

XXXVI.

How that the sky oft shone with flame too bright
 To seem of Earth, which fashions but to mar ;
 How heaven was sheeted in a robe of light,
 Which caught each beauty of the chastened star ;
 And wove them in a web to charm the sight,
 With sanguine streamer and with golden bar ;
 Such as might seem to hide a heavenly prize,
 A wicket opening into Paradise.

XXXVII.

Of rolling chariot there they had no need ;—
 On riving bar as swiftly would they fly ;
 In the rude rein there champed no fiery steed ;—
 The dog its weighliest function could supply ;
 And thus o'er seas and lands with lightning speed
 They rushed like meteors through an evening sky ;
 Their furry coursers bounding to the call,
 Nor needed care, nor knew luxurious stall.

XXXVIII.

In those far regions, one short night would screen
 The landscape, far as eye could reach,
 In one wide sheet of never-varying sheen
 White as the creamy ripples on the beach ;
 No waters showed their blue, no grove its green,
 A pure expanse was spread without a breach,
 Type of the mind of him whose life is spent
 In pure desires and passionless content.

XXXIX.

Bright is the sun that warms the Indian isles,
 Yet here his reign outlasts one feeble day ;
 Calmly the moon o'er classic Europe smiles,
 But here one night can measure not its ray ;
 Proudly may Egypt gaze upon her piles,
 Here crystal towers illumine every bay ;
 'Tis here alone the wearied eye may rest ;
 These are the storied islands of the blest.