

IN THE NIGHT

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And the darkness turns in its sleep, and yearns
For something that is kin ;
And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss,
As it folds and fondles Sin.

In its hurrying race through leagues of space,
I can hear the Earth catch breath,
As it heaves and moans, and shudders and groans,
And longs for the rest of Death.
And high and far, from a distant star,
Whose name is unknown to me,
I hear a voice that says, " Rejoice,
For I keep ward o'er thee !"

Oh, sweet and strange are the sounds that range
Through the chambers of the night ;
And the watcher who waits by the dim, dark gates
May hear, if he lists aright.

A MARCH SNOW

LET the old snow be covered with the new :
The trampled snow, so soiled, and stained, and
sodden.
Let it be hidden wholly from our view
By pure white flakes, all trackless and untrodden.
When Winter dies, low at the sweet Spring's feet,
Let him be mantled in a clean, white sheet.