

THE BROWNIES IN THE STUDIO.



That told about some late affair,
Of which the world was not aware.
But pleasure seemed to have the power
To hasten every passing hour,
And bring too soon the morning chime,
However well they note the time.
Now, from a chapel's brazen bell,
The startling hint of morning fell,
And Brownies realized the need
Of leaving for their haunts with speed.
So down the staircase to the street
They made their way with nimble feet,
And ere the sun could show his face,
The band had reached a hiding-place.

