

The eye, no charm to please, or more than please?
 Yes, all is beautiful, and in this nook
 Retired so far from busy strife, where quiet
 Settles on every leaf, where peace has come
 And made her home, how much attracts the eye!
 That bank of wild flowers breathing fragrance round;
 That stream meandering in its summer course—
 That grove of trees that lifts their foliage
 Midst thinnest air, all motionless and still:
 These have a charm which fills the inmost soul.

Here do I stand upon the dust of man!
 And there the relic of an ancient shrine,
 Where worshippers, though erring, bowed the knee
 To God, direct the mind to him whose fame
 Is all around. Yes! 'twas an erring faith!
 But still though tinged the light, the beacon shone:
 Though flickering across the gloom, it led
 Some wandering barks into the home of peace.

THE PEARL AND THE PERI.

WHAT beams so brilliant 'neath the azure flow,
 And strews the bottom with a varying glow?
 From Unsing's Cape, past Tawi Tawi lands,
 And Sulo's port, to where Baselan stands,
 Is one vast jewel bed, one boundless mine,
 Where oysters 'neath a thousand miles of brine,
 Are treasuries of fair pearls, which alone
 Tellus might girdle with a lucid zone.

The ocean-sprites, the Peris of the wave,
 That sing in shells and haunt the coral cave,
 Of life enjoy a long long happy day,
 And die dissolving even while they play.
 No future state they know, no heaven, no hell:
 The elements that bound annul the spell,
 Its own the sea reclaims, the earth, the cloud,
 And boundless nature is the Peri's shroud—
 But all removes not from the longing sight,
 See, where the cliffs on Albion's coast are white,
 Beneath the tide, in yon high vaulted hall
 A thousand Peris range the shining wall
 With shevelled tresses, with unwonted weeds,
 The eye that moistens and the tear that breeds.
 Flowers deck an altar, where the cavern ends;
 A pearl the flowers. The Queen above it bends;
 She slowly elevates her drooping head,
 And chaunts the answered requiem for the dead.
 From out the rows the loveliest Peris come,
 And lift the flower-girt pearl, and leave the dome
 Forever chaunting, as they onward go
 O'er miles on miles, the sweetly sounding woe,
 Until the coast of Borneo appears: