

Land of the Mayflower ' could I deem
 That thou would'st yet remember me,
 What joy in every musing dream,
 And each aspiring thought of thee !
 But long self-exiled from thy shore,
 Singing, apart, my idle songs,
 How should I be remembered more ?
 What of thy praise to me belongs !

Yet shall I love thee, O my land !
 Yet must I still remember thee !
 And could my power such boon command,
 The sons of honor thine should be :
 Heroes upon thy soil should spring,
 Sublime in war, and true in peace ;
 Poets, the world should crown to sing
 Such songs as live till song shall cease.

My native land ! My hearts first home !
 The world holds not a charm like thine !
 They weave fond dreams who rove and roam,
 And trace the Tiber and the Rhine :
 But not beneath Italia's sky,
 'Mid prospects beauteous, wild or grand,
 Can fairer scene delight the eye
 Than grace my own, my native land.

Acadie ! sweet thy name to me,
 As music, trembling from afar,
 And breathing o'er some moonlit sea,
 'Twixt fire-tipt wave, and silver star :
 Of other lands a sound I hear—
 Names with a meaning half divine ;
 But none can ever fill my ear
 With such a melting throb as thine.

Still let thy rustic, untaught muse
 Tune his wild heart with every spray,
 Mimic the notes the wild birds use,
 Weaving a sweet and artless lay :
 And though no grand applause be given—
 Though Fame no laurel wreath accord,
 The meaning song shall rise to Heaven,
 And Love shall bring her own reward.

One stanza of a song has always struck me as peculiarly imaginative. The figures in it are very beautiful, and perfectly adapted to the subject as viewed by a lover both of nature and somebody else. It is the picture of the star-jewelled sky wearing as a coronet the Golden band of the Milky Way.

THE MAIDEN EVE.

The Maiden-Eve is a bride to-night,
 And her brow is bound with a circlet bright,
 And her robe of blue, in every fold,
 Is sprinkled and starred with dust of gold.

Lockhart has an ear very sensitive to word music, as nearly all his lines witness. Although having lived so long in the United States, he has never wavered in his passionate love for his own land, but sings as one "Exiled to foreign fields afar from the home of his fathers." His love of nature is as deep and genuine as his expression of it is poetical. And indeed it is only