

'Tis here the zephyr softly sings
At midnight to the fir trees nigh,
Plays harp-like on their drooping strings,
The wild woods soothing lullaby.
And notes of wild birds sweet and rare
That gladness brings to other dells,
Seem changed to tones of sadness here,
Though borne on silvery syllables.

Here let them rest, till the wakening day,
Where a common bar doth mankind await;
When we stand devoid of dust and decay,
Where the poor are rich and the lowly great.
Let them rest in the spot that they loved so dear.
Beneath the shades that the wild woods spread,
'Tis such haunts as these where God is near,
And He, too, honors the humble dead.

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BLOMIDON.

Thou lofty throne, where sat Acadia's God;
That sacred place where never Micmac trod
Till white man came and landed on thy shore,
Then Glooscap vanished to return no more;
Upon thy cliffs no ancient castles rise,
No domes and towers reaching to the skies;
More gorgeous far, upon thy rugged sides,
The vareigated trees the surface hides.

And when the wind sweeps through thy woods
with sighs
Blends more in beauty nature's varied dyes.
The trembling leaves, the birds, the sea, the gale,
Accord in tune, though varied in their tale.
And when the sun's descending all serene,
Creates the landscape of a pleasant dream:
Scenes of such peace, from public rage apart,
How grand, how soothing to the human heart.