

In their night coverts deep. The peeping stars
 Shine out and gem the azure firmament
 With lamps minute, profusely scattered round
 The ambient Heavens, each with its ruddy flame,
 Its tiny twinkling light. Clear is the sky,
 Nor cloud, nor vapour, rests upon its face,
 To intercept the ray that passes down,
 Unhindered, through the deep blue crystal vault—
 The seeming vault of space o'erarching all :
 Emblem of heavenly-mindedness, where naught
 Of error lingers to withstand the truth,
 Where naught of passion unsubdued remains
 Antagonistic to the light divine,
 Descending from the Source profound of light,
 For the instruction of the sons of Truth.
 O! for that light, which shines to lighten all,
 To rise, increasing to the perfect day,
 The day of glory, when the Sun Himself
 Of Righteousness, with healing on His wings,
 Comes forth to scatter all the gloom of night,
 And drive the prowling beasts to seek their dens;
 And there abide, troublers of earth no more!
 O! for that light to lighten every man!
 O! for that truth upon the inward parts
 To write its living law, and fill the world
 With righteousness, and happiness, and peace.

VI.

But evening sighs its latest breeze, and wafts
 On silenced wing, the roaring or the surge—
 That, restless, beats on Erie's rugged rocks,
 Roused by the gale of noon; or tumbles rough
 Round the projecting point where Huron's shores,
 Winding away, stretch with indentures deep,
 And long protrusions, far into the land;
 Or where Ontario spreads his blue expanse,
 Begirt with rugged stones, or forests dark
 That overhang the flood. The listening ear
 Pays willing homage to the soothing sound
 That breaks at intervals the solemn pause
 Of sober evening; first abrupt, then low,
 Retreating, dying, till succeeding waves
 Waken afresh the melancholy dirge,
 Half slumbering on the bosom of the night.
 And the hoarse bull-frog, from his stagnant pool,
 Chimes to its murmur, solemn, deep, and grave.