

THE SANCTUARY.

In grandeur, wonderful array'd
This scene did nature fair adorn,
With all her magic change of form,
With subtle play of light and shade.

Upon the landscape grandly vast,
At times a tenebrific sky
Surcharged with thunder muttering nigh
A shadow on its smile would cast.

But when had vanished the eclipse
A new effulgence would be born,
More radiant after the wild storm;
Which passed with thunder on its lips.

Whilst towering up in strength sublime
In pinnacles the mountains rose;
Which glistened in eternal snows—
An inspiration for all time.

But one peak flung his haughty crest
Sublime, in his vast solitude—
In stern and frowning attitude
Far in the sky, beyond the rest

Of his compeers, all dwarfed in size
In measurement with him, that stood
Above them in his altitude,
And isolation's grandest rise.

The level balance of a cloud
Would settle sometimes 'thwart his breast
And brood thereon in quiet rest,
And interpose its misty shroud

Between his grandeur and the eye,
Whilst a lone star its light renew'd
Above his head, which vastly stood
Outlined against the vaulted sky.

A lake by verdant hills enclos'd,
A gem set in the midst of green,—
Like crystal flashing in the gleam,
Its beauty, to the eye disclos'd.