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glow of the sky. Not a sound from those
abodes floats in discord to thine ear, - only
from the church-tower, swaring high above
the rest, perhaps, faintly heard through
the stillness, swells the note of the holy
bell. Along the mead low-skims the
swallow on the wave, the silver circlet,
breaking into spray, shows the specter
of the fish. See the Earth, how serene,
though all eloquent of activity and
life! See the Heavens, how benign,
though dark clouds, by yon mountain,
blend the purple with the gold!

Gaze contented, for Good is around
thee - not joyous, for Evil is the shadow
of Good! Let thy soul pierce through
the veil of the senses, and thy sight
plunge deeper than the surface which
gives delight to thine eye. Below the

(over)