

SUMMER EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS.

I.

THE sun descending, rolls his flaming orb,
Beyond the bounds of Huron's ample wave,
That glitters in his parting beams. He goes
To shed his light on western isles remote—
His daily light upon the Isles that spot
The outspread bosom of that mighty deep,
The vast Pacific, in itself a world.
We see it reaching forth from pole to pole
With giant arms; eternal frost abides
On either hand; the burning line between.
Its sunny isles receive their daily meed,
Of light and blessing from the solar beams,
While Ocean pours his own profusion round.

II.

But onward rolls the sun. His lingering rays
Brighten the evening clouds, whose ridges, rolled
In rising volumes, fill the glowing east
With floating hills of fire, that seem to rest
Upon some neighbouring land. But deeper sinks
The sun behind the spheric earth, when, lo!
The western sky and zenith all are spread
With broken clouds, whose scattered fragments blush
The red of heaven, skirted with other dyes
Of ever varying shade. Th' empyrean vault,
Behind the scene, presents its dark back-ground;
The intermediate tints, bright or obscure,
Blending soft, into each other run,
And change, and sink, and vanish out of sight,