

WHEN SUMMER PASSED

When summer passed, the tender grass,
 Deserted, yearning for her smile,
 Grew old and brown; and floating down
 From shrub and tree came afterwhile
 The shivering leaves, deserted too
 By smiles of summer, skies of blue;
 And, frightened by the cold wind's blast,
 Her children wept—when summer passed.

When summer passed, awoke at last
 My soul that dreamed and mused all day;
 And wild with pain, called back again
 The days that summer took away.
 But memory only heard that cry,
 When the happy days had drifted by,
 And with my soul, alone, at last,
 Sad memory wept—when summer passed.

—*Minnesota Magazine.*

A LADY'S FACE

One night I saw a lady's face
 Of haughty grace,
 The lady was so radiant, so fair,
 I do declare
 I fell in love with her at sight,
 Unlucky wight.
 Her station was so far above me,
 How could she love me!
 She did indeed look down on me
 Of low degree;
 But she did not speak even a word
 As I had heard,
 Of me alas she thought not,
 Or she recked not,
 You asked who was this maid
 Of high degree?
 Gaze heavenward some fair night
 And you will see.

—*Hamilton Lit. Mag.*