

AT MIDNIGHT.

THE voice of all the hollow, desolate sky
 On this wild wind is blown ;
The wail of earth's desire and agony
 Sobs in this wild wind's moan ;
And there is yet another heavier sigh,
 Heard of the heart alone.

This echoed through the midmost core of mirth
 Since mortal mirth began ;
Hearing, we know that all the feast is dearth,
 And all red roses wan.
O God ! for the new heavens, and the new earth,
 And the new heart of man !

G. A. CHADWICK.