

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

THE CAPTIVE HERON.

I saw a lonely captive with clipped wings,
A swift wild creature of the wave and sky,
Freest and fiercest of all soaring things,
And strong of foot and wing to dive or fly,—
His brave plumes shorn, and dull his piercing eye,
The rocks his prison-house, the wave that springs
In silver spray from the clear fountain nigh,
And the free wind among the pines that sings,
Sole comforters of his captivity.
From morn to night he sat dreaming forlorn
Of woods and waters he should see no more,—
Of the green river-reeds where he was born,
And the tall flags that hemmed the sylvan shore,
Where first his untried wing he taught to soar
Among his brother herons when the morn
Was young among the hills, and gray before
The coming of the sun, as with glad scorn
He cleft the clouds and heard the wild winds roar.
Like the great chief of far St. Helen's isle,
Discrowned and sceptreless, and kingly still,
He stood among his prisoning rocks the while—
Mute, motionless,—a captive whose wild will
No chains could bind though haply they might kill.
The sunshine vexed him with its constant smile,
And the long days that brought no change of ill.

The mockery of his captors, and the vile
Close round of thralldom, strong on every side
To hold the fierce wild creature—so he died.

K. S. McL.

THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

A moment's pause, and then the south wind came.
With summer in a sunbeam chariot.
Her eyes were blue, warm, kindly gracious blue;
And brighter than her chariot even shone
The golden hair that crowned her comely head.
Daisies and buttercups together wreathed
With blue eyed grass and clover scented sweet,
Made a gray garland mid her shining hair;
While on her bosom, which did fall and rise,
E'en as the lappings of some peaceful lake,
Ripe strawberries in bunches rich and red
As summer's lips and cheeks were trimly grouped
In tempting clusters. Summer was arrayed
In golden robes spun from the yellow wheat;
And round her neck, a necklace made of dew
Did sparkle clearly. She was very fair,
So like an angel, that I almost thought
That she had left some bright elysian fields
And entered here into this darkened earth,
That she might shed her brightness over all.
But soon a sadness on her countenance
Betrayed the secret that she too