

**At Close of Day.**

MAY 19, 1898.

IN gloom and fateful silence, vast as night,  
 The shadows of a dying century  
 Close fast about us. The loud wheels of War,  
 The tramp of invisible hosts, break on the ear  
 In awestruck echoes. Lo, o'er East and West  
 Fate lays an ominous finger, while men stir  
 Uneasily, in dumb disquietude,  
 Marking the balance of the scales of God.

And yet, mid these large issues of the time,  
 Not wholly toward the embattled cloud has set  
 The nation's thought; but there, where Cambria's  
 bound  
 Melts into England, has the wide world's gaze  
 Turned with a noble pity. Death at last  
 Hath laid his hand upon that figure, grave  
 And bowed with weight of years, and called him hence  
 Softly, in painless sleep. Ev'n so we prayed;  
 Nor deemed him less heroic in his hour  
 Of patient, uncomplaining fortitude,  
 Than when his matchless accents, lifted up  
 To voice some golden truth, held charmed the ear  
 Of listening Senate, shook the people's heart,  
 And triumphed o'er supineness and despair.

E. H. BLAKENEY.

