

And here would we content to dwell
Have lingered out reposeful days—
But voices on the landscape fell,
And whispered 'It decays!'

WANDERLUST.

From forests and streams with their cataracts hoary
Spring bursting anew, restores them to glory—
Then seizes the heart, the vagabond spirit
At nature's suggestion, Ah, do you not hear it?
Leave your toil and your books, and your feverish worry—
The bustle of life with its hurry and scurry,
Speed to the wild-lands! Live and be jolly!
Be truant, be joyous, abjure your mad folly,
Come away, come away, and on nature ponder
Be vagrant, and happy—at liberty wander;
Multitudinous voices call from the north-land,
When the genial sun has loosened the ice-band—
Where the stream in wild fury broken asunder
Leaps the sheer precipice falling in thunder,
Or wimples and murmurs and purls in its racing—
Where the lissom birch shades it, with boughs interlacing,
O, happy it is by a stream's gentle wending
With checkers of light and shadows soft blending—
On a June-day refulgent, with fleecy clouds trailing
On heavenly blue, with the south wind prevailing—
Whilst the warm air is fragrant with balsam and pine:—
With the trout rising glorious,—the scene is divine!

THE FULNESS OF JOY.

'Tis the fulness of joy by a swift, gliding stream—
The fulness of joy in the summer;
When the flowers and leaves in the sun seem to dream,
And the rippling waves make a murmur,—

'Tis the fulness of joy for the angler who knows
Each pool in the stream, and to follow,
The river which winds and sings as it flows
And slips over stones in a shallow,