



THE STORM STAR.



HE tempest raves, and wild clouds clash on high,
 Loud roar the winds across the wintry plain,
 Against the mountain breaks the barbed rain,
 While wrapt in mist the dripping lowlands lie.
 The downpour stops, and through the depthful sky
 That stern and dark frowns over land and main
 A lone star's lustres weak and trembling strain,
 But where its arrows fall all deep shades die.

It silvers o'er the haggard brow of night,
 Illumes the wood, and gilds the swollen stream,
 And witches street and field with saffron light ;
 So, when our gloom is deepest let Hope beam,—
 Though ills surround us with their sere and blight
 Cheerful and steadfast may her smile still gleam.

M. W. CASEY.

