flowers;
They gave to thy mother thine angel-like form,
As a rainbow of promise in life's dreary storm.

Smile on in thy slumbers, my lovely and fair,
A mother's warm kiss parts thy golden-hued hair;
A mother's fond eyes o'er thine innocent sleep
Their unwearied vigils of watchfulness keep.

Sleep, baby love, sleep, and when years shall go by,
Mine own silvered head on that pillow may lie,
And those fingers shall part the white locks on my
 brow,
That cling to mine own in their helplessness now.

The ripe fruit shall fall when the harvest is near,
And the green leaf must perish when yellow and sear,
But thou, my young blossom, wilt flourish and grow,
When the storms of life's winter the tree hath laid low.

Sleep, baby love, sleep—may that smile's sunny beam
Still light with its halo thine angel-brought dream;
Still holy and calm be thy slumbers of even,
“For, of such as thou art, is the kingdom of heaven.”

RELIGION IN THE WOODS.

RELIGION in the woods—go ask the stream
 Who bids its current in soft music flow?
 Ask its clear water's bright reflecting gleam,
 What unseen minstrel sings sweet strains below?
 What doth it answer to thy listening ear,
 What doth it whisper in its mystic tone?
 List—for a viewless spirit lingers near,
 And murmurs sweetly, God—and God alone.

Religion in the woods—go ask the trees,
 Bending their mighty branches o'er thy head,
 What voice is swelling on the evening breeze,
 Like the low wail of sorrow o'er the dead?
 Where are the hopes that, with a ceaseless song,
 Vibrate to every breath the zephyr brings?
 List—as the gentle music floats along:
 'Tis God—and God alone, it sweetly sings.

Religion in the woods—go ask the flower,
 The little timid bud that cleaves to earth;
 Ask its frail leaves who, in the tempest hour,
 Guards the pale, fragile blossom from its birth?
 The mighty oak, whose towering branches rise
 In giant grandeur far above its head,
 Hears this low murmur breathing from the skies:
 'Tis God—and God alone, that guards its bed.

Religion in the woods—wherever springs
A blade of grass, his holy altars stand,
Worshipping him among the living things
That grow and flourish 'neath his guardian hand.
Yes—there each soft and soothing breath of even
Hath deeper meaning in these solitudes,
They whisper to the heart, direct from heaven,
'Tis God—and God alone, amid the woods.

NATURE'S SONG.

THE river singeth a pleasant song,
For its pebbly voice is sweet,
And where it runneth the woods along,
Glad echo its tones repeat.

The wild bird sings in the forest tree
As it plumes its shining wings,
Or floating through ether, far and free,
Its joyous melody rings.

The young bud hath a voice of its own
To whisper its sister flowers,
With a soft, low, murmuring, gentle tone,
Through the livelong summer hours.

The woods are peopled with gladsome strains,
For the playful leaflets weave
A song of rejoicing o'er the plains,
In the stilly hour of eve.

Go in the depths of the greenwood shade,
When the twilight stealeth around,
Like a timid spirit half afraid
Of each soft and gentle sound,

And list to the fairy tones that rise
From the beds of blushing flowers,
As the dew descends from out the skies,
In their diamond-dropping showers.

To earth are a thousand voices given ;
Each low, mysterious spell
Hath its echo in the far blue heaven,
Where the flower-spirits dwell.

OUR EARLIER DAYS.

WHEN gathering at the hearth-fire light,
As evening closes round,
When 'mid its crackling embers bright
Old pictured things are found ;
Then memory steals across the brain,
And, while the fitful blaze
Reveals wild images, again
She brings back earlier days.

How oft together, side by side,
Have other eyes with mine
Marked a proud vessel proudly ride
Where those bright flame-wreaths shine ;

Have seen a far-spread battle-field
 Start up before our gaze ;
 And now fond memory bids them yield
 The scenes of earlier days.

The warm imaginings of youth
 Within our breasts are o'er,
 But yet one gleam, like rainbow truth,
 Still whispers us of yore.
 And thus in long, long after years,
 When basking in its rays,
 We see, though washed by sorrow's tears,
 Still bright our earlier days.

And oft, when tempest winds o'ercloud,
 And all without is dearth,
 Old recollections thickly crowd
 Around the fire-lit hearth ;
 And though, in time-worn brows, it seems
 Like childhood's simple plays,
 Yet do I love those pictured gleams
 That tell of earlier days.

THE SELF-ACCUSED.

NAY, do not frown—for I have lived
 So long in thy glad light,
 That the withdrawal of thy smile
 Brings a perpetual night.

If I have wounded thee in 'aught,
Or murmured unkind words,
Which jarred upon the melody
Of thy heart's hidden chords—

That fond heart plighted unto mine,
Pledged through all wo and ill,
Mine—every beating, throbbing pulse,
Mine—every secret thrill ;

If eyes that spoke not gentleness
Looked frowningly in me,
They did belie my inmost soul,
So filled with love for thee.

The hasty fire within my brain
Into quick flames will start,
And burn upon the cheek and brow,
But fail to reach the heart.

I know that I have wounded thee—
But, save thine altered eye,
The blanching of the ruddy cheek,
The sudden, saddened sigh—

Save by these silent tokens there,
Which thou canst not conceal,
I ne'er shouldst know the agony
Which I have made thee feel.

No word e'er trembled on thy tongue
To tell me I was wrong,

But kind tones ever lingered there,
 Though suffering sad and long.

I pray thee, by my pleading tears,
 To chide me for my crime,
 Tell me my heart is callous, cold—
 Changed with the changing time ;

Find fault with me—tell me thou knowest
 How careless is my breast
 To thee, and all it used to love—
 'Twill give its pulses rest.

And I will beg thee for thy love,
 And sue to thee for peace ;
 But oh ! thy silent, mute reproach,
 Mine own beloved, cease.

And I will school my wayward speech,
 And thy kind bosom spare ;
 This condemnation of myself,
 I cannot—cannot bear.

LINES.

THEY tell me to guard thee, poor fluttering heart,
 To shield thee from danger and love's subtle art ;
 How useless the caution—my destiny's course
 Hath been taken—the streamlet is chilled at the source.

Oh! fear not for me—the funereal past
O'er the fair-coming future its shadows has cast,
And my sad mind reflects, even as in a glass,
The dim, misty visions that constantly pass.

My heart has long ceased in fond homage to bow
To the radiance of beauty that beams on the brow;
And the soft, dulcet voice, as it falls on mine ear,
Brings but memories of others I once loved to hear.

Indifferent and cold to the glance or the sigh,
My breast hath no tremor, no language mine eye;
In my bosom's recesses I commune alone,
And the dead I have buried there answer my moan.

Then fear not for me—the light breezes may play
O'er the frail, broken harp-strings, and waken no lay;
Its music is hushed, there's no spell in its words,
No longer the master-hand touches its chords.

I may bear on my lip the bright smile, and my voice
May be mirthful and merry where many rejoice:
The bloom is but outward, the mask is of art,
For the flowers lie pale on the tomb in my heart.

Then tell me no longer to guard it from ill;
Untroubled's the fountain whose waters are still;
Not even a ripple can break into play
Where all in its sorrow have gone to decay.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

THE merry halls rang joyously upon the wedding day,
 And many a blithesome maid was seen in bridal favours
 gay;
 The very flowers seemed budding forth in conscious
 beauty's pride,
 And offering all their choicest hues to deck the new-
 made bride.

The summer heaven was shining down, one field of
 sunny light,
 And sweet-toned birds went glancing up, on pinions
 swift and bright;
 The air seemed made for holiday, so tranquil and so
 blest;
 But oh! it brought a sorrowing pang to the unbidden
 guest.

She stood amid the bridal train, a pale, and blighted
 flower,
 Unnoticed in the crowd that came to share the festive
 hour;
 Her voice, that once was wont to be the merriest in the
 throng,
 Was heard not now to swell the strain of their acclaim-
 ing song.

Her footstep, once so light and gay, had now a mournful sound,
It seemed to touch the earth with dread, as though it shamed the ground ;
She wandered in a wilderness that had no place of rest,
And yet a heart of yearning love had that unbidden guest.

She joined no more the merry dance, upon the moonlit green,
And in the gladsome festival she was no longer seen ;
The music of the ringing laugh no more at eve was heard,
Like the wild carol, soft and clear, of some awaking bird.

She that was foremost in their joy, was now the shunned of all,
Shaded from them by darker clouds than e'en death's gloomy pall.
Why came she with that sorrowing brow their pleasures to molest ?
Why stood she at the altar stone a pale, unbidden guest ?

She came with tearful eyes to gaze upon that fairer face,
That from the base betrayer's heart her own did all erase ;
She came to hear in plaudits loud the welcome numbers ring
For him their pride—who made of her a lone and blighted thing.

A little while, and those same bells shall peal upon the
 ear
 For her—and a long train advance—but gathered
 round a bier ;
 A mournful strain those bells shall peal, and that o'er-
 wearied breast
 Shall sleep in peaceful rest where there is no Unbidden
 Guest.

 INVOCATION.

I CALL thee, sweet spirit, to gladden once more
 With thy musical breathings my wild swelling heart,
 To scatter fresh rose-leaves my bright pathway o'er,
 While the sunlight of joy from its slumbers shall start.

The shadows that gathered in darkness and gloom,
 Could lure thee at times with a magical spell ;—
 Then smile on the flower that's bursting to bloom,
 Bedewed from the fountain where sweet visions dwell.

My harp is neglected, and tuneless its strings,
 And silent the spirit that guarded it long ;
 Hie hither, hie hither, thy swift-flashing wings,
 Thou light of my dreaming, sweet spirit of song.

I sigh for thy voice, as the deer for the stream,
 As the stag for the greenwood, the bee for the
 flower,

As the bud for the dew, or the earth for the beam
Of the bright gracious sun, in its first early hour.

Long, long, o'er the gloom of my youth hast thou shed
Thy soft, silver ray, from a heavenly sphere,
Till my calmed heart was hushed to the peace of the
dead,
For the voice of thy music fell low on mine ear.

The tempest was drear, and the mad winds were loud,
And the sad wail of sorrow the wild breezes bore ;
But the tempest and storm to thine influence bowed,
And the tear, and the sigh, rent the bosom no more.

Sweet soother, I call thee to pour on thy shrine
The passionate feeling I cannot restrain,
To give thee this long-hoarded treasure of mine,
This fulness that's bursting each close-clasping chain.

Once more let me soar to thy regions away,
Once more let bright fancies my glad bosom throng ;
Like a child lulled to slumber, this wild heart shall lay,
At the voice of thy music, sweet spirit of song.

FOREBODINGS.

THERE'S a shadow on my spirit, love,—it darkly broods
to-night,
As I sit with tearful eyes and watch the embers' flick-
ering light ;

And its dark wing hovers o'er me as if ominous of harms,
Though I shelter me with earnest love in thy caressing
arms.

Oh! my heart hath been so happy, for it leaned against
thine own;

And mine ears drank in the music of thy voice's gentle
tone;

And I feel the impress of thy lips, beloved, upon my brow;
Yet the shadow—the dark shadow—bends above my
spirit now.

It whispereth within mine ear its message to my heart;
It whispereth of the dreary day—the day that we must
part:

When each must tread for weary months the different
paths again—

Mine by the lonely hearth of home, and thine upon the
main.

It openeth to my aching eyes the trackless waste thou'lt
roam—

I see thy proud ship leave the shore and cleave the
billow's foam;

I see her white sails court the breeze, her ensign float-
ing wide—

Her tall and stately tapering masts erect in conscious
pride;—

I see the blue waves kiss her prow, like vassalage to
might—

I see the broad wing of the wind—thy steering star of
light—

I see thy pathway stretch afar along the billowy
tide ;
But the shadow—the dark shadow, love, still lingers by
my side.

And now I see those treacherous waves that lured thee
o'er the deep,
Like mighty giants of the storm, awoken from their
sleep ;
They gather in their strength of power, their white
crests rise and fall :
And now they shroud thy noble ship as with a foamy
pall.

No—no ! once more she cleaves her way, she bursts the
closing chain,
She rushes from thy rough embrace, oh ! rude arms of
the main ;
She meets the booming thunder's roar—the lightning's
lurid glare—
Her proud masts bend before the blast—her white
sails strew the air.

Oh ! shake the shadow from my soul—oh ! bid my vision
pass—
Remove from out my aching eyes that mournful magic
glass ;
Bid one bright gleam of hope descend, and with its
cheering power,
Like the glad rainbow of the storm, relight Fate's
darkened hour.

Oh! speak some light, some cheering word; my heart is
 sad to-night,
 And my sick fancy fondly broods, o'er coming hours of
 blight—
 And let me clasp again thy hand, and feel that *here*
 thou art—
 To-morrow—oh! to-morrow, love, I know thou must
 depart.

 MARY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS M. A. I.

MARY,—methinks each gentle thing
 Should softly rise at that sweet name:
 'Tis murmured where the angels sing,
 Linked with a holy sacred claim.
 Mary—the Mother of our Lord;
 Mary—the watcher at the tomb;
 Mary—whose sinful tears were poured
 At Jesus' feet in wo and gloom.

I had a little Mary too,
 Too fair a bud for earth's dull bower,
 And my sweet blossom, bathed in dew,
 Hath burst in heaven a perfect flower.
 Lady, thy gentle name to me
 Hath been a talisman of might,
 To waken hope's sweet memory,
 And dreams so long consigned to night;

Then for that soft and blessed name,
My fervent prayers for thee shall rise,
'Tis linked, as with a holy claim,
To my loved Mary in the skies.

THE LOVE OF THE HUMAN HEART.

CAN the fadeless bays of the victor's wreath
(On his proud, exulting brow,
While the flashes of pride gleam bright beneath,
At the homage that greets him now),
Can that laurel green, through glory sought,
One thrill of the bliss impart
That comes in its purity unbought,
The love of the human heart?

Does the painter feel, as his gazing eyes
On the glowing canvass rest,
That the pictured fountains, fields, and skies
Are all that can fill his breast?
No, no—though proudly each pulse should leap
At his own bright work of art,
He will yearn for that spell of magic deep,
The love of the human heart.

Does the mournful tale the poet sings
No lesson of sorrow teach?
Nor that gentle harp of a thousand strings
With a softened murmur reach?

Does it not in its plaintive wailings say
Fame, glorious fame, depart !
Oh ! give, oh ! give for my saddened lay
The love of the human heart !

Oh ! who would live for the praising crowd,
For the practised look and tone,
For the flattering homage breathed aloud
Where the mind's great works are known ?
Who, who would ask from the worldly throng,
From the congregated mart,
That earthly blessing we've sought so long,
The love of the human heart !

THE OLD LETTER.

Why comest thou, old letter, like a spirit from the
tomb,
To whisper of those vanished things, so long consigned
to gloom ?
Why tell me, in thy magic lines, of dreams once glad
and bright,
Of rainbow promises of hope, that faded ere the night ?
Thou record of old feelings, that have slept for long,
long years,
And half defaced with cherishing, and blistered o'er
with tears,

Why wakenest thou the fount afresh within my sealed
up heart?
Why bid within the eye again the source of sorrows
start?

The girlish gladness of my heart like summer clouds
has flown,
My voice, that spoke in gentle sounds, forgets its happy
tone,
Mine eyes have learned to look abroad, where careless
bosoms rove,
And the quick gushing of my heart speaks not its hoard
of love.

Thou tellest me, sweet lettered page, of fair and sunny
hours,
Of joyous thoughts we likened then unto the summer
flowers,
Of pleasant pathways for our feet, where never sound
was heard
Of greater discord than the song of some sweet singing
bird;

Of haunts beside the river's bank, where, through the
livelong day,
We sought companionship with flowers, far from the
world away;
Thou tellest of all these, pale sheet, with thy deep magic
art,
And wakenest memory afresh, that mock-bird of the
heart.

