

"Once Upon A Time."

By Dorothy L. Warne

When twilight shadows gently fall,
And fairy dream-men softly call,
A white-robed pair invade my chair—
Sweet, merry Kate, with golden hair,
And grey-eyed May, so small and frail,
Both clamouring for the oft-told tale
Of "Once upon a time."

Sweet wonderment shines in their eyes,
Their faces glow with glad surprise ;
At Fancy's touch my study fades,
Transformed into enchanting glades
Where chimes of fairy temples ring
And fairy goblins laugh and sing
Of "Once upon a time."

Right headlong through a dusky wood
The wolf pursues Red Riding Hood ;
Close by the couch where Beauty sleeps,
Poor Cinderella sits and weeps.
Her princely lover, too, is there,
None but the brave deserve the fair
Of "Once upon a time."

But see ! The sleep-man creeps this way,
The bright eyes dare not disobey !
Four cherry lips to mine are pressed,
Two golden heads sink on my breast.
Away, to Fancy's land of dreams,
The haunted caves and magic streams
Of "Once upon a time."