

THE STUDENT'S GRAVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I never gazed on him that sleeps
Here in this dark and lonely wood,
Beneath this mourning tree that keeps
Watch in the sighing solitude.
Yet there are those who loved for years
The one that's here alone forgot
By all save these—for this my tears
Shall gush above this sacred spot.

Perchance a mother's lip even now
Is sighing for her vanished boy—
A sister's or a loved one's brow
May wear a shade naught can destroy,
For him who passed from love and home
Ere youth's romantic dreams were o'er—
Who left familiar scenes to come
No more, no more—alas, no more.

Sure in his own, his sunny land,
Where orange flowers in fragrance sleep,
There is a lonely, sighing band :
It may be that those mourners keep
Some severed curl whose warm, rich hue
Is like the gold by sunlight given ;
And oh, perchance his eyes were blue
And dreamy as the summer's heaven.

Young stranger of the dreamless heart,
Beneath this dark and aged tree,
I know not what thou wert—and *art* ;
And yet—ah, yet I envy thee !
For oh, I know thy fancy raised
Enchanted castles of bright halls,
And thou did'st go ere age had gazed
Upon their black and ruined walls.

Where e'er thy spirit wanders now,
Oh, can it find a sadder scene
Than that of death and change where thou
In thy young, fiery years hast been ?
No—no—yet sure thy youth and love
Have found a *happier* sphere than this ;
I know that thou must smile above
In scenes of brightness and of bliss
