

THEIR LOVERS.

THEY sat by the sea on a still June night,
And dreamed of the past in the soft moonlight;
Two women of seventy years or more
Sat dreaming of life on Virginia's shore.

Though strangers, the spell of the mystic hour
Soon mellowed their hearts by its magic power;
The gates of their lives opened wide, and then
Their joys and their sorrows came forth again.

One told of her lover who went away
With Lee to the war on her wedding day;
And how she hoped on through the tragic years,
Till bravely he died, and left only tears.

The other smiled shyly, and coyly said,
"I think that my lover, like yours, is dead;
The lover I dreamed of but never knew,
He must have been killed in the great war, too."