



LIT

by

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I heard once from a learned man, that the motions of the sun, moon, and stars, constituted time, and I assented not. Does the motion alone make the day? The motion of the earth round its axis, and round the sun, marks the day, and the year. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapor to the field. Yet, the great sun moves not of himself; but is as an errand-boy in heaven.

The sun, day; daily. Night draws the curtain; which the sun withdraws--the sun only as a bright object that revolves around the earth, rather than the sun principle: that everything changes. Somewhere in the east, early morning, set off at dawn, turn your body from the sun. Travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up forever, never grow a day older, technically. Here, the black frost reigns, unbroken by sun or breeze. Yet, here, too, life dies sunwards full of faith; but see! No sooner dead, than death whirls round the corpse. Like everyone, we must travel towards the sunset; and like them, if we fall, we fall in good cause.

I behold the day-break, I foreshow, that the sun is about to rise. What I behold, is present; what I foreshow, to come. You will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but you will see him in his own proper place. The time remaining until full sunrise is so short that I began to despair. The winking lights upon the bridges were already pale, the coming sun is like a marsh of fire on the horizon. I become more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun. It is by this time half-past five, and the sun is on the point of rising. The river, still dark and mysterious, is spanned.

One sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the crack. Emanations of sun, water, and earth. A bourgeois writer cited: 'There's the sun again coming out. The sun will soon rise, and I must have him off. Shine over the earth; and let the day, lightened by the sun, utter unto day, speech of wisdom. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon. Hurry!—hurry!'

I read somewhere that the sun's getting cooler every year, even as our days grow hotter; that the fossilised decidua of primeval forests had in turn derived their vegetative existence from the sun, primal source of heat (radiant), transmitted through omnipresent luminiferous diathermanous ether. Crawler, rodent, ruminant and pachyderm, all their moving moaning multitude, murderers of the sun. The ultraviolet radiation in sunlight could cause malignancy in turn; magnetic radiation which nothing can affect makes flesh sun. Of course, a true theory of nature and of man, should contain somewhat progressive uses that are exhausted or that may be. Decay is a perpetual effect. This suggests the absolute. It is a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us. I could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in my grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air, by no ostensible agency save my breath. Nature dies all around us. Alert and healthy natures remember that the sun once rose clear. Yet, we are caught in this burning scene. Some honestly think there is no choice left.

The sun was known by the spread intensity of his place. The light of an invisible luminous body, and the first limbs of the resurgent sun are perceptible low on the horizon, where his bayonet rays moved on in stacks. A pillar of white flame, dazzling as the sun, swishes like a huge tree falling in the forest, a torrent of sparks swept all the way across. We were given light first and the sun two days later. Before everything, the word. And so the sun is not named, but its presence among us. Thus, I name a stone, I name the sun, the things themselves not being present to my senses, but their images to my memory. The shadows, the images, the reflection of the sun and stars in the water, the stars and sun themselves, severally correspond—first, to the realm of fancy and poetry—and second, to the world of sense.

At length, the sun rose. As the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, here and there, by degrees. The sun was just entering the dappled east, and his light illumined the wreathed and dewy orchard trees. All at once, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest. There was a sudden explosive sunrise. Along the clustered roofs, with church-towers and spires shooting into the air, the sun rose up, and a veil seemed to be drawn from the river, and millions of sparkles burst out upon it. When the cross-lights intensify and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all. Yon ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it, sunshine to the landscape. The sun, dispersing the mist, smiles on a checkered landscape of russet and white smoking with incense. Now, my little friend, while the sun drinks the dew—while the flowers in this old garden awake and expand, all will be washed in the blood of the sun.

Do you like this sunrise? That sky with its high and light clouds which are sure to melt away as the day waxes? The appalling beauty of the vast milky mass lit up by a horizontal spangling sun, shifted and glistened like a living opal in the blue morning sea? It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance to be present at it.

Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon a young man's eyelids, awoke the man. I had been desolate and afraid, and full of woe and terror; but when that beautiful sun began to climb the horizon, life was to me again. As soon as the sun rose I rose too. Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the sun. But all so soon as the all-cheering sun, I rave: perhaps at this moment he is watching the sun rise over the Pyrenees, or on the tideless sea of the south, the golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven, clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun, fair as the moon and terrible that for awe they durst not look upon it. Beam of the sun, fairest light that ever dawned on Thebe of the seven gates, thou hast shone forth at last. I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sun-rise, with emotions which an angel might share.

