"YET ONCE AGAIN."
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Yet, once again, Walter,
In Dreamland, we've met;
By Midnight's dim altar
Where star-lamps were set,
My heart seemed to falter:
"I did not forget!"

I told thee how sadly
Thine eyes haunted mine,
While I'd worshipped, half-madly,
Forms brighter than thine—
And would have, most gladly,
Heaped dust on thy shrine!

"Another sun's kisses
Have darkened thy cheek—
Another love's blisses
Didst thou too not seek?
Lest Fear's serpent-hisses
Should madden me—speak!"

While thus I was sighing
Each wild, broken word,
How sweet a replying
My startled soul heard!
What stilled strings there lying
To music were stirred!

But back where the sweeping
Of south-winds wakes flowers,
The angel that's keeping
The Dreamland's pearl-towers,
Led thee—'mid the sleeping
Of birds in bright bowers.

And left me—where whitely
The North-hills arise,
Leaning coldly, though brightly,
'Gainst desolate skies,
Round whose drear bosoms, lightly,
The drifting snow flies.

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When shadows betide me
   Again to Dreamland
What angel shall guide me
   To clasp thy white hand
And see thee beside me
   As erst thou didst stand.

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And thou—when Night's singing
   The tropics to sleep,
Is thy heart never winging
   Its way o'er the deep,
And mournfully flinging
   Dead flowers where I weep?