

Despair's dark clouds no more shall o'er us low'r.' ”
To them the harbinger of love was brought,
Dispensing peace amid their chequer'd lot ;
A *temple* planted in their fertile plain,
Made thousands follow quickly in the train.

CANTO SECOND.

The scene is changed—two summer suns have gone,
And wintry winds with fearful howl and moan,
Rule in their might and majesty. The plain
Receives quiescent the light flick'ring train ;
The oak's strong branches shake beneath the blast,
While to the earth the wither'd leaves are cast ;
The frighten'd cattle seek the shelt'ring shed,
And from its fury bird and beast have fled ;
On high, on every side, dark masses hang,
Threat'ning, like poison'd viper's deadly fang,
To blast beneath its power each vestige fair
That tells the eye man's careful hand was there.
No cheerful streak of light or sunny ray
Broke through the gloom of that portentous day ;
Snow, hail, and rain, seemed freighted with a scourge,
Fiercely impell'd, like tempest ocean's surge.
From every face a gleam of terror shoots,
And bad men shrink aghast—unwelcome fruits
Of all their evil deeds. The very child
Clings to its mother, and in accents mild
Soft whisp'ring says, “ I pity those who stray
Abroad in such a fearful stormy day.”
Gust after gust in quick succession fly ;
Sad still the view, though night is drawing nigh.