

# **SCATTERED LEAVES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649329847

Scattered leaves by Henry Sewell Stokes

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**HENRY SEWELL STOKES**

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LEAVES**



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HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

1862.

280. c. 100

LONDON  
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.  
NEW-STREET SQUARE



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SCATTERED LEAVES.



## THE GATE OF HEAVEN.



HEAVEN'S GATE — where is it? Up yon orient height,  
Where the lark's matin hails the dawning light,  
Or where the Day-Star dips in Ocean's brim,  
And surging billows peal the vesper hymn?  
In the lone forest-aisles, or leafy cells,  
Where Solitude like saintly hermit dwells?  
Or where beneath the illimitable arch  
In silence the Celestial armies march,  
Filling with awe man's never-ending race,  
But reaching not the confines of God's place?

Toward Haran went the Patriarch, and came  
Unto a place the record does not name:  
'Twas night, and pillow'd on the ground he lay,  
And slept and strangely dream'd till break of day.