

The Coming of Night

BY MURIEL A. E. BROWN.

The long hot day comes to an end
And swiftly sinks the setting sun
Seeming in clearest ambience
Of green and gold, straight to descend
Upon the widely stretching plain,
Beyond the range of flat topped hills
Now purple in the glory
Of the glowing sunset stain,
High in the zenith I descry
A lonely star—yet pale and dim,
Serene and calm, it seems to swim
In blue grey ether, and to my eye
Appears what to the ear
Is the muezzin call to prayer
Floating o'er distant plain and hill
Soft and remote yet very clear.
Nature, attuned to prayer one feels
Lies hushed and still the colour gone
From out the west, and seeks to pause
Ere she her greatest splendours will reveal
My soul expectant throbs, and still
The Herald Planet shines more bright,
First one sweet star steals into vision,
Then another, and soon the Heavens fill
With one grand glittering train
Of burning and scintillating stars
Against a vault of blackest night
Above the silent plain.
Gazing up my spirit shrinks
And falters, trembling, at the sight
Of Majesty so glorious.
Those stars are suns—one scarcely thinks

The human brain can grasp or know
What such a definition means
And yet retain its hold on life
With all its petty influences low.
That high-way across the heavens
The Ecliptic Path I note
In which the planets find their road
To rise or set at even.
Now too the picture book unrolls
Of all the Constellations old
As they so slowly wheel and turn
Majestically round the Pole ;
Yon band of gently beaming light
Which sweeps across the sky
Must be a flight of spirits pure
Revealed more clear by sense than sight.
Near the Chabutra where I lie
A subtle fragrance fills the air,
Known on earth as Jessamine,
But surely starry petals dropped
By those sweet spirits as they fly
Along the gleaming Milky Way,
Whose fragrance is a message sent
Of life Divine with us to stay.

SUTNA,
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