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ON A WESTERN PEAK.

By E. A. B.

And now we reach the fell's aerial brink,
Eager to see, all steeped in azure sheen,
Forest and lake, gray peak and desert green,
And foamless main; with passionate thirst to drink
The etherial glory of the heights; and think
Our souls commingled with the blue serene.
Ah, vain! the eclipsing mists surge up between,
Chill, shivering hosts of fleeting forms that slink
Before the Atlantic gale's invisible lash,
And swarm o'er moor and hill, o'er sea and strand;
Like the beleaguering mists that ever dash
The soul yearning to look with vision free
From peak prophetic on the enchanted land
That lies beyond life's vale of mystery.