

SUNSET MOUNTAINS.

If, Lover of the Mountains, thou must grieve
Long absence from thy highlands ;—Lonely One,
Go forth some lucent evening to receive
The benediction of the setting sun :
Then of the crests of purple clouds afire,
And in the shadow of their shoulders bright,
And in the sky pools—deep beyond desire,
Build thou thy vanished corrie, loch and height.
Build on with fondest memory, build on
With dearest love, with strongest hope, with joy ;
Reviving some fair picture long ago,
That so the fall of dusk may not destroy
The image in thy heart, reformed again,
Which thou hast nearly lost mid toil of men.

GORDON C. GRANT.