

We need not write of other fruits and flowers,  
 Strewn, wild and cultured, over fields and bowers,  
 Where Nature, in her varied forms, is seen  
 In tints of every shade, embowered in green :  
 A carpet or a canopy is spread,  
 The head to shelter, or the feet to tread.

But thy matured beauty seems to say—  
 “ My charms are passing, soon will come the day,  
 When Autumn’s chiller breath will bring decay ;  
 When lovely forms of petal, leaf, or spray,  
 And colours bright as gems in sunlight’s play,  
 Shall in their turn have changed or pass’d away.”

So Spring to Summer ripened ; Summer lies  
 In thine embrace entranced ! and thus she dies  
 A happy death ! with Love’s bright halo crowned,  
 A glorious sky, a mystic haze around ;  
 Thus Autumn enters with its sober dress,  
 From Winter to receive its last caress.

TORONTO, August, 1871.

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TO HER.

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[“ When will the hour of thy rising be ? ”—MRS. HEMANS.]

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Lingering round thy lonely grave, these wand’ring thoughts of mine,  
 Entice my soul to listen there, for that sweet voice of thine !  
 ’Tis vain ! for then thy “ *Kiss of Peace*,” and voice of praise and  
 pray’r,  
 In mem’ry whisper thou art *gone*, and *I alone* am there !  
 They whisper thou wilt *rise again* ! burst thy tomb ! and be for ever  
 free,  
 In bright and vast eternity, where a *Crown of Glory* waits for thee !  
 Awake, my love ! and tell me *when* will that sweet hour of thy  
 rising be !

“ When God proclaims the end of Time,  
 Of human wickedness and crime,  
 Of sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea—  
 Dear —, THEN will the hour of my rising be ! ”

TORONTO, August 7th, 1871.

J. S. W.