

POETRY.

THE SONG OF LADY JUNE.

(FROM ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.)

Oh, come with me, whoever ye be !  
 Come from the palace and come from the cot;  
 The strong and the hale—the poor and the pale—  
 Ah! sad is the spirit that follows me not.  
 Old December lighted his pyre,  
 And beckoned ye in to his altar blaze;  
 He hung up his misletoe near to the fire,  
 And pressed soft lips upon Christmas days.  
 Ye welcomed him, with his eyes so dim,  
 But I know ye have more love for me;  
 When I wander about, and whistle ye out  
 With my blackbird-pipers in every tree.  
 Oh, come from the town, and let us go down  
 To the rivulet's mossy and osiered brink;  
 'Tis pleasant to note the lily queen float,  
 The gadfly skim the light wave and drink.  
 Oh, let us away where the ring-doves play,  
 By the skirt of the wood, in the peaceful shade;  
 And there we can count the squirrels that mount,  
 And the flocks that browse on the distant glade.  
 And if we would stay till the farewell of day,  
 Its parting shall be with such lingering smile;  
 That the western light, as it greeteth the night,  
 Will be caught by the eastern ray peeping the while.  
 Little ones come, with your chattering hum,  
 And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon;  
 For no music is heard like the echoing word  
 Of a child, as it trends 'mid the flowers of June.  
 Ye who are born to be weary and worn  
 -With labour or sorrow, with passion or pain,  
 Come out for an hour; there's balm in my bower  
 To lighten and burnish your tear-rusted chain.  
 Oh, come with me, wherever you be!  
 And beauty and love on your spirits shall fall;  
 The rich and the hale, the poor and the pale,  
 For Lady June scatters her joys for all.

ELIZA COOK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRESH AIR.—Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius, in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments?

It is nature's everflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and always is in prime health the year throughout. Three dung-hill fowls, preferring this cherry tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

"NATURE IS THE KINDEST MOTHER STILL."—How strange and how happy is the effect of even the most transient intercourse with nature upon a heart, wounded and erring, and yet desirous of good. How it soothes agitation and softens pain, and creates life afresh, and in a nobler mould! And this work is done not merely by gorgeous skies of lovely moonlights, by bright waters looking up like children into the solemn faces of mountains, or sleeping under the shadowy guardianship of overhanging woods, by the glory and the beauty of earth; it is done likewise by her simplest and quietest pictures, by her cheapest and most unpretending gifts. The sight of one dark-leaved tree rocking slowly against a dim heaven, the mere aspect of one green field is often enough to change and subdue the whole course of thought. Is it not, perhaps, because these creations are fresh and unmarred from God's hands that they so speedily affect us; because in this they transcend man, in whom there is so much of personal and of evil that the workmanship of God is, as it were disguised, and only to be discovered by careful search. The blade of grass which we pluck is what its Creator intended it to be; who shall dare say so much as this of himself, or of any other?—*Seven Tales, by Seven Authors.*