

TWILIGHT AND ITS COMPANIONS.

D. J. WALLACE.

Through the small uncurtained window,
Peers the solemn star of even,
Fairest gem of all the myriads
That bedeck the vault of heaven !
Softly through the azure heavens,
Fleecy clouds are gently floating;
Oft they linger as if weary,
Or some passing wonder noting.

In the twilight, dim and dusky,
With Night's dark'ning mantle round me,
Talk I by the dying embers
With the spirits that surround me,
From the world of spirits coming,
Coming ever, ever going ;
Like the waters of a fountain,
Flowing ever, ever flowing.

Through the window see them gazing,
In the door-way see them stealing ;
Now appearing in their beauty,
Now their fairy forms concealing.
Softly through my room they wander
Noiseless as the sleeping number
That within the quiet church-yard
Rest in an unbroken slumber.