

Sunset on Nerepis River.

THE sun sinks down in his glory
And purples the clustering hills.
The shadow from Douglas Mountain
The calm of the Nerepis fills.

Over the crest of the Eagle,
Deep gathering mists are afloat,
Their cold, white arms, outspreading,
Hush the redbreast's liquid note.

The silver thread of the river
Still winds its way to the fall,
Leaving the emerald meadows
For the rock whither eagles call.

Th' anemones pink white petals
Curve upward with close of day,—
Violets, yellow and blue and white,
In slumbering clusters lay.

Night that had hid in the fir tree
Moves silently over the field ;
Its sable wings rest on the flowers,
Which drowsily fold and yield

To the pointed shadows creeping
Over river and hill and bank,—
They fold their petals in silence
And wait in their modest rank.