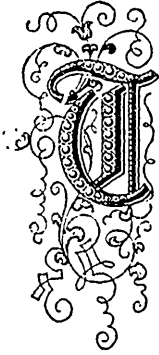


EVENING.

HE sad and solemn light of eve
 Grows gray, and dim, and melancholy :
 Athwart the cloud-loom shifting slowly,
 From east to west the shadows weave.

The silence of the night is here,—
 The rush that goes before her feet ;
 So deep, you almost hear through it
 The spaceward rolling of the sphere :

A wide and universal calm,
 Marked, here and there, along its round,
 By emphasizing points of sound,
 Like fingers to the open palm :

Perchance the rustle of a breeze
 Amid the bare and rattling boughs ;
 The far-off low of calling cows ;
 A lone bird piping from the leas ;

The watch-dog's distance-dwindled bark ;
 The crow of some untimely cock ;
 And the loud ticking of the clock,
 Splitting the minutes of the dark.

No other sound—all else is still ;
 The mighty Nature, drowsing, sleeps ;
 And even man's restless spirit steep
 Its sense in popped dreams that kill

The stony-staring Gorgon, Pain,
 And bid the Argus-eyes of Care,
 Pervading, like a breath of prayer,
 The chambers of the heart and brain.

FRANK WATERS, Cornwall, Ont.