

That hour's the dearest
 When light's later beam
 Gilds the calm ev'ning sky
 And the unruffled stream.

And the calm holy peace
 In after life given,
 Is sweeter than fading joys
 Speaking of heaven.

ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

From "Songs of Selma."—OSSIAN.

"Star of descending night, fair is thy light in the west!
 Thou that liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud, thy steps
 are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain?
 The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent
 comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock.
 The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their
 course is on the fields. What dost thou behold, fair light?
 But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy
 around thee; they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou
 silent beam. Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!"

Star of descending night!
 Fair in the west thy light;
 Thine unshorn head thou liftest from the cloud.
 Thy steps are on thy hill;
 What in the plain so still,