

PEACE.

(A Phantasy.)

The world was hush'd in silence of the night,
And I sat musing wearily alone,
Beside a hearth on which the red beams shone
In weirdest forms,—as if some burning sprite
Were agonizing in the glowing heat,—
When suddenly the embers paler grew,
And from their quiv'ring ashes swiftly flew
A radiant dove, which I did so entreat,
It fluttered down and nestled on my breast ;
And there its warm heart softly puls'd with mine,
And gave my tired soul such sense of rest
And blessedness, I deemed the bird divine :
—Yet, when with tender hand I would caress,
Lo ! 'twas a lambent flame in fancy's dress.