

The following passage is taken from the poem called "Sunrise."

Crime is a coward that a shadow frights ;  
 It hates the day, and only breathes in nights  
 Of darkest hue ! 'Twill cross the torrent surge,  
 But sink at human voice ; and, like a dirge,  
 It hears in hollow caves the howling blast  
 Telling its doom ; detects the footsteps fast  
 Of horrid death in every leaf that falls  
 Rustling upon the ground. 'The shrieking calls  
 Of owls, are groans that gurgle through the blood  
 Of murdered men, or infant cries, in flood  
 Suppressed, of cherub slain.—O, wretched state !  
 Long days of dread !—Yet men will bear the weight  
 With seeming preference, and live and die,  
 By choice, sad monuments of misery !

Hark ! how the busy hum of nature swells !  
 Nor pine, nor bush, nor lonely weed, but tells,  
 With smiling looks, the presence of the morn—  
 Pervading glance of God ! exhaustless horn  
 Of Mercy's gifts that pour from shore to shore,  
 On all alike, the treasures of its store.

Borne on the wind, sonorous hear that bell—  
 It chimes for matin prayer. Each silent cell,  
 Soon populate, will pour its share of praise,  
 And then the cloister vaults their voice will raise  
 To rend the peaceful vale with holy lays.

Now, now ! the exulting peal, harmonious, breaks  
 And moves the pile, and walls, and turrets shakes !  
 Ay, louder still the chorus grows ; the sheep,  
 Attentive, cease to browse ; and, buried deep  
 In seeming reverie the lambs are still,  
 While the shepherds feel within a pious thrill  
 That warms their souls, and kneel beside the hill.

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