

### **Ad Cadendum Solem**

Those long low lines of vivid red  
 That gild the sun's course to his bed,  
 Streaking his path, a mingled blaze  
 Of purpling most concentrated rays  
 As 'neath he sinks the western deep  
 And leaves our Hemisphere to sleep.  
 When care and sorrow may subside  
 By chance as flows the human tide,  
 But yet the Sun his path still takes,  
 Although he seems to hide, still wakes  
 Where'er he meets Nights on his way  
 He turns them all to shining Day.

### **\*The Robin**

I've heard the Robin sing  
 For the first time this spring.  
 His sweet and pleasant voice  
 Now bids the year rejoice.  
 Then hail the Red-breast bird,  
 Whose melody is heard  
 Warbling so mild and clear  
 At the op'ning of the year.

\* His transatlantic confrere is less robust ; one of whom I was wont to entertain with crumbs on my window sill every morning, and he, without any appearance of fear would turn his little head and squint at me, as much as to say "Thank you."