



THE PIC-NIC.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

[WITH AN ENGLAVING.]

Dwellers by lake and hill!
 Merry companions of the bird and bee;
 Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
 With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
 No city walls impedes your further bounds;
 Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
 The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds:

The sunshine and the flowers,
 And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
 The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
 And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks
 Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
 And the low voice of water as it rushes,
 Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—
 Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
 For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
 And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
 Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
 And awfully the everlasting hills
 Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
 Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
 And a pure, mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
 Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

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Children of pleasant song
 Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
 For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
 And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
 To you are tributary; joys are spread
 Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
 In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread.