

THE DAY'S END.

WHEN the long day is done, and all its hours
Have folded their small book of cares and sighs,
I love to sit in a peace-path of flowers
And watch the yellow moon swim through the
skies.

And sweetly all the bright stars sing together,
And O my heart is glad, yes glad, once more,
For often, O, in sunny, stormy weather,
I hear a sob, growing within its door.

The dewy night-winds with their spirit fingers
Smooth out the little worries of the day;
And, in the street, the breeze's breath still lingers
To cool the burning thoughts that long held sway.
And shadows wait so silently and listen
To the grand hymn that sweeps up from the seas;
And, on the vines, the shy, young moonbeams glisten,
While my glad soul exults in ecstasies.