

O'er all the scene Night comes with dusky shadows,
 And wraps all nature in its sombre pall,
 While o'er us too its magic influence stealing,
 We sink to silence and to slumber all ;
 Then our freed spirits leave their earthly dwelling,
 Soaring aloft thro' the dark vault of night,
 And mingling with the scenes and friends of childhood,
 With well-loved spirits once again unite.

And thus it chanced from home and dear ones parted,
 I stood one night upon a foreign strand,
 And ere I slept, as taught me in my childhood,
 I knelt to Him who holds us in His hand ;
 Then guardian angels spread their wings around me,
 (Sweet is the sleep His peace alone can give),
 And turning back a space upon life's pathway,
 Amid the scenes of vanished years I live.

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How well I know the old remembered garden,
 Where in my childhood I was wont to play,
 The sparkling river and the weeping willows,
 Where oft I've gambolled on a summer day.
 I hear the ripple of the tiny cascade,
 The merry clicking of the distant mill,
 I see the cherry bloom drift in the moonlight,
 And the old beech wood on the neighb'ring hill.

I stand beneath the green verandah's shadow,
 Mid the moss roses and the jasmine's bloom,
 And the cool midnight air around seems fragrant
 And bathed in sweetness with their rich perfume ;
 Slowly I see the well known house-door open,
 And my lost mother's dear loved form appears,—
 Thus through the portals of the days departed,
 Rise the blest memories of distant years.