A look of wonder and deep content crept into the woman's face as she watched the sun rise upon the new, the beautiful world beyond the bayou. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky, which were flung into its bosom. She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily to the right. Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. He sighed. 'Let us take bath, and dress, and have breakfast. Pleasant to see first thing in the morning.' She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a-going and the cold hearths a-blazing. 'Make hay while the sun shines.' She drew in a long whiff and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her window. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl. To face the day-light, and obscure the sun. But I looked neither to rising sun, nor smiling sky, nor wakening nature any longer. See, and the sun is just rose, and all day is as sunset to me.

The man swept the mirror in a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea. 'You have only to take a mirror, and catch the reflection of the sun, and the earth, or anything else—there now you have made them.' Yes, but only in appearance. Another work of the good deacon's hand—a reduced likeness of his friend. 'And as clear as is the summer's sun!' Most persons do not see the sun. At most, they have a very superficial seeing. The god who gives us light is the sun, who is the eye of the day, but is not to be confounded with the eye of man. When directed towards objects on which the sun shines, the eyes see clearly and there is light in them, the light of the sun, from which all life draws its energy, short-wave radiation. When the sun shines the eye sees, and in the intellectual world where truth is, there is sight and light. As in the previous instance, light and sight may be truly said to be like the sun, and yet not to be the sun, so in this other sphere, science and truth may be deemed to be like the good, but not good. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, seldom shining into his heart.

The sun was low; and leaning forward side by side, seemed to be tugging painfully uphill. The green grass, which seems like emerald amongst it; grey earthy rock; grey clouds, tinged with the sunburst at the far edge, hangs over the grey sea, into which the sand-points stretch like grey finge. I once saw a large herd of whales in the east, all heading towards the sun, and for a moment vibrating in concert with peaked flukes. Their song had no music for me, any more than the clouded sun had rays. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes. I ventured to continue my journey after the sun had risen; the day, which was one of the first of spring, began to cheer even me by loveliness. This is that portion, also, where in the spring, the ice being warmed by the heat of the sun reflected from the bottom, and also transmitted through the earth, melts first. It would have been impossible to guess that this bright and sunny apparition owed its existence to the shape of gloomy gray.

In spring and summer one got on better: sunshine and long days make such a difference. The morning sun was unclouded, and the trees and shrubs imbibed the sweet air of the month of May. The pleasant sunshine and the pure air of day restored me to some degree of tranquility. Are you alive again, child of the sun and playmate of the summer breeze, after your dismal winter's nap? She was happy to be alive and breathing, when her whole being seemed to be one with the sunlight, the color, the odors, the luxuriant warmth of some perfect Southern day. Even this page is as sunshine. I had never realized what grand things air and sunlight are till I had been deprived of them. I saw that her presence diffused gladness through the cottage, dispelling their sorrow as the sun dissipates the morning mists. Even for me life had its gleams of sunshine.

She stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her. She then took her hand away suddenly and let the sun stream. Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon. At length the sun's rays have attained the right angle, and warm winds blow. Her hair was uncovered and the sun's rays brought a golden gleam from its brown meshes. From childhood to womanhood her pathway was blooming with flowers, and overarched by a sunny sky. The poor girls have romantic notions of a sunny clime, and of the flowering vines that all the year round shade a happy home. The bright morning sun, therefore, shone on broad shoulders and well-developed busts, and on round and ruddy cheeks.

The patriarch is under the pond, but vainly bellowing. The howl goes round again and again, as the sun disperses the morning mist. Outside, the air was sweet, the sun shone, and the birds sang, and it seemed as if all nature were tuned to a different pitch. And I could enjoy it without fear or restraint. The pond began to boom about an hour after sunrise, when it felt the influence of the sun's rays slanted upon it from over the hills; it stretched itself and yawned like a waking man.

By this time the sun had risen, and we were all in the full light of day, where the morning sun first warmly smote, her nest made in the angle of a cloud, woven of the rainbow's trimmings, and lined with some soft midsummer haze caught up from earth. She was to throw sunlight into some deep recess of the forest, and seek subsistence from the virgin bosom of the wild. It is as if I had passed through some long nightmare, and had just awakened to see the beautiful sunshine and feel the fresh air of the morning around me. Tears again bedewed my cheeks, and I even raised my humid eyes with thankfulness towards the blessed sun, which bestowed joy upon me.