And yet I ponder o'er each line, traced fondly long
ago,
As though the sunny sky of hope knew not a cloud of
wo;
And thou, sweet white-winged messenger, with doating
kindness nursed,
Art precious still, though worn with time, as when I
hailed thee first.

I linger, as the miser does upon his hoarded store,
O'er each dear word so sweetly breathed in early days
of yore;
I hug them to my weary heart, where, in its deepest
cell,
Their hidden echoes buried low in holy silence dwell.

I know them vain, I know that time hath darkened with
his wing
The once bright radiance that was wont round every
joy to cling;
I know that like a shadow now those memories arise,
And a dark cloud like that of night has settled on our
skies.

The world, the vain, the hollow world, so beautiful and
bright,
Hath taught me long with gilded smiles to hide the
bosom's blight;
But as a child whose guileless thoughts, like mountain
rills, are free,
I pour the gushing of my heart, old letter, upon thee.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

FAREWELL! farewell!—a moment since
 And thou wert at my side,
 And now I see thy little boat
 Cleave swiftly through the tide;
 I hear the sturdy oarsman's strokes,
 And shudder at the sound,
 Until their echoes die away
 Beside the Outward Bound.

I see thee near thy vessel's side,
 I see thee on the deck
 (God shield thee in the time of storm,
 From tempest—and from wreck);
 I may not tread the trackless waste
 That compasses thee round,
 But my heart's prayer of hope and love
 Follows the Outward Bound.

And now, upon the lonely shore,
 I watch thy lessening bark
 Fade dimly from my aching view,
 Upon the waters dark;
 The sails are set—each swelling sheet
 By favouring breezes crowned,
 Spreads forth to hope its snowy wings—
 Heaven shield the Outward Bound!

Farewell! farewell!—her lofty masts
 Are passing from my sight,
 And now her wide-spread flowing sails
 Are little specks of white.
 'Tis gone—no more to fill my gaze
 That speeding bark is found;
 In God—and thee, I put my trust;
 Oh! shield the Outward Bound!

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

THE angry winds blow chill and cold, the tempest
 clouds look drear,
 The scanty garniture of trees bespeaks the winter near;
 But heed not thou the icy breath, nor the white robe of
 earth,
 If thou hast, at thy household stone, a CRICKET ON THE
 HEARTH.

As once it sung for loving “Dot,”* its blessed word of
 cheer,
 So will it fall with pleasant sound on thine attentive
 ear;
 It brings back gentle memories that vanished with the
 past,
 And louder swells the cricket’s song as louder swells
 the blast.

* A lovely character in Dickens’s novel of “The Cricket on the Hearth.”

If melancholy musings chain with pensive spell thy
thought,
The low-toned music of thy heart with its soft notes is
fraught ;
Or if a dream of joyous times comes filled with glee and
mirth,
Still chirrups, mingling with thy mood, the CRICKET ON
THE HEARTH.

Oh ! scare it not with unkind word, with deed or lan-
guage rude,
That little tiny solacer of thy lone solitude ;
Oh ! bid not from thy fireside seat that fairy friend de-
part,
Or blight and mildew, drear and dark, will fall upon
thy heart.

But cherish it for loving thoughts, for hopes that come
not back,
Save through the misty ray that lights pale memory's
moonlit track ;
For all those buried dreams that start again to life and
birth,
Cherish thy little fairy friend, the CRICKET ON THE
HEARTH.

I BLAME HIM NOT.

I BLAME him not, though other eyes
 With fondness meet his own—
 I blame him not, though other ears
 Have heard his whispered tone.

I blame him not, though other hands
 With warm affection clasp
 Those which so oft have welcomed me
 With love's returning grasp.

I blame him not, although he bends
 Before a sunnier brow—
 I blame him not, and yet mine own
 Is pale and heavy now.

I blame him not, though gentle words
 Have done a demon's part—
 I blame him not, though newer ties
 Have thrust me from his heart.

I blame him not, although his vows,
 Like flowers, were formed to fade—
 I blame him not, though o'er my sun
 Has fallen untimely shade.

I blame him not, though earth is but
 A waste and desert spot ;
 Though life's best hopes are crushed and dead,
 A wrecked heart blames him not.

TO MY SISTER.

SISTER, mine own, and true,
 Joy be upon thy pathway—may the skies
 Still shower on thee its drops of heavenly dew,
 Where'er that pathway lies.

Guard thee as some fair flower,
 That bows in homage to the o'erwatching sun,
 Till thou hast won, by grace, a fadeless bower,
 When all thy bloom is done.

Sister, my heart's glad light—
 The one bright flow in my dark stream of life—
 The one fair star traced 'mid the gloom of night,
 Through gathering clouds and strife—

Raise thee no altar shrine,
 Lit with the lamp of hope, in mortal breast ;
 The flower hath thorns that round its tendrils twine,
 Nursed in an adder's nest.

But, like the holy dove,
 The white-winged wanderer to the sacred bark,
 Devote to Heaven thy young heart's earnest love,
 Through whelming floods, thy Ark.

Give to thy God, the whole—
 Sister, sweet sister, earth is not for thee—

Bathe in the floods of living light thy soul,
In its devotion free.

Sister, I could not bear
In broken heartedness to see thee bow,
Nor mark the gathering clouds of time and care
Dimming thy young, glad brow.

If thy heart's harp be strung
Responsive but to one low answering tone,
Oh! may no heedless fingers o'er it flung,
Make discord there, mine own.

But sister, fond and true,
Peace be upon thy pathway—may the skies
Still shower on thee its drops of heavenly dew,
Where'er that pathway lies.

LOVE THEE.

LOVE thee—yes, as the silver lake
Loves the bright stars of even,
Whose beams the rippling waters wake
Into a seeming heaven;
As the glad flow'ret loves the sun,
Or singing bird the tree,
Too fair, too glorious to be won,
'Tis thus, thus I love thee.

I love thee, as the sailor loves
 The bright and swelling wave,
 Whose proudly heaving bosom proves
 A cradle, or a grave;
 Yet, can he call that wave his own,
 Upon the billowy sea?
 No—fetterless, and free it shone;
 'Tis thus, thus I love thee.

For thou art even as the wind,
 Chainless, and free to roam;
 Thy heart no feeble fetters bind,
 Proud as the wild sea's foam;
 Yet like an eagle I have soared
 On the sun's height to be;
 And my ambitious heart hath poured
 Its floods of love on thee.

THOU CANST NOT FORGET ME.

THOU canst not forget me—wherever thou art,
 The spell of old feelings will twine round thy heart;
 Like a star, through the darkness of time shall arise
 Past visions of pleasure on memory's skies.

Thou canst not forget me—no flower that springs,
 But some fond recollection of happiness brings;
 No bird ever carols his sweet matin lays,
 But speaks to thy bosom of earlier days.

Thou canst not forget me at morn on the hills,
 If thou see'st the young sun kiss the bright flashing
 rills,
 Whose eye with thine own, as its beauties increased,
 Marked the day-god of glory arise in the east.

Thou canst not forget me when moonlight looks down,
 And glad evening smiles 'neath its bright jewelled
 crown,
 Whose rapt heart with thine, to the land of the blest,
 Roved softly, while watching the star of the west.

Thou canst not forget me when music is near;
 Some long buried echo will wake in thine ear,
 Whose tone may bring back that fond measure of yore,
 Which, save in our memories, we ne'er may hear more.

Oh! canst thou forget me, while wild flower and rill
 Are fraught with love's soft, silent eloquence still?
 Is the water more faithful, the wild flower more true
 Than the heart where affection's young blossoms once
 grew?

 LINES.

LOVED and lost one, time hath found me,
 In my lonely, sad regret;
 Though the change of time is round me,
 Still my heart cannot forget.

Through the mist of memory rises
Hopes that once in youth we twined ;
Joy, that most my bosom prizes,
Comes like moonlight o'er the mind.

Where have flown the dreams of morning,
Buds of promise, fresh in bloom ?
Gone, without a knell of warning,
To the dark and silent tomb.

Young ambition, early blighted,
Proud aspirings, free and high,
Trusting vows of promise slighted,
Wounding where we cannot die.

They have left us sad and lonely,
Clinging to this world of ours,
With the thorns of roses only
For our pleasant path of flowers.

Yet we linger, loath to sever
From the haunts we loved of yore,
Though together we may never
Tread again their pathways o'er.

Yet old feelings oft shall bring us
Back again to sunny days ;
Fancy's siren, too, shall sing us
Unforgotten early lays.

Though the world hath nought to yield us,
Save its memory of the past,
Cling, yet longer it can shield us
From oblivion's withering blast.

THE WILLOW.

FAREWELL to thy branches, thou far-spreading tree ;
 Farewell to thy shade in the summer noon's heat ;
 No more, with a heart bounding blithely and free,
 Shall I seek in thy shelter a cooling retreat.

No more shall I rove when the young moon is high,
 And its silver light gleams the far woodlands o'er,
 To watch the bright stars on the soft evening sky,
 'Neath the boughs of the willow that shaded the door.

My feet have gone from thee, to wander again
 'Mid the careless, the thoughtless, who know not of
 thee ;
 To tread in the pathways of sorrow and pain,
 Where the heart veils its wo with a semblance of glee.

But far though my footsteps have traversed away,
 And thy beck'ning branches allure them no more,
 Still, still my warm heart in its fondness shall stay
 With the far-spreading willow that shaded the door.

OLD HAUNTS.

I TREAD the old pathways
 I trod when a child ;
 But the spirit is tranquil,
 Once gushing and wild.

And I stand by the fountain,
 Still sparkling and free :
 In my childhood I fancied
 It imaged the sea.

Its ripples were billows,
 That broke on the sand,
 And its opposite margin
 A far foreign land.

The flowers grew round it
 I cherished of yore,
 And I heedlessly gather
 Their beauties once more.

And I scatter them freely
 On every breeze,
 To seek for new blossoms,
 And fresh bursting trees.

How lightly I traverse
 Those places again,

Whose day-joys were followed
By ages of pain.

I have been with the worldly,
And sadly forgot
The wild wood, the fountain,
The birds, and the grot.

I have made me a home
In the heart of a crowd,
Where early loved feelings
Are wrapt in a shroud.

And I carelessly wander
Along the bright ways
That were once my heart's kingdom,
In happier days.

Those old haunts reproach me,
For oh! how estranged
Is my heart from their beauties,
Forgetful and changed.

LINES.

MY brother, oh! how long, how long
I've missed thy tender care;
The echo of thy voice's song
Is with me everywhere.

It speaks to me at hush of night
In music's softest lay,
It hails me at the morning light,
And at the close of day.

My brother, it hath guarded me
With magic's potent spell,
And I have oft communed with thee
Since our last sad farewell.

A thousand fond, familiar things,
Bring back the days of yore ;
For memory still thy shadow flings
My watching eyes before.

My fancy fills the lonely seat
Beside the household hearth,
And the loved echo of thy feet
Brings back the heart its mirth.

Mine own beloved and gentle kin,
Fond memory rears a shrine,
On every spot where thou hast been
No time or power can tine.

SPRING.

THE sweet spring wind is passing by,
With fragrance on its wings,
To waken with a zephyr's sigh
A thousand sleeping things.

The flow'ret's young and tender head
Peeps gladly from the sod,
To welcome to its blooming bed
The balmy breath of God.

The waters, with a gleesome sound,
Glide happily along,
And echo whispers all around
The wild bird's tuneful song.

And through the solemn wood and glen
It comes in music's swell,
To bid the scattered leaves again
Bloom brightly where they fell.

The sweet spring wind is passing by
In gladsome beauty bright ;
It kindles joy in childhood's eye,
And age forgets its blight.

It brings unto the sickened heart,
Amid its winter dark,
The pure and blessed healing art
The dove brought to the ark.

It brings a sunlight to the mind,
A blossom to the soil,
Where care hath striven long to bind
Its clankless chains of toil.

The sweet spring wind is passing by,
In all its rich perfume ;
God's promise—"we shall never die,"
Speaks in its opening bloom.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

COME to the caves of the deep, deep sea,
The mermaid weaves her spells for thee ;
She hath made thy couch of the coral bright,
And the diamond's ray is her gleaming light ;
And she waits to twine, 'mid thy shining curls,
A clustering wreath of ocean pearls.

Then come to her, come 'neath the surgy foam,
She lures thee down to her gem-paved home ;
She hears at night the mariner's cry,
When the wing of the angry storm is nigh ;
And she spreads a couch which hath oft been prest,
For the sea-tossed child shall come for rest.

Come to her, come, she hath learned to prize
The sunny light of a mortal's eyes ;
And she loves to roam through her halls of birth,
With the children fair of the upper earth.
Then come, for the mermaid waits for thee,
In the bright caves of the deep, deep sea.

OLD LETTERS.

RECORDS of buried feelings,
 Of glad and joyous hours,
 Ye come upon my weary heart
 Like dew on withered flowers.

It cannot bring the freshness
 That decked their early bloom,
 But, like religion's shining light,
 It gleams beyond the tomb.

So ye, with long hushed voices,
 Speak from the silent grave,
 And I commune again with those
 O'er whom the willows wave.

The hand that traced in gladness
 This line of sportive jest,
 Lies cold, and folded silently
 Upon a pulseless breast.

And she who poured her sorrows
 On this unconscious sheet,
 Is gathered to that cloudless land
 Where white-winged angels meet.

Where is the eye that kindled
 With this impassioned strain,

That came upon the summer wind,
Far o'er the swelling main ?

The heart that sent glad greeting
Across the foaming surge ?
Time, with his deep funereal knell,
Has rung their mournful dirge.

And ye pale, fragile records,
On whom a touch might fall,
To scatter ye to winds and waves,
Ye have outlived them all.

The ties of fond affection,
The holiest bonds of life,
Were but as leaves before the wrath
Of elemental strife.

And ye may teach, old relics
Of many a joyous day,
How feeble is the chain that binds
Earth to its kindred clay.

THE RUINED SHRINE.

CLING yet to it, loving ivy ;
Many a deep and heartfelt prayer
Murmured through its broken arches
On the solemn midnight air ;

Many a vow has there been plighted,
 Many a sadly breathed regret
 From the hearts, though worn and wounded,
 Which could never all forget.

Many a bridal too hath decked it,
 Many a bright and festal vine
 Gleamed around those mouldering pillars,
 Where thy loving tendrils twine.

Time hath swept the rose's blossom
 And the lily's fragrant bell ;
 Not a leaf is left to tell us
 Where the buds of beauty fell.

Yet thou fond, devoted ivy,
 Clingest firmly to the last ;
 Like the heart whose hopes have left it
 Nothing but the pictured past.

And when it shall fall before thee,
 Swept by time's decaying breath,
 Thou wilt twine around its fragments,
 Faithful even unto death.

 LINES.

LOSE not, lose not every token
 Of affection's early chain,
 Leave some cherished links unbroken,
 That may yet unite again.

Let not thine own hand in madness
Pluck the roses from the soil,
For the rankling thorn hath sadness
For the heart's unceasing toil.

Fate hath darkly hovered o'er us,
Time hath dimmed each youthful brow,
And the hopes that bloomed before us
Are but pale and faded now.

Yet, like withered buds, they leave us
Fragrance which their tints outlast,
Crushed and broken, they may weave us
Some loved pictures of the past.

I have clung to them in sorrow,
As the ivy clasps the oak,
Hugged them closer, though the morrow
Brought its unrelenting stroke.

Yet I would not have thee cherish
All my breast hath hoarded long ;
Better leave those hopes to perish
Than awake to shame and wrong.

