



VICTOR

FOUND.

Calmly beams the pale-faced maiden,
She, whom mortals call the moon,
With her silvered arrows laden,
That are such a precious boon
To the lone benighted horseman,
And his gallant patient steed,
While upon his way he hastens,
As if too intent to heed
Nature's beauty spread around him —
On each side the stately pines
Tower like giants, far above him ;
While across his way in lines
Stretch their shadows o'er earth's mantle
Bright, of pure and glistening snow ;
While above the stars now twinkle
On the fair scene spread below.
And far back the dim aisles winding ;
Crossing here, and crossing there ;