

Fair is the aspect of the scene,
Of verdant plain and wooded dell;
But 'tis the thought of what has been
That throws around its magic spell.

Sweet Ettrick's pastoral memory,
The tale of Yarrow's faded flower,
And Tweed's undying minstrelsy—
Shall these not touch the heart with power?

Saint Mary's Lake, wild Tushielaw,
Dryhope, Buccleugh—still honoured name!
"The Forest," whose flowers "are wede awa:"
How much have ye bequeathed to fame?

And, Melrose, could I see thy fane—
Type of another, older, day!
And could I look on thee in vain,
Nor feel thy soul-subduing sway?

Still doth a presence hover round,
As if of the unslumbering dead;
Although within thee wakes no sound,
And falls no footstep's solemn tread.

Say, speak'st thou not of ages gone,
Of men that worshipped in thy shrine—
Whose record is this breathing stone—
Thou say'st their history is thine:

They lived, and they have passed away;
So shall thy future record be;
And, haply, o'er thy sleeping clay,
No sculpture trace thy memory.

*" Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!"

WORDSWORTH.

IN CŒLO QUIES.

I love.....

Everything almost

Which is Nature's, and may be

Untainted by man's misery. [SHELLEY.

Wearied with toil, with heart-corroding care,
Or sad remembrance of a gloomy past,
Whose hovering shadows still my steps o'ercast:
When sullen griefs my spirit downward bear,
And shroud the future in a dull despair,
Let me escape to verdant fields at last,
'Mid melodies of brooks and trees to taste
The buoyant freedom of untainted air;
Gaze on the beauty of a quiet sky,
Where blend warm splendors of departing day
And tremulous light of stars, dewy and clear,
Soothing my fevered brain and burning eye
By the sweet influence each tender ray
Bears from the realm of Peace and Love sincere.—[W. P. D.