

UP STREAM.

ripple strikes athwart the stream---
lash of red
ove the darksome bed.
re the drift is all as soft as dream,
th shadows bending low,
atch him trailing slow---
the slimy grasses swaying
and fro.



DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

I

A clearing wide and grassy way,
A scattered orchard and a lawn,
With tumbling fences trailing on
Round distant pastures old and gray.

The day creeps through the silent glades
And shadows of the hermit pines ;
All lonely 'mid its trailing vines
The cottage sleeps with fallen shades.

The raven startles with his call
From lofty branches far remote,
And glossy pinions circling float
Around the pointed tree-tops tall.