

A SILHOUETTE.

DOWN by the sea-shore in that crescent isle
That Micmac poets had called Abegweit,
And fitly so; fair isle so snugly moored,
Upon the swelling bosom of the sea;
A gem well set amidst the maritimes,
Your peaceful homes by meadow, wood and stream,
With flocks, and herds, and waving fields of grain,
Support a happy people, chaste and strong.

II

Here, on a busy farm, my life began
Amid these pleasant scenes of toil and rest.
Through the mild, happy hours of early youth
It glided slowly onward, while I gazed
On flowers and streams, and on the blighting frost
That took away the beauty from the flowers,
Congealed the streams, and hushed their voice; yet had
A beauty and a grandeur of its own.

III

Oft did I pause to think, oft do I now,
And as my rambling thoughts flit back and forth,
Still changing as they move in form and place,
A solemn sadness wraps me in its folds;
My heart beats slow, my senses overcome,
And lost in thought,—that all-controlling power,
Lose each their several functions, and become
As though they were not. Can I help but pause !

IV

My youth is past, my life is well begun;
The sled has fully started on its way.
At first it slowly moved, it crept along,
But bounding now from lump to lump, it speeds,
A living creature straining every nerve,