

Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padda-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious sir,
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its cavernous bound;
Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows.
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one Supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command:
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till he is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

VIII. THE CHRISTIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, God Speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-hands!—good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily; tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the fore-sail there! hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel ware! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?
"Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant!—danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.