



Our Bay View Sunsets

Oh beautiful sunset, how radiantly bright,
As you gather the twilights to bid them good night
We are charmed with the pictures you weave in the west,
In your visions of splendor—ere going to rest,
For you catch here a shimmer of azure and gold,
Then with it the white fleecy cloud you will hold,
You call to the sunbeams to give of their best
Ere nature enfolds them in her bosom to rest,
And the sun fairies dance on the shadows of night
Flinging back fleeting moments of glorious light
In the darts of the Sun God whose quiver is filled
With the drops of his glory by cupids distilled,
Till the gates swing ajar, and you seem to behold,
Bright glimpses of mansions and streets of pure gold,
The river of life, the great angelic throng,
A radiant Christ on the heavenly throne.
And you gaze on entranced, lost in wonder so deep,
Till the dusk shadows gently and quietly creep
O'er the face of the waters, and your vision grows dim
As night draws her curtain—all earth seems a hymn,
And you reverently bow in the hush of the day,
In God's great out of doors—with all nature—to pray.

—Nellie I. Thomas, Bay View.