

But when, with silent step and pensive mien,  
 In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,  
 The mistress of this lone monastic scene  
 Came ; and I heard her voice's tender tone,  
 I said, Though centuries have rolled between,  
 One gentle, beauteous nun is left, on earth, alone.

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### ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

BEAUTIFUL landscape ! I could look on thee  
 For hours, unmindful of the storm and strife,  
 And mingled murmurs of tumultuous life.  
 Here, all is still as fair ; the stream, the tree,  
 The wood, the sunshine on the bank : no tear,  
 No thought of Time's swift wing, or closing night,  
 That comes to steal away the long sweet light—  
 No sighs of sad humanity are here.  
 Here is no tint of mortal change ; the day,—  
 Beneath whose light the dog and peasant-boy  
 Gambol, with look, and almost bark, of joy,—  
 Still seems, though centuries have passed, to stay.  
 Then gaze again, that shadowed scenes may teach  
 Lessons of peace and love, beyond all speech.

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### ART AND NATURE.

#### THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CLIFTON AND LEIGH WOODS.

Frown ever opposite, the angel cried,  
 Who, with an earthquake's might and giant hand,  
 Severed these riven rocks, and bade them stand  
 Severed for ever ! The vast ocean-tide,