

Of heaven, and the children of the world,
Unconscious of the strains, slept on.
She, only heard the sweet impassion'd song—
His message was to her, and in her face,
As from a scroll, he read her deepest thoughts,
And this was all.

Her love was never told
In stronger utterance, than the guileless lines
Upon her fair, young face, breath'd simply forth,
Yet was it never doubted; for he sang
His nightly roundelay amid the stars,
And with the dews of heaven, treasurer'd deep
Within her inmost cell, she form'd a lake
That mirror'd soft the ray of that lov'd star;
And so within her pure, and gentle heart
His image ever dwelt. Alas! how strange
And sad it seem'd,—that love, so fond, so vain,
In a thing that the wind might wither, in
A form that e'en then was drooping beneath
The gaze of its belov'd; and he—the high,
The long-enduring—well he knew the spell
Which bound him to the world, was breaking
fast;

That thought shed paleness on his mighty
brow,
And tunc'd the fervent music of his lyre
With a melancholy tone, like the wail
In the mid-air when the winds are gathering,
Or the moan of a spent wave, when its strength
Upon the shore is broken; yet it gave
A magic to the strain, that won the ear
Of angels as they journey'd through heaven,
'Twas so tender—so unutterably sad!
The sky grew dark; from out the troubled
north

A thick mist crept upon the joyous earth,
And a wild rush of storm on high, proclaim'd
The demon in his wrath. All living things
Ran trembling to their dens; the giant trees
Was'd painfully their knotty arms, and shook
The leaves as worthless things from off their
boughs,

A tribute to the winds; the groaning earth
Sent forth a voice of tribulation sore,
And war and devastation drank their fill
Of murky ruin steep'd within a bowl
Of blood and tears. The sun rose thrice and
wan'd;

The crescent moon with all her twinkling hosts,
Three times embraced the world, yet saw it not,
And when the death-cloud op'd its horrid jaws,
And melted into blue and peaceful air,
The spirits scarcely deem'd their gaze aught,
All was so changed,—save the old steadfast
hills

That lifted still their hoary brows on high,

Their everlasting heads;—yet even they
Look'd ferrow'd by the strife. Where was the
Flow'r?

Go ask the pit'less wind which bore away
That atom on its breast! go seek the grave
Of all those blighted things for one torn leaf
To bear unto its loved one in the sky,
And ye will find it not! Time journey'd on,
Sprinkling the hills and glades again with
Flow'rs,

Wreathing the ruin of the past with smiles,
Looking as though they too would never die—
So bright, so fair.

'Twas the warm summer time,
The green trees were bending o'er the still
world

In their deep slumber; the Angel of Night
Threw her raven hair over the wide arch
Of heaven, and bade the spirits of the stars
Retrain their flaming torches in its curls.
But she that once reflected tenderly,
The image of a star within her heart,
And rais'd her pale, fair face unto the sky
Of evening, from a valley in the hills,
Had long since passed away, even as
A rain drop in the ocean of the past,
Or a sweet odour with the wind's low sigh;
And in the ranks of yon resplendent stars,
One torch was ever quench'd; his brothers
fill'd

The dome of heav'n with song to win him back,
And sent a messenger from sphere to sphere,
To call the Angel home, but all in vain;—
His light had ever vanish'd from on high.
If thoughts of some wild hearts be not a dream,
There is a world beyond this changing scene,
Where beauty never fades, and the pure air
Is fill'd with lute-like tones that never die,
Remember'd voices, that on earth were lov'd
And grieved for; breathing with endless life
On hill and vale, the trees and Flow'rs are
there,

And streams are bright beneath a cloudless
clime,

And the eye weeps not where there is no wrong,
For love doth like an atmosphere, sustain
All with its nourishment, and light doth break
From every heart, a bright and everlasting day,
Near which the sun would pale, if such there
are;

Perchance, that mourning star has laid his
head

To rest beside his love, and pours the fire
Of his wing'd harp unto the list'ning Flow'r
Ever—for ever!

St. John, February, 1842.

EUGENE.