

GABLE ENDS.

TWILIGHT.

O Twilight hour of faint, mysterious light,
When long-forgotten voices of the past
Float back and chant, like spirits of the night,
In low, sad monotone, until, at last,
The night wind bears them far beyond the sea ;
And shadows fall across the fading land
As shadows fall upon the heart of me,
When earth's sun sinks beyond the stretch of sand,
Beside the sea.

An unseen bird clear carols from the gloom,
Amid the murm'rous reminiscent pines,
Whose huge black line of shadows darkly loom
Against the west, where wan the sunlight shines ;
And wild and sweet the song rings thro' the hush,
Yet with a sound of unsung sorrow, bid,
As evening star is hid in sunset's blush,
And seems but sleeping with a twinkling lid,
Like violets lush.

One swallow swerves along the river's rim,
Then soars aloft thro' golden, glowing air,
And flees into the sunset faint and dim ;
The mists come stealing from their unfound lair,
And float upon the argent river's breast ;
The rustling reeds are murmuring low and sad,
And dying day lies in the arms of night,
While soft he rocks the maid, until a glad,
Sweet smile of hers illumines the fading light,
Then onward flight !

The red, wan sunset, like a sea, afar,
Doth stretch until it melts in golden mist
Away beyond the lights of farthest star,
To where, on blessed isles, the angels list
To low, soft wash of infinite, far seas ;
And from those unknown isles I half expect
One, one lost soul to flutter o'er the leas,
Borne rustling back with pale, pure light redecked—
Lost love now wrecked.

O, silent hour, dreamlike, and sad, and dim,
When long-forgotten voices of the past
Sing to the soul their old, old memoried hymn,
When toll of unheard Angelus is cast
Across the dusk and sinks beyond the sea ;
Oh may that dark, dull hour, when death appears,
Be lulled with those sweet twilight sounds, and be
As soft, yet sweet and sad, when sunset nears,
And night of years.

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