

Poetry.

(For the Canadian Independent.)

AT DAY BREAK.

And *why* is night? this loss of time—
 This break in action, stoppage of all progress—
 This mean prostration of the strong, the bright, the good—
 This cov'ring up of flow'rs, and scenes and works—
 That splendid waste on high, magnificence unseen—
 (Clouds endless, trav'ling fast, yet stately,
 Moon, stars and distant suns all out at once—
 A courtly meeting of the worlds near earth,
 Yet darkness, stupor, broken fancies reign o'er man.)
 What means this dull and idle frequency?
 This separation of our race from what is grand?
 This weakness, meanness, loss, derangement?
 Yes, *why* is Night? Why not continuous day, and noon?

Night is not vacancy and stillness.
 It's softly done, 'tis true, yet *much* is done—much as in day.
 An equilibrium of the air's restor'd,—dews help to ripen—
 Myriads of insects sport in happiness at fire-fly signals—
 Many a bird beside the owl, and bat, and night-hawk
 Finds her day, and flits, and flirts, disdaining common hours—
 Beasts roam, and meet, and lay up stores—
 And birds of passage traverse airy ways on pleasure,
 Or seasons keep as suits their taste for heat or cold,—
 A music of the spheres is heard by nature's fav'rites—
 Children of genius look at beauties hid from vulgar eyes—
 The deeper, finer truths are brought to men of heart—
 And patterns new of thought are giv'n
 For universal distribution—
 Hearts yearn for distant good—decisions strong
 Are made and register'd—sharp-edg'd ideas
 Emerge from busy day's confusions,—
 Angels of judgment round the guilty go
 Whisp'ring to conscience final warnings—
 And lights of faith peer through as life's glare fades.
 Night's but the complement of day, a turn for other orders,
 A time for vast mysterious operations.
 Morning closes busy scenes, and sun-down opens day
 Of vast significance.

Yes, great is Night. It keeps Time's record,
 And thus makes days, and months, and years.
 It's *God's time*. Num'rous races wait upon Him—
 Progress vast is made around us and far off,
 (Man's but a child—much may be done he does not see or know.
 As infants sleep while parents are employ'd.)
 All nature gets refresh'd while man's away,
 A curtain darkly bright's drawn o'er the heav'ns
 While erring, grov'ling mortals moil and sin.
 Yes, "*God's time*,"—Darkness marks his grandeur—
 Darkness full of life and action—mercy, justice, wisdom.
 "His way is in the deep," "past finding out," "His paths."
 Our darkness is His light—His light but blinds us.
 The deepest mys'tries are most God-like.
 Parts of His ways are these, and only parts—
 Light shines effulgent there, while here 'tis dark.
 Blessed is Night to us, so heavy, dreamy, gross,