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Hail ! To The Wilds.

Written for THE REVIEW.

Hail ! to the wilds, and the woods, and the hills, and the streams :

 Gladsome and pure are they as the heart of a child ;

 List to the tale they tell—you who are undefiled

With the dust of what men call Life, with the mist of its dreams.

Few as the birds that are left when the Summer is gone

 Are the the friends who are true, are the loves which are worthy the name :

 They were with us, erstwhile, on the wearisome highway we came :

They have vanished like wraiths in the distance, and we are alone.

But, sweet is the rest in the welcoming heart of the wood :

 'Neath its charm the cares and the toils of the vain world cease.

 Soft is the voice of the wind as it whispers us peace ;

In Eden we dwell, as we muse in the green solitude.

CAMEO.