

He heard when in the grove at intervals
 With sudden roar the aged pinetree falls,—
 One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
 Declares the close of its green century.
 Low lies the plant to whose creation went
 Sweet influence from every element;
 Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
 Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.
 Through these green tents, by eldest nature drest,
 He roamed content alike with man and beast:
 Where darkness found him he lay glad at night,
 There the red morning touched him with its light.
 Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
 So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
 The timid it concerns to ask their way,
 And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
 To make no step until the event is known,
 And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
 Not so the wise; no coward watch he keeps
 To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
 Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
 His hearth the earth;—his hall the azure dome,
 Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
 By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

IV.

'Twas one of the charmed days,
 When the genius of God doth flow,
 The wind may alter twenty ways,
 A tempest cannot blow:
 It may blow north, it still is warm;
 Or south, it still is clear,
 Or east, it smells like a clover farm;
 Or west, no thunder fear.
 The musing peasant, lowly great
 Beside the forest water sat:
 The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown
 Composed the network of his throne,
 The wide lake edged with sand and grass
 Was burnished to a floor of glass,
 Painted with shadows green and proud
 Of the tree and of the cloud.
 He was the heart of all the scene;
 On him the sun looked more serene,
 To hill and cloud his face was known,
 It seemed the likeness of their own;
 They knew by secret sympathy
 The public child of earth and sky.
 You ask, he said, what guide
 Me through trackless thickets led,
 Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide;
 I found the water's bed.

The watercourses were my guide,
 I travelled grateful by their side,
 Or through their channel dry;
 They led me through the thicket damp,
 Through brake and fern the beaver's camp,
 Through beds of granite cut my road,
 And their resistless friendship showed;
 The falling waters led me,
 The foodful waters fed me,
 And brought me to the lowest land,
 Unerring to the ocean sand.
 The moss upon the forest bark
 Was polestar when the night was dark,
 The purple berries in the wood
 Supplied me necessary food.
 For nature ever faithful is
 To such as trust her faithfulness.
 When the forest shall mislead me,
 When the night and morning lie,
 When the sea and land refuse to feed me,
 'T will be time enough to die;
 Then will yet my mother yield
 A pillow in her greenest field,
 Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
 The clay of their departed lover.

LIFE AND DEATH.

THE moaning waves speak of other lands,
 Where men have walked in noble bands;
 Ages have passed since they trod the earth,
 Yet they too had fallen from their high birth.
 Like us for the pure and right they fought;
 Like us they longed and earnestly sought;
 And they too found little with all their pride;
 He was the noblest who nobly died;
 Not one of them all led a manly life;—
 Alas for mankind with its ceaseless strife!