

SOOTHING.

AIMLESS wandered thro' the woods, and flung  
My idle limbs upon a soft brown bank,  
Where, thickly strewn, the worn-out russet leaves  
Rustled a faint remonstrance at my tread.  
The yellow fungi, shewing pallid stems,  
The mossy lichen creeping o'er the stones  
And making green the whitened hemlock-bark,  
The dull wax of the woodland lily-bud,  
On these my eye could rest, and I was still.  
No sound was there save a low murmured cheep  
From an ambitious nestling, and the ~~sw~~  
And oft-recurring plash of myriad waves  
That spent their strength against the unheeding shore.  
Over and through a spreading undergrowth  
I saw the gleaming of the tranquil sea.  
The woody scent of mosses and sweet ferns,  
Mingled with the fresh brine, and came to me,  
Bringing a laudanum to my ceaseless pain ;  
A quietness stole in upon me then,  
And o'er my soul there passed a wave of peace.