



### The Sadness of the Twilight.

When at eventime the wind is in the lillies,  
And the shadows drift along the garden way;  
When the stars are soft and bright above the mountain,  
And the night-bird sings his melancholy lay;

There mingles with the sobbing of the river,  
A strange, sad music, faintly blown to me;  
Low words that tell of deep unending heartache,  
Somewhere beyond the beauty of the sea.

And the sorrow of those far and mystic valleys,  
That whispers down the dimness of the tide,  
Has wrought a grief amid the Northern meadows,  
Where never idle tears were wont to bide.

And to my heart there comes a nameless yearning,  
A note of pain, that pleasures may not still,  
That e'er repeats its sweetly-plaintive measure,  
When the wind is in the lillies on the hill.

When the sunset lights are dead beyond the pine-trees,  
And the winds' low chant is ringing down the vale,  
Without a sadness of its own to ponder,  
My soul is answering to that lone, far wail.

No more for me the soothing of the starlight;  
No more sweet dreams, along the grassy lane,  
Until, adown the scented summer twilight,  
Fades the strange music with its gift of pain.

HERBERT L. BREWISTER.



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