

*To the Editor of the Halifax Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—If the following verses are worthy a place in your pages, you may place them there. They are from unpublished works in my possession, from which I may occasionally trouble you with extracts in poetry and prose, some of which will, I flatter myself prove rather interesting.

ZETA.

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## NIGHT.

*From unpublished Works.*

### I.

'Tis eve,—the Sun declining in the western sky  
Sinks splendidly to rest ; the cloud of night,  
Like the deep shadow of Eternity,  
Unfolds its veil, and o'er the world of light,  
Which lately beam'd so beautiful and bright,  
Throws the still darkness of despair and death,  
While from the breast our day-dreams take their flight.  
The approaching gloom our spirits sink beneath,  
And all things fade before its influencing breath.

### II.

Oh ! 'tis a moment of extreme suspense,  
Of wonderment, of strange and awful fear,  
To see the gradual shade, feel the intense -  
Deep mystic feeling, filling all things near  
And far and wide, and yet to know not whence  
Comes this strange all-pervading influence,  
Leading the spirit where it would not go,—  
Into a world where nought is bright and clear,  
But dark and misty to the mind, as cloudy nights are here.

### III.

'Tis Night,—the power of its still beauty steals  
Over the bosom with a silent dread ;  
For, 'tis a moment when the spirit feels  
The spell unspeakable, which binds the dead  
In the deep silence of their narrow bed  
Unconscious of the calm and long repose  
Which they be blest with, when they cease to tread  
This land through which continual sorrow flows,  
Wearing away the heart with its overwhelming woes.

### IV.

'Tis Night,—but clear and bright and beautiful, above  
The fair moon hurries onward to the goal ;  
Waking in human hearts the thoughts of love,  
That all-absorbing passion of the soul  
Which makes life beautiful amid its thorns,—the Pole,  
To which all hope, desire, light, joy and beauty move,  
The centre of attraction, toward which turn  
All the high holy feelings which our youthful hearts inurn !