If thou wilt, old friend, forget me,
Check for me each rising thrill ;
Hate me if thou canst, but let me
See thyself remembered still.

By the hopes that used to flourish
Round us like young summer's rays ;

By the deep affection nourished
In our childhood's happy days ;

By the pure and holy feeling
Buried deeply in my soul,
Through its life-blood warmly stealing,
I conjure thee, fly the bowl.

By all those young bonds unriven,
Which our friendship since hath tied,
Lose not all thy hopes of heaven,
Where our souls may yet abide.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

How many memories, dark lock,
Hast thou not conjured up !
How many brilliant hopes, to mock
Life's drugged and bitter cup !

Visions of many a vanished year
Are thronging round me now,
When thou, so lone and lifeless here,
Danced o'er a sunny brow ;

Sported amid a glossy mass
Of dark, luxuriant dye ;
Waved to the breezes as they'd pass,
Of summers long gone by.

How many changeful years have sped
 Since life and joy were thine !
How many sorrows pale the head
 Where thou didst fondly twine !

How many furrows dim the brow
 O'er which thou'st proudly hung !
How many deepened shadows now
 Of care are round it flung !

Time, that hath spared thy hue, dark lock,
 Blanches thy fellows white ;
Thou hast outlived its rudest shock,
 Still beautiful and bright,

As when that noble head did bow,
 Beneath love's sweet command,
And thou, soft glossy relic, thou
 Wert shining in my hand.

Dear prisoner of a gilded cell,
 Unchanged, unchanging fold,
No wintry breath where thou didst dwell
 A tale of sorrow told.

And the same years that blanched the hue
 (With rude, relentless shock)
Of that rich mass, in kindness flew
 O'er thee, dark, glossy lock.

MY WOODLAND HOME.

I WOULD not give my woodland home,
With all its pleasant shade,
The murmur of the silver rill
That sings along the glade ;

The merry songs the reapers sing,
When summer's sunset falls,
For all the wealth that proudly decks
A monarch's gilded halls.

The free bird springing through the trees
Chirps blithely on the spray,
And hails the morning's rosy beam
With many a matin lay.

And blushing flowers burst out to light
Beneath the broad blue dome,
To scent the air with fragrance sweet
Around my woodland home.

My woodland home, my woodland home,
A thousand charms are thine,
For nature rears within thy shades
A holy altar's shrine.

And thou wilt be the one green spot,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
To which my heart shall fondly turn,
My happy woodland home.

A CALL AT EVE.

OH! leave awhile the festive halls,
For the moonlit grove where the dewdrop falls,
Where the evening star a mantle throws
In diamond showers on the sleeping rose.

Come where the sound of the silver sea
Gladdens the earth with its melody,
When it woos with its gently echoing flow
The smiling moon to its depths below.

Come, where the elfin train advance,
To weave 'neath the stars their fairy dance,
Where they sip from the violet's cup of blue
Their nectar draught of the sparkling dew.

Lightly they trip o'er the earth's bright green,
In their gossamer robes of silver sheen,
And their tiny feet, as they glide along,
Keep time with the fairy minstrel song.

Oh! who would not rather rove at night
By the glowworm lamp of a fairy sprite,

Than be where the laugh and the jest go round
To sicken the heart with its careless sound?

Leave them, thou dear one, and roam with me ;
The moon looks down where thy step should be,
And her face grows pale as she lights the stream,
For thine eyes have sought not her evening beam.

Oh ! what is the music of halls to thee,
When the stars sink down to the summer sea ?
Or what are the hearts that round thee bow
To the one which blesses and woos thee now ?

Then leave, oh ! leave the festive hall,
For the moonlit grove where the dewdrops fall ;
Oh ! leave the mirth and the music there,
For nature's songs in the open air.

SUMMER TIME.

THE summer time is beautiful,
The pleasant buds and flowers ;
The waters of the silver lake,
So beautiful, are ours.

The trees we love to wander to,
And slumber in the shade ;
The birds that sing us lullabies
While warbling through the glade.

The breeze that comes so playfully
To whisper through the leaves,
And then, along the quiet earth
A gentle cadence weaves.

Oh! all is very beautiful,
So freely to us given;
It seems as though, to deck the earth,
Some bloom were lost to heaven.

The summer time may fade away,
The waters cease to flow,
And all the early buds and flowers
May wither where they grow;

And little birds may cease to sing,
And trees to offer shade;
And we may seek in vain to find
The bright and blooming glade;

And winter, with a snowy robe,
May cover all around,
And not a single bud be left
To mark the blushing ground.

Yet, even this is beautiful;
We see the self-same power,
That hurls the knotted oak to death,
Raise up the fragile flower.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL EYES.

THOSE beautiful eyes, with their soft, dewy light,
 Shine down like the stars of a sweet summer night,
 And smile like the lake when the moonbeams at play
 Light the depths of its waters with eve's silver ray;
 For no moon on the streamlet, nor star in the skies,
 Is more soft, or more bright, than those beautiful eyes.

Those beautiful eyes—I have seen them in dreams,
 They have lighted my visions with joy's sunny beams,
 They have come like a beacon, 'mid darkness and gloom,
 Like a herald of hope to the heart's dreary tomb;
 For a pathway of promise and joyfulness lies
 In the bright sunny rays of those beautiful eyes.

Those beautiful eyes, with their fringes of jet,
 That half-shadowed their brightness, I ne'er shall forget;
 Though the storm-clouds of tempests in anger may lour,
 And life's summer be robbed of each fair blooming
 flower,
 Still, still through the darkness, like stars shall arise,
 On my destiny's cloud, those soft, beautiful eyes.

THEY MET WHERE THEY PARTED.

THEY met, where they parted
 In sorrow and tears—
 They met where they parted,
 Though distant for years.

Time's pinions swept o'er them
 Dark shadows of care,
 And their pathway before them
 Was trod in despair.

And yet, where they parted
 In grief and alloy,
 Did the fond and true-hearted
 Again meet in joy.

They met by the hearthstone,
 That shrine of the past,
 But the bright fire was gone
 That greeted them last.

The joys that had blest them
 In darkness were o'er,
 And the hand that caressed them
 Caresses no more.

One voice, in its gladness,
 No echoes repeat,

And alone in its sadness
Is one vacant seat.

Dark shadows were round them,
For death stole away
One bright tie that bound them
In life's sunny day.

But sorrow knits stronger
Love's tie of the heart,
Which clings close and longer
As others depart.

It bound them in gladness,
When youth lit their brow,
And who, in their sadness,
Will sever it now?

They met where they parted—
And joy may illumine,
For the fond and true-hearted,
That hearth's dreary gloom.

THERE'S A SIGH THAT TELLS OF SORROW.

THERE'S a sigh that tells of sorrow,
Though the lip and eye be gay,
For the heart sees no to-morrow
Through the darkness of to-day.

If ye wound a tender flower,
 That but lives in love and light,
 Can ye find the after power
 That may chase away its blight?

So, when love's young hopes have faded,
 As the flow'ret's hues depart,
 'Tis a sunny pathway shaded
 To the temple of the heart.

And yet shadows on it linger,
 That but whisper of the past,
 And still point, with unseen finger,
 To bright joys that could not last.

'Tis for this the silent sadness
 Steals the roses from the cheek,
 'Tis for this the lip of gladness
 Lacks the power of joy to speak.

Though the smiles of life are round us,
 There's a chain upon the heart,
 Whose clankless fetters wound us,
 Which we cannot rend apart.

'Mid the lighted halls of pleasure,
 Through its pæans wild and high,
 Like fond music's dying measure,
 Ye may hear that heart-lone sigh.

Ye may list it at the altar,
 Where have met the plighted twain,

For one wounded heart may falter
'Mong the happy bridal train.

When all else is still and lonely,
And the calm of thought is by,
Ye may mark that stillness, only
Broken by one gentle sigh.

'Tis a sigh that tells of sorrow,
Though the lip and eye be gay,
For the heart sees no to-morrow,
Through the darkness of to-day.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

BRING the smiles of joy and gladness,
Let the wassail song be heard,
For the heart from its sad loneliness
Leaps forth like a prisoned bird.

Let the air with echoes waken,
As it lists the joyous sound,
And the strains of mirthfulness be raised,
For they greet the homeward bound.

Here's a health, my brave old comrade,
In a brimming cup to thee,
And a hearty welcome to the shore,
From the dangers of the sea.

Here's a health to all thou lovest,
Let the pledge go freely round,
For our old companions of the wave
We meet in the homeward bound.

Spread the feast, the feast of welcome,
For the goal of hope is won,
And down at the household board again
The mother greets her son.

No more by the hearthstone vacant
The lonely seat is found,
For the truant dove hath reached its ark,
From the welcome homeward bound.

Yes, yes, let the strains of gladness
From the joyous soul ring out,
The quenchless love of the mother's heart,
And the seaman's greeting shout.

But first, let the knee be lowly
Bent to the quiet ground,
And the prayer be offered up to Him
Who guardeth the homeward bound.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—it haunts me with a sound
So full of pain and wo,
Unseen, it hath the power to wound
My heart, where'er I go ;

It whispers me where flow'rets gleam
Beside the gushing rills—
The one sad tone is in the stream,
One echo round the hills;
But the one sound the breezes swell,
And passing, say, Farewell! farewell!

Farewell—though far across the deep
That gentle voice may be,
Its music softly fills my sleep
With tones of melody;
And like the dying cadence low,
Of some remembered strain,
The cherished joys of long ago
Flash on our minds again,
'Till the charmed soul beneath its spell,
In dreams, forgets the sad farewell.

Farewell—within that little word
What sorrows are expressed;
What perished hopes by memory stirred,
Lie mouldering in the breast;
Farewell—it tightens round the heart
An icy chain of wo,
Divides the stream, whose waters part
That mingled in one flow;
Oh! 'tis a sad and fearful knell,
That little word—farewell! farewell!

WILL YE REMEMBER ME?

WILL ye remember me,
 Mine old familiar friends, when shall be hushed
 The once glad voice, and the bruised spirit free,
 That hath so long been crushed?

Will ye at evening hour,
 When gathered round the old domestic hearth,
 Think of her love, who, like a broken flower,
 Sleeps in the cold, cold earth?

And when ye bend the ear
 To some old melody that floats along,
 Will ye not shed one sad, one silent tear,
 Waked by its plaintive song?

It may be some soft strain
 We've sung together at the fireside seat,
 Till echo's airy tongue gave back again
 Its numbers low and sweet.

Oh! if it such should be,
 As its low murmurs linger loath to die,
 Think that amid its parting minstrelsy
 Is breathed my farewell sigh.

Well do you know, my friends,
 How I have loved sweet music's magic spells,

E'en as the swan, whose very being ends
In its melodious swells.

Yes, ye will think of me,
When the long buried things we used to prize,
Before the waking spells of memory
Once more shall dimly rise.

Perchance the lone night-wind,
When whispering dirge-like music through the leaves,
Shall seem with old remembrances entwined,
Which fancy fondly weaves.

I've been with ye so oft,
Have followed the same footsteps, sad or gay,
Have watched with ye the dawn, and the calm, soft
Decline of summer's day.

And in the angry storm,
We've tracked a pathway through the winter's snow ;
Together bent o'er many a flow'ret's form,
Crushed where it used to blow.

Noted the early breath
Of the first spring wind, when it softly crept
To the young blossom's bed, and when in death
Upon the blast is swept.

Will ye not think of me,
When gathering round the household hearth in prayer,
Will not one sigh be breathed, on bended knee,
For her who is not there?

TELL HIM MY HEART IS GLAD.

TELL him my heart is glad,
 And that mine eye is bright;
 For it may make him sad
 To know my night.

Tell him my songs at eve
 Breathe but of love and joy,
 Let not the sigh I heave
 Bring him alloy.

Tell him, with sunny flowers
 Fondly I wreath my brow,
 Though joys of blighted hours
 Darken it now.

Tell him I smile on all,
 As once I smiled on him,
 Although they only fall
 Sickly and dim.

Tell him my thoughts again
 Are free as mountain wind,
 Although a tight'ning chain
 Each pulse doth bind.

Tell him again I stray
 O'er banks bright waters lave,
 But tell him not, I pray
 For mine own grave.

Tell him I rove in glee
 Where the young streamlets glide,
 Although I weep—for we
 Roved side by side.

Tell him, but once for me,
 When fades the day's glad light,
 To bend in prayer the knee,
 In the still night.

Tell him to waft on high,
 Low through that midnight air,
 But one repentant sigh,—
 I shall be there.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

THE red man came o'er the waters deep
 To the far land where his fathers sleep,
 Where his once glad wigwam humbly rose,
 Ere his warriors met their pale-browed foes.

His eye looked down from the mountain side,
 To a spreading valley, far and wide ;

A village stands where his wigwam stood,
And towns look forth from his shading wood.

He stood where the glancing waters roll,
And a sorrow shakes the Indian's soul ;
No more on its surface, swift and true,
He marked the speed of his bark canoe.

He turned aside—but the Indian chief
Had sullied his cheek with tears of grief,
And the mighty pride that held him on,
In his burst of childish wo was gone.

He saw no mound by the water's side,
Where his red-browed fathers fought and died,
And he saw no trees whose branches wave
In sorrowing o'er a buried grave.

He saw no deer through the wild woods flee ;
There no bounding roe leapt proud and free ;
No moccasined foot pursued the chase,
Where the buffalo sought its hiding-place.

And he stood alone,—nor far nor near
Did a sound of home salute his ear ;
For where'er he turned, a stranger band
Had made their own of the red man's land.

The sun went down—but its last ray shone
Where the time-worn Indian stood alone ;
No death-song came with a wail of grief
As the waves closed o'er the red-browed Chief.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

SET TO MUSIC BY DEMPSTER.

FAR, far o'er the waves of the blue glancing waters,
 Sweet Erin, my country, I wander to thee,
 Thy free-hearted sons, and thy bright smiling daughters,
 Are calling me home o'er the wild swelling sea.
 My heart has gone out like a wild bird before me,
 And rests on thy shore, as I linger the while,
 To bless the bright heaven that sweetly shines o'er me,
 And the bark that is nearing the Emerald Isle.

Yes, Erin, green Erin, though long years have whitened
 The dark shading locks that hung over my brow,
 Yet closer in fondness the chords have they tightened
 Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now.
 In fancy, I grasp the brave hand of my brother,
 I see the glad light of a sister's fond smile ;
 I stand in the hall of my father and mother,
 Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle.

Oh ! land of the grateful—where every emotion
 Of kindness is fostered, of friendship sincere,
 Where every breast, in its loyal devotion,
 Would barter its life's blood to spare thee a tear.
 Oh ! beautiful land, whose young sunny-eyed daughters,
 Wear hearts on their lips that have never known
 guile,
 I hasten to thee, o'er the far swelling waters,
 My home, and my country, the Emerald Isle.

THEY MET.

THEY met—but years had changed the glow
 Upon his boyhood's cheek—
 Had taught his eye to proudly look,
 His tongue to coldly speak.

Time, that had been to her but one
 Unwearied dream of him,
 Shaded within his changeling heart,
 Her image pale and dim.

She, that had been the one fair star
 Amid the clouds of night,
 Like the lost Pleiad of the sky,
 She shone no longer bright.

They met—but on his untuned ear
 No more her accents fell,
 Like summer winds that slumber soft
 Within an echoing shell.

They lingered by those early haunts
 Where love first wrought its dream ;
 For him no spell was in the wind,
 No voice was in the stream.

She gathered flowers like those his hand
 Wreathed for her long ago ;

And yet, no sleeping memories woke,
Beneath their summer glow.

She led him to remembered spots,
Where the glad waters meet,
To where broad rocks their shadows lent,
And sheltered their retreat.

