

And, like a lover's to his sweetheart, steal
Their inmost hidden life—their all to yield.

Dame Nature, with most lavish hand, hath decked
Thee out with bridal robes of green and white.
Above, the dome of blue, now softly flecked
With golden arrows from the Sun's bright light,
Just ere he sinks to rest ; while dale and wood
Smile softly back in sympathetic mood.

The daylight wanes. Above the eastern hill
Woodtopped, the Moon sails forth to silent gaze
Upon the sleeping vale that lies so still
In its night-robe of silvery-shining haze ;
Till roused by Morn's approaching steps, she wakes
To busy toil, that, peace and comfort, makes.

Ah, happy Dale ! Thy simple rustic joys ;
Thy cares and sorrows that by all are shared ;
Thy verdant woody confines bar the noise
Of jostling cities—from such thou art spared.
Love thou thy lot ! Aspire on wings of light,
Till Heaven's Morn dispel Earth's darksome night.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

He sleeps. The toils and cares of earth
Are left behind. And now, beyond
Time's narrow bounds he dwells at rest,