

THE OWL.

Creation is the utterance of His Spirit ;
 And many a tone it has
 Whereby to plead with who have ears to hear it,—
 (How few they be, alas) !—
 In music or of orbs the heaven-ensphered,
 Or of the growing grass.

Or the articulate voice of human creatures,
 Or subtler minist'rings
 Of spiritual essences, whose features,
 Like moonlight visitings
 Through flying cloud, elude us, yet are teachers
 And guides to heavenly things.

The earth it is not trod by mortals solely :
 God's angels everywhere
 O'erpace it with God-echoing footfalls holy,
 And hallow all its air.
 And, in this season, calm with melancholy,
 We well-nigh see them there.

Doth not the stillness seem their breath of being.
 Which is essential peace ?
 Doth not the soul's dim vision, vaguely seeing
 Through senses that shall cease,
 Catch glimpses, past these splendours swiftly fleeing
 Of such as ne'er decrease ?

Yea ; through yon deeps of moted light o'erbrooding
 The voiceless wealds and woods,—
 Where lightest airs seem almost an intruding
 On the hushed solitudes
 'Mid which old Summer, his last hours secluding,
 Dies out through chastened moods,—

We feel, beyond the sense, an adumbration
 Of Glories veiled by wings
 O'ergrained with plumes of sentient adoration,
 Whose sunlike shimmerings
 Mark, each, a pulse of heaven's heart modulation
 Along Love's living strings.