



RAYON :  
AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.

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L A Y IV.

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*Stella.*

THERE are some tender ditties—we have list—  
Embosomed in the distance, indistinctly  
They flitted. It is quite too much to ask them.

*Rayon.*

Of a sad passage they are simply echoes.

As the great sun invites  
The flower hung dews—gems by his glory made,  
And lo they are not : so the holy Heaven  
Attracts the pure and beautiful in heart,  
Trancendent in the reflex of that Heaven,  
And robs us of them. Edna, you believe it.  
You said you'd cry and laugh with me. I own  
You laugh enough—but no—you never cry.