

On light'ning wings, with rapid haste,
Celestial ensigns upward flew ;
And meteoric coursers chased,
Adorned with tints of vivid hue.
I saw them mount the zenith point—
With liquid light the heavens anoint.

Thus wave on wave of liquid light,
Forth in transcendent glory rolled ;
Volcanic flambeaus ruled the night,
Of amber hue or burnished gold.
Anon some glimmering star was seen
Up through the atmospheric sheen.

The fiery shafts that charged the sky,
Prefaced, I thought, the judgment day,
When at the dreadful trumpet's cry,
The seething air shall burn away ;
When earth shall roll in liquid flame,
And Heaven's Judge shall judgment claim.

THE WIND AGAINST THE WINDOW PANE.

'Twas dead of night—a winter night—
My watch-fire was my study light ;
Without the winds in fury tore,
O'er bleak hill-top and down the moor.
Gust urged by gust—tumultuous roar—
Then hushed in cadence low.
Then onward, onward go,
More fierce, more loud, than aught before.