

A Sonnet.

I saw at even mid the starry train
One that made brighter the celestial main.
So gloriously fair it was to me,
So full of light, and love, and mystery,
Beloved, fancy said the star was thee.
Ah me! to look upon yet ne'er attain
Mingled my rapture with increase of pain:

But as entranced I softly breathed Thy name
It clept the dawning firmament; it came
As if at my fond call across the night,
Gleamed, and was lost, this meteor bright.
So didst thou come to me and so depart:
Yet love what'er betide, wherever Thou art
Thy light enshrined is within my heart.

Saml. Adams Drake,
1881.