

But wherefore now this sudden pause,
Like preparation's smothered hum,
When myriads under martial laws,
All mailed and sleepless, wait for some
Advancing host ? Or like the calm
Which nature, in her evening balm
Will shew, ere tempests come,
When dark and ponderous clouds prevail,
Then burst in thunder, fire, and hail ?

Hush !—for the last loud blasts that poured,
Admonish all in drawing nigh !
'Tis now the temple of the Lord,
Where man holds converse with the sky :—
Each herdsman, with uncovered brow,
Records, while lowly bent, his vow,
And breathes the prayerful sigh,
Till, confident, he takes his stand,
Beneath Jehovah's shadowing hand.

Once more the lofty dweller breaks
The holy calm to worship given,
When from his cloudy throne he speaks,
Like some loved sentinel of heaven,
Winding his horn with sweet " *Good Night*,"
Returned below with pure delight
By those, who erst, had riven
The mountain solitude with praise,
For quiet homes and happy days.

Good is the night that ends in prayer !
Blest is the praise that prayer succeeds !
Calm is the lot of those who share
A neighbour's love and good-will deeds !
And sweet, O sweet, is Alpine rest,
When He has tranquilized the breast,
With whom the shepherd pleads !
And safe, whom guardian angels keep,
Unharm'd amid the tempest's sweep !

O yes, once more, the shepherd swain,
Lightsome, returning to his cot,
Repeats the words—when forth the strain—
From lip to ear—from spot to spot—
Through every horn—from every tongue—
Along the clefts—by old and young
The heart-felt wish is caught ;
New echoes finding no repose,
Till sweet " *Good Night* " the evening close.

Manchester.

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* Sprachrohr,—literally a speaking trumpet,