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A Quiet Night.

A quiet sky, and shadowy,—but its shade
Falls softly on the earth; for though young night
Has veiled her face in vapour, and with braid
Of silver mist her hyacinth hair bedight,
Yet shine her eyes with gentleness and might
Through veiling vapour and the braiding mist,
As though, wide-lidded, all her deeps of sight,
Embracing God, to holy joy were kissed.
And in the grass the merry crickets sing;
And, 'mid the trees, some bird within the nest,
More closely cowering with sleekèd wing,
Just lets the throbbing pleasure of his breast
O'er bubble in a few chance notes, half heard,
Yet lending God's wide love articulate word.

—*Frank Waters.*