

Sol has quenched his burning face
 In the sea;
 He has run his daily race,
 He resigns the starry space
 Unto thee.

Cheering is thy ushering ray,
 Sweet, though pale:
 On the wave to see it play
 Would I until midnight stray
 Down the dale.

Oh! thou dost illumine the East,
 Pleasing sight!
 Silvering the Ocean's breast,
 While the slumbering billows rest
 Still as night.

Clouds, like floating seas of snow,
 Westward lie,
 To the distant North they go,
 Rolling deep, majestic, slow,
 Through the sky.

Blooming youths and maidens rove,
 By thy light,
 O'er the mead, and through the grove,
 Prattling, toying, looking love,
 Half the night.

Nature, lull'd in slumbers deep,
 Silence woos;
 Guardian spirits vigils keep,
 While the skies profusely weep
 Genial dews,

Undisturb'd, thy peaceful reign,
 Calmly 's borne,
 O'er the mountain, wood and plain,
 O'er the mirror-surfaced main,
 Till bright morn.

May this bosom never be
 Pain'd, distrest;
 May it find, resembling thee,
 Happiness, tranquility,
 Peace and rest.

ERIEUS.

Port Talbot, U. C.

My readers will agree with me, that, for an un-
 educated muse, which Erius professes his to be,
 this effusion possesses considerable poetical merit.