

SONNETS TO NIGHT.

O NIGHT! the very mother of us all,
For from thy hollow womb we children came,
A little space to flicker as a flame,
And then within thy tender arms to fall
Tired, fain of nothing but to lie at last
Upon thy bosom, and gaze in thine eyes
Clear, calm, dispassionate, supremely wise,
And pass with thee the gates that must be passed.

O Night, on thee is set our only hope,
Because our eyes, so tender for the day,
Are dazed with sunlight, and poor fingers grope
For those far truths that mock our vague en-
deavour,
Whilst we may find in thee the secrets grey
Of all things God would fain have hid for ever.
All things grow still before thine awful face.
Now fails the lover's sigh; Sleep's angel clings
About the children with her dreamy wings,
And all the world is silent for a space.
The waving of thy dusky plumes in heaven
Alone breathes gentle music to mine ears,
So that despair is fain to flee, and fear

Cowers far away amid the shades of even.

“Hope,” is thy whisper, “hope, and trust in
Night ;

My realm is the eternal, and my power
The absolute. My child, gird on thy strength ;
Clothe limbs with lustiness, and mind with might,
That, communing with me, though for an hour,
Thou mayest conquer when day comes at length.”