

Now the notes ring out like a chime of bells,
That some war-worn conqueror's triumph tells,
And the forest rings as the echo swells,

And the clear, sweet tones combine;—
And I listen, charm'd by the strains I hear,
And the tale they bring to my wond'ring ear,
Of the upward, conquer'ing, proud career
Of the grand, old kingly pine.

THE SONG OF THE PINE.

In the far-off days of a bygone time,
E'er the white-faced stranger trod
With a daring foot, in this Western clime,
On its boundless, virgin sod.

As a puny sprout, then I humbly stood
In the depths of this quiet glade,
'Mong the giant kings of the ancient wood,
In the gloom of the deepest shade.

For there stood around me a close array
Of balsam, ash, and pine,
And the silv'ry birch, that took ev'ry ray
That had otherwise been mine.

So there never came through the sickening gloom
A reviving beam of day;
For the haughty lords of my living tomb
Seem'd to grudge one genial ray!

And they grudged the drops of the summer rain,
Though I craved for but a few;
Yes! the spreading kings of this wooded plain
Even grudged one gem of dew.

I was low, and scorn'd as a weakling then,
Though a seed of a royal line;
For the basest shrubs of the hill or glen
Overtopp'd the youthful pine.

But the years flew past and they wrought a change,
For I grew in my height and strength,
And my roots struck out to a wider range,
And my boughs were increased in length.

Though the envious arms of my baser foes
Were entwined above my head,
Yet I would not yield, and I upward rose
From my dark and gloomy bed.

For I long'd to bask in meridian light;
And the twinkling beams of even;
And I long'd to tower in kingly might,
And be crown'd with the gems of heaven.

But a helper came to my aid at length,
In the shape of unerring doom;
And I raised my crest with increasing strength,
From the sick'ning depths of gloom,

For a red king long'd for a gallant boat,
And he came to this quiet glade,
And he stripp'd each birch of his silv'ry coat.
With his keen-edged, copper blade.

Then the rotting rains were their mortal foes,
And the summer's scorching ray;
And the storm-king next, when his fury rose,
Struck them down to prone decay.

I was rescued then by a golden ray,
From the gloom of my leafy home;
'Twas the glorious gift of the god of day,
As he coursed the meridian dome.

And I bath'd my crest in its genial glow,
And I drank of both dew and rain,
Till my life-tide coursed with redoubled flow;
And I press'd yet aloft amain.

In the lapse of time, I despised the gloom
Of the tall, dark lords around;
And I push'd them by as I needed room,
Till my sought-for place I found.

Then the pine, once scorn'd in this lonely glade,
By its monarchs proud and tall,
Who'd have kept him down in the meanest shade,
Tower'd far aloft o'er all!

Now the first bright beams of the rising sun,
Shed a radiance o'er my crest;
And I bask in light till his race is run,
And he sinks in the golden west.

And when Night's dark host have imposed her reign,
And the lowlier trees they whelm,
I am crown'd as King of the wood's domain,
With the gems of her starry realm.

Though the strife was long, yet I never tired,
And I now enjoy each one
Of the gifts of God to which I aspired;—
Now the song of the pine is done.

As the echoes, hurrying, fleet away
With the dying tones of the mystic lay,
I retrace my steps on my homeward way,
Where the rising moonbeams shine;
And I look once more at the starry sky,
And my thoughts take wing to the King on high,
With an earnest pray'r for His grace, that I
Press aloft like the royal pine.

With the love of God to direct my aim,
And the dews of grace to confirm the same,
May I not look up to a noble fame
With a sanctified desire?
I will never yield in the bitter strife,
Though it linger long, and with pain be rife;
*I will look to God as my light of life,
And I'll upward still aspire!*