



Photo by Sidney R. Carter.

“EVENTIDE.”

RECESSIONAL.

Now along the solemn heights
 Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
 Down the great earth's glimmering char.cel
 Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
 Like a shadow in a glass
 Falls the dark and falls the stillness;
 We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
 Where the nights and days have ending,—
 Pass in order pale and slow
 Unto sleep extending.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
 Worlds must go as well as we,
 In the long procession joining
 Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
 Where the round year rolls sublime,
 Rolls and drops, and falls for ever
 In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
 Past the utmost reach of sleep,
 Till remembrance has no longer
 Care to laugh or weep.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.