

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's edge,—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture.
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

—Robert Browning.

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour come, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—William Collins.