

PLOVERS.

As morn upon the mellow glebe
Was spangled with the dew,
Each drop was like an amber bead
The sun was shining through.

To shaggy bushes rain-drops clung—
And in the sun just risen
Each crystal globule shining hung
To cobwebs, made a prism.

The drowsy kine recumbent lay
All in a grassy hollow,
And when their leader took the way
The rest were sure to follow.

'Twas then a plaintive whistle heard
Announc'd a sudden joy,
For lo, a flock of plovers stirred
The pulses of a boy!

And as they swept a neighboring hill
Wild whistling into sight,!—
His very heart would feel a thrill
Of exquisite delight.

But soon they fled on speedy wings
Swift flashing in the sun;
And as they wheeled and circled by,
His wish was for a gun.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

A Dirge.

'Tis the fall of the leaf that is sear
And the moon full and yellow
Rises through mists to transfigure
The night with light that is mellow—

By the stream the rushes that wither,—
In the winds that are sighing
Rustle together and quiver—
Mournful that summer is dying.