

Child Fancies.

Two wide, blue eyes evaded sleep, tonight,
Two lids that will not fall, disclose the light
Of merry thoughts. A busy little brain
Is troubled, and there comes a rain
Of eager questions.

The light's turned off—I raise the blind. The sky
Is rich with million diamond lights, and high
The harvest moon is hung. The fields are bare,
We laugh and say "Dame Earth has cut her hair."
Wee maid and I.

But clouds are scolding off the moon to bed
In surly haste. There droops a drowsy head
As all the glad sky-glories disappear;
"It's dark," the wee maid cries in sudden fear,
"Has God turned off the stars?"