

*THE LAST EVENING.*

EVE after eve the Summer through  
Our boat had floated down the stream :  
Eve after eve the river knew  
Our oars' soft splash and silvery gleam.

And now, when Autumn chills grew nigh,  
Day's latest and most glorious hour  
In rosy splendours from the sky  
Bathed grassy slope and regal tower.

Soft breathed the air ; the river slept ;  
The fulness of the year had come ;  
A sense of languid sweetness crept  
Upon us, as we drew towards home.

At last one spoke—" We near the shore ;  
Row slowly now. Whate'er betide,  
*This* hour can come to us no more ;  
Life bears us on." He spoke and sighed.

That hour is past ; the silent stream  
Bears other boats upon their way ;  
But we and ours are like a dream  
That faded in the Autumn day.