

EVENING.

BY H. KAY COLEMAN.

NOW the quiet evening shadows
 Shed around a holy calm,
 Holding wrapped in mysteries' shackles
 Wondrous thoughts of the 'I am':—
 Thoughts, beyond a full expression,
 Thoughts, which soar, we scarce know where,
 Filling with a fond emotion,
 Bidding farther fly dull care.

Slowly now in matchless splendour
 Twinkling sentinels appear,
 And the graceful elm-tree shadows,
 In the moonlight, fringe the mere.
 As we gaze with reverence kindled
 On Ontario's placid breast,
 Well we know the wild wave's Ruler
 Giveth His beloved rest.

Gentle stream, whose tiny ripples
 Half their melody forego,
 Art thou fearful lest thy babbling
 Should disturb the lull below?
 Balmy zephyrs blow but gently,—
 Come with just the faintest breath,
 Lest the forest leaves should flutter
 And the evening calm meet death.

Hearts are full, but lips are speechless;
 Hands are clasped, eyes turned on high.
 Oh, to live, that like this day-time
 Still and peaceful we may die!
 May resign the glare and glamour,
 With the race of life well run,
 As the golden-tinted hill-tops
 In the West at set of sun!

PORT HOPE.