

That, flowing from eternity thro' all
The jarring voices that now rend the soul,
Shall blend them into one long harmony :
So let me hearing die, and dying rest."

He ceased, and, sweet as after day of storm
Flows the still sea at even—the winds and waves
Asleep in purple mists—a silence crept
Over the worlds and flooded Justin's soul,
And in the silence Justin heard a voice
And the warm throbbing of a human heart.
And thro' the darkness moved the form of Christ,
White-robed, with crown of thorns and those sad eyes
That saw His Mother weep beside the cross.
Then from innumerable throats uprose
One glorious music, one great hymn of praise
From all creation, th' universal sounds
Of tireless nature,—thunders of the sea
On clouded crags where arctic winds at night
Tear at its foaming lips, a land of ice
And spectral suns ; the deep-toned mountains, too,
All shadow-clad in forests, send their voice
From caverns subterranean, where the newts
And blind-worms fear no day ; the lion's roar
On viewless waste ; the thundering cataract,
And huge leviathan. Nor only these,
But from the laughing groves and vine-clad hills
And valleys come sweet sounds, the notes of birds,
The hum of insects, when the meridian sun
Drives the glad reapers to their noon-day meal,