

ON REVISITING MY BIRTH PLACE.

Long years had passed away, I came
Where first I saw the light;
I tuned my harp but not to fame,
For youthful visions bright,

Before me in their beauty rose,
They caught my eager view;
And now permit me to disclose
Some of those scenes to you.

The mountains all sublimely stood,
And drew my earnest gaze.
Here was the rock, and there the wood,
As in my childhood's days.

The lofty pine, the mountain crowned,
The laurel, near did grow;
And, as I viewed the scene around,
I saw the brook below.

It had a voice—a friendly voice,
Familiar to my ears;
Its rocky banks had been my choice,
Far back in childhood's years.

Its murmurs rose like music's sound—
They long had been at rest,
To me, where different scenes abound,
Within the mighty West.

They woke an interesting tale
Of years all passed away,
Of scenes within my native vale,
In childhood's sunny day.

By that meand'ring, purling stream,
In Springtime's balmy days,
I often went, to muse and dream,
And sing my youthful lays.

In summer, too, 'neath ancient trees,
Which gave us shade at noon,
I wandered forth, as Scotia's bard
Did on the banks of Doon.

And listened to the singing bird,
Admired the blooming flowers,
All nature's music joyful heard,
In those delightful hours,

There young companions too, I found,
Inspired with youthful glee,
Together did our joys abound,
Companions where are ye?

Parted, the echoing hills resound,
And scattered far away.
The locks, which youthful heads, then
Crowned,
Time's hand hath tinged with gray.

Some linger round their native hills,
Where first they drew their breath;
Others have felt the icy chills,
And the cold hand of death.

Some, borne by emigration's tide,
To western lands did roam;
The forest, or the prairie wide,
Did furnish them a home.

Others, in college halls, were found,
Conning the Classics o'er,
Or, sounding learning's depths profound,
For scientific lore.

Thus, changing time marks man's career,
From infancy to age,
And memory, kindly standing near,
Unfolds the varied page.

Flow on, thou murmuring brook, flow on,
Thy waters pass away,
And others come when they are gone,
To wake thy tuneful lay.

So, when my course on earth is ran,
And mortal cares expire,
And I am gone, some other one
Shall wake my rustic lyre.

Meanwhile, may I, in nobler strains,
Attune my harp above;
And where immortal glory reigns,
Sing of immortal love.

SCHOOL HOUR.

Hark, the school bell now is ringing,
To our seats we all repair,
Here to join in happy singing,
Here our lessons to prepare.

Happy moments, in life's morning,
Here we spend from day to day;
May the light of science dawning,
Proudly shine upon our way.

Happy moments! Yet how fleeting,
Soon they all will disappear;
Let these days of youthful greeting,
Usefully be spent while here.

May we feel the obligation,
We to friends and kindred owe;
And no willful deviation,
From the path of duty show.

Happy moments! when departed,
May they leave no sting behind,
But the true, the faithful-hearted,
May they ever bring to mind.

Happy moments! when they're ended,
And from earth we're doomed to fly,
May our voices all be blended,
With the heavenly songs on high.