

## VESPERS.

## I.

SERENEST evening! whether fall  
 In arrowy gold thy sunset beams,  
 Or dimmer radiance maketh all  
 Like landscapes seen in dreams,  
 I joy apart with thee to walk,  
 I joy with thee alone to talk.  
 With speech is thy clear blue endowed,  
 Thy archipelagoes of cloud:—  
 Of sweetest music and most rare,  
 I hear the utterances there,  
 And nightly does my being rise  
 To fonder converse with thy skies.  
 My home I from thy mists create,  
 Or, with thy fires incorporate,  
 Am lightly to the zenith swinging,  
 Or pouring glory on the woods,  
 Or through some lowly window flinging  
 The sunset's blessed floods.  
 Mine is the beauty of the hour,  
 Mine most, when most I feel its power.

## II.

Behold the vast array of tents  
 For me to sentinel to night;  
 An instant,—this magnificence  
 Has faded out of sight.  
 The tents are struck: the warriors' march  
 Subsides along the stately arch.  
 I saw the sword their leader drew  
 Beneath the banner's crimson edge;  
 'T was lightning to the common view,  
 To me a solemn pledge,

Unbroken as the smile of Him  
 Who rules those cloudy cherubim.  
 The sun, His mirrored smile, not yet  
 Upon the loving earth, has set;  
 Happy in his caressing fold,  
 The cottage roofs are domes of gold.  
 To sip the misty surf he stoops,  
 Ontarios of light he scoops  
 In sombrest turf, and still for me  
 Alone his shining seems to be.  
 Mine are his thousand rays that burn,  
 I love, and I appropriate;  
 Who loves enough, creates return,  
 Nor can be desolate.

SA.