



## SUNSHINE AND CLOUD,

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Bright was the morning, and fresh the breeze,  
 Sported the sunbeams o'er sapphire seas;  
 Blithely the lark, on the cloud upborne,  
 Pour'd forth his carol to welcome the morn;  
 Rose on the gale, from earth's fairest bowers,  
 The mingling odours of op'ning flowers;  
 The butterfly roved upon gladsome wing,  
 The wild echoes rang with the voice of spring;  
 Nothing in earth, in ocean, or air,  
 Wore the garb of grief or the brow of care;  
 All was so bright, so serene, so gay,  
 All nature, all being, kept holiday.  
 To sail awhile in this joyous weather,  
 True Love and False Love set out together,  
 Each, in a nautilus shell reclined,  
 Spread his gossamer sail to the fav'ring wind;  
 So light the freight, scarce the waves might feel  
 The fleeting trace of each fairy keel;  
 So fair was each, you might scarce, I ween,  
 True Love or False Love have chosen between.  
 Each form was cast in a faultless mould,  
 Each brow was shaded by locks of gold;  
 Their lips wore the dimpled smile of mirth,  
 Their eyes seem'd to speak of celestial birth;  
 And childhood's wild grace, and unfetter'd glee,  
 And childhood's air of simplicity,  
 Lent each archer boy a softer smile,  
 As he gazed on his bow with a lurking smile.  
 Oh! Love is more fearful with bow unbent,  
 And smile of innocent merriment,  
 Than when, against the unguarded heart,  
 He aims his diamond-pointed dart!  
 Onward they passed, and where'er they came,  
 They were welcomed both, under True Love's  
 name;

And False Love, the traitor, laughed to see  
 How cheated the children of earth could be.  
 Gaily they sail'd—but when evening fell,  
 Sunshine and fav'ring breeze, farewell!  
 Darkness brooded o'er ocean's breast;  
 The lark had gone to his silent nest;  
 Every flower, o'er her leafy bed,  
 Folded her petals and droop'd her head;  
 The butterfly shrunk from the night-wind's chill,  
 And the echoes were mute, and the groves were still.  
 Warn'd by eve's falling shadows damp,  
 True Love kindled his "fire-fly lamp,"  
 And his eye he raised to the dewy star,  
 Which shone through a veil of the clouds afar.

Louder and louder the winds swept past,  
 And his light galley rock'd in the stormy blast;  
 But his cheek blanch'd not—and he look'd not back,  
 Nor paused in his course—nor swerved from the  
 track;  
 Deeper and deeper the darkness grew,  
 Wilder and chiller the east wind blew:  
 But the fire-fly lamp on his galley's prow  
 Brightened the dark waves which roll'd below;  
 And the soft star pointed with silver ray  
 To the land where his destined haven lay.  
 But False Love's bark in that stormy night  
 Cast o'er the waters no gleam of light;  
 He sought not by starlight his course to guide,  
 But yielded his boat to the raging tide.  
 And morning woke, with her birds and flowers,  
 And her happy hearts, and her sunny showers;—  
 And True Love was there;—but the waters dark  
 Had closed o'er False Love and his treach'rous  
 bark.