WHERE ALLAN PERCY ROAMED WITH ME.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The twilight's purple gloom again
  Falls sweetly, sadly here,
As on that eve—and one wild strain
  Floats from the forest near.

While list'ning to the wind's low moan
  Beside this haunted tree,
With clouded heart I stand alone,
  Wrapped in a dream of thee.

Here once we wandered and thy breast
  Seemed thrilled with love's soft spell ;
Against thy heart my hand was prest,
  And words of passion fell.

A breeze like this flung from thy brow
  The careless-curling hair ;
And those blue eyes—where gaze they now?
  Oh, angels, tell me where !

Joy like I knew with thee, again
  Earth *cannot* give to me !
That autumn night—haunts heart and brain
  But—*am I aught to thee ?*

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Oh, I will wander *here* no more—
  A spell weighs on the air,
And memories from the graves of yore
  Rise up to mock despair.