

Reason.

Here lost unseen amid the depths of thought,
Ashamed to write, ashamed to idle be,
Ashamed to fully trust thee gracious God ;
True, well hast thou in truth remembered me.

Great thought kindled in the breasts of ages
past,
Rose from some tongue touched with thy
spark of fire ;
Overwhelmed with joy from griefs to rise,
Such is power and such I do require.

No voice can't heal which mortal will hath
raised ;
No storms shall cease by human strength
or word ;
No second power can't rise to quenched
the first.

Whilst envy against it ever shall be stirred,
I, created first within earth's bosom,
To mortal hand was workmanship unknown ;
Yet where is skill to fashion or comply,
Or equal his invisible here shown.

Yes, everywhere if reason would abide,
Would light be shown within this mortal
heart ;
And void of doubt his truths would smooth-
ly glide,
To bid our gates of error all depart.

My Ellegy in Nature's Darkness.

*Composed in measure, combining truth,
soundness and depth. THE AUTHOR.*

The toil of day hath sped before the face of
night,
In silence sank the hours to rest, but not
alone ;

Like them our younger hearts are lost in
calm repose,
Unknown and unconscious time is speeding
by.

Some insect life which charmed the thought-
ful gaze ;
The grateful throats which touched in note
and praise,

Lay cradled in the bosom of the night.

A veil hath hid the starry firmament above,
No breath or breeze disturb these peaceful
scenes at rest.

Such intervals between the sometimes
slumbering wake.

Our landscape lamps, as if to pilot and to
guide,

Stretch forth a star unto this lonely spot,

Where flies strike forth a quick uncertain
light,
A startling view this darkness to amuse.

With prompted ease the bull frog breaks the
silent pool,
As if to yawn away the space twix't sleep-
ing hours ;

Perhaps desire to fill the vacant space
The whipporwill had made to close the day
or ope the night ;

Strange some hidden songster should now
break forth,
Unseen, yet he by his song is known,
Charming taste, for darkness with-holds the
rest.

What a picture is here conveyed before my
mind !

No eye beholds the vividness of nature's
art ;

She comes instilled within the spirit clear
through faith,
All other gates in error bids her truths de-
part.

The waters move through aid to move along ;
The grasses flourish well when ere she
weeps ;

Thus I learn thy good, sympathizing tear.

Trees in unison are moved by the unseen,
Throughout doth reason guide by some im-
pulse unknown ;

Great truths, which man would vain
disclose, still rest with God ;
No vain thing hath he created as man would
be,

When he would'at live without his maker's
law.

Oh ! God why revealeth thou such wisdom,
Within this humble brow, unworthy mind.

Here all alone in solitude, I rest with thee ;
Thou knoweth my desire, my thirst is
quenched ;

While many sleep within their earthly
tombs, ye feedeth me ;

Often when I would'at speak to rise or
showy be,

Ye ruleth, yea deny my tongue all power ;
But when returned alone with the to dwell,
I learn the truth and wisdom of thy ways.

Oft this same sad sacred spot I knew, know
as now ;

I feared the darkness, then was I unborn of
God ;

Now gilded by thy peace and light, I spend
with Thee

The night, the richest moments man hath
ever known !

This cage is but a cradle, yet to be
To rock the infant child that can't not