

They haste to spread those principles abroad,
By good men cherished as a gift from God.
They reach the land,—'tis evening's twilight hour,—
A peaceful stillness reigns in every bower,
The sun throws back his golden rays of red,
Ere 'neath the western wave his light is hid.
There's scarce a breeze to shake the tiny leaf,
Or cool the burning head and give relief.
The feathery songsters—loath to leave their play—
Repeat the echoes of their notes of day.
From glittering ocean, or the river's rush,
Scarce floats a sound—nor e'en from brake or bush ;—
The God of Nature walks in soothing power,
In the love-speaking time—sweet twilight hour.
Villas, and cots, and spires, confront the eye,
But labour ceased tells night is drawing nigh.
Night's magic influence presses every head,
All seem unconscious as the silent dead,
Save those who sorrow and defy the spell
Of balmy sleep ;—their suffering who can tell.
For there are few who seek to soothe their woes ;
Yes, few indeed, of friends or gen'rous foes.
They mix unnotic'd 'midst the general mass,
While thousands of the sons of Mammon pass
And repress, nor pitying look bestow,
But onward in their hardened course they go.
The widows' and the orphans' cause, *for* them,
Is pled by nobler and more virtuous men,
Who know and feel the harrow'd thoughts that lie
Hid in the anguish of the widow's sigh.
The tinsell'd proudling's heart is dry and cold,