

The shadowy confines of the dim unknown!—
 For they have met the monster that we dread,
 Have learned the secret not to mortal shown,
 E'en as gigantic shadows on the wall
 The spirit of the daunted child amaze,
 So on us thoughts of the departed fall.
 And with phantasma fill our gloomy gaze,
 Awe and deep wonder lend the living lines,
 And hope and ecstasy the borrowed beams;
 While fitful fancy the full form divines,
 And all is what imagination dreams."

THE STARS

"The day was lingering in the pale North West,
 And night was hanging o'er my head,—
 Night where a myriad stars were spread,
 While down in the East, where the light was least,
 Seemed the home of the quiet dead.
 And, as I gazed on the field sublime,
 To watch the bright pulsating stars,
 Adown the deep where the Angels sleep,
 Came drawn the golden chime
 Of those great spheres that sound the years
 For the horologe of time.
 Millenniums numberless they told,
 Millenniums a millionfold
 From the ancient hour of prime."

NIGHT

"Tis solemn darkness; the sublime of Shade;
 Night, by no stars nor rising moon relieved;
 The awful blank of nothingness arrayed,
 O'er which my eyeballs roll in vain, deceived.
 Upward, around and downward I explore,
 E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air;
 But cannot, though I strive, discover more
 Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.
 Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when, black and bare
 Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
 Like a nude Ethiop, 'twixt two hours fair,
 Thou stand'st between the evening and the morn?
 I took thee for an angel, but have wooed
 An evil spirit in mine ignorant mood."