

THE DROUTH.

Clear is the sky. From his fiery throne
The sun illumes with withering heat the earth.
No zephyrs sweet with perfume-laden breath;
No freshening shower; no life but listlessness:
Yea, even death. Dead is the grass and this
The time of vernal rains: helpless hangs
The quivering aspen leaf; the willow in
Her sadness bows her head. In shady nooks
Screened from the angry sun, in softened tones
Of fearfulness, the feathered minstrels dwell.
Then all is silent and a dread pervades
The stillness, sad, lonely and mysterious.

With anxious eye the farmer scans the sky
To get new hope. The West is gloomy with
A darksome cloud that rises fast. Brighter
His face. The breeze is cheering. and the sun
Obscured, invigorates as a deep draught