No melody of other years
Spoke in their murmuring sound,
And he, with careless footsteps, pressed
The consecrated ground.

Old trees, beneath whose boughs so oft
They watched the sunset's dyes—
The gold and crimson alchymy,
Melt in the evening skies—

They too with waving branches wooed
Their feet once more to rove,
But touched not, in his ice-bound breast,
The well of early love.

And this was he, around whose form
Her arms so often hung ;
This the cold heart, to which her own
So long had fondly clung.

Where was he changed ? The same bright eye
Beamed 'neath the same broad brow ;
Where was he changed ? The same clear smile
Shone in its beauty now.

Why 'mong his dark and clustering locks
Refused her hands to stray?
Why did her eye, that lived in his,
Turn shudd'ringly away?

Why did she shrink before the glance
It was her bliss to share?
Why left his words no echoes deep?
Heart—heart was wanting there.

And this was he who came in dreams,
Far, far across the deep;
And this was he, whose form for years
Peopled her realms of sleep.

This was the voice, the thrilling voice,
So calm, so coldly clear,
That whispered burning words of love
Into her slumbering ear.

They met—but dark reality
Shadowed life's sunny streams—
They met—but not as loving hearts
Meet in their early dreams.

SPRING-TIME.

THE spring-time, the spring-time,
How balmily it blows—
The breezes from the pleasant south
Are whispering to the *rose*.

A gleam of blessed sunshine,
 The happy morning sheds ;
 And blooming little *crocusses*,
 Have raised their yellow heads.

The spring-time, the spring-time,
 Comes decked with dewy gems,
 To kiss the early *primrose*
 That blossoms on the stems ;
 It bends above the *violet*
 In sunny robes of blue—
 And lo ! the little waking flower
 Hath caught its shining hue.

The spring-time, the spring-time,
 How joyously it bounds
 O'er all the smiling valleys,
 And all the budding grounds ;
 The pale and gentle *daisy*,
 In spotless beauty bright,
 Springs gladly from its airy tread
 To blossom in its light.

The spring-time, the spring-time,
 It echoes from the grove,
 When the birds begin to sing their strain
 Of happiness and love ;
 We hear it in the waters
 That leap around the hill—
 We see it in the flashing
 Of every unchained rill.

The spring-time, the spring-time,
 With all its pleasant glow,
Its beauty and its sunshine,
 Hath yet a touch of wo.
Its fair, familiar flowers,
 Their fragrance, and their bloom,
Call back the hearts that loved them,
 Now mouldering in the tomb.

The spring-time, the spring-time,
 May bid its blossoms rise,
But ne'er again their beauty
 Shall glad those sealed up eyes.
Their bright and clinging tendrils
 No more be fondly twined
Into a summer coronal,
 Those perished brows to bind.

But yet I love thee, spring-time,
 I glory in thy beams,
The breath of thy young flowers,
 The dashing of thy streams ;
I love thy sound of waters,
 Thy rills' increasing chime—
Thou art a pleasant season,
 Thou sunny, sweet spring-time.

I WOULD BE WITH THEE.

I WOULD be with thee when the pale moon stealeth
Like a sad spirit through the evening sky,
When its dim, melancholy light revealeth,
In shadowy beauty, early days gone by ;
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee, when at eve thou'rt straying
To the old haunts we loved in by-past time,
When through some streamlet in the deep woods playing,
Long-buried voices murmur in its chime ;
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee when those forms shall meet thee,
That long ago have faded from the light,
When their loved tones, like far off music greet thee,
Bringing young sunshine on thy mental night ;
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee when those dreams have faded,
When to the buried past their light shall flee,
When fate's dark cloud their rainbow hues have shaded,
And thou art wakened to reality ;
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee when the smile of gladness
Gleams with its meteor rays across thy brow ;

But when the silent tear, and sigh of sadness,
Teaches thy once glad heart in grief to bow,
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee, though the cold world wither
Each bud of promise in its early bloom,
When the young hearts that clung in joy together
Cling but the closer in the icy tomb ;
I would be with thee then.

WHEN DOST THOU THINK OF ME ?

WHEN dost thou think of me ?

When the glad sun, in early beauty shining,
Drinks the bright dewdrops from the opening flower,
When round the hills the morning mists are twining,
And mounting skylarks gladly quit the bower ?
For then I think of thee.

When dost thou think of me ?

When thou art lured beside some shady fountain,
By the low music of its silvery chime,
Whose waters leap round some old hoary mountain,
Like sportive childhood playing with old Time ?
For then I think of thee.

When dost thou think of me ?

When all the brightness of the day has faded,
And timid twilight steals among the trees,

When, on the misty pathways it has shaded,
 Voices of friends come whispering through the breeze?
 For then I think of thee.

When dost thou think of me?

When, one by one the stars peep out from heaven,
 Gleaming along the smiling summer skies,
 The confidants of trusting hearts at even,
 The cynosure of fond and watching eyes?
 For then I think of thee.

When dost thou think of me?

When the deep night hath fallen upon the earth,
 And stars pale slowly on thine earnest gaze,
 When friends have gathered round the household hearth,
 And hearts fly back to home, and other days?
 For then I think of thee.

When dost thou think of me?

But when I think of thee, then, then, mine own,
 Our spirits own no space, nor dwell apart,
 Thought answers thought, and tone responds to tone,
 Through every change of time, heart leaps to heart—
 Through all, I think of thee.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

THE summer is over, and gone to decay
 Are the beautiful blossoms we love,
 And the little bird ceases to warble a lay,
 To welcome us forth to the grove.

The bright laughing waters, whose murmuring song
So often hath pleased our ear,
Goes moaning in sorrow its sad banks along,
For it likes not the fall of the year.

And see the poor trees, how they shivering stand,
And bow to the loud whistling blast;
Their foliage was withered, and swept o'er the land,
As the wings of the spoiler went past.
And now, like sad mourners that bend o'er the tomb,
Their long leafless branches appear;
They droop to the ground, for their freshness and bloom
Have fled, at the fall of the year.

The blossoms, the birds, and the streams, and the trees,
Are changed by the winds of the north,
And the odour of summer no more on the breeze
Is calling the flowerets forth;
But the bloom of the heart is as fresh as in spring,
When the fireside circle is near,
Whose blithe, happy voices in joyfulness ring
As they meet at the fall of the year.

Oh! the fall of the year, though it herald decay,
Though it sweep the bright buds from the bough,
Though it people the earth with dead leaves that were gay,
And teaches the broad oaks to bow;
Yet it brings to the hearthstone in gladness once more
The friends to our bosoms so dear,
And we gather again, in the home-place of yore,
To welcome the fall of the year.

REMEMBER ME.

REMEMBER me when evening throws
 Its light upon the sea, Annie,
 When sleeping dews shall deck the rose
 In diamond drops for thee, Annie.

Remember one, who far away
 Will gaze upon its beam, Annie,
 And bless the bright and shining ray
 That gilds thy natal stream, Annie.

Remember me, when stars look down
 Upon the brow of night, Annie,
 Like jewels in a kingly crown,
 That gleam around in light, Annie.

For I will watch each silent star
 Upon the summer skies, Annie,
 And think how dearer, sweeter far,
 Are thy soft, smiling eyes, Annie.

Remember me, when music floats
 From gay and lighted halls, Annie—
 When to the merry, measured notes
 The graceful footstep falls, Annie.

For oh ! it always brings again
 Thy voice's gentle tone, Annie,

When every sweetly answering strain
Made music of its own, Annie.

Remember me, remember me,
At morn, at noon, at night, Annie;
For I will cease to think of thee
But with life's latest light, Annie.

THE SERENADE.

SLEEP, sweet lady, sleep,
For the night stars weep,
And the tearful buds their still watch keep,
'Till thy sunny eyes,
Like the summer skies,
Shall chase the dew from their rainbow dyes.

May they wake in light,
When the clouds of night
Shall flee, as the day-god rises bright;
While each opening flower,
In its sunny bower,
Shall breathe a song to the welcome hour.

And may music's flow,
And young summer's glow,
Weave blossoms and song where'er thou'lt go;
And may sunny streams,
In their dancing gleams,
Be bright as young love's impassioned dreams.

May thy slumbers break
 When the glassy lake
 To the matin songs of the birds shall wake ;
 When melody floats
 From a thousand throats,
 And the harps of heaven take up the notes.

While the stars look down
 From a jewelled crown,
 And the sky hath not a single frown ;
 From an eye on me,
 Which I may not see,
 I beg these blessings, mine own, for thee.

THE WATERFALL.

THE waterfall, the waterfall,
 With happy ceaseless flow,
 Sings to the woods a merry call
 Where'er its murmurs go.

It leaps along the mountain side
 With molten silver gleam,
 'Till, passing on with conscious pride,
 It mingles with the stream.

It rushes from its sunny height
 With shouts of childhood's mirth,
 And bathes with sparkling drops of light
 The summer green of earth.

It plays round beds of sleeping flowers,
And chimes their morning song,
'Till earth bursts forth like new-made bowers
Beneath the blooming throng.

The waterfall in merry tone
Sings on the livelong day,
Though in the darkened woods alone,
Its life's a constant play.

The sun looks first on its glad stream,
And the still dews of even,
Its silvery waters catch the gleam
Of the bright stars of heaven.

The grateful shining waterfall,
With happy ceaseless flow,
Sings to the woods a merry call
Where'er its murmurs go.

FRIENDS OF YORE.

WHERE are my young companions,
The beautiful and gay,
That helped to make my early life
A summer holiday?
Where are the voices, wild and free,
That rang upon the air,

And wakened with their music strains
Glad echoes everywhere?
In vain, among the happy throng,
I list to hear once more
Some gentle voice with tones like thine,
Mine early friends of yore.

I mark the gush of youthful hearts
Swell out in joy and mirth,
And see those young and tender flowers
Make glad the household hearth;
I hear their ringing laughter come,
Like music on the wind,
From the rich harps, whose strings alone
With buds of hope are twined;
Then do I turn as misers do
To their secreted store,
And revel in my wakened heart
With thee, loved friends of yore.

Yes—I have pierced the darkened shade
Of dreariness and gloom,
And called thee from thy quiet graves
In all life's early bloom;
I've grasped again the clasping hand
That long hath lain in death,
And felt upon my burning cheek
The long departed breath;
And many a fair and sunny spot
Again we've traversed o'er,
When I've recalled the blessed past,
Mine early friends of yore.

The summer of my youth has fled,
 And autumn's shades are round,
 And all the blossoms of my life
 Lie withered on the ground.
 They wait the threat'ning thunder-cloud
 That hangs above my head,
 To sweep before its whirling blast,
 And rest among the dead;
 For thickly round my weary path
 Fate's darkest vials pour,
 To crush the heart that yearns for thee,
 Mine early friends of yore.

AUTUMN.

THE summer days are over,
 The balmy breeze is still,
 The rushing as of hurrying wings
 Is heard around the hill.

The branches that have gracefully
 Waved in the summer air,
 Now toss on high their mighty arms,
 In anger and despair.

The bright green leaves are turning—
 A thousand blushing dyes
 Flash down in changing glory from
 The overhanging skies.

The curtains of the glowing west
Roll back each shining fold,
And the young autumn woods are bathed
In rays of molten gold.

Till proudly waving in the wind
Their bright and glowing sprays,
They seem like birds of paradise,
Replumed with heaven's rich rays.

The green, the summer green is o'er,
And 'neath those blushing beams,
Around the deep and silent woods,
A crimson carpet gleams ;

So dazzling bright, that one might deem
His race of glory run,
And we were basking in the land
Where sets the mighty sun.

Gay, ruby-mantled Autumn comes,
A monarch of the year,
To rear his thrones and palaces
On faded Summer's bier.

THE UNSTRUNG BOW.

SUGGESTED BY READING THE LINES OF MRS. HEMANS, ENTITLED THE
BENDED BOW.

A SOFT sound went forth on the calm wind's low,
And there came through the land an Unstrung Bow,
And a voice spake out in its dove-notes clear,
Where the waves stood still as the sound drew near.

See ye not the branch of peace?
Reaper, let the warfare cease;
Lay the sword of battle down,
Raise on high the olive crown;
Back—the sunlight of the morn
Calls thee to thy yellow corn.

And the reaper's sword to the wind is cast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

Hunter, seek thy forest home,
Where the roe and red deer roam:
Shout thy chorus on the air,
Track the wild wolf to his lair,
Seek the prey the deep woods hide,
War has checked its crimson tide.

And the hunter sounded his bugle blast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

Chieftain, in thy bannered hall
Let the lays of music fall,
Let the swell of harps be rung,
And the happy song be sung ;
Let the gay dance weave its wreaths,
Swords are slumb'ring in their sheaths.

And the chieftain stood where the wine flowed fast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

Prince, no longer guard thy throne,
For the deeds of strife are done ;
Peace hath spread her mantle fair
O'er the bloody fields of war ;
Let the minstrel's lyre alone,
Swell the strains of carnage on.

And the prince's gate swung free in the blast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

Mother, clasp thy boy no more
With that straining grasp of yore ;
Hide the glittering steel that gleamed
When his brother's life-blood streamed ;
Sister, kiss his unhelmed brow ;
Maiden, list thy lover's vow.

And its tasks were done, and its spells were cast,
And the unstrung bow and the soft voice passed.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

THERE'S music in the open air,
 Around the fresh green hills,
 A thousand echoes warble where
 We see the flashing rills.

An unseen minstrel strikes his lyre,
 Hung on the viewless breeze,
 And forth there swells an answering choir,
 Among the forest trees.

The little birds take up the notes
 In many a varied strain,
 And far the wind-borne music floats
 Its sweetness back again.

The earth, the jocund earth looks glad,
 And weaves its tones along,
 And every flow'ret's dew-decked cup
 Swells into fairy song.

We hear it on the towering mount,
 And in the lowly dale,
 And when the little silver fount
 Plays softly in the vale.

It is a strain of heavenly birth
 Sung in the glorious sky,
 Whose echoes come to glad the earth
 From David's harp on high.

OUR FRIENDS AWAY.

LIKE stars upon the distant sky
 In summer evening's misty light,
 That gleam upon the anxious eye
 Like watching spirits of the night ;
 Like them, far off, but guarding still,
 With love's unwavering, holy ray,
 Are the warm hearts we fondly fill
 Of our dear friends away.

Their voices breathe upon the air
 In many a wind-harp's gentle tone,
 To tell us in its music where
 Some eye is watching with our own.
 They come across the surgy seas,
 Those breezes through our woods to stray,
 And breathe among the whispering trees
 Of our dear friends away.

We never sit by moonlit streams,
 But in their murmuring, soft and sweet,
 Like music in the land of dreams,
 Their waters some loved strains repeat ;
 We never see the smiling tide,
 Bright as young children at their play,
 But fancy places at our side
 Our own dear friends away.

'There is a mystic chain that binds,
When distant far, the love-linked heart.
Though viewless as the evening winds,
Time cannot rend that chain apart ;
It strengthens with our growing strength,
And with our years hath no decay,
While clasping in its boundless length
Our own dear friends away.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

How I love to be
On the open sea,
Where the winds and waves are proud and free,
In the floating ark
Of a gallant bark,
With nought but the stars my joy to mark.

Oh ! I love to sail
With the passing gale,
When the howling storm pours out its wail,
And when piping loud,
In its music proud,
In deadly fray the white waves crowd.

When the thunders jar
Like a sound of war,
And the storm-god mounts his tempest car,

Then I love to be
 As the wild winds free,
 And rove at will o'er the boundless sea.

But the land is bright,
 And a lovely sight
 Are its flowery beds in pale moonlight,
 And the tranquil gleams
 Of its sunny beams
 Might picture life as a land of dreams.