Come forth and feel the sun.

My heart, which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy; in its most impressive lustre, he lays it against a gloomy ground, and then lights it up, not by the sun, but by some unnatural gases. He exhibits the epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating beneath the sun. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. Being something that had a right to exist—obviously—in the sunshine, the young man looked at me with surprise. One fairer than my love (the all-seeing sun)! He too worships fire; most faithful, broad, baronial vassal of the sun! On his knees; on which the sun more glad impressed his beams, coloured binding around his jacket, scarlet edging at the bottom of his trousers; the sunshine made him look extremely gay and wonderfully neat withal, because you could see how beautiful he was, with those peeling, little blue eyes, smiles and frowns chasing each other over that open countenance like sunshine and shadow on a wind-swept plain.

Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. It is not unlikely that a quibble is meant between son and sun. But I shall not see another sun! Then, seeing that the sun was hot, he took his clothes from the bank and proceeded to wash them. Through the lacings of the leaves, the great sun seemed a flying shuttle weaving the unwearied verdure. Oh, busy weaver! unseen weaver! Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is. He sings of the wandering moon and the sun's toils; of whence sprang man and beast, whence rain and fire. That head upon which the upper sun now gleams, has moved amid this world's foundations. It is glorious to behold this ribbon of water sparkling in the sun, the bare face of the pond full of glee and youth, as if it spoke the joy of the fishes within. Now is the sun upon the highmost hill. Well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real. Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye. If we lift them, the bright sun meets our glance half way, to cheer. O, the beautiful sunshine! the exhilarating breeze! The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

I am daze, I am dazzle, with so much light, and yet clouds roll. We passed rapidly along; the sun was hot, but we were sheltered from its rays by a kind of canopy. On silvery sand-banks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down. Her claret glasses shimmering, a spiky shell, where it concerted, mirrored, bronze with sunnier bronze. "I swear," he cried, "by the sun, and by the blue sky of heaven, and by the fire of love that burns my heart." Scarcely one day of her life had been clouded when the sun rose on her happy bridal morning. A quaint little Gothic church of Our Lady of Lourdes, gleaming all brown and yellow with paint in the sun's glare. Love, whether newly born, or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine, filling the heart so full of radiance that it overflows upon the outward world. She missed the days when some pretext served to take him away from her, just as one misses the sun on a cloudy day without having thought much about the sun when it was shining. But the hills and dales, clouds and sunshine, conspicuous in the virtues of great men, set off each other. When you read their writings, life appears to consist in a warm sun and a garden of roses. Yet, oh, the great sun is no fixture. Others foretell in what year and month of the year, and what day of the month, and what hour of the day, and what part of its light, moon or sun, is to be eclipsed, and so it shall be, as it is foreshowed.

I felt how—if I were his wife, this good man, pure as the deep sunless source, could soon kill me, without drawing from my veins a single drop of blood. He'd harass and crush me altogether. He sat beside Molly in filtered sunlight on the rim of a dry concrete fountain, letting the endless stream. He squinted up at her, against the band of sun. A long young body and a melanin-boosted tan. It was her intention to bring them together. His captive balloon shone rosily in the sunshine. While the sun stood still, so much time should overpass, as the sun usually makes his whole course in, from morning to morning. He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam. He faced about and back again. Sex without self may be dispelled momentarily in a sunny suburban. Gold light on sea, on sand, on boulders. The sun is there, in ripples on the pond and in patches, in smells and colors. The dark green clusters glistened from afar in the sun, as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame—the symbol of vitality, the grass-blade. Over all our gloom, the sun of Righteousness still shines a beacon and a hope.

Neptune's blue domain, 'mid mossy banks, fanned by gentlest zephyrs, played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants. She could see before her no denial—only the promise of excessive joy. The morning was full of sunlight and hope. Hound asleep there in the sun; more hounds asleep round about; about three shade trees away off in a corner. Here palms, alpacas, and volcanoes; sun's disks and stars; ecliptics, horns-of-plenty, and rich banners waving, are in luxuriant profusion. Strong men I could see down in Margate strand bathing place from the side of the rock standing up in the sun naked like a God or something and then plunging into the sea with them, why aren't all men like this? Surface ever fresh;—a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush—this the light dust-cloth—which retains no breath that is breathed on it. He indolently floats, openly toying with his red-cheeked Cleopatra, ripening his apricot thigh upon the sunny deck. But ashore, all this effeminacy is dashed, a brigandish guise.

