

ON FINDING SPRING FLOWERS.

Ye flowers ! springing up 'mid withered leaves ;—
 Birds ! singing sweetly in your old dear homes ;
 How sweetly to the spirit that now grieves,
 The hope that nature speaks in these scenes comes !

Joys shall arise above the frozen past,
 Above the ruins of the sad long years ;
 We shall behold eternal spring at last
 When Time is gone, and heaven's long day appears.

IT IS NOT WHEN MORNING.

It is not when morning
 Bestows her first beam,
 That the sky is the fairest
 And calmest the stream.

The sun doth ascend oft
 'Mid gloomiest clouds ;
 And the depth of their shadow
 Earth's beauty enshrouds.

In youth, hopes are lovely :
 But darkest despair
 Eclipses the glory
 Of light and life there.