

SUNRISE.

O'er yon dim hills I see a silvery grey
 Lining on the border of a cloud—
 Black as the inky texture of a shroud
 Enveloping its soul-abandoned clay.
 Note how prophetic glimmerings faintly stray
 Illumining the east, like reason's dawn,
 Upon a mind from which its light has flown.
 Now lo! Behold the Monarch of the Day,
 Clad in majestic radiance, in his hand
 Such scepters as no earthly kings adorn,
 Shedding in rich profusion o'er the land
 His liquid rays to cheer the rosy morn.
 Taste you the bitter cup?—Then understand
 'Tis from the womb of Night the Day is born.

SUNSET.

O for a brush to paint the gorgeous west
 Resplendent with the sun's declining ray!
 O for a tongue with power to portray
 The manifold emotions in my breast
 As on this scene my sated eyes now rest!
 A conflagration's tamed to tenderness;
 The devouring flame's subdued till Heaven's dress
 Is ruby, emerald, sapphire, amethyst.
 Imagination bodies forth for me
 A mermaid with her tresses to the breeze
 And wanton Naiads sporting merrily
 Round faery islands set in silvery seas.
 Is this a memory of my infancy
 Or but a dream?—Behold! It vanishes like these.

A. G.

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