

There's a path in the air, man may not
know,
That guides us o'er the main;
And a voice in the winds, man may not
hear,
Will call us home again,
When the winter dies,
And the west wind sighs
To hear the linnet's strain.

In the South, the fierce, the fickle South,
No voice of song is heard;
Though the oriole, like a sunbeam, flits
With many a radiant bird
Through the mangrove's shade,
No leafy glade
By tuneful notes is stirred.

Hark! Through the sleeping forest rings
The campanola's chime.*
It calls in vain for the matin hymn
That wakes the Northern clime;
How can we sing
Home songs of spring,
Or the notes of summer time?

We silent seek the lonely homes
Of a long-forgotten race;
Through voiceless streets our wings are
heard,

* A Southern bird whose silvery note so closely resembles the ring of a bell, as to have earned for it the name of the Campanola,—(the little bell).

It is a fact well known to naturalists, that our song-birds, during their migrations to the South, lose to a great extent the gift of song.