

The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
 Heard indistinctly from the village green,
 The bird's last twitter, from the hedge-row seen,
 Where, just before, the scattered crumbs I strewed,
 To pay him for his farewell song ;—all these
 Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
 The stilly-stirring fancies. Though my hours
 (For I have drooped beneath life's early showers)
 Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,
 Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
 To meet thee, Evening, here ; here my own hand
 Has decked with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
 And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fanned,
 Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
 That seems to say : Forget the transient tear
 Thy pale youth shed—Repose and Peace are here.

WINTER EVENING AT HOME.

FAIR MOON, that at the chilly day's decline
 Of sharp December through my cottage pane
 Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane !
 In thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
 Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
 Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way ;
 And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
 Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
 Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
 Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night !
 Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
 Shines calm and clear without ; and whilst I gaze,

I think, around me in this twilight room,
 I but remark mortality's sad gloom ;
 Whilst hope and joy cloudless and soft appear,
 In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

THE SPIRIT OF NAVIGATION.¹

STERN Father of the storm ! who dost abide
 Amid the solitude of the vast deep,
 For ever listening to the sullen tide,
 And whirlwinds that the billowy desert sweep !
 Thou at the distant death-shriek dost rejoice ;
 The rule of the tempestuous main is thine,
 Outstretched and lone ; thou utterest thy voice,
 Like solemn thunders : These wild waves are mine ;
 Mine their dread empire ; nor shall man profane
 The eternal secrets of my ancient reign.

The voice is vain : secure, and as in scorn,
 The gallant vessel scuds before the wind ;
 Her parting sails swell stately to the morn ;
 She leaves the green earth and its hills behind ;
 Gallant before the wind she goes, her prow
 High bearing, and disparting the blue tide
 That foams and flashes in its rage below ;
 Meantime the helmsman feels a conscious pride,
 And while far onward the long billows swell,
 Looks to the lessening land, that seems to say, Farewell !

Father of storms ! then let thy whirlwinds roar
 O'er seas of solitary amplitude ;
 Man, the poor tenant of thy rocky shore,
 Man, thy terrific empire hath subdued ;

¹ Inscribed to the Rev. Dr Vincent Hind, Master of Westminster School.