

As when his lucid wings conveyed 74
 That beautiful and gentle maid
 Psyche, transported through the air,
 The blissful couch of Love's own god to share.
 Winter, avaunt! thy haggard eye
 Will scare him, as he wanders by,
 Him and the timid butterfly. 80
 He brings again the morn of May ;
 The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
 Carols, but is not seen so high,
 And all the winter's winds fly far away !
 I cried : O Father of the world, whose might
 The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
 Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
 Of warfare and of woe be rolled away !
 Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,
 And Peace breathe soft, Summer is coming in ! 90

ON WILLIAM SOMMERS OF BREMHILL.

WHEN will the grave shelter thy few gray hairs,
 O aged man ! Thy sand is almost run,
 And many a year, in vain, to meet the sun,
 Thine eyes have rolled in darkness ; want and cares
 Have been thy visitants from morn to morn.
 While trembling on existence thou dost live,
 Accept what human charity can give ;
 But standing thus, time-palsied, and forlorn,
 Like a scathed oak, of all its boughs bereft,
 God and the grave are thy best refuge left.
 When the bells rung, and summer's smiling ray
 Welcomed again the merry Whitsuntide,

And all my humble villagers were gay ;
 I saw thee sitting on the highway side,
 To feel once more the warm sun's blessed beam :
 Didst thou then think upon thy own gay prime,
 On such a holiday, and the glad time
 When thou wert young and happy, like a dream
 Now perished ! No ; the murmured prayer alone
 Rose from the trembling lips towards the Throne
 Of Mercy ; that ere spring returned again,
 And the long winter blew its dreary blast,
 To sweep the verdure from the fading plain,
 Thy burden would be dropped, thy sorrows past !
 O blind and aged man, bowed down with cares,
 When will the grave shelter thy few gray hairs !

THE VISIONARY BOY.

OH ! lend that lute, sweet Archimage, to me !
 Enough of care and heaviness
 The weary lids of life depress,
 And doubly blest that gentle heart shall be,
 That woos of poesy the visions bland,
 And strays forgetful o'er enchanted land !
 Oh ! lend that lute, sweet Archimage, to me !
 So spoke, with ardent look, yet eyebrow sad,
 When he had passed o'er many a mountain rude,
 And many a wild and weary solitude, 10
 'Mid a green vale, a wandering minstrel-lad.
 With eyes that shone in softened flame,
 With wings and wand, young Fancy came ;
 And as she touched a trembling lute,
 The lone enthusiast stood entranced and mute.