And 'tis sweet to rove
 With the one we love
 On the peaceful shore, by the lamp above ;
 But its slothful ease,
 Oh! it cannot please
 The heart whose home's on the heaving seas.

With a bridegroom's pride
 I have wed the tide,
 And the crested wave is my free-born bride,
 And our nuptial glee
 Is sung merrily
 By the booming wave of the mighty sea.

 REMEMBER ME.

REMEMBER me—

Not as thou wouldst a flower whose leaves are broken,
 Whose rich, glad hues were brightened but to flee ;
 That were, alas! too fair, too sweet a token
 To 'waken in thy breast my memory.

Remember me—

Not as thou wouldst a thought once proudly glowing
With all life's early freshness, warm and free,
For then the fount of memory is flowing
Too high, too full, to call up thoughts of me.

Remember me—

Not as thou wouldst thy morning's early breaking,
When the bright sun shone glad on land and sea ;
Thy bosom is too proud of its awaking
To cast away one blissful thought on me.

Remember me—

E'en as thou wouldst the autumn leaf that's lying
In solitary sorrow by the tree,
Clinging to what is loved in life, though dying ;
'Tis thus I'd have thee sadly think of me.

Remember me—

As thou wouldst call back some old strain of sweetness,
Whose melancholy breathings pleased thee ;
And when thou sighest o'er its vanished fleetness,
Then 'waken in thy heart one thought of me.

Remember me—

Sadly remember me—for I am lonely,
And pleasant things are but a mockery ;
I would be with thee in thy sorrows only,
Therefore, in grief, I pray, remember me.

APART FROM THEE.

APART from thee, apart from thee,
 My lingering footsteps slowly rove,
 Beside the silent silver sea
 I trace the haunts we use to love.
 The blushing flowers in gladness spring,
 And twine their garlands round my feet,
 And birds their early carols sing,
 And yet, nor bird, nor flower is sweet ;
 They have no song or breath for me,
 Because I am apart from thee.

The moonlight sleeps upon the stream,
 And all the silver stars of even,
 In many a bright and shining beam,
 Still mirror there the light of heaven ;
 And, like a playful child, it glides
 In music through the quiet wood,
 And wakens with its gentle tides
 The echoes of its solitude ;
 But sadly doth it speak to me,
 Because I am apart from thee.

Alone I watch the morning rise
 In beauty o'er the distant hill,
 And mark the bright and glowing skies
 With golden gleams the glad earth fill ;
 And far adown the crimson clouds
 Alone I watch its fading light,

And linger still, till darkness shrouds
Its glory with the veil of night ;
For like that night is life to me,
Because I am apart from thee.

Apart from thee, how sad, how sad,
Have all my early feelings grown ;
The heart can be no longer glad,
That broods in solitude alone ;
And like a harp that hoards its song,
'Till wakened by the master hand,
No courtly flatteries of the throng
Its buried music may command ;
'Tis silent all, 'till I shall be
No longer, love, apart from thee.

I'LL MEET THEE AT THE FESTIVAL.

I'LL meet thee at the festival, I'll be amid the train,
Where mirth and laughter joyously pursue their merry
reign ;

I'll meet thee in the lighted halls, and with the masquer's
art

I'll hide the burning agony that preys upon my heart.

I'll meet thee at the festival, and 'mong the giddy
band ;

Again thou'lt seek me for the dance, again I'll yield
my hand ;

It shall not tremble in thy clasp, its pulse shall ne'er
 reveal

The many sorrows thou hast taught this bruised heart
 to feel.

I'll speak to thee of other days, I'll bid thine eyes look
 back

Upon those sunny scenes again, through memory's
 misty track ;

I'll speak of them with heartless glee, and not a tear
 shall tell

How fondly in my bosom rests their sweet, unbroken
 spell.

Mine eyes shall never, never droop with grief before
 thine own,

And I will teach my lips to speak in nought but plea-
 sure's tone ;

Unasked I'll pour with mirthfulness in thine unwilling
 ear

Those early strains which thou so oft hast fondly plead
 to hear.

I'll meet thee with a glance as bright as that which
 decks thy face ;

For sorrow on my blooming cheek shall not have left
 a trace,

And thou shalt seek in vain to see, through all the
 woman's wiles,

The iron entering in the soul gilt o'er with mirth and
 smiles.

I'll meet thee at the festival—go thou among the gay ;
I too will join the merry dance as gleesomely as they ;
I'll meet thee at the festival, and with the masquer's
 art
I'll hide the burning agony that preys upon my heart.

A LITTLE WHILE AGO.

A LITTLE while ago, and thy sunny smile was bright,
And the glances of thy deep blue eye poured forth a
 flood of light,
And thy voice, like swells of music that we love to linger
 near,
Fell in rich cadences of joy upon our listening ear.

A little while ago, and we stood beneath the stars
To watch upon the summer sky those ever burning cars ;
The breezes from the balmy south played gambols with
 our hair,
And buds of every sunny hue flung odours on the air.

A little while ago, and our life was gay and young,
And our hearts were like the rivulet that sings the
 woods among,
And we drew a hope from everything, as bees draw
 sweets from flowers,
And many a happy home we made amid spring's earliest
 bowers.

A little while ago—yet how altered dost thou seem ;
I scarce can trace within thine eye one glance of sunny
 beam ;
Thy voice, thine ever-welcome voice, hath lost its gayest
 tone,
And yet methinks its gentle sound hath even sweeter
 grown.

A little while ago, and thy dark locks loved to cling
Around thy brow like clouds of night above the buds of
 spring ;
But now among thy clustering curls some silver threads
 appear,
Those telltale couriers of time, why do they linger here ?

A little while ago, and our thoughts were freely given
To each, as to the summer flowers the blessed dews of
 heaven ;
And still, although no longer young, our bosoms' warmest
 glow
Flows on the same as erst it did, a little while ago.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

WE come, we come, from our southern bowers,
With the song of birds and the breath of flowers,
Through the bright green woods we have heard the call
Of the singing rill and the waterfall ;
And the whispering grass, as we pass along,
But swells the echo of summer's song.

We come, we come ; o'er the high hill's brow
 Our azure robes are gleaming now,
 And the mountain heights, through their crests of snow,
 Are smiling out in their sunny glow,
 And the clustering buds, like a peopled throng,
 Burst out to welcome the summer song.

We come, we come, and the clear, blue sky
 Spreads a boundless canopy on high,
 And the waters leap like a playful child
 Where the gracious God of sunshine smiled,
 And their music tones are proud and strong,
 As they warble forth the summer song.

We come, we come, with the bird and bee,
 The bud, the blossom, and bursting tree,
 With the silvery tones of the singing rill,
 The glad, green height of the grass-crowned hill,
 And we softly weave, as we pass along,
 To the free, bright things, a summer song.

MY FAVOURITE TREE.

THOU dost look old and sear,
 My favourite tree,
 And the cold night-winds here
 Moan solemnly.

And birds forsake their nest
 In thy sad bough,

To seek a closer rest,
Old tree, than thou.

Yet thou hast proudly stood
Many a day,
Marking, amid the wood,
Others decay.

Many an axe hath felled
A statelier tree,
But the quick stroke was quelled
When it touched thee.

For thou wert, in old days,
Mine early mate,
My school, my scene of play,
And hall of state.

And thou hast been to me,
As time rolled past,
That which nought else could be,
Faithful and fast.

In after years I've come
Back, thou hast smiled,
Spreading thy leafy home,
As for the child.

And when thy boughs are bare,
Shall I leave thee
To the rude woodman's care,
My favourite tree?

No—though the earth hath drunk
Thy life-stream dry,
Still shall thine honoured trunk
Gladden mine eye.

And when my days shall end,
Would I could be
Where o'er me thou shouldst bend,
Mine own old tree!

I LOVE THE SEA.

I LOVE the sea,
The blue, the free,
The roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
The foam of its waves,
That madly raves,
Is the dearest sight my bosom craves.

With thee, my bark,
O'er the waters dark,
With the summer moon our course to mark;
How proud we ride
O'er the dancing tide,
While the white foam laves thy heaving side.

We cut our way
Thro' the shining spray,
While the crowding billows round us lay;

And our shouts of glee
 Ring wild and free,
 On the mighty waste of the boundless sea.

The mariner's dirge
 Is thy sounding surge,
 As it rings his knell on the grave's dark verge ;
 And his last, long sleep,
 In the quiet deep,
 Is as calm as when willows o'er him sweep.

I love the sea,
 The blue, the free,
 And the roar of its mighty minstrelsy ;
 Where the wild waves roam,
 In their caps of foam,
 The mariner finds his chosen home.

Then spread thy wing,
 Thou bounding thing,
 And far o'er the waves like a sea-gull spring ;
 Our trust's on high,
 In the smiling sky,
 And we rove 'neath the light of a watching eye.

BACK TO MY DREAMS AGAIN.

BACK to my dreams again,
 Yes, foolish heart, back to thine early dreams ;—
 Hope hath forgot the strain,
 That seemed to light up earth with rainbow gleams.

There is no home for thee
In this vast wilderness of breathing things ;
Thou'st nought but memory,
And all the shadowy joys it faintly brings.

The past is all thine own,
There revel, weary pilgrim ! call them back,—
The long remembered tone,
That breathed sweet music o'er life's sunny track.

The echo of the feet
That heralded the dear ones,—the fond eyes,
That loved our own to meet ;—
Alas ! that fate should sever such close ties.

The hearts, whose inmost cell
Was our hearts' resting-place ; whose deepest thrill,
Like to some magic spell,
Bound us together, now how cold, and still !

Oh ! they were unto me,
In all the spring-time of their beauty bright,
Like buds upon a tree,
That fade, and wither, with untimely blight.

And like a tree I stand,
Leafless, and tempest-torn, before the blast,
Which, sweeping from the land
My fair young blossoms, left me lone at last.

And they can bloom no more,
The fond delusive hopes that once were mine,—

The heart's first gush is o'er,
And darkness rests where light was wont to shine.

Those who have loved me well,
And those whom I have loved, in dreamless rest
Have gone for aye to dwell
Where sorrow cannot come, nor cares molest.

And why should I again
Make me new idols, that will pass away?
And reunite a chain
Whose dearest links are mouldering in decay.

It may not be! the bloom
Of summer, lingereth not with winter's snow;
Nor in the quiet tomb,
Does the hushed heart renew its healthful glow.

My thoughts are with the dead,
And like a widowed bird, whose nest is lone,
I droop my weary head,
And mourn in sorrow for the loved, and gone.

Back to my dreams again!
Yes, foolish heart, back to thine early dreams;
Hope hath forgot the strain
That seemed to light up earth with rainbow gleams.

THAT BURIED VOICE.

THAT buried voice is with me still ;
 Though silent long ago,
 It whispers to me from the rill,
 Where sparkling waters flow ;
 It murmurs through the silent woods,
 In many a gentle moan,
 And tells me in my solitude
 I am not all alone.
 In many an echo sighing near,
 That buried voice comes on mine ear.

That buried voice, when all is hushed
 In soft repose around,
 Breathes thro' some flower the winds have crushed
 Too early to the ground.
 I hear it as the breezes wave
 The tall and slender grass ;
 For o'er thy sad and lonely grave,
 Those summer breezes pass ;
 And they have lingered by thy mound
 To bring me back its buried sound.

That buried voice in lighted halls
 Where music weaves her spell,
 Breathes to me through its dying falls,
 Like some sad heart's farewell.

I hear it in the giddy throng,
 Where youth and beauty meet,
 To carol some remembered song,
 Thy tones have made so sweet.
 And in their soft and gentle strain,
 I hear that buried voice again.

That buried voice—there's not a breeze
 But wafts it to mine ear ;
 There's not a murmur through the trees,
 But that soft voice I hear ;
 It twines round me its blessed spell,
 To lead me where thou art ;
 To follow where the angels dwell,
 This music of my heart ;
 To where my soul shall yet rejoice
 In concert with that buried voice.

THINK OF ME OFTEN.

OH ! think of me often, I oft think of thee,
 Though afar thou art wandering beyond the blue sea ;
 Though long years have estranged us, yet, dear one,
 thou art
 Still closely enshrouded within my fond heart.

My pathway is darkened, and shadows too soon
 Have shaded the rays of my life's early noon ;
 But thou'lt think of me often, and like a glad light
 It shall brighten that pathway, as stars gem the night.

Thou knowest how oft we have stood, side by side,
 In the freshness of feeling, of youth, and of pride;
 How my heart like a bird from its prison let free
 Flies far to the wild wood—so flew it to thee.

Yes, through storm and through sunshine, it clung to
 thy breast,
 Like a dove that seeks shelter alone in its nest;
 It beat as thou bad'st it, a slave to thy will,
 And joys in its bondage and servitude still.

Time thickly hath scattered its snow-wreaths o'er thee,
 And his dark wing hath swept like a storm over me;
 He touched not with blight the glad thoughts that
 were mine,
 For they flourish still fresh, like the green ivy vine.

They will twine round thee ever, they will not depart;
 They budded, they bloomed, they must fade on thy
 heart;
 And their last dying murmur shall whisper to thee,
 Oh! think of me often, I oft think of thee.

 BALLAD.

My hame is nae' sae' cheerfu', my heart is nae' sae'
 light,
 My cheek is nae' sae' blooming, my e'en are nae' sae'
 bright;

My voice is nae' sae' mirthfu', my step is nae' sae' free,
Sin' Jamie left our ingle side, to wander o'er the sea.

He was our sun at mornin, he was our star at night,
He was, 'mid a' our darkness, our bosom's only light;
But gloom has cam' upon us, and hushed our joy and
 glee,
For Jamie's left our ingle side, to wander o'er the sea.

The paths we've trod thegither, are choked up wi' weeds,
And howling night-winds murmur, amang the whisper-
 ing reeds;
The wild flowers droop in sorrow, that decked the gaudy
 lea,
For Jamie's left our ingle side to wander o'er the sea.

The birds that chirped sae' blithely, frae' ilka budding
 spray,
Hae' tuned their mirthfu' music to many a saddened
 lay;
They sing nae' mair at e'en above our trysting tree,
For Jamie's left our ingle side, to wander o'er the sea.

Gude angels guard ye, Jamie; I pray to them at night,
To watch o'er ye, my Jamie, and keep ye in their sight;
To guard ye frae' all danger, wherever ye may be,
And bring back to the ingle side, our Jamie o'er the sea.

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

To the hills, to the hills,
 Where the wild echo thrills,
 The bold chamois-hunter his bugle-blast rings ;
 From the valley he goes,
 To the mountain of snows,
 Where fleetly the goat o'er the wide chasm springs.

To the glaciers away,
 Ere the breaking of day,
 He strives with his rifle the high Alps to gain ;
 Tho' danger enthralls him,
 It never appals him,
 While watching for game o'er the frost-covered plain.

Night's shadows are parting,
 And daybeams are starting,
 Like joy after sorrow, the dark clouds between ;
 By the precipice yawning,
 Revealed by the dawning,
 Tho' wearied with watching, the hunter is seen.

O'er the fearful abyss,
 Where the dark waters hiss,
 His step must be firm, and his heart must be brave ;
 He must clear with a bound
 The dread dangers around,
 Or the bed of the torrent shall make him a grave.

Now see!—while are burning
 Night's stars, he's returning,
 And again o'er the mountain his bugle-blast rings;
 Tho' wayworn and weary,
 His heart is not dreary,
 As home to the valley the chamois he brings.

His wife's accents bless him,
 His children caress him,
 And his brave fellow-hunters all welcome him back;
 And his bold heart is swelling,
 While proudly he's telling,
 Of the dangers that lay on the wild chamois' track.

HE MET HER IN THE CROWDED HALL.

