

Greater than Solomon shall open all.
 And where then shall we find the Christian Muse?
 No pagan phantom 'tis, nor made of man,
 No creature, but the living One who spake
 By holy men of old in all the Psalms,
 The Law, the Prophets,—in all Holy Scripture.

XII.

I love the lonely hour of night, but not
 For darkness' sake, nor for its works; nor yet
 Without the precious light of day to tell
 Of persons, things and places. Light was made
 Before them all. Nor would I love the night
 When storms and blackness rule. Night, with its stars
 O'ercanopied, is not the darkness dread
 Which wise and foolish fear alike. 'Twas night
 When eastern sages came to Bethlehem.
 Safe guided by the star, and found the Babe,
 Born in a stable, and their honors paid,
 Their adoration, and their offerings gave
 As to a King divine. 'Twas in the night,
 As shepherds watched their flocks the Angel came,
 From Heaven descending, glory shining round,
 And told them of the wonder God had wrought.
 And then the hosts of Heaven appeared, and sung
 That wondrous song, confirming all His words:—
 "Glory to God on high; and on the earth,
 Peace and good will to men." That wondrous song
 Well might the angels sing! well might the Heavens
 Break forth in anthems of sublimest strains!
 But ah! the world heard not that song! The world
 Profound in darkness slumbered. All its ear
 That open was that time, for other things
 Was vigilant. The murderous jealousy
 Of hell was wakeful in Judea's court;
 And Herod sought to know the place where He
 Was born, with the intent the Child to kill,
 Not worship. And by night the Angel came,
 And warned the sleeping Joseph, who, by night,
 Arose and fled. Chiefly by night the Lord
 Of life prevailed to foil man's foe. By night
 The garden witnessed that deep agony
 Which forced the bloody sweat to flow! All night
 The lifeless body of the Crucified,
 Hopeful in death, reposed. And 'twas yet night,
 When, with a mighty earthquake, Gabriel came,
 In terror clad, and rolled the stone away
 Of entrance to the dead. And then He rose
 Whom death could not detain; and, rising, He
 Became the Resurrection and the Life,
 Destroying death, and him that had its power.
 Such are the uses God hath had for night;
 And so He hath outdone the Prince of Darkness.

XIII.

And it is good to meditate upon
 These mighty themes when night o'erhangs the earth,
 All nature shrouding in her sable pall.
 The night hath had its time; Egypt hath ruled,
 And with its darkness covered all the earth.
 The Prince of Darkness his dominion hath
 Long exercised in cruelty and craft,
 And boisterous ruffian force. But now the end
 Comes swiftly on; and, as the Angel came,
 A son of strength in glory clad, to open
 The sepulchre, and strike the keepers dumb,
 When they the glory saw, the earthquake heard;
 So He shall come to raise the sleeping dead
 From out their graves, and by His presence fill

The hearts of men with fear. And He shall shake
 All nations and all things as then He shook
 Earth by His power. And He shall sit the Judge.
 Judgment and justice shall before Him go,
 And from His face all darkness flee away.

I SAW HER 'MID THE GLITTER- ING THROUG.

"She listened to a flatterer's tale—
 Trusted—and was deceived."

I saw her 'mid the glittering crowd,
 A thing of life and love;
 Fair as cold winter's snowy shroud,
 And pure as saints above—
 A gallant form was by her side—
 Ah!—could such form deception hide!

The music breathed in lofty strain,
 Some old heart-stirring lay;
 To dance, he led her forth again,
 She could not say him nay;
 And words were spoken 'mid the dances,
 That did her simple heart entrance.

And all that night of festive mirth,
 He still was by her side—
 What feelings in each heart had birth!—
 Shall weal or woe betide?
 The parting glance, doth it betoken
 A heart made blessed, or rudely broken?

Next morn—I left my native shore,
 A rover blythe and free;
 I've heard the Arctic ocean roar,
 And sailed o'er ev'ry sea.
 Returned—I sought to know her lot,
 My memory saw in every spot.

They told to me a thrilling tale,
 It still rings in mine ear;
 A tale—to make the cheek turn pale—
 The heart stand still with fear:
 Of flatterer's words—of trusting maid—
 Of hope all lost—a heart betrayed.

I saw her once—but once again;
 And O!—what change was there!
 Her brow now bore the mark of Cain—
 Sin's punishment—despair!
 Reason unseated—honor gone—
 A broken heart, or changed to stone.

Ah! what a dreadful fate was hers!
 Too oft of gentle ones the share—
 They list to heartless flatterers;
 Like birds, fall in the trapper's snare!
 Deceived—their's is life's saddest lot—
 Remorse—the worm that dieth not.