

## THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

He came,—the same sun shed around  
 Its bright meridian rays,  
 And showed his native spot, the same  
 As 'twas in former days;  
 The cottage ivy-mantled o'er,  
 Midst plants of varied hue,  
 The lily, hyacinth, and briar,  
 The rose and violet blue.

And by its side meandering,  
 A silver streamlet flowed,  
 Which fought its way through downy moss,  
 Where lovely bluebell's glowed;  
 And there he had upon its bank  
 In youthful fondness lain,  
 And plucked the pebble from its bed,  
 And dropped it in again.

And yonder was the shaded grove,  
 Where he had often strayed,  
 And chased the bee and butterfly  
 Adown its woody glade;—  
 And the fern and the fragrant broom  
 With its sunny golden crest,  
 And the large and blooming hawthorn  
 Where he found the linnet's nest !

The wanderer gazed, his heart was full—  
 He heaved a heavy sigh—  
 It awakened thoughts of happy days  
 Now thirty years gone by;  
 He turned into the cottage,  
 His boyhood's loved abode.  
 Where he was taught to lisp the prayer  
 To his—and Nature's God.

He crossed its well known threshold,  
 And he blest it with a prayer,  
 And he thought to gaze on loving eyes,  
 But strangers met him there.—  
 And when he asked for those he loved,  
 His fevered heart gave way,  
 While they led him to the old churchyard  
 And showed him where they lay.

He gazed upon the clustered graves,  
 Of all his heart held dear,  
 Father—Mother—Sisters three !  
 And the wand'rer dropped a tear;  
 He turned away in anguish,  
 All his joy had died with them,  
 And he left his now bleak native spot,  
 For the land from whence he came.