

EVENING AT PINEHURST.

(South Brookfield.)

The breeze that called the dawn is quiet now,
Save for a drowsy sigh among the pines ;
The lake, as a rose-tinted mirror, shines
Between the lattice of the leaf and bough ;
An elfin light is on the dark hill's brow,
And fairy shadows haunt the forest shrines ;
The timid hare leaps to the sheltering vines ;
The owl on noiseless pinion flitteth low.

At last thou comest^s, all-embracing night !
Invisible dissolver of earth's bounds !
Gentle deliv'ress of the cabin'd soul !
O, in what freedom doth the dream delight,
That with thee rangeth far beyond the rounds
Of mortals stumbling towards a mortal goal.