I was just driving the herds of cattle to a ridge of the hill as I fed them, as the sun shot forth his rays and made the earth grow warm; when lo! I see three revel-bands of women. Laughing, linked, high haircombs flashing, they catch the sun in mocking mirrors, lifting their arms. The light shed at noon by the universal sun disturbs us. Perhaps, it would have been more terrible than even to meet him as I now did, with the hot, mid-day sun burning down upon my face, and lighting up its shame. But, if from their birth people are placed in a torrid zone, with the meridian sun of pleasure darting directly upon them, how can they sufficiently brace their minds to discharge? My dear, please Almighty God, may your life be all it promises: a long day of sunshine, with no harsh wind, no forgetting duty, no distrust.

Beneath the sun, beneath the moon, benign as ever, with sun-flushed aspect we greet blackberrying in Mangonel sun. Digested by the sun's aetherial heat, by bachelor's walk jog-jaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun, in heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tires: sprawled, warm-seated. Under a leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun. From the cool shadow he saw the horses pass Parliament street, harness and glossy pasterns in sunlight shimmering. The sun became warmer, the nights clear and balmy, bricks baked in the sun, and buttons on her dress gleamed in the sunlight. She dawdled there in the hot sun. There were very few people about, and though the sun was bright, and the air clear and fresh. I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days, and spent them wisely. There the sun lighted me to hoe beans, pacing slowly backward and forward.

The light of the sun flows in a big yellow flood. Pruning, staking, sowing hayseed, trundling a weedladen wheelbarrow without excessive fatigue amid the scent of newmown hay, ameliorating the soil, multiplying wisdom, achieving longevity. Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly, the sun never shined on a cause of greater worth. The sun was low in the west and the breeze was soft and warm. A summer's day, and with the shining sun.

She herself, meanwhile, all glorified with a ray of sunshine, that was attracted thitherward as by a certain sympathy, was brought back to her former mood by the shimmer of the sunshine on the weapons and bright armor of the military company, which followed after the music. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords! A long war, not with cranes, but with weeds, those Trojans who had sun and rain and dews on their side. Daily the beans saw me come to their rescue armed with a hoe, darkening the light and blotting out the sun, in the cheap sunshine or by shady springs. We liked then to wander alone into strange and unfamiliar places. We discovered many a sunny, sleepy corner, fashioned to dream in. When it became noon, and the sun rose higher, I lay down on the grass and was overpowered by a deep sleep.

Glittering fantasies, which better were it to love than this very sun (which is real to our sight at least), those fiery effulgences, infernally superb, at equal intervals are scattered over its whole extent, and by their motions in the sun produce the finest imaginable sparkle. A dream is a big, airy place, a whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. The towers are only left void and still when the blue sky and halcyon sunshine of the genial spring weather called their occupants out into the grounds. He glanced sideways in the sunlight. I awake, nauseous. The fresh air and bright sun seldom failed to restore us to some degree of composure. Still we are miserable; for hope has quitted us on the very confines of life: our sun at noon darkens in an eclipse, which we feel will not leave till the time of setting.

This way comes Pip—poor boy! For their books are fraught with prolix fables, of the heaven, and stars, sun, and moon, but I now no longer thought him able satisfactorily to provide what I much desired. He is so miserably weak, that to be able to think and move about would be like feeling sunshine after a long spell of east wind out of a steel sky. The poor youth, tottering from his sick chamber to breathe the sunny air, experienced from every tongue the miserable and humiliating torture of unmerited praise. Father Conmee blessed him in the sun for his purse held, he knew, one silver crown. Ah, only makes a sign to the sign and bows himself; there is a sun on the coin—fire worshipper, depend upon it. Ho! more and more. Then 'He's hanged himself!' 'Why, in God's name?' I cried. He kept on looking out watchfully. 'Who knows? The sun too much for him, or the country perhaps.' The monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars. If we just bend down our eyes, the dark vale shows.

Overhead, sunlight. (Crawls jellily forward under the boughs, streaked by sunlight, with indignity.) Sorry. This position. I felt it was expected of me. Force of habit. Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. Be a warm day, I fancy.

She hesitates in midflight, shivers in all that blue sunlight and rushes back.