HE met her in the crowded hall,
 And with a sparkling eye
 And sunny glance, he greeted her
 Whene'er her steps drew nigh.

He spoke in the same gentle tone
 He used in earlier years,
 And she called back with mighty strength
 The quickly starting tears.

He praised her sweet and gentle smile,
 Her cheek's bright peachy bloom;
 Tho' it was like the flow'ret's hue
 That gleams above the tomb.

He listened while her fingers swept
 The breathing heartstrings o'er ;
 But not a note of music there
 Brought back the days of yore.

She warbled strains he'd sung to her,
 Past memories to recall ;
 She looked into his careless eye,—
 He had forgot them all.

He gave to her a blushing flower,
 A blossom newly burst ;
 She thought of the pale withered ones
 She had so fondly nursed ;

The little buds he used to bring,
 When evening softly crept
 Around them, 'neath the summer stars,
 Tho' faded—fondly kept.

The sunlight of her early dream
 Had past from out the sky,
 And not a gleam of other days
 The midnight cloud was nigh.

Again, within the crowded hall
 Which mirth and beauty share,
 He stood with smiling eye the same ;
 The blighted—was not there.

But where a little hillock rose,
 And wild flowers loved to bloom,
 Those who had met her in the hall,
 Now found her in the tomb.

WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN.

WE may never meet again—like some half-forgotten
dream,

The memory of other days come back, with moonlight
gleam ;

When thou hast lingered by my side, there seemed some
spell of old,

Binding thee closely to my heart, around its inmost fold.

My life hath been a pilgrimage of weary hopes and fears,
The half-formed smiles too often chased by the quick
starting tears ;

And gleams of sunshine brightly fell to cheer my path
of pain,

To fade as now—for we, my friend, may never meet
again.

No more in sweet companionship perchance our steps
may rove

Through those calm, quiet scenes again, so hallowed by
our love ;

No more the echoes lingering there shall catch thy
voice's tone ;

Those fairy mock-birds of the woods but murmur back
mine own.

I loved thee with an earnest love ; for round thee there
seemed cast

All those bright day-dreams of my youth, those treasures
of the past ;

There was a tone within thy voice, a light within thine
eye,
For which, in times of old, my heart had ever a reply.

Yet we may never meet again ; all sunny as thou art,
Thou couldst not flourish 'midst the gloom and shadow
of my heart ;
And I can bear to part with thee, for thou'rt too like
a flower
That needeth sunshine for thy life—not the dark tem-
pest hour.

Then fare thee well, sweet gentle one, I'll love thee to
the last,
For that thou wakest in my heart those memories of
the past ;
All I have ever clung to here, hath been but loved in
vain ;
Lastly, I treasured thee—and we may never meet again.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I HEAR the wild, low melody,
Of many a forest bird ;
And mine eye looks forth to meet them,
And my heart with joy is stirred.

And the sound of pleasant waters
Come gladly to mine ear ;

But they pass unseen before me,
And their tones alone I hear.

The blushing hues of flowers
Are springing round my feet,
But alas, no clinging tendrils
My twining fingers meet.

I see young forms approaching,
And yet I may not clasp ;
The airy hands that meet me
Have no returning grasp.

I see my noble brother,
He stands beside me now ;
I part the dark and clustering locks
That shade his manly brow.

The bright and blessed vision
Fades from my aching sight,
As the parting beams of sunshine
Melt slowly into night.

And there thou stand'st, my mother ;
I look into thine eye,
The mirror of thy loving heart,
Whose founts are never dry.

I see the many furrows
Of time's unceasing flight ;
On thy brow where dark rings gathered,
Are locks of paly white.

Thou too art there, my sister,
 With thy light and springing form ;
 Thou'st come like a gleam of sunshine,
 Amid the tempest's storm.

I hear the thrilling echoes
 Of thy free and gladsome laugh ;
 But the cup is passing from me,
 Ere my thirsting lips can quaff.

'Tis past, my gentle mother,
 Those visions are no more ;
 Sweet sister, glorious brother,
 I tread a stranger shore.

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not at morn, when thou art treading
 O'er grassy paths, familiar to our feet ;
 When the young sun its early light is shedding,
 Sipping from sleeping flowers the dew-drops sweet,
 Forget me not.

Forget me not at even, when thou rovest
 With bright-eyed beauty smiling at thy side ;
 When thou hast bent the knee to her thou lovest,
 And thy fond heart hath found its destined bride,
 Forget me not.

Forget me not—although her cheek's young brightness
Wear the rich glory of the opening rose ;
Though her young brow, in all its early whiteness,
Rivals the mountain height's untrodden snows,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, although my brow has faded,
And the warm blood no more in brightness plays
Through my wan cheek ; tho' time hath darkly shaded
With his broad wing my heart's once happy rays,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, when thou art sadly bending
By the old haunts, of bright, but perished days ;
When the young moon its silvery brightness lending,
Gilds all its pleasant paths and flowery ways,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, tho' she may bend above thee,
Tho' the green hills are taught strange echoes there ;
Tho' the apt heart, that learned too soon to love thee,
Can never more thy joy and sorrow share,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, but let my memory linger
As a soft, shadowy twilight on thy mind ;
And like a harp touched by some fairy finger,
My voice shall whisper thro' the evening wind,
Forget me not.

EARLY DAYS.

WHERE are the fond familiar things
 I used to love of yore,
 The woodbine's fragrant clusterings
 That garlanded the door ?

No more the balmy evening air,
 Thro' its sweet foliage strays,
 The scented woodbine is not there,
 It fled with early days.

Where is the bird that built its home
 Beneath the household eaves,
 The timid thing that used to come
 Among the whispering leaves ?

Why doth its little throat no more
 Swell out its matin lays ?
 It perished with the light of yore,
 The joys of early days.

The music of the singing rills,
 That used to glad mine ear,
 My voice's echo round the hills,
 I list in vain to hear.

Where are the blithe young happy forms,
 Bright with youth's sunny rays ?

Too tender for life's after storms,
They fled with early days.

The voices of mine early friends
Are silent long ago,
No more their buried music blends,
In murmurings sweet and low.

Old haunts, like pale and shadowy things
Start up before my gaze,
Yet faithful memory fondly brings
To those dear early days.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

A SIMPLE girl had given her heart,
Void of deceit, of guile or art,
To one, who with a brother's love,
Held the fair gift all things above.
And from a breast where grief and care,
Too visibly an impress bear,
That other thoughts might gently spring,
She made a gift—a plain gold ring.

And pleased amid contending strife,
The vexing cares of busy life,
In the bright hall, the lighted dome,
Or the more quiet scenes of home ;

Where every care might sink to rest,
And peace reign gently in the breast ;
She saw, still round his finger cling,
Fair friendship's gift, a plain gold ring.

But now, in scenes of joy and mirth,
'Mong the gay creatures of the earth,
Where smiles round heartless forms entwine,
That simple gift no more must shine.
No—it must leave its former place,
That gaudier gems that hand may grace,
And a gay, glittering, sparkling thing,
Has hid fair friendship's plain gold ring.

But soon the brightest hue will tire,
Which sparkles not with friendship's fire ;
For who would merely prize a gem,
Tho' it might deck a diadem ?
Had it not some peculiar charm,
Some magic influence over harm,
Back to the heart past joys to bring
Like watchful friendship's plain gold ring.

And when its glare shall please no more,
Will he not friendship's gift deplore ?
Will he not say, " That hoop of gold
Encompassed in its simple mould,
Life's dearest charm, its better part,
A fondly trusting, faithful heart ?"
Then, then a diamond will not bring
The pleasures of a plain gold ring.

Perchance in other climes he'll roam,
And thoughts may sometimes turn on home,
On a young heart, who kindly strove,
With all of woman's soothing love,
Through every ill for him to smile,
That she might all his griefs beguile ;
Oh ! when those hours remembrance bring,
He'll sigh for friendship's plain gold ring.

THE BRIDE.

SHE sits beside the casement now,
Her brow is calm and bright,
But visions of her vanished years,
Come o'er her spirit's light.

Her eyes look back to other days,
Her thoughts gush freely out,
She wanders in her joy again,
Where the bright waters shout.

She twines the roses playfully
In garlands for her hair,
And her voice pours forth its music
Upon the free, wild air.

She carols in her summer bower,
In answer to her bird,
As erst she did, before her heart
With deeper love was stirred.

She roves among her budding flowers
That lured her childhood first,
And stands beneath the blooming vine,
Her training fingers nurst.

She gathers all those happy days,
Those long-departed years,
Into the memory of an hour,
And waters them with tears.

And like a fledgling, half-afraid
To trust its untried wing,
Still to its early scenes of home,
Its young affections cling.

So she, that fair and blooming one,
E'en in her bridal bower,
Looks back upon that long-tried love,
Through many a vanished hour.

The wedded heart, however fond,
Still has a sweet regret,
For childhood's sunny scenes of home,
It never can forget.

SPELLS.

THERE'S a spell in every woodland path,
That chains our footsteps there ;

In every blade of shining grass
That's waving to the air.

There's a spell in every forest flower,
Whose budding blossoms bring
The promises of brighter days,
The herald of young spring.

There's a spell in every flashing stream
That sings the mountains round ;
That softly murmuring summer song
Hath music in its sound.

There's a spell in every echo there ;
For God doth seem to dwell
In the quiet of those woodland paths,
And in the shady dell.

And their silence with a holy awe
Fills the rebellious breast,
And seems to speak of higher themes
Than on the earth have rest.

There's a spell in every blessed thing
Where He hath set his seal ;
The wood, the streamlet, and the flower,
His mysteries reveal.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

STORMS have oft swept by thee,
 Bright and shining lock,
 Tempests have been nigh thee,
 With relentless shock.

Hopes have bloomed and perished,
 Joys have been and gone,
 Since thy rings I cherished,
 Dark and glossy one.

Cares have settled round me,
 With their piercing smart,
 But they've only bound thee
 Closer to my heart.

When the world estranging
 Dear ones, left me lone,
 Thou'st, with love unchanging,
 Still in brightness shone.

When the clouds of sorrow
 Darkened o'er my day,
 Thou, upon the morrow,
 Gleamed a welcome ray.

Long, long years have faded,
 Since I took thee first ;

Winter snows have shaded
Paths where flow'rets burst.

Time hath scattered sadness,
Since, with girlish glee,
Hand and heart of gladness,
Lock—I severed thee.

Now another lingers
On each shining ring,
And round other fingers,
They have loved to cling.

Thou hast not departed
With the hopes that mock,
Worn, and weary-hearted,
Still I've thee, dark lock.

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming! spring is coming!
Infant leaves are on the trees;
And the little birds are humming
Songs upon the pleasant breeze.

Spring is coming, early summer
Through the air its music weaves,
And to welcome the new comer,
Every bough puts forth its leaves.

Earth, but late so cold and dreary,
Where its robes of snow were seen,
Smiling from its thralldom weary,
Spreads its carpeting of green.

Streams leap out like playful childhood,
From their icy fetters free,
Breathing to the quiet wild wood,
Happy strains of joy and glee.

Spring is coming, oh ! how brightly
Fall the sunbeams to the earth ;
And the human heart, how lightly
Doth it bound to hail its birth.

Spring makes bright the rosy bowers,
Calls the blossom from its rest ;
And it doth revive the flowers,
That were withered in the breast.

Yes, like buds in fondness cherished,
Gentle thoughts were wont to dwell ;
Till by cold neglect they perished
In the heart's remotest cell.

By thy scented breezes bringing
Fragrance on their balmy wings ;
Seem unto the sad heart singing
Joyous songs of joyous things.

Spring is coming ! spring is coming !
And the fields are glad and gay ;
And the little wild birds humming
Sport in nature's holiday.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee

When my sad heart in yearning sorrow pineth;
By the calm stream, where the pure waters shineth,
I think of thee.

I think of thee,

When star on star through heaven's blue archway stealeth,
For their pale melancholy light revealeth
Thy form to me.

I think of thee,

When twilight shadows deepen all around me:
When pensive memory with its spell hath bound me,
I think of thee.

I think of thee,

When days long past with mocking fondness meet me,
And shadowy fingers are outstretched to greet me,
That come to flee.

I think of thee,

When in the moonlight waste of memory shining,
Those once glad forms of beauty are reclining—
From sorrow free.

I think of thee,
 When they afar, on viewless pinions flying,
 Quit my fond sight, in dirgelike music sighing
 Farewell to me.

Then do I see
 The vanished pleasures of our early morning,
 The rainbow smile, our pathway once adorning;
 But where are we ?

Thou art away—
 And I, a sad and weary wanderer only,
 Linger by long-loved haunts, now sad and lonely,
 Gone to decay.

I hear the tread
 Of other footsteps, and the tones of gladness
 From fresh young hearts—when with a sigh of sadness
 I weep the dead.

For those, who sleep
 In the calm quiet of the grave for ever—
 For those, who taught their hearts from mine to sever,
 Through life, I weep.

But not for thee,
 For through long years, time hath not yet effaced me
 From thy warm heart; but nearer to thee placed me,
 For aye to be.

I think of thee,
 Of thee, beloved, where'er my steps are wending;
 Still o'er my path thy spirit form is bending—
 I think of thee.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

WE'VE met beside the household hearth
 A gay, and gleesome crowd,
 And merry strains of joyous birth
 Ring gladly, long, and loud.
 We weave the dance, we sing the song,
 Where mirth and music blend;
 But memory steals our thoughts along
 To tell of absent friends.

The murmurs of a gentle voice,
 That used to warble sweet;
 The tones that made our own rejoice,
 When they were wont to meet;
 Loved footsteps' echoes come no more,
 Save when remembrance lends
 Its moonlight ray, whose beams restore
 Again our absent friends.

Forget them not; for weary hours
 Their hearts have learned to live
 On thoughts, that came like dews to flowers,
 New life and joy to give.
 Forget them not; though far away,
 A kindly spirit bends
 Around our paths, and seems to say,
 Remember absent friends.

And when the giddy crowds are met,
And pleasure reigns around ;
When beaming eyes know no regret,
And laughing pulses bound ;
Between them and some smitten heart
A shadowy veil descends,
And as its dim folds slowly part,
It pictures absent friends.

Then breathe for absent friends a sigh,
Though joys our pathways gem ;
A waiting angel hovers nigh
To bear us back to them.
Then pledge the flowing wine-cup free,
While bright-eyed mirth attends,
And the glad toast, oh ! let it be,
A health to absent friends !

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

THEY are like magic spells
That linger round our heart's harp's latest chords,
Like unforgotten music's fondest swells,
Those gentle household words.

Afar our footsteps stray,
And pleasure's sparkles lure us on to roam ;
But, like a rainbow radiance, far away,
We see the light of home.

Though in another clime,
Fancy still points to that one hallowed spot,
That little Eden, still undimmed by time;
Far—but forgotten not.

There, round the hearth, we trace
The fond familiar friends we loved of yore,
The smile still lingering on the dear, dear face
We've seen so oft before.

We hear the tones again
That made sweet music to our welcome feet;
We mark how echo each remembered strain
Loves fondly to repeat.

And infant laughter thrills
Through the old halls, in cadences of glee,
As though the gushing of imprisoned rills,
Was suddenly let free.

These speak unto the heart
In the dry desert, or 'mid Lapland snows,
On the rude ocean, where the wild waves part
Like life's last dying throes.

Beneath some stranger dome,
Where faces gather we have never known,
We hear the same sweet music-breath of home,
Though in another's tone.

And then with swimming eyes
And beating pulses, with emotion stirred,

We look into our hearts, whose pensive sighs
 Echo each household word.

They are the spells entwined,
 Like holy love, round young affection's chain ;
 Though fate may sever, they shall fondly bind
 Its broken links again.

