

ORB OF BEAUTY.

Oh how I love to view thy mystic mould
At even, or at midnight's silent hour
To visit thy domain in fancy's form!
'Tis then I get above the things of earth,
And soar triumphant, winged with wondrous
flight
To distant realms. Alas! my vision fails
Me, and my soul though shorn of strength to
know
Thee, wonders with a longing wonderment
Thy nature, Orb of Beauty, and thy use.

'Tis sweet to see thy pallid light and feel
The mystic touch of balmy evening.
'Tis sweet to walk with company that lends
A rapture to the soul 'long paths o'er hung
With flowery trees in odorous breezes wrapt:
'Long streamlets where the gurgling rill doth
blend
And mingle with the whippo-will's sad note.