

SUNSET REVERIE.

I saw the day go down beyond the hills,
Flinging his gorgeous mantle in the air,
For night—sweet tender eyed night—to wear
Upon her tawny bosom as she wills.
And lo ! in melting hues, with daffodils
Peeping from either side her wreathèd hair,
And coronal of golden crescent rare,
Night comes array'd, and earth with beauty fills.

The lyric cry of bird, the peal of bell,
The softly sighing whisper of the wind :
I hear them call as in a blessed dream.

God's peace, that passeth any words to tell,
Flows all around ; the world is left behind ;
My soul is drifting—drifting—with the stream.