But pay no worship to the garish sun. A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavystringed glass. The sun is there, in the slender trees, the lemon houses. Here, above a pond, the dragonflies dart and the sun strikes fire from their wings. The sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock sun. In one case, however, it is real sunshine; in the other, it more resembles the phosphorescent glow of decaying wood. Made horrid circles; two broad suns. You're obliged to employ both your hands to defend your eyes against the reflected as well as the true sun, for they are equally bright; and between the two, you must survey every surface critically.

Colours depend on the light you see. Stare the sun for example like the eagle then look at a shoe see a blotch blob yellowish. It's repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering, unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight. Nothing but thin shingles protected the men from the scorching summer's sun. In their very sweatings to be smoked and burned anew by the combined fires of the equatorial sun and the equatorial try-works, when, on the heel of all this, they all whitehot and the smell of the rainwater in those tanks watching the sun all the time weltering down on them faded all that lovely. For the millionth time we say amen with Solomon—Verily there is nothing new under the sun. No use sterner all, then; but I was groping at midday, with a blinding sun, all crown-jewels; I was groping, I say. Across the wide trance of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

The sun was fierce, the land seemed to glisten and drip with steam. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of the overshadowed distance. He went and laid his genius out to wither, and his strength to waste, under a tropical sun. He wasted the sunshine, as people said, in wandering through the woods and fields and along the banks of streams. A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavystringed glass. Meantime while his whole attention was absorbed. And supposing he were to do this several times under the heat of a scorching sun, might he not lose his sight? It is difficult to realize the condition in which he had been a few years before. The still air, the movement on the river, and the moving river itself, the road that ran with us--a blinding sunlight drowned all this at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. As he bent, he was barred from neck to heels with narrow strips of sunlight.

So went it, until the sun's bright orb stood in mid heaven, and the heat began to burn: and then suddenly a whirlwind. A muffled silence reigned, only broken at times by the shrieks of the storm. I fought my way against the stubborn wind. Then the old man, with the sharp of his extended hand, then took the precise bearing of the sun, and satisfied that the needles were exactly inverted, shouted out his orders. Beat on, beat on, thou noble ship, and bear a hardy helm; for lo! the sun is breaking through; the clouds are rolling off—serenest azure is at hand. No such inspired creation is at unity with itself, any more than the clouds of heaven when the sun pierces through them, in every shade of light and dark, of truth, and of fiction which is the veil. He calms the swollen seas, puts to flight the gathered clouds, and brings back the sun. On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins. He offed his silk hat and smiled, as he took leave, at the jet beads of her mantilla inkshining in the sun. And smiled yet again, in going. The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. Out into the air, with a dim perception that there was something unwonted in the conduct of the sunshine, Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting. All God's sun-lit waves are rolled by the bloody sun. The big, grim-looking waves, seemed dark themselves, breaking where the sun beats. She thought the place was not so gruesome as before, but oh, how unutterably mean-looking when the sunshine streamed in.

The sun did behind us peer. 'Pass with soft sunlight o'er the lap of land—patchouli was more than scent--was the sun, was a million saxophones, a sunburst on the titlepage.' The young man smiled, pleasing himself, thinking it's the kind of stuff you read: 'in the track of the sun, he could see half a dozen bright yellow packets. In the sunlight, they looked like giant pats of butter.' As I live he's comparing notes; looking at his thigh bone; thinking the sun is in the thigh, or in the calf, or in the bowels, I suppose. Or in broken bottles in the furze acting as a burning glass in the sun. Yet the sun, the sun with rays, directly darting down, the sun was high up and beginning to bite. I went down and led him out of the sun, scolding him for not being more attentive.

When I marked the sunlight dancing here and there, its beauty seemed to mock my sadness. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as madly as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window. A feeling of insecurity, especially with regard to my children, often threw its dark shadow across my sunshine. In this, the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which my life was hidden from the sun. The cup of life was poisoned for ever, and although the sun shone upon me, as upon the happy and gay of heart, I saw around me nothing. I may die, but first you, my tyrant and tormentor, shall curse the sun that gazes on your misery. Beware, for I am fearless and therefore powerful, if full of sin, full of anguish likewise—now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure. The day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be frightened as they thought of me. His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly.

