

POEMS FOR THE DIAL.

BY JONES VERY.

THE EVENING CHOIR.

THE organ smites the ear with solemn notes
In the dark pines withdrawn, whose shadows fall
Motionless on the moonlit path which leads
To the house of God, within whose porch I stand.
Behold the stars and larger constellations
Of the north hemisphere; glitter more bright
Their ranks, and more harmonious they seem,
As from within swells out the holy song.
The pillars tremble with the waves of sound!
There is in these deep tones a power to abide
Within us; when the hand is mouldered
Of him who sweeps its keys, and silent too
Her voice, who with the organ chants so sweet,
We shall hear echoes of a former strain,
Soft soul-like airs coming we know not whence.
I would that to the noisy throng below,
Which paces restless through the glimmering street,
Might reach this anthem with its cadence soft,
And its loud rising blasts. Men's ears are closed,
And shut their eyes, when from on high the angels
Listen well pleased, and nearer draw to the earth.
Yet here the blind man comes, the only constant
Listener. In the dim-lighted Church, within
Some pew's recess, retired he sits, with face
Upturned as if he saw, as well as heard,
And music was to him another sense:
Some thoughtless at the gate a moment stand,
Whom a chance wandering melody detains,
And then, forgetful, mingle with the tide •
That bears them on; perchance to wonder whence
It came, or dream from a diviner sphere
'T was heard.

To-morrow is the Sabbath-time ;
Refreshed by sleep this tired multitude,
Which now by all ways rushes through the city,
Each hurrying to and fro with thoughts of gain,
And harried with the business of the world,
Men with children mixed clamorous and rude,
Shall, all at once, quit their accustomed streets,
And to the temples turn with sober pace,
And decent dress composed for prayer and praise.
Yon gate, that now is shut upon the crowd,
Shall open to the worshippers ; by paths
Where not a foot's now heard, up these high steps
Come arm in arm the mother, father, child,
Brother, and sister, servants and the stranger
Tarrying with them, and the stated priest
Who ministers in holy things. Peace be
On this House, on its courts ! May the high hymn
Of praise, that now is sung preparative,
Quiet the rough waves that loud are breaking
At its base, and threatening its high walls.
I would not, when my heart is bitter grown,
And my thoughts turned against the multitude,
War with their earthly temple ; mar its stones ;
Or, with both pillars in my grasp, shake down
The mighty ruin on their heads. With this
I war not, nor wrestle with the earthly man.
I war with the spiritual temple raised
By pride, whose top is in the heavens, though built
On the earth ; whose sight and hydra-headed power
Is everywhere ; — with Principalities,
And them who rule the darkness of this world,
The Spirits of wickedness that highest stand.
'Gainst this and these I fight ; nor I alone,
But those bright stars I see that gather round
Nightly this sacred spot. Nor will they lay
Their glittering armor by, till from heaven's height
Is cast Satan with all his host headlong !
Falling from sphere to sphere, from earth to earth
Forever ; — and God's will is done.