

LINES TO AN OLD TREE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Old tree, in childhood's sunny hours,
I've played beneath thy shade,
Weaving bright wreaths of summer flowers—
I thought they would not fade!
And then I've watched above to see
The robin build her nest,
And laugh aloud, with noisy glee,
When warmly made and drest.

Old tree, when somewhat older grown,
With book in hand, how oft
I've sat me at thy foot alone,
Whilst sung the lark aloft:
And many a lesson conn'd with care,
And many a tale well read,
Bore witness to the hours that there
So pleasantly were sped.

Old tree, beneath thy faithful shade
Confiding friendship grew—
O! couldst thou tell of all that made
Youth clothed with gladsome hue:
Thou would'st a lengthen'd tale reveal
Of happy days now flown—
Of joys that I no more can feel,
Of friends from earth now gone!

Old tree, sad changes have been made,
And others are to come,
Since one who dwelt beneath thy shade
Has gone to his long home!
At early morn or eve, no more
His steps to thee shall wend—
Earth's joys and sorrows now are o'er,
To thee, my earliest friend!

Old tree, the home, where year to year,
Thy branches waved above,
Made sacred by affection's tear,
Where children dwelt in love,
Is home no more, and strangers' feet
Have trod those much lov'd halls,
And unknown voices come to greet
The traveller to its walls.

Old tree, they say thou too must fall!
I would it were not so;
For O! to me thou dost recall
Deep thoughts of joy and woe!
I would that thou might'st still remain,
Though all is changed around—
I would that we might meet again
On that much hallowed ground!

Old tree, farewell! for never more
Mine eyes shall love to see
Thy branches waving proudly o'er
The home so dear to me.
Well, be it so, for thou wert part
Of what is passed away,
And though thy fall makes sad my heart,
I will not bid thee stay.

ERROR.

It is common to men to err; but it is only a fool that perseveres in his error; a wise man, therefore, alters his opinion, a fool never.—*Latin Proverb.*

INDIAN'S SACRED SONG.

BY H. J. K.

God of the Light!—who never tires—
Thy blessed rays are good,
Sent from thy sacred Council-fires,
To gladden lake and wood!
Immortal One! whose altar stands
High o'er the mountain's brow,
Thine eye is bright o'er many lands—
The red-man's Manitou!

God of the winds! whose misty form
Is seen in summer cloud—
Before the pinions of thy storm
The lofty pine hath bowed;
The flash that leaves yon airy halls
Bears mandates from thy throne;
We hear thy voice in waterfalls,
And in the thunder's tone!

God of the rains! Thy summer showers
Refresh our Indian maize,
And change to fruit the forest flowers,
And cool the sultry days.
God of the night! whose golden bow
Is hung upon the cloud,
O'er all Thy shadows softly flow,
And wake the starry crowd.

We have the sacred dance at spring
Around the feast of flow'rs;
The solemn first-fruit offering,
And thanks in harvest hours.
We still retain the virgin feasts,
As taught us by our sires;
And still the prophets and the priests
Dispense the holy fires.

God of the wild and gloomy wood!
Accept our solemn fast;
Whose rod before our fathers stood—
Great Spirit of the Past!
God of the future! teach the road,
By which in death is found
The land of souls! that bless'd abode—
The happy hunting ground!

BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.*

BY M. A. N.

THE maiden stood
Within the shadow of her leafy bower,
And round about her, in a joyous group,
Her sportive playmates gathered. Bright flowers were
there,
Wreathed with the summer foliage. But in vain
Their hues, though born of Heaven, might seek to vie
With the rich delicate bloom upon her cheek,
Where Care had never for a moment stamp'd
A trace or furrow.

How fair is youth
With its bright robe of sunny Innocence,
Bidding the laughing hours speed gaily on!
The world has many joys, but none so pure
As those which have their home within the heart
Of happy buoyant girlhood, ere the pulse
With one emotion throbs that might not dwell
Amid the dreams of angels.

* See Plate.