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. BLAKEY.