

Literary Department.

Soul Thoughts.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

My soul was wrapt in gloom, my weary heart
Beat with a strange discourage ; life but seemed
A dreary waste that led into the dark,
When, lo ! an angel whispered me a thought :

As in some wild primeval, and remote,
Whose mighty trees dejected hang their boughs
Mossed o'er and knarled by uncounted years,—
No sight of laughing bud or scented bloom
Shows there, but sad the sere leaves rustle round,
And a weird chant the troubled winds intone,—
When suddenly some songster of the skies
Dips his light wing, and on a trembling branch
Exultant perches, and with rapturous throat
Makes the far forest ring and ring again
With notes ecstatic ! By the spell transformed
Awakened Nature joyful aspect takes,
And resonant each hillside answers back
In cheerful mimicry !

Or where doth loom
Some vast cathedral pile whose columns tall
In gloom are shrouded, so the shadows deep
Weigh on the straining sight ; should then the sun
Burst from a cloud and flash his glory full
Thro' the rich-tinted windows : all about
The beauties erstwhile hidden flash in view ;
The polished shaft, the paintings' mimicked life,
The statued angels and the golden scrolls
That spell the Words of Life, and unto man
Give welcome hope of sempiternal weal—
E'en thus did brighten up my pensive soul.