

Where they, their Father's name extol ;
 And Sabbath after Sabbath raise,
 The voice to Him in sacred praise,—
 A blessing unto every soul.

Displeased is Freedom's God, to see,
 Man cripple his vitality ;
 He breaks upon our world of care,
 And plants His holy Sabbath there.
 It is His gift to *man* alone,
 To hold him for His very own.
 Boon which makes nations truly blest,
 Casting throughout the world their *light*.—
 Tho' but *the few* ere reach the height
 Millions can to *its good* attest !

XXXVI.

THE AWAKING WOODS.

I WENT to the wood in the opening spring,—
 Sear and crackling the carpeting,—
 Here and there from its lurking place,
 Shot forth an *Adder's-tongue*,—
 Where the evergreen fern lay low,
 Press'd by the winters snow,—
 And the *Lily* with open snow-white face,
 Had burst from the cruel frost's embrace,
 And into the sunlight sprung.
 And thus as I walk'd thro' the waking wood,
 Responsive to all, I pronounced it *good*.

Along the sun-kiss'd side of the wood
 The *May-flowers* beamed from each little mound,—
 The sweetest gems in the whole wood found,—
 First bloom of the season,—to me they seem'd
 Like the dimpled smile of infancy,