

EVENING LIGHT.



AY—a happy harvest day—
 Passes peaceful to its close ;
 Labour loiters, pauses play,
 And for both awaits repose.

Over fields of gathered sheaves
 Flocks of fleecy clouds have strayed ;
 Over bowers of autumn leaves
 Gloom and gleam alternate palyed.

Now the skies on either hand
 Part like seas, and clouds sail o'er,
 To the golden pebbled strand
 Of a white celestial shore.

Now the shore is growing grey!
 All grows grey from east to west!
 And half sad we turn away,
 With a dim and vague unrest.

Turn again! the sun is low,
 And a pale cloud, tinged with red,
 Glows as swift as blushes glow,
 Spreads as swift as blushes spread.

Caught from cloud to cloud, the flush
 Deepens as it kindles still,—
 In the west a burning blush,
 Fainter on the eastern hill.

Swiftly too the glory fades—
 Even as we gaze it dies ;
 Surely too the night invades,
 And the rapture sinks in sighs.

Like a vision of the just
 At his latter end it is—
 Sober day of work and trust
 Evening glow as grand as this.

Life and labour both are done,
 Drawing near death's solemn night ;
 Yet, at setting of the sun,
 At the even-time is light!

Back o'er all his life it streams,
 All the round of life its sky ;
 Love is burning in its beams,
 Hope is lighting him to die.