

"SUB NOCTEM SUSURRI."

One by one, from the mountain's head,
 Rays of the parting sun have fled;
 As above the world in the veiling clouds
 Its highest glories genius shrouds.
 One by one, in flickering beams,
 Fixed stars lie pictured in the streams;
 As the thoughts and hopes of a brighter sphere
 Drop but their shadowy image here.
 One by one, when each sense is asleep
 Soothed by the gloom and the silence deep,
 When slow in the sky the night clouds roll,
 The voices celestial speak to the soul.
 I used to think, when those voices weird
 In the music of silence, like speech appeared,
 That their words were more than waking dreams,
 Illusive as a firefly's gleams.
 I used to fancy the soul's ideal
 Could e'er be bounded by the real,
 That the archetypes of truth or love
 Stoop among mortals from above.
 No! Ill on canvass stained—defaced
 Our dreams of loveliness are traced;
 Ill with the peasant's cot accord
 The mimicked splendours of his lord.
 Dull, by the streams of Babylon,
 The sun on Israel's daughters shone;
 A Cato's soul could ill consort
 With fawning minions of a court;
 From dreary days and sunless skies
 Homeward the bird of passage flies;
 And turning to her native rills
 The gentle Undine mourned her ills:—
 So from the world, its change, its sin, its woe,
 Our proud aspirings to perfection go;
 Yearnings of eve by busy day are driven
 To seek the genial atmosphere of heaven,
 And from the pure at times, the vile forever,
 The spirit voices go to God, the Giver.