

Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
 Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
 A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
 Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air ;
 The summit gain'd, he knelt and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
 Upon the twilight hills ; a sudden sound
 Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell ;
 Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round ;
 Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound :
 Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
 Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
 Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
 Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
 Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose,
 Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings ;
 Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,
 It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose :
 Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
 Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
 Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
 Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
 Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
 Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command ;
 They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom ;
 Father of countless myriads that shall come,
 Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
 Till He is given whom angels long to see,
 And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

I.

COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee ;
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.