

BY THE CAM.

TWILIGHT is over, and the noon of night
Draws to its zenith. and beyond the stream
Dance the wild witches that dispel my dream
Of gardens naked in Diana's sight.
Foul censers, altars desecrated, blight
The corpse-lit river, whose dank vapours teem
Heavy and horrible, a deadly steam
Of murder's black intolerable might.

The stagnant pools rejoice ; the human feast
Revels at height ; the sacrament is come ;
God wakes no lightning in the broken East ;
His awful thunders listen and are dumb ;
Earth gapes not for that sin ; the skies renew
At break of day their vestiture of blue.