

STARS.

LIFT your heads of fire,
Starwatchers of the night;
Look on the dusk and mire
Of this world's loss and blight:
Your lightnings flash from space to space,
While earth a path obscure must trace.

Look once again ; behold
Orbs of diviner light
Within this planet old,
Souls in God's image bright :
Shrink back, eclipsed, each waning sphere ;
Immortal are the splendors here.

M. R.