

Falls, like a silver star. From leaf to leaf
The glory spreads, shoots down the rugged trunk
And gilds each spray, till the whole tree stands forth
Arrayed in light.—This is beyond thy art.
All thy enthusiasm, all thy boasted skill,
But poorly imitates a forest tree.

But let us leave the painter. Let us turn
To those, who never swept the sounding lyre
Or grasped the pencil,—ardent minds that hold
A deep communion with the winds and waves,
The youthful worshippers at Nature's shrine :
What says the soft voice of the plaintive breeze,
Mournfully sweeping through the forest boughs,
In airy play moved gently by its breath ?
To such it hath a language, and it wins
A tender echo from the youthful heart.—

With throbbing bosom Nature's student treads
The sylvan haunts, exultingly leaps forth