

## SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

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SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

A PURPLE richness fills the silent air,  
 And the clear shining sky is slowly streaked  
 With green, saffron, and crimson. Everywhere  
 Sleeps vague enchantment, and the mountains, peaked  
 With white snow, rise above the dusky wood,  
 Their far-off coronals with colours freaked,  
 Caught from the sun ; and, over all, Mount Hood,  
 Amid the Cascades, with that awful crest  
 Upraised amid the stars' bright solitude,  
 Looks calmly out upon the ocean's breast.  
 And still the sun sinks lower—rolling slow,  
 Falters the mighty River of the West,  
 Ere she slips forth from her green banks to know  
 The larger liberty of ocean's bed.  
 And now the wandering waves are all aglow  
 With the sun's blazing beam ; o'er fields of red,  
 In still, black outline ride the far-off ships :  
 And now the violet sky pales overhead,  
 And fainting from the world a glory slips,  
 As the sun, sinking in the western sea,  
 Within the burnished waters slowly dips  
 And disappears ; what time impalpably  
 A most sad shadow through the valley steals,  
 And a dim gloom clouds every forest tree.  
 Then the lone lighthouse on the point reveals