

12.

Spirit of peace, to every heart
Thine own sweet influence to impart,
But e'en more precious, when thou art
 To Genius given ;
When thou unto his soul art nigh,
His every thought to purify,
And at thy feet, his crown to lie,
 To shine in Heaven.

1839.

NIGHT.

How exquisite is night !
When bursting on the sight
In all its brilliancy of starlight splendour ;
When with transparent face,
Or shadowy silent pace,
The moon glides by, and brightest stars attend her.

Night is the time for thought,
When all that's great is brought,
Is opened to the mental eye ecstatic ;
When all our noonday dreams
Are melted by the beams
Of the bright soul, no more in maze erratic.

It is in this still hour,
Religion has full pow'r,
To raise the mind from earth, and earth's dominion ;
The soul thro' darkest night,
Sees only realms of light,
And there sits musing on her airy pinion.

Night is the child's relief,
When all its little grief,
Forgotten now, is hidden in sweet dreaming ;

When on the little cheek,
So beauteous and so meek,
The tears have dried, and joy once more is beaming.

The bud we watched by day,
The moon's soft tender ray,
Or starlight influence has combined to waken;
For now, as if some spell
Had oped the pearly bell,
The gentle moaning wind a flower has shaken.

This is the sober time,
When thought and reason chime,
When wonder is absorbed in adoration;
When fancy's visions fall,
And God is all in all,
'Tis then we see the grandeur of creation.

If morn's most silver hour,
If noon in richest dower,
Can give unto the mind a heavenly blessing;
Think you what pensive eve
And holy midnight leave
Upon the soul, when thought is worth possessing.

But 'tis not night or day,
That bears more holy sway,
Laden is every hour with richest treasure!
And had we but the lore,
To reap this hidden store,
We might be wise and happy beyond measure.

R. E. S.