

of the forest, which touches the heart sooner than many a sterner call of Providence. In the bustle and stir of every day affairs, when pressed on every hand by the cares of life, we are apt to lose much of that yearning of our nature after something nobler, higher, better than the varieties of time. Well were it then for us if we should draw in our thoughts, and yield ourselves to the inspiration of solitude, and darkness, and silence. For there is an inspiration in it, a something that calls to us out of the silence, and draws the soul away from all around, up to the Great Beyond. There is a poetry in the stillness of the shadows, in the breath of the night air, in the mystery of the sleeping world, which awakens thoughts and feelings in the mind most solemn and touching. Where, can we suppose that such thoughts as these had their birth, except beneath the still stars of night:

"Night is the time to think,
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light."

"I heard the trailing garments of the night,
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts, all fringed with light,
From the celestial walls!"

"I felt her presence by its spell or might,
Stretched o'er me from above,
The calm, majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love."

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose,
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From these deep cisterns flows."

Ah! methinks that communion with the spirit of darkness and silence is the grand spring of many a lofty thought that shall live forever on the scroll of time, thoughts flashed, nay, instilled into the waiting heart by the brooding stillness and awe of night and solitude. As we view the throbbing beauties of the heavens, the soul is drawn upward and away, until we can almost hear the sweet songs of the angels floating down the sea of space, and mingled with the breath of the night air come the voices of those whom we have loved and mourned.

On the lovely plain, upon the quiet lake, amid the solitudes of the hills, wherever we can withdraw from the society of man and the bustle of life, we find something which awakens in us our better nature and give us clearer, grander views of life and being, the voice of Deity speaking to us from the heavens and the earth. It is the eloquence of silence.

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