

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

How the night winds gently blow,
O'er the silent hill!
Hear the murmur and the flow
Of the little rill.

Silent lashes fringe the eyes,
Hazel-hued and deep.
Sweet breath comes in gentle sighs,
Baby's fast asleep.

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

At night when I lie in bed
In a house by the river side,
With a pillow beneath my head,
And list to the dashing tide,
On the wind there comes a cry
To the hidden stars and moon,
A sound on the storm blown by,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the river's cold and still,
On a dismal, rainy day,
When the mist hangs on the hill,
And the sky is dull and grey,
O'er the water comes a call,
'Tis a sad and mournful tune,
While the pelting rain-drops fall,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the west is all aglow,
When the sky is red with light,
When the evening breezes blow,
O'er the daisies large and white,
The form of a bird goes by,
Goes by and vanishes soon,
And anon there comes a cry,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

UP THE RIVER.

I am rowing up the river,
Where the sunbeams dance and
quiver,
Laying out a sheet of silver
On the blue.

Past the cliffs and slopes and high
lands,
Past the green tree-covered islands,
Shutting out the skies' clear azure
From my view.

There are cliffs and there are
beaches,
With their yellow sandy reaches,
Where the river shells lie buried
In the sand.

Where the water's gently laving,
Where the plump pines are waving,
And the strawberries are ripening
On the land.

Sweetly is the wild bird calling,
And like fairy music falling
Sounds the rushing of the water
'Neath my boat.

But when evening casts her shadows
Over pines and over meadows,
Idly down the tranquil river
I shall float.

I will watch the striped perch
sleeping,
I will watch the young chub leaping
Making rippling, eddying circles
At my side.

I will watch the moonlight shimmer,
And the misty pale stars glimmer,
Homeward down the mighty river
Will I glide.