
THE TWILIGHT IN THE HEART.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

A long, bright day with deep blue skies,
And wooing winds that sighed to part,
And sweet song-birds and all we prize,
Have left a twilight in the heart.
Deep and more deep the shadows fall,
Sad and still sadder sighs the breeze,
And mournful birds begin to call
From gloomy groves of cypress trees.

I think upon the morning now :
'Twas bright—and evanescent too ;
Its flowers all faded on my brow
Ere scarce an hour had drunk their dew.
The noon was brilliant—that, too, passed ;
The evening softly wandered by ;
And soon a splendid sunset cast
Its golden glory from the sky.

Then came the twilight in the heart—
Alas, how sad is twilight there !
From dusky shadows fair forms start,
And love-sighs tremble on the air ;
Lone fire-flies lend a fitful lamp
To mock with faint and wavering light ;
And while the dew comes chill and damp
We dream and sigh for rest and night.

For night—a dim and mystic night
That brings the mournful mind no dreams—
Or blessed ones of love and light,
Caught but from memory's sunny gleams ;
For night—the night that seems so dark,
Whose splendid stars are hid away
In clouds that show no glimmering spark—
For night, for night, for night—we pray !
