

THE NEW HEAVEN.

The lark, in its mounting aloft, ·
Tosses music from out its wee throat ;
And off to the south-west I see
The sails of a fisherman's boat.

The thrush that loud whistles its notes
Sits perched on the top of yon tree ;
Am I back to my boyhood again,
Or has memory brought it to me ?

The tireless sun in the west
Moves ever new landscape to greet ;
His rays gleaming through the old oak
Make golden streaks all round my feet.

From under the old orchard trees
My mother appears in full sight ;
How well I remember her voice !
And it sounds familiar to-night.

The hawthorn that blooms in the hedge
Sends perfume in every direction ;
The whole now appears to my view,
They're more than a vague recollection.

Should this prove only a dream,
I hope soon the real to behold ;
The charms of the spot are so great,
Its enchantment I fail to unfold.

The place where I played as a boy
Is the fairest in all God's creation ;
As I sit and think of it now,
Its beauties pass in rotation.

WM. STRONG.