We had the sun's chariot but one day, and drove out of the beaten track, and we burned several blocks of houses. Peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun, we hurled a mute curse at the sky. "I wanted to know what it was like being crucified. Hanging there in the sun ..." He shrivelled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies wilting in the sun. In tears, the sun towards that country tends. It was now late in the afternoon, and sunset was not far off. We had to recognise that our game was up; with heavy hearts we agreed. With ratsteeth bared we muttered. Thou must gather thine own sunshine. I have none to give thee! Yet with thy impotence thou insultest the sun! Science! Curse thee, thou vain toy. His eyeglass flashed frowning in the sun. I looked at him as you peer down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines.

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter? The woman who has only been taught to please, will soon find that her charms are oblique sun-beams, and that they cannot have much effect on her husband's heart. She, also, may be very beautiful; but the flowers and sunshine of love are not for her anymore. She drank the cup of sin, and shame, and misery. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags. There will be many jokes about the man who went on a visit to the sun and lost his eyes. Her grey, sun-strained eyes stared straight ahead, I am sure that there is something on her mind which the time of exact sunset will reveal. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, trekking to evening lands. These occasions are becoming harrowing times for us all. Earth was subjected, for good or ill, to influences that had their origin in sun and storm. Rivers of hot blood poured forth, until, with the sun beating down, and the air motionless, the stench was enough to knock a man over. All day long the blazing midsummer sun beat down upon that square mile of abominations: upon tens of thousands of cattle crowded. When Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile. The smoke curled up toward the sun and shadowed the plain so that the stupid birds thought it was going to rain. But, come! The sun is hastening westward, while the march of human life, that never paused before, is delayed.

—Am I awfully sunburnt?

I have no gazers to shut out, but the sun and moon, and I am willing that they should look in. For that as the body of this air which is above the earth, hindereth not the light of the sun from passing through it, penetrating it, not by bursting or by cutting, but by filling it wholly. Methinks I have seen just such figures, when the sun has been shining through a richly painted window, and tracing out the golden and crimson images. In the evenings there would be no place for us to go except a barroom. Their sharp voices cried about on all sides: their many forms closed round. Somewhere imperceptibly we would hear and somehow reluctantly, sun-compelled, obey the summons of recall. Looking between the curtains of the window, we saw by the slanting rays of the sun that the afternoon was far advanced. The terror of dawn was still with me, because it was not a vapour sunshine could disperse, nor a sand-traced effigy storms could wash away. It remain on and on, till sunset come.

It is now not far off sunset time. As we returned towards the setting sun we had today left behind us, and as the stream of our hopes seemed all running back, the charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. A death-house in a lonely churchyard, away from teeming London; where the air is fresh, and the sun rises over Hampstead Hill. Thus in the end we may find him in his form of man between the hours of noon and sunset, and so engage with him when he is at his most weak. I sit on a stump on such a height as this, overlooking the pond. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea, sent back its reflection into every face, not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. Some time in the afternoon I raised my head, and looking round and seeing the western sun gilding the sign of its decline on the wall, I asked, "What am I to do?"

“Run away, child,” answered mother, “and catch the sunshine! It will soon be gone.” The sun seemed giving this gentle air to this bold and rolling scene. The image was but vague in its outward presentment; so that, as in the cloud shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it--another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman--with the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows.

In the late afternoon sunshine slept the glittering main. In the sun's orb,
made porous to receive. Through sun and shade; by happy hearts or
broken; through all the wide contrasting scenery, an old cat slept all day
on the stone step.

All day the sun had shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the single spruce stands hung, amid the drowned howls of the patriarch. The sun now shone on the red leaves that strewed the ground and diffused cheerfulness, although it denied warmth. A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay beneath him, a bowl of bitter waters. As sunshine fair when tempest's wrath is past, the sun's heat had softened. He had just returned, and was standing at our own gate looking at the sunset, when once more I heard him yelling 'He, whose live vividness but scorches him, as these old eyes are even now scorched with thy light, O sun! Level by nature to this earth's horizon are the glances of man's eyes; not shot from the crown. An ungodly pride departing from Thee, and failing of Thy light, they foresee a failure of the sun's light, which shall be, so long before, but see not their own, which is. Nor were my good things now without, nor sought with the eyes of flesh in that earthly sun; for they that would have joy from without soon become vain, and waste themselves. Fall of man!' (Harshly, his pupils waxing.) 'To hell with the pope! Nothing new under the sun.'

