

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

THE wild heart of the woods—therein is rest.
 Above me sways a sky of whisp'ring green,
 Around me far the silent shadows lean
 And listen to tree-music; in their nest
 The fond birds mother their young brood so blest;
 The purling brooks quench Summer's thirst; the
 sheen
 And shimmer on the changing sylvan scene
 Is glorious to me, glad nature's guest.

A thousand happy mem'ries slumber here
 Beneath these oaks; a thousand happy hopes
 Flutter upon the bending leaves in fear,
 And O the press of the cool grass! The slopes
 Of peace stretch wide before mine vision clear,
 And slowly God's white finger heaven opes.