Their charm shall linger still,
 While life's stream flows around our bosom's chords,
 And the deep music of each tender thrill
 Shall be those household words.

THAT LITTLE SONG.

SET TO MUSIC.

SING me again that little song,
 Oh ! sing it once again !
 A thousand buried memories rise,
 Before its simple strain.

I heard it when a happy child,
 Amid a merry throng,
 From gleesome voices long since hushed—
 Oh ! sing that little song !

I see again the bright greensward,
 Whereon we gladly played,

I hear again the echoing sound
Their little footsteps made.

Their voices, like a ringing shell,
Are murmuring in mine ears,
And not a single eye is dim
With sorrow or with tears.

Hither they come, the rose-lipped ones,
In many a sister pair,
While the rich music of their hearts
Swells out upon the air.

Oh! through the long, long lapse of years,
They greet me once again,
Those young companions of my mirth,
Waked by that simple strain.

Heed not the tears within mine eyes,
While the quick memories throng
Of other days upon my heart,
Oh! sing that little song.

THOU ART EVER AT MY SIDE.

WHERE'ER I wander, night or morn,
Though change is round me thrown,
Though these are unfamiliar paths,
Thy footsteps ne'er hath known;

Though flowers spring around my feet,
In brighter colours dyed,
Flowers that have never met thine eye,
Still, thou art at my side.

Amid the festive song I hear
Those gentle tones of thine,
Whose softened music lingering by
Seem love's sweet spells to twine.
I hear them in the silvery fount
That sings with gladdened pride,
I hear them in the echoing breeze,
For thou art at my side.

I see thine eyes, when forth from heaven,
The timid stars look down,
Like sentinels of watchful love,
That gleam 'mid fortune's frown ;
They throw around my chequered way,
Their radiance far and wide,
And light me, like those orbs that smile
For ever at my side.

I list thy footsteps, when the breeze
Makes music with the leaves,
For they were wont to come like strains,
A fairy minstrel weaves.
And ever as the whispering buds,
O'er which the breeze has hied
Repeat its echoes, do I turn,
To meet thee at my side.

Yes, at the rise of early sun,
Or at the hush of night,
Thy voice is carolled by the lark,
Thine eyes, the star's pure light.
Yes, yes, where'er the wanderer goes,
While life's spring is undried,
Still, gentle spirit, still thou art
For ever at my side.

HOME FEELINGS OF THE HEART.

HOME feelings of the heart,
Why do you haunt me now,
When the thick shades of care
Press heavy on my brow ?

Ye cling like ivy green
Around a time-worn oak,
Shining like rays of hope
Amid the tempest's stroke.

The changeful hues of life
Seem gathering glad and bright,
As soft and silver stars
Made fair the clouds of night.

The tempests of the heart,
The storms of after years,
The sickening yearning thoughts
So often washed with tears ;

They fade at thy approach,
Sweet feelings, warm and true,
While on the spirit fall
Thy drops of freshing dew.

The dreary shades of care
Are fleeing from mine eyes,
As fly the clouds of night
Before the sunbright skies.

Hope, with her rainbow wings,
And beckoning fingers bright,
Scatters across my path
Her rays of early light.

Voices of long-loved friends
Whisper in music's breath ;
Voices that, long ago,
Were sadly hushed in death.

They greet me once again
Upon the smiling earth,
We stand together now
Beside the household hearth.

Hand linked in hand, we gaze
Into each other's eyes,
As though the scythe of time
Had severed not love's ties.

It is but fancy all,
These things have fled away ;

But, spirit of the past,
Sweet spirit, with me stay.

Home feelings of the heart,
Oh! linger round me still,
Let my sick bosom feel
Once more a happy thrill.

COME TO THY HOME.

COME to thy home,
The hearts are weary that have watched for thee,
The eyes are dim, whose vigils have been long,
The voices, that but spoke in strains of glee,
Forget the echo of their earlier song,
Come to thy home.

Come to thy home,
The hearthstone seat is vacant for thee still,
The hand of welcome waits but for thine own,
The yearning bosoms thou wert wont to fill,
Still breathe for thee the same low murmured moan,
Come to thy home.

Come to thy home,
We whisper it upon the passing breeze,
We breathe it softly to the starry sphere,

We wing the gentle wailing o'er the seas,
That its low music-breath may reach thine ear,
Come to thy home.

Come to thy home,
Though long, long years have faded since we met,
And time's dark wing hath shadowed all around,
The one oasis blossoms for thee yet,
The one green spot amid the desert found,
Come to thy home.

Come to thy home,
There is a mystic chain that binds thee here,
Time may not rend its gentle links apart,
But it may moulder on from year to year,
Tightening an iron grasp upon the heart,
Come to thy home.

Come to thy home,
Come, thou long-parted one, thy footsteps' tread
Is silent still, and echo lists in vain
For the glad music it was wont to shed ;
Oh ! let it herald thee to us again,
Come to thy home.

YE VOICES, HUSHED AND GONE.

YE voices, hushed and gone,
That whisper round me in the dreamy night,
Why, in your sweet, sad tone,
Recall the memory of our lost delight ?

Why breathe upon mine ear,
Like distant music o'er a smiling stream?
Why yearns my heart to hear
Those airy strains, heard only in a dream?

Come ye, oh! whispers sweet,
From the dark valley of the tomb, to tell
How flowers that wreathed our feet,
Bent at the storm-wind and in sorrow fell?

Ye speak of other days,
And bring back rose-wreathed images again;
And life's young golden rays
Scatter their sunlight over years of pain.

The shadows melt away,
And, hand in hand, our old companions come;
Through a long summer day,
We tread again the pleasant paths of home.

Our laughter's echoes swell
In many a mocking sound, around the hills,
And like a fairy bell,
Rung by the viewless wind, in answer trills.

And, like the forest birds,
Who pour their melody the woods along,
Whose wild and untaught words,
Their listening mates return in gentle song;

Like them, our hearts leap out,
In gushing gladness to the streams and flowers,

And the bright water's shout
Hath not more joyous melody than ours.

But where is now our mirth?
The same bright water carols on its way,
The flowers begem the earth,
But the gay voices, where, oh! where are they?

Ye voices, hushed and gone,
That whisper round me in the dreamy night,
Why, in your sweet, sad tone,
Recall the memory of our lost delight?

LINGER NOT THERE.

LINGER not, sweet one, by the low-voiced river,
When its soft melody floats on the air,
Wooing the trees that on its margin quiver,
Linger not there.

Linger not in the woods, where birds are swelling
In plaintive song, to heaven a matin prayer,
Praising their Maker for their leafy dwelling,
Linger not there.

Linger not where the flowers are round thee wreathing
In blooming coronals of beauty fair,
Sweetening thy pathway with their perfumed breathing,
Linger not there.

Linger not where the strains of mirth are ringing
 From blithe young hearts, that know no touch of care,
 Where unchained joy laughs, in their silvery singing,
 Linger not there.

Linger not where the eye of starry brightness,
 Seems love's own image in its depths to wear,
 Gemmed with glad smiles from the young bosom's light-
 ness,
 Linger not there.

Linger not there, where Circean spells are weaving,
 Where every breath seems joyous thoughts to bear
 Far from the weary hearts thou art bereaving,
 Linger not there.

Linger not there—the homeward steps are wending
 To the old haunts we used in youth to share,
 And the home voices this fond chaunt is sending,
 Linger not there.

WE MISS THEE.

WE miss thee in the even time
 Beside the household hearth,
 When voices swell in music chime,
 The gay glad notes of mirth.

We miss thee, when in humble prayer
 We lowly bend the knee,

Oh! far off, gentle wanderer, there
How much our hearts miss thee.

We miss thee when the summer flowers
Are peopling hill and dell,
While cooing birds in rosy bowers
Their tales of fondness tell.

And when the snow-flakes whitely gleam,
And flowers and birds are gone,
Like the sweet fancies of a dream,
With morning brightness flown;

We miss thee ever from our side;
Yet long, long years have past
Since thou, companion, friend and guide,
Wert roving with us last.

Though sorrow's dim and dreary pall
Hath fallen dark o'er me,
Yet faithful memory gleams through all,
And whispers—we miss thee.

THE MARINER'S HOME.

COME to the mariner's home,
On the heaving breast of the bounding wave,
Where it smiles like a sunbeam over a grave,
In its silvery cap of foam.

It dances merrily on,
To the music shrill of the tempest wind,
And it leaves no track of its steps behind,
When the tempest wind is done.

Like a white-winged bird it floats
On the foaming surface, serene and clear;
It rides triumphant, though far and near,
Come the storm-blast's pealing notes.

Then come, for a cradled sleep,
As sweet and as calm as the infant feels,
When its watching mother beside it kneels,
Shall be thine upon the deep.

Oh! fear not that storms may whelm
The fragile ark of the mariner's joy;
Though his strength be that of a feeble boy,
There's a strong one at the helm.

The breath of the summer breeze
Is dallying now with its snowy sheets,
And each white sail smiles, as it gladly greets
The waves of the bounding seas.

Then trust to my bark, and come;
Though the sailor's path be a path of dread,
Yet he steers by a beacon overhead,
That lights the mariner's home.

THE COTTAGE OF PEACE.

HALF hidden by trees in a sheltered retreat,
 I saw the white gleam of a cottager's home ;
 I turned to its threshold my weary worn feet,
 And voices of welcome forbade me to roam.

There, bland Hospitality ushered me in,
 And Charity's gifts the first kindness increase ;
 A meek blue-eyed spirit, unshaded by sin,
 Threw open the doors of the cottage of peace.

The fire gleamed brightly upon the broad hearth ;
 A plentiful banquet awaited me there ;
 And gently breathed thanks for the blessings of earth,
 Were returned by that spirit in accents of prayer.

“Oh ! sweet, humble cottage,” in whispers I said,
 “Who, who would not gladly his worn mind release,
 From the vain gilded pleasures the cold world can shed,
 To inhabit below such a cottage of peace ?”

And what were those objects that made it so blest ?
 The first was a being in manhood's full pride,
 The next was a rosy-cheeked prattler, who prest
 The lips of its mother, who stood by her side.

Sweet Peace, Hospitality, Charity, dwelt
 In the breast of those cotters ; and life's blood must
 cease,
 Ere the throb of remembrance for those be unfelt,
 Who welcomed me once to the cottage of *Peace*.

THE LITTLE THATCHED COTTAGE.

I HAVE been where the smiles of the young and light-
 hearted
 Made sunshine and gladness wherever they shone ;
 Where the gleam of their bright, sunny faces, imparted
 A joyous reflection, that lighted mine own ;
 I have heard gentle voices, in music's sweet measure
 Peal out the glad numbers of joyance and glee ;
 But they brought not the bliss, not the exquisite plea-
 sure,
 That dwells in the little,thatched cottage for me.

There, there are the smiles that I met in my morning,
 And there will they welcome me back in my night ;
 My dark shaded pathway still fondly adorning
 With the beams of affection, warm, constant, and
 bright.

There are hearts that I treasure with closest devotion,
 Loved hearts, that are breathing soft whispers un-
 seen,
 Whose quick pulses thrill with the warmest emotion,
 In that little thatched cottage, embosomed in green.

That little thatched cottage, where stealthily creeping
The sweet-scented woodbine the lattice entwines;
Where the soft summer moon in the evening is peeping,
With silvery eyes, through the clustering vines;
And the birds, the young birds, that are merrily sing-
ing
Uncaged in the boughs of the old shady tree,
And the roar of the mill stream—oh! it is yet ringing
By that little thatched cottage, so worshipped by me.

I have roamed from its shelter—and time sadly alters
The once pleasant prospect of earlier years,
And my footstep, once buoyant, now timidly falters,
Lest that home of my bosom no longer appears;
But nearer and nearer its glimmering whiteness
Through the broad-spreading branches distinctly is
seen;
Its vine-covered porch glads my heart with its bright-
ness,—
'Tis the little thatched cottage, embosomed in green.

I'LL NEVER THINK OF THEE.

I'LL bind my brow with laughing flowers,
I'll join the gleesome train,
And pass away the smiling hours,
Where joyous pleasures reign;

I'll weave with them the mazy dance,
With bosom light and free,
And life shall be a sunny trance—
I'll never think of thee.

And I will sing for them the songs
That we together sung,
And strains that breathe of traitor wrongs,
And gentle bosoms wrung ;
Of budding hopes, and sunny smiles,
That lingered but to flee ;
Of lover's fond, delusive wiles,
But never think of thee.

I'll meet thee in the festive hall—
And other gallants near
Shall lead me where their tones shall fall,
Of praise, upon thine ear ;
And ever as I meet thine eye,
My voice shall speak in glee,
And joyously I'll linger nigh,
Nor ever think of thee.

I hear a footstep—hither now
My recreant lover flies ;
Come, proud disdain, upon my brow,
And anger in mine eyes ;
I feel his kiss upon my cheek—
He lowly bends his knee—
I know my heart is very weak—
I'll ever think of thee.

THE DYING WIFE.

PART we at last, beloved!
 'Tis but the harvest-time of life—but we
 Where once our footsteps roved
 No more together in our joy shall be.

Methinks I see thee stand
 By the deserted hearth, all sad and lone,
 Grasping a shadowy hand,
 Or peopling air with my low voice's tone.

I hear thy gentle sigh,
 When some pale flower, which I had fondly nurst,
 Brings to thy pensive eye
 Those vanished scenes where we had wandered first.

I mark thy pale, pale cheek,
 When some fond kindred voice within thine ear
 Shall of me kindly speak,
 Calling from thy heart's depths a tribute tear.

Yes, thou wilt sadly weep,
 I know thou wilt, when I have gone to rest;
 And, o'er my dreamless sleep,
 Pour the low wailing of an aching breast.

Oh! mine own love, and true,
 Thou knowest how long my heartstrings round thee
 clung;

How, year by year, they drew
 Closer the loving chords on which they hung.

But we are parting now;
 The links give way, the mighty chain is riven;
 Death, from my darkened brow,
 Shuts out thy gentle love, my earthly heaven.

Yes, dearest, I depart,
 I feel thy warm breath o'er my wan cheek stray;
 I hear thy throbbing heart,
 And yet, oh! ruthless death, I must not stay.

Thou'rt fading from my sight,
 And low, soft tones, in music round me swell;
 Earth is a world of night,
 And I am going hence—farewell, farewell.

TO THE SPRING BIRD.

I HEAR thee, little minstrel,
 On the new leaféd spray,
 I hear thy glad rejoicings
 Trill, in thy happy lay.

I see thee in thy brightness
 Thou warbling, wingéd thing,

Amid the early blossoms,
The harbinger of spring.

A thousand echoing voices
Are answering to thine own,
In unforgotten music,
Of many a fairy tone.

The balmy breeze has called thee
With soft mysterious word,
To thine old haunts of beauty,
Thou little, sweet spring bird.

I note thy folded pinions
Upon thy heaving breast,
Thy glancing eye, that wanders
Around, to seek thy nest.

The winds have rudely swept it
With swift and hurrying wing,
Since thou, a timid fledgling,
First hailed the new-born spring.

And broken sprays were clinging^d
Around a withered bough,
And leafless was the shelter,
Which thou art seeking now.

Yet He who clothes the forest,
Whose voice the waters stirred,
Will build for thee a homestead,
Thou little, sweet spring bird.

OLD RELICS.

RELICS of departed days,
 Silent pleaders to my gaze,
 Wherefore call back sunny gleams,
 Faded memory's vanished dreams?
 Wherefore with thy magic art,
 People thus again my heart?

Well I know the curious fold,
 Of the lettered sheet I hold,
 Though the writer's hand is cold;
 And the busy brain is still,
 And the joyous heart is chill;
 Memory's moonlight ray doth shine,
 O'er each well-remembered line,
 As the sportive jest I trace,
 Smiles flit swiftly o'er my face,
 And the past's young spirits rise,
 On the mind's unclouded skies.

