

THE MORNING SUN.

BY DR. HASKINS.

How glorious is the morning sun,
That gilds the world with light;
How like a monarch doth he run
In proud, imperial might :

Alid toward heaven behold him bound—
Beneath his burning eye
A flood of splendour all around
Enkindles earth and sky :

Majestic, free—high o'er the hills
He lifts his lustrous brow :
Yon azure arch with glory fills,
With light the world below.

Morn, rosy, blushing, meets his glance,
With cheek of crimson hue ;
Magnificent, heav'n's wide expanse
Ten thousand tints bestrew.

The rivers rush with gladd'ning voices
To greet him on his way ;
Earth's universal realms rejoice,
And bless the King of Day.

Lo—the broad sea uplifts in love
Its curling billows high,
To welcome to his throne above,
The Sovereign of the sky.

Its whispering tones the forest blends
With music of the sea.
And song of birds, that sweet ascends
Like angels' harp-song.

The silvery streams that thread the grove,
Bright glitt'ring to his ray,
Utter sweet voices as they rove—
Soft music as they stray.

Their forms sublime the hills unfold,
Wrapt in ethereal fire ;
Crown'd bright with light of living gold
Their heads to heav'n aspire.

The lakes, slight rippling to the breeze,
Calm wake from gentle rest ;
Morn's spirit stirs among the trees
With vernal blossoms drest.

Laugh the blithe flowers, with sportive glees
The wild herds bound along ;
Fields, forests, mountains, land and sea,
Burst forth in one glad song.

Dead matter smiles ; beside the stream
The cold rocks, stern and grey,
With looks of love embrace his beam,
And revel in his ray.

A boundless blaze of living light
Bursts from the glowing east ;
Fled are the frowns of cheerless night ;
Earth's dreary dreams have ceas'd.

Nature exults :—"Wake—world !—awake,
To life and love," she cries ;
"Brief—during Morn—thy sleep forsake,
With joyful heart arise."

"Wake—Morn !—awake ! it is the hour
When gates of heav'n unfold ;
When Paradise, in beauty's pow'r,
May mortal eyes behold."

TO THE RIVER TRENT.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Noble river ! rushing on,
Deep and broad, and bright and free,
Winter's rage hath come and gone,
But no bounds he had for thee.

Strong, unfetter'd, bold and deep,
Here, in majesty, thy tide
Rushes with resistless sweep,
Pours along in stately pride.

Blue thy breast, with billows bright
Sparkling in the fervid ray ;
Glorious is thy stream with light,
Gilt with gold of vernal day.

Green thy banks, with budding groves
Bordering the meadows fair ;
Still thy shore the cedar loves,
Shoots the tamarack high in air.

Cedars white and alders grey—
Circling many a lordly pine ;
Giant oaks their forms display,
Firs, whose silvery leaflets shine.

Hangs the mighty maple o'er
Trunks upturn'd and rocks around ;
Hark—I hear a sullen roar—
'Tis the rapid's thundering sound.

Hell the foaming torrents through
Rocks, that fain would check their rage ;
See—the monarch stream anew
Calm pursues his pilgrimage.

Calmly, through the forest glade,
View his peaceful current glide ;
Solemn, now, through deep'ning shade
Dark, yet tranquil, is his tide.

Onward—on—the goal is nigh ;
Glorious lake ! thy form I view
Blending with th' ethereal sky—
One bright tract of boundless blue.

Noble river—fare thee well !
As thy current, strong and deep,
Onward—irresistible—
May my soul its progress keep.

Heav'ward to its peaceful home,
In the world where live the blest ;
Past the rocks, the rapids' foam,
Thus may speed—there gladly rest.