

APPENDIX.

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew, 15
 And will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !
 —*R. Browning.*

17.—TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy luke, or marge of river wide, 10
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,— 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven 25
 Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.