

Sonnets.

Securely compassed by its mother's arms ;
Then spring approached with aspect sweet and mild
And verdurous grew the forests and the farms.
An oak sprang up where fell the acorn small,
And in its branches birds did build and sing -
A beacon to the traveller—so tall,
Its pleasant shade, a place for tarrying -
A kindly act, however small, may be
Great in results—an acorn, then a tree.

XXXVIII.

BUT for the sunshine and the shades of night,
But for the clouds, the frost, the rain, the
snow,
But for the winds that hither, thither blow,
Earth were a desert lone, in man's despite.
But for the worm that burrows in the ground,
But for the bird that sings at morn and eve,
But for the brooks that with a soothing sound
Patient their way through woods and meadows
weave,
Dead as the moon this world of ours would be—
A nothing floating in immensity.