

Troubled and faint he silent lay,
 So dark the tempest bore,
 Till through the fetters of the clay,
 The soul broke forth once more.
 The glorious hopes that once had stirred
 Flashed through the gloomy din;
 And thus his dying voice was heard—
 "Let the light enter in."

He spake, and light immortal broke
 Forth from that radiant land
 In which GOETHE'S spirit woke.
 Forever more to stand,
 His harp gave loftier music now,
 Henceforth to heaven akin;
 A crown was on the poet's brow—
 The light had entered in!

M. J. K.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

OVER mountain, and moor,
 Over meadow and lea,
 Round the cavernous shore,
 Through the billowy roar
 Of the sea—
 We whistle and sing,
 Hey! ding-a-ding, ding!
 And make the world ring
 With our glee!

Where the light fleecy cloud
 Floats so swift and so high,
 We shout joyous and loud
 As we hurry and crowd
 Through the sky.
 Where the rivulets flow,
 Round the cottage below,
 There we silently blow,
 But a sigh.

Far away on the main,
 With the foam-waves we play;
 And then hie back again,
 To bestrew the broad plain
 With the spray.
 With the sea-mews we skip;
 'Neath the white waves we dip,
 Or urge on the lone ship
 On her way.

We lend nourishing showers
 To the green sedgy isle;
 And our holiday hours,
 'Mid the newly blown flowers
 We beguile.
 When the Sun sinks to sleep,
 Through the forests we sweep,
 And a wild revel keep
 All the while.

All unwearied we go,
 The whole universe round:
 Where the cataract's flow,
 Where the cold winter's snow
 Hides the ground;
 Where the Spring streamlets brawl,
 Where the Summer birds call,
 Where the Autumn leaves fall—
 We are found.

Over mountain and moor,
 Over meadow and lea,
 Round the cavernous shore,
 Through the billowy roar
 Of the sea—
 We whistle and sing,
 Hey! ding-a-ding, ding!
 And make the world ring
 With our glee!

D. S.