They seemed, however, to hasten with redoubled speed as the sun dropped lower and lower on the mountain tops. Right and left of us the crests towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range. The sun was low in the west, and the breeze soft and languorous that came up from the south. The sunshine yet lingered upon the higher branches of the trees that grew on rising ground. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew; of beaming sunny rays a golden tiara. I know why moralists call this world a dreary wilderness: but for some it blossomed like a rose. The approach of sunset was so very beautiful, so grand in its masses of splendidly-coloured clouds. I shall spread a rainbow over his disastrous set of sun; then against all mortal critics, bear me out in it. The colour organ had momentarily painted a tropical sunset. Looking, when he had ceased speaking, not at me, but at the false sun, at which I looked too. Both he and I had our backs towards the path leading up the field.

The sun was almost down on the mountain tops, every stone of its broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun, and the shadows of the whole group fell long upon the snow. Standing boldly athwart the western sky, its downward way was marked by myriad clouds of every sunset-colour—flame, purple, pink, green, violet, and all the tints of gold. It was very pleasant to stay there under the orange trees, while the sun dipped lower and lower, turning the western sky to flaming copper and gold. I lingered till the sun went down amongst the trees, and sank crimson and clear behind them. Sunset faded, through orange, upwards into yellow and a pale watery green. This was emphasised by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold, the foliage; the church at the gates, the road, the tranquil hills, all reposing in the autumn day's sun; the horizon bounded by a propitious sky, azure, marbled with pearly white.

Just at sunset, the air turned cold and the sky cloudy: I went in, she called me upstairs. These occasions are becoming harrowing times for us all, for each sunrise and sunset opens up some new danger—some new pain, which, however, may in the people's will, be means to a good. On the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared, as though they were a sunset, something outside me, separate. The dusk came gliding in long before the sun had set. The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches into from the broiling sun--or wait a minute--it's just the opposite--the sun's getting colder.

The sun had gone down behind the tall apartments of the movie stars. Her beauty, the warmth and richness of her womanhood, departed, like fading sunshine; and a gray shadow seemed to fall across her. I thought at the time that it was the softness of the red sunset on her face, but somehow now I think it has a deeper meaning. A satiety of life, and we discover by the natural course of things that all that is done under the sun is vanity, we are drawing near the awful close of the drama. About the palm tree and the colour organ sunset, it was extremely impersonal, I'm sorry. But these vain imaginations lose their vividness, and finally vanish.

It was a shock to me to turn to the wonderful smoky beauty of a sunset over London, with its lurid lights and inky shadows and all the marvellous tints that come on. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode. The labours I endured were no longer to be alleviated by the bright sun or gentle breezes of spring; all joy was but a mockery of our desolate state. And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat. There was the red sun, on the low level of the shore, in a purple haze, fast deepening into black. It had been a fine bright day, but had become chilly as the sun dropped. Then I had a vague memory of something very sweet and very bitter all around me at once; and then I seemed sinking in. My earthly senses are closing over my spirit like the leaves around the heart of a rose at sunset. As I looked, the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph. The laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor. I seek not gaiety nor mirth, not the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young and gay. I am no longer young. I may well be content to die in the evening before the sun sets. Be over, and the sun more cool decline. The current ran smooth and swift. Ebb quick, as sinks life's parting sun--(in whose sunset suns still rise). From the sun's beam meet night, her other part.

When the setting sun to night gave way, as we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. The sun was now beneath the horizon, and the light that came down among the leaves was sufficiently dim. But by and by, as said, this evening after sundown, the wind sitting in the west, biggish swollen clouds to be seen as the night increased. Then, there the great dark came upon us—for even after down-sun the heavens reflected the gone sun on the snow, and all was for a time in a great twilight. The sun was gone, but he had left his footprints in the sky. Land of the setting sun, this. In the natural sun, the skies will be bright; those who glared like devils in the forking flames, the morn will show. Because it's all arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the stars. When you hold out the fork. Little piece of steel iron. Come. Come. All the sunshine is gone. No sun was lighted up, no world to view. No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. I must find the line of resistance, whatsoever it may be. I shall be at hand all the night from sunset till after the sunrise, and if there be aught that may be learned I shall learn it. Some, to example, there are again whose movements are automatic. We should again be allowed to feel the sunshine, and breathe the pure air. Perceive. That is the appropriate sun. Nightbird nightsun nighttown, all smit by the morrow's sun, shall sun that morrow see!