

'Tis the fulness of joy, when propitious the day,
Invites him to angle at leisure—
When the stream glances by in sylvan array
Affording him guileless pleasure.

O, others may boast of their joy and their bliss!
But the fisherman's joy is unselfish,
Enthusiasm most genuine is his,
To be free and catch a big fish,

FOREST AND STREAM.

Oh, for the haunts, where nature triumphant
Reigns in her glory afar from the noise,
And the glare of the cities, rudely defiant
Of nature's deep peace and calm equipoise;

Where the stream rushes down and leaps in loud thunder
The precipice high, which curbs its wild sway,
Cleaving the mad rushing billows asunder—
The waters which foam and spout dewy spray.

Come, come to the woodlands; be free, and be joyous;
Breathe the fulness of life in nature's delight,
Where there is freshness and naught to annoy us,
Far from the city's distractions and blight.

Come ye who droop and are sad with life's weariness,
Leave your toil at the desk, the bourse with its roar;
Hie to the woods and share nature's cheeriness,
Take your rod and your gun and be young for once more,

Learn the angler's joy in nature's freedom,
Where diaphanous pools your sport will supply,
Where the trout that are silvery, swift darting, speed from
A noise, or a shadow, that startles them shy.

Balsamic odors will breathe on you gently
And lull you to sleep like a slumbering child;
Nature will keep you in health and in plenty,
Nature—so gentle, beneficent, kind.