

The stream that wanders down between the hills
 Has eaten deep beneath the house's wall,
 And fallen stones choke back the slunken rills
 That gurgle down their sides in many a fall ;
 And truant boys that venture up the creek
 Creep past with timid foot and frightened eye,
 And dare not near the haunted house to seek
 For swallow's eggs among the chimneys high.

And through the mellow, golden, summer gloom
 One lonely, reed-voiced robin pipes aloud
 Until the day's last lights his wings illumine ;
 And then the song is ceased, and shadows crowd
 Across the songless valley's solitude,
 That seems a land within whose twilight bourn
 No human foot would venture to intrude ;
 Bereft of summers, and of springs forlorn.

And yet beyond the years now passed away,
 Sometime within the summer days long gone,
 A thousand birds sang all the lyric day,
 A thousand flowers gleamed on the summer lawn,
 And golden fruit grew mellow in the sun,
 And laughter swelled along the joyous vale
 As twilight birds flew homeward, one by one,
 And in the west the golden lights grew pale.

And long among the daisies and the grass
 A man and woman idly wandered on,
 And saw the faint gleams from the far west pass,
 Until the day and after-glow were gone :
 And plucking one among the many flowers,
 He said, "Though this poor flower must pass away,
 There is no end, no end to love like ours :
 Our love is of all time—these live a day."

But they have passed away, and daisies blow
 Above the graves wherein the lovers sleep ;
 And years have come and gone, and years still go ;
 But no voice breaks upon the silence deep,
 And only the old, gloomy house remains,
 Within whose silent walls no footsteps stray,
 And drearily the cold autumnal rains
 Beat down in gusts upon its gables grey.

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

