

## A Summer Evening's Meditation.

*One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.*

YOUNG.

**T**IS past! The sultry tyrant of the south  
Has spent his short-liv'd rage; more grateful hours  
Move silent on; the skies no more repel  
The dazzled sight, but with mild maiden beams  
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye  
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft  
DIAN's bright crescent, like a silver bow  
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns

Impa-

Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
Her brother down the sky. Fair VENUS shines  
E'en in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam  
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.  
The shadows spread apace ; while meeken'd Eve  
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,  
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour  
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade  
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,  
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,  
Moves forward ; and with radiant finger points  
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,  
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven  
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether

One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling fires,  
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye  
Restless, and dazzled wanders unconfin'd  
O'er all this field of glories : spacious field ;  
And worthy of the Master : he, whose hand  
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,  
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet ; hung on high  
To public gaze, and said, adore, O man !  
The finger of thy God. From what pure wells  
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps,  
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep  
To point our path, and light us to our home.  
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !  
And silent as the foot of time, fulfil  
Their destin'd courses : Nature's self is hush'd,  
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'  
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard

To break the midnight air; tho' the rais'd ear,  
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.

How deep the silence yet how loud the praise!

But are they silent all? or is there not

A tongue in every star that talks with man,

And woos him to be wise; nor woos in vain:

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

At this still hour the self-collected soul

Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there

Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;

An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,

Which must burn on for ages, when the sun,

(Fair transitory creature of a day!)

Has clos'd his golden eye, and wrap'd in shades

Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!

Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul

Revolving

Revolving periods past, may oft look back  
With recollected tenderness, on all  
The various busy scenes she left below,  
Its deep laid projects and its strange events,  
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd  
Her infant hours; O be it lawful now  
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,  
And with mute wonder and delighted awe  
Approach your burning confines. Seiz'd in thought  
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,  
From the green borders of the peopled earth,  
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;  
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb  
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;  
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,  
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons  
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,

Sits

Sits like an exil'd monarch : fearless thence  
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,  
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,  
Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine  
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light  
From the proud regent of our scanty day ;  
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,  
And only less than HIM who marks their track,  
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
Or is there aught beyond ? What hand unseen  
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs  
Of habitable nature, far remote,  
To the dread confines of eternal night,  
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,  
The desarts of creation, wide and wild ;  
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns  
Sleep in the tomb of chaos ? fancy droops,

And

And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.  
But oh thou mighty mind ! whose powerful word  
Said, thus let all things be, and thus they were,  
Where shall I seek thy presence ? how unblam'd  
Invoke thy dread perfection ?  
Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee ?  
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion  
Support thy throne ? O look with pity down  
On erring guilty man ; not in thy names  
Of terror clad ; not with those thunders arm'd  
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd  
The scatter'd tribes ; thou hast a gentler voice,  
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,  
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul unus'd to stretch her powers  
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,  
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,

Drest

Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams,  
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,  
And full replete with wonders. Let me here  
Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time  
And ripen for the skies: the hour will come  
When all these splendours bursting on my sight  
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense  
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

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