

## AN EVENING IN OCTOBER.

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**E**VENING has thrown her husking garment round  
This little world ; no harsh or jarring sound  
Disturbs my reverie. The room is dark,  
And kneeling at the window I can mark  
Each light and shadow of the scene below.  
The placid glistening pools, the streams that flow  
Through the red earth, left by the hurrying tide ;  
The ridge of mountain on the farther side  
Shewing more black for many twinkling lights  
That come and go about the gathering heights.  
Below me lie great wharves, dreary and dim,  
And lumber houses crowding close and grim  
Like giant shadowed guardians of the port,  
With towering chimneys outlined tall and swart  
Against the silver pools. Two figures pace  
The wharf in ghostly silence, face from face.  
O'er the black line of mountain, silver-clear  
In faint rose-tint of vaporous evening air,  
Sinketh the bright suspicion of a wing,  
The slim curved moon, who in shy triumphing  
Hideth her face. Above, the rose-tint pales  
Into a silver opal, hills and dales  
Of cloudy glory, fading high alone  
Into a tender blue-grey monotone.—  
And then I thought : “ ere that fair slender moon  
Has rounded grown and full, (so soon, so soon !)  
Our hearts' desire accomplished we shall see  
Dear one, all light, and joy, and ecstasy ! ”

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## PARTED.

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“ **M**Y spirit holds you, Dear,  
Though worlds away,”—  
This to their absent ones  
Many can say.