

Look at the shadows flitting o'er
The walls, the ceiling and the floor ;
You deem them shadows, nothing more ;
Yet Fancy through their films can pour
Warm glow and colour, and restore
Lost scenes that once life's brightness wore.

See, how he looks with dreamy eyes,
While rapidly before him rise
Green fields and cloudless azure skies ;
A river steeped in sunset's dyes,
On which a halcyon quiet lies,
Unruffled by the west wind's sighs,

He sees a little shallop glide
Along the river's glassy tide ;
A youth and maiden side by side,
Hand in hand, that shallop guide,
Said each to each—"Whate'er betide,
Nought can our hearts and lives divide !"

Far brighter than the sunset's sheen
The maiden's tender smile was seen,
And purer than the clear serene
Of river shone her eyes, I ween,—
Like stars without a cloud to screen
Their beauty from the summer e'en.

Dun shades dispersed the cloud-robcs gay,
The robin sang his parting lay ;
The river drank the sun's last ray,
But still those soft eyes seemed to say,
"My love shall light you on your way,
And prove, when perils come, your stay !"

The scene is changed. Dark grows the night,
The river swells with angry might ;
Fierce rapids flash with spectral light
Their tossing, whirling foam-wreaths white
Before the youth's bewildered sight.
Strive as he may, in his despite
His boat drives on' with headlong flight.

And where is she, who, when the sky
Was clear, and not a cloud on high,
No rocks in sight, no whirlpools nigh,