

An empty urn within her withered hands,	Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Whose sacred dust was scattered long ago:	Old Tiber! through a marble wilder ness?
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now:	Rise with thy yellow waves, and man- tle her distress "
The very sepulchres lie tenantless	

### A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Shadowy white,  
Over the fields are the sleeping fences,  
Silent and still in the fading light,  
As the wintry night commences.

The forest lies  
On the edge of the heavens, bearded and brown;  
He pulls still closer his cloak, and sighs,  
As the evening winds come down.

The snows are wound  
As a winding sheet on the river's breast,  
And the shivering blast goes wailing round,  
As a spirit that cannot rest.

Calm sleeping night!  
Whose jewelled couch reflects the million stars  
That murmur silent music in their flight—  
O, naught thy fair sleep mars.

And all a dream—  
Thy spangled forest in its frosty sleep,  
Thy pallid moon that sheds its misty beam  
O'er waters dead and deep.

—Wilfred Campbell.