Through the misty veil, I see
 Those who've joined eternity,
 And a sound comes through the gloom,
 Like a voice from out the tomb,
 And its gentle accents say,
 "Friend of childhood, come away."
 Blessed voice, oh! would I might
 Tread those pathways, pure and bright;

But the stricken bough must wait
For the last fell stroke of fate,
Bending to the stormy will,
That in kindness will not kill.

Silken ringlet, smiling there,
Sunny lock of shining hair,
Gathered tress—thy dark brown rings
O'er my soul a sunbeam flings,
And a thousand dreams upstart
In my newly wakened heart ;
Silken pledge, a living token
Of young vows too early broken,
While I gaze, a gleam of yore
All those vanished days restore ;
And a gay and gladsome girl
Holds thee to her heart, dark curl.
The bright sleeping head is bowed,
Round which thy companions crowd,
And the trembling fingers hold,
Safely clasped, thy severed fold.

Time speeds on—a stately bark
Cleaves the waters proud and dark ;
And from off her billowy track,
Yearning hearts look fondly back.
Swiftly rings the knell of time,
Years roll on with noiseless chime,
And a winter's snow is shed
On that bright and glossy head ;
And that gladsome girl is seen,
With a sad and altered mien ;

Time hath stolen from her cheek
 All the roses' crimson streak,
 And the fount that brightly gushed
 In her breast, is coldly hushed ;
 Yet unchanged thou smilest now,
 As when dancing o'er the brow ;
 Death—estrangement—hope's sad fall,
 Thou, dark lock—outliv'st them all.

Once again—oh ! hiding past,
 Thy close curtains round me cast ;
 Shut from out my aching sight,
 Visions of my lost delight,
 Let no more with mocking gleam,
 These old relics brightly beam,
 But o'er glossy tress, and scroll,
 Let the waves of Lethe roll,
 Let the engulfing waters pour,
 'Twixt me and the days of yore.

MINE OWN.

MINE own—two little words,
 That brighten all life's pathways—words that thrill
 The heart's most tender chords,
 And gentle bosoms with affections fill.

The mother o'er her child
 Bending in yearning fondness, whose soft tone
 Ever her grief beguiled,
 Murmurs above its rest, mine own—mine own.

The father sees his boy
Growing in manly strength as years pass on,
And in his swelling joy,
Whispers his proud heart, thou'rt mine own, my son.

The dweller far away,
Who severed kindred ties, and learned to roam
Where stranger footsteps stray,
Murmurs with smitten heart, mine own sweet home.

Something that we can claim,
Something that knows us, and hath learned to prize
And treasure up our name,
Our voice's echoes and our bosom's sighs.

Friends that we loved of yore,
Whose gentle hearts once closely grew with ours,
We note them now no more,
They passed with sunshine and the breath of flowers.

And love—ah! who can trust
That bright affection, that sun-gilded dream,
That clinging unto dust,
That dazzling glory, of too transient gleam?

Love is a treacherous tide,
Stretching in smiles to a far-blooming land,
Hope all its shallows hide,
Till the weak bark is foundered on the strand.

The bruised heart must retread
The pathway of dark waters, and must learn

To people with the dead
And withered joys its desolated urn.

Yes—like a rifled flower,
Whose leaves are scattered to the passing gale,
The toy of some light hour,
'Tis left in lonely solitude to wail.

Trust not the truant heart,
Bound only by those light, gay links ; a cloud,
A stormy breath may part
The feeble chain, and all our being shroud.

Cling to thy home-bound ties,
The love that with thine earliest years has grown—
That feeling never dies ;
Cling to thy homestead—for 'tis all thine own.

THE FADED BOUQUET.

I REMEMBER the eve,
For its spell's on me yet,
When together the merry
And light-hearted met ;
When fresh with the brightness
Of summer's array,
Thou camest in fragrance,
Poor faded bouquet.

Thy buds sadly drooping
In darkness, and gloom,
Then—were lavishly breathing
The sweetest perfume ;
The tints of thy rose leaves
In crimson folds lay,
And fair were thy blossoms,
Poor faded bouquet.

Now sickly, and yellow,
Each pale leaf appears,
Like the wan cheek of beauty,
Accustomed to tears ;
No longer thou shinest,
Glad, blushing, and gay,
But a type of time's changes,
Poor faded bouquet.

Years have fled, and the beaming
Of many a brow,
That was then light and joyous,
Is dim as thee now ;
And the hearts that were leaping,
Like waters at play,
Are cold as thy leaflets,
Poor faded bouquet.

They're drooping with sorrow,
As thou art with years,
But friends still cling round them,
'Mid sadness and tears ;

Then thus let me treasure
Thy buds in decay,
For the joy thou *hast* brought me,
Poor faded bouquet.

OH! FORGET NOT THE HOURS.

OH! forget not the hours, when gay and light-hearted,
We roved through life's pathway, like bees over
flowers,

Though distance divides us, our hearts are not parted,
While memory still whispers—forget not those hours.

The sunlight of youth, like the beams of the morning,
Have fled from our brows, and left shadows behind,
But close in our hearts they are brightly adorning
The flowers of friendship we fondly enshrined.

They blossom perennial, and never can perish,
While guarded by spirits that watch o'er their bloom;
Fidelity ever stands by them to cherish,
And faith, with her starlight, makes brightness of
gloom.

Then think, as thy footsteps are carelessly pressing
That far-distant soil of our own native bowers,
Of the faltered good-bye, and the fond earnest blessing,
Of those pleasant old times, and their sunlighted
hours.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

AWAY to the chase, the bright morning is up,
 And the flowers drink dew from her silver-gemm'd cup,
 The hounds are unloosed, and the game is in view,
 Then away, and hark forward! hark forward, halloo!

Our bugles peal loudly around the old hills,
 While echo—glad echo, each joyous note trills;
 List—list, through the forest, and far-spreading wood,
 The antlered foe's cry wakes the wild solitude.

Away to the chase—every hunter away!
 Spur, spur your proud coursers, the stag is at bay!
 One touch to the weapon, bold, steady, and true,
 Then away, and hark forward! hark forward, halloo!

Hurrah for the chase, with a heart bounding free
 As the wild deer that roams o'er his own native lea;
 With a foot like the chamois, as fleet in its flight,
 And an aim that ne'er failed when the game was in
 sight.

Up—up, and away, the sun traverses soon!
 Wind—wind the blithe horn to the hunter's glad tune!
 Come, brush from the blossoms the morning's first dew,
 Then away, and hark forward! hark forward, halloo!

BIRTHDAY LINES.

OH! changing years of changing time,
How hast thou sped with me?
Where is the water's silvery chime,
Youth's promises of sunny clime,
Which thou hadst once for me?

My birthday was a welcome sound
When life was green and bright,
And pleasant voices all around
Made my glad heart with rapture bound,
Unmindful of its night.

The sunbeams of my earlier years
Have faded from me now,
For they've been dewed so oft with tears,
That but a feeble trace appears
Of that which lit my brow.

But oft from memory's moonlight rays
Some glimmering will steal,
And gentle dreams of other days
Before my watchful mental gaze,
Her dusky gleams reveal.

I have grown old since all my books
Were summer's blushing flowers,

Since music's spell was in the brooks
That mirrored back my happy looks,
In life's young spring-time hours.

I have grown old since every song
That siren voices sung,
Seemed ever in the joyous throng
To bear a secret charm along,
But for my pleasure rung.

Oh! changing time, thou'st cheated me
Of many a pleasant dream,
Thou'st stolen the sweetest tone from glee,
And clipped hope's pinions soaring free,
And shadowed all life's stream.

But still around this yearning heart
Youth's magic spells will cling,
A something into life will start,
(That could not with its years depart,)
To whisper of its spring.

Then come, my birthday, though no more
I smile, as I have smiled,
If memory's ray but gleams before
The pathway of the days of yore,
I'll hail thee as a child.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

I HEAR upon the lonely bough
 The snow-bird twittering low,
 Or spreading out its chilly wings,
 Through the drear forest go.

I look upon that saddened bird
 As one who comes to take
 A last farewell of those dear haunts,
 For old affection's sake.

The holy tie that bound it there
 Was all too strong to part,
 The clinging links were forged by love,
 And clasped around the heart.

And still it joys to watch the place
 That held its sheltered nest,
 And though the rude winds leave it bare,
 Still, still, it loves it best.

It hath a sweet and secret charm
 That no new home can give ;
 It turns to those first early scenes,
 Where'er 'tis doomed to live.

Like to the *human heart* it grieves,
 When youth hath past away ;

No after beam can be as bright
As childhood's early ray.

And like the little snow-bird, oft
It hovers o'er the spot,
Through long, long after years of joy,
It never had forgot.

I CANNA' LOE' HIM LESS.

SET TO MUSIC BY W. R. DEMPSTER.

My cheek is unco' pale, mither,
My heart is unco' chill,
For sorrow, wi' its icy breath,
Checks every happy thrill.
And yet in grief and wae', mither,
His name I ever bless,
For tho' he's broken plight and vow,
I canna' loe' him less.

The trysting tree is green, mither,
Where we sae often met ;
It should have withered lang ago,
When he could first forget.
The bonny dell is bright, mither,
Wi' summer's gaudy dress ;
While every blossom speaks o' him—
I canna' loe' him less.

The hawthorn scents the breeze, mither,
 Alang the river's side,
 And far across the waters bright,
 I see his swift boat glide ;
 But it nae' comes to me, mither,
 His whisper and caress
 Is gi'en unto another—yet
 I canna' loe' him less.

Then tell him when I die, mither,
 That wi' my latest breath,
 I prayed for the fause, cruel heart
 That gave my ain to death.
 Tell him the lips then cold, mither,
 Ne'er murmured but to bless,
 And though he's wrought me wae and ill
 I canna' loe' him less.

THE HOME BEYOND THE SKY.

THERE is a home, a bright pure home,
 A home beyond the sky,
 Where living waters gladly gush
 For ever to the eye.

A spot where angels congregate,
 A path by angels trod,
 A promised land, where those shall meet
 Who love and worship God.

'Tis placed above the burning stars,
The far-spread fields of heaven ;
Oh ! what a glorious heritage
To the pure-hearted given.

The sick heart turneth from the earth,
The yearning, eager soul,
Stretches afar in anxious thought
To that eternal goal.

Yes, like a weary bark it comes,
The plaything of the wave,
Trusting its hopes to that one arm,
That but alone can save.

There is a home, a bright pure home,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Where the worn weary rest in peace,
The *home* beyond the sky.

EVENING.

EVE looks beneath her starry sky,
In queenlike beauty, down,
And not one darkened cloud on high,
Sends forth a single frown.

Earth holds her sleeping flowers up,
Like babes on mother's knees,

And every bright and blushing cup
Flings jewels on the breeze.

It is the still and hushed repose
Of nature, in her dreams,
As if the sun had ne'er arose,
To glad the eye with beams.

The silvery-throated nightingale,
From out his leafy bower,
Pours forth his soft and plaintive wail,
To some long-cherished flower.

The laughing rills have checked their glee,
To murmur low and sweet,
Like the faint sounds of minstrelsy,
Which echo's songs repeat.

The whispers of the summer wind,
Steal softly through the wood,
As if they feared themselves to find
Amid such solitude.

It is the calm of spirits, free
From taint of earthly leaven ;
Surely, the evening hours must be
A sabbath-time in heaven.

THE PARTING.

I HAVE come to say farewell, love,
 My hand is on the rein,
 And heaven can only tell, love,
 When we shall meet again.

I know thou'lt rue thy coldness,
 I know thou wilt regret,
 And deem it not, love, boldness,
 But I know thou'lt not forget.

We have roved too oft together
 With a light, and joyous brow,
 For a cloud in sunny weather,
 Or a word to part us now.

But I came to say farewell, love,
 I know I plead in vain,
 And words are weak to tell, love,
 How painful 's thy disdain.

Thou hast cased thy heart in pride, love,
 But woman's heart is weak,
 And oh! thou canst not hide, love,
 The flushing of thy cheek.

But I will plead no longer,
 For thy heart I may not move,

And a day of anger's stronger
Than whole years of constant love.

A tear is in thine eye, love,
A softness in thy tone,
My lips shall kiss it dry, love,
I'll bid my horse begone.

THE WINTER WIND.

THE winter wind, the winter wind,
How dolefully it swells,
It always seems to leave behind
The dirge of funeral bells.

The moaning of a thousand things
Its breezes sadly wail,
The death-song of our sunny spring
Is heard upon its gale.

The voices of the perished flowers
Are borne from other shores,
And withered leaves in circling showers,
The eddying whirlwind pours.

It dallies with the high-topped trees,
Like playful gambols kind,
Then leaves them naked to the breeze,
The cold, rude winter wind.

For, like a bark that's bravely manned,
It sweepeth wild and free,
It rusheth madly o'er the land,
And o'er the heaving sea.

It bringeth fearful tidings back
To hearts where hope was shrined,
For death, and desolation, track
The wild cold winter wind.

A DREAM.

I WATCHED beside thee yester eve,
Mine own familiar friend ;
Above thy soft and tranquil brow,
Mine eyes did fondly bend.

I marked thee murmur in thy sleep ;
That voice unheard for years
Fell with the same rich tone of youth,
In music on mine ears.

Those eyes that had not looked on mine
For many summers gone,
Lay sweetly 'neath their snowy lids,
In sleep before mine own.

I lingered by thy couch awhile,
Till o'er thy tranquil face

That blessed smile stole back again,
I loved so oft to trace.

Old memories thronged upon thy mind,
Waked by its softened beam,
And fond familiar things of yore
Peopled thy home-brought dream.

I heard thy gently parted lips,
Soft as a child's in prayer,
Breathe out the one remembered name,
That oft had trembled there.

How oft, how oft that little name
Hung on those lips of thine,
How oft I've thanked my father, God,
That little name was mine.

And thou hadst treasured in thy heart
Through long, long years of pain,
That one loved sound, that it might come
Back to mine ears again.

Yes, it did come—though long estranged,
In all its mighty power,
And a whole life of love, and trust,
Repaid in one short hour.

Oh! for that vision once again,
That smile of sunny beam,
Those sweet closed eyes, that murmuring voice!
Why was it all a dream?

LINES.

LONG time has past since thou and I
 Were young in thoughts and years ;
 The sunlight long hath left our sky,
 And dark each cloud appears.

Our pathway once so glad and bright,
 With flowers of promise strewn,
 Hath not a star to give us light ;
 Its buds of hope are flown.

But oft we linger fondly yet
 Upon each shaded track ;
 And mourn with many a sad regret,
 The hours that come not back.

And we have learned to look on life
 With cold, and altered eyes ;
 A scene of struggle, and of strife,
 Of sorrow, and of sighs.

We tread a weary pilgrimage,
 Afar the distant goal ;
 And not one hope life's chequered page
 Doth unto us unroll.

'Tis vain to murmur—we must learn
 Life's trials well to bear,

Must teach the heart no more to yearn
For joys it may not share.

Perchance thou deem'st my feelings cold,
My bosom stern and proud ;
Thou wouldst not have those feelings told
Unto the heartless crowd ?

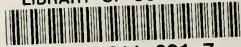
No—buried in its deepest cell,
For ever unrevealed,
The wild, vain thoughts and wishes dwell,
So long in wo concealed.

We're bound to each by friendship's band,
Oh! sever not the chain ;
Its gentle links shall firmly stand,
While thou and I remain.

Farewell, my girlhood's earliest friend !
Time—time alone shall tell
How oft with thine my thoughts shall blend ;—
Long-prized one, fare thee well !

THE END.

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