

SPRING.

'Tis sweet for one in city pent, forlorn,
 And weary with the whirl of human things,
 To view the smokeless sky, the bubbling springs,
 The lawn which blooming flowerlets adorn,
 And meadow, greening with the shooting corn,
 To breathe the sweet air where the gray-bird sings ;
 'Tis like the bliss renewed betrothal brings,
 Or trembling joyance of a wedding morn.

'Tis sweet, the early ramble in the wood,
 Or down the road in careless light-eyed rove,
 The afternoon in gentle solitude,
 With favorite book within the listening grove,
 And Eve !—sweet maid in meditative mood,
 With mystic, twilight looks of speechless love.

COMPENSATION.

I rose, and idly sauntered to the pane,
 And on the March-bleak mountain bent my look ;
 And standing there a sad review I took
 Of what the day had done me—' What the gain
 To Wisdom's treasury?' 'What holds hath Knowledge ta'en?'
 I thought upon the lightly-handled book,
 The erring thought, and felt a stern rebuke :
 ' Alas ! Alas ! the day hath been in vain !'

But as I gazed upon the upper blue,
 With many a twining jasper ridge up-ploughed,
 Sudden, up-soaring, swung upon my view
 A molten, rolling, sunset-laden cloud :
 My spirit stood and caught its glorious hue—
 ' Not lost the day !' it, leaping, cried aloud.