

In murmurs parted :—varying as we go,
 Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
 As some gray convent-wall or glistening spire
 'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow!
 Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like Despair,
 Frowns the bleak cliff! There on the woodland's side
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
 Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

INFLUENCE OF TIME ON GRIEF.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
 On thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile :—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

THE CONVENT.

If chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
 His bosom glowing from majestic views,
 Temple and tower 'mid the bright landscape's hues,
 Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed?