

THE
CANADIAN JOURNAL
OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

VOL. II.]

DECEMBER, 1876.

[No. 12.]

THE SUN GONE DOWN.

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"The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

SUCH is my life now—a life of bitter retrospection, sad memories, and worse than all, regret—aye, worse and more than regret, remorse—self-torturing, vain, useless remorse, the keen bitterness of which gives no rest either by night or by day—always the same never-ending weary pain, going back to the past that can never be undone. As I sit alone, worn out and weary with weeping, my hands lying idle in my lap, looking out at the fast falling rain pattering down thickly and steadily on the withered sodden leaves which lie on the wet ground, an emblem of the end of all things—death. The dreary, depressing landscape suits my sad mood—the heavy white mist hanging over land and sea is like the cloud that has blotted out my happiness for ever. Only one short year ago I was the happiest of the happy, the gayest of the gay ; life seemed to me like one long bright summer day, and the pleasure of the moment the only thing worth seeking after. Now pleasure seems a mockery, and grief and melancholy, once but faint shadows, are a reality ; while with sadness and sorrow I walk along life's road with tears that can never cease to flow

for the old weary pain must always remain, a living regret that makes the aching heart swell nigh to bursting with the vain recollection of what might have been.

I am alone in my sorrow ; never a stir in the great house, never a voice breaks the stillness that weighs like a pall upon my spirits ; and I look out again through the window, out at the leaden sea barely discernible through the mist and fog, and listen to the sob and moan of the hollow waves on the rocks below. I think and think, going over the story of my life again, bit by bit, resting with a kind of sad tenderness on the happiness of the past, which seems all the brighter in contrast with the sorrow of the present ; and, thinking of the one evening in particular, it seemed hard to realize that the gay, light-hearted girl of that night is now the sorrowful, broken-hearted woman sitting with eyes blinded by tears in the gathering gloom.

It seems so long ago ; and I close my eyes, and see myself as I was then, proud, exultant, happy, standing flushed and radiant before the mirror, arrayed in gleaming white silk and pearls, my heart beating with a new, proud happiness, for there was