

MIDNIGHT IN DAKOTA.

Lo! in that land where myriad star-lit eyes
Look on the graves of those wild Hearts of Fire
Who heard in their strange souls the august choir
Of mountain, stream, and plain and vaulted skies
Tone forth its hymns of pristine harmonies,—
I stood and caught from Nature's mighty lyre
Great chords that melting all my vain desire,
Subdued my meanest fears and made me wise
O'er time and circumstance. And I had stayed
To hark for aye, lest the solemn sanctities
That rose in me and hushed my soul should fade,
As fade the waking dreamer's reveries,
When high above I heard: 'Be not afraid!
'These are thine earnest of holier ecstasies!'