

ers will soon be satisfied that the little extra trouble is abundantly compensated, not only in the flower department but in other quarters of the garden, which are equally benefitted by the rich earth that they also are furnished with ; or it may, as a general principle, be laid down that the earth which has supported one crop is amply enriched thereby, and prepared for the production of another.

THE DISCOVERERS.

Oh star, that from heaven's crown,
Watching the northern pole revolving
 round,
Within its icy circle bound,
 Look'st with thy fixed eye down!
Thou could'st the mystery tell,
Whether eternal lightnings gild the pole,
Or whirling waters round it roll—
 Earth keeps her secret well.

What hast thou seen of those
Who went that land of mystery to explore?
Oh, brave and strong, must ye no more
 Come from that realm of snows?
Reached they the fatal goal?
And on its dark and unknown waters lost,
Long drifted, by strange tempests toss'd,
 In ships that mocked control.

In the long Arctic night,
Thou hast beheld them upward to thee
 gaze,
While shone thy pure and steadfast rays,
Through clouds of meteor light
 Over the white expanse,
That meteor light flashed wild and fitfully
Its crystal hills, and solid sea,
 Revealing for a glance.

Saw'st thou their first grave made—
A grave in which no other dust shall sleep?
Saw'st thou their best and noblest weep
 O'er him who there was laid?
Saw'st thou our wanderers grow
Fewer, and feebler, falling day by day?
And slept the lust beneath the ray,
 Till wrapt by falling snow?

Oh, wind of the cold north,
With the fierce sweep of thy snow-feathered
 wing,
What mournful tidings dost thou bring
From whence thou camest forth?
 Hast crossed its lone waters vast,

And found all things white shrouded, as in
 death,
Or with the rage of thy last breath,
 Over our wanderers passed?

Oh hast thou wafed round
Voices from those of whom we long to hear,
Though all too dimly for the ear,
 To catch their faded sound
 Thou'st heard the sailor tell
How yesternight he had a dream of home,
And say how oft the dream had come,
 And wish all might be well.

Thou'st heard the voice of prayer,
And the loud psalm, making the ice rocks
 ring,
While folded calm was thy rude wing,
And men kept Sabbath there.
Thou'st heard their eager cheers,
Hailing the glad return of hope and light,
And when again came back the night
 The whisperings of their fears.

But more than voiceless things
The heart can tell of one its life that shares,
And life-bound hearts have followed theirs,
As with star eyes and wings.
We know how pure and high
Some souls would grow amid endurance
 strong,
How some would hope, and some would long
 And some grow faint and die.

Wife, when the midnight blast
Seemed wailing sadly, and thou could'st not
 sleep,
Thy spirit a night watch did keep,
For him whose soul had passed.
No longer at thy knee,
Thy boy, a baby when he went away,
Needeth his simple prayer to say,
 'For father at the sea.'

Mother, thy sailor brave,
Thy brown-haired boy, the echo of whose
 mirth
Seems yet to linger round thy hearth,
Lies in a far, cold grave.
Sad was thy home one eve,
'Twas then the death chill swept his heart
 grown weak,
And left the tear upon his cheek,
 While strangely thou did'st grieve.

Ye may return no more,
Brave voyagers, across the stormy sea,
But we are following, where ye
 Have reached a further shore.
We shall meet upon that strand—
We all shall reach, whether o'er Arctic
 snows,
Or from amid our home repose,
 THE UNDISCOVERED LAND!