

## FIRE FLIES.

COMING from darkness we pass to the dark—  
 Death that has been and a death yet to be,  
 Life flames between them—a luminous spark  
 Fanned by the wings of some far destiny.

Destiny, swift to enkindle the spark,  
 Blots it again in the blackness before,—  
 We cry for a sound from the soundless—the dark  
 Silence but deepens her stillnesses more.

Master of darkness, both future and past,  
 Lord of our days from the darkneses free ;  
 Great God of silences, awful and vast,  
 Keep us from fearing our own mystery !

## SUNSET.

THE sun on his way to his home in the west  
 A-down the long vaults of the firmanent springs  
 To love and his hearth, where the embers at rest  
 Will flash into flame at the beat of his wings.