

Another bird below the water clear,
And seems surprised to find its kin so near.

It chirps—no voice responds ; it sweetly sings—
'Tis silent still !—amazed, away it wings ;
Forgets the nectar, leaves the honied dew
The lily held to tune its note anew.

The spell dissolves ; she to her consort turns,
Nor longer for the flower or phantom yearns :
Their faces meet, her's beams with heavenly light—
His radiant glows with rapture at the sight.

In accents clear to God, all-good, all-wise,
Their wondrous songs, harmonious, heav'nward rise—
For all around, for graces they possess,
With sweet accord they join His name to bless.

Their labors light with each the other shares ;
Their joys are one, their pleasures and their cares.
No throb of pain provokes the briny tear ;
Nor outward foe, nor inward ill they fear.

The lion ne'er a weaker creature harms—
His thunders fill no hearts with dread alarms :
No tender lamb is from its mother torn
By wolfish fangs : nor has the rose a thorn.

No upas-tree distils its poisoned breath ;
No baneful herbs yet sow the seeds of death :
No thunder peals throughout the vales resound ;
No lightnings dash their victim to the ground :
No earthquake-shock the mighty mountain rends—
But ALL, while man obeys, mankind befriends !

O'er rugged rocks, from sturdy stately trees,
Till honey-sweet, in Auster's fragrant breeze,
Rich purple grapes in shapely clusters hung
On choicest vines, the sunny slopes among.

From many a citron, palm and olive grove,
They choose fresh sweets as hand-in-hand they rove :