

# A VISIONARY'S FANCIES.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

They called him dead, they told me he was laid  
In yon old forest—he had loved its shade—  
And so I wandered there, and, 'neath the tree  
Where he was wont to lisp sweet words to me,  
I saw his name—Clair Vernon—graven deep  
On the cold whiteness of a marble heap.

Oft in the soft light of the eve's first star,  
A broken string from off his hushed guitar,  
A snowy glove or faded flower, I see,  
And turn forgetful, whispering—"Where is he?"  
And some mysterious voice from far replies :  
"With God and all the angels in the skies."

There comes the moon—oh, he is coming too !  
He wanders with her thro' the unbounded blue ;  
When from her couch of clouds ye see her rise,  
His beauty flashes over half the skies,  
And ye might deem it the returning light  
Of the lost Pleiad burning thro' the night !

See yonder pearly cloud, divinely fair—  
A pale, slight, youthful form 's reclining there  
Like the unfathomed blue of midnight skies,  
Soft with a tender starlight seem his eyes ;  
And how he smiles—the beautiful and true !  
Alas ! the moon goes—he is going too !

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