THE OLD SUMMER HOUSE.
'Twas a dilapidated, ancient shed,
The woodwork stained and fallen to decay;
And often at the close of summer's day
A troop of frolic dames would overspread
The old grey bench with gauzy drapery;
Pressing the worn grass with small, glistening feet,
Filling the tremulous air with laughter sweet,
That mocked the river's undertone of glee.

But once there chanced into that trysting place
One to whom fame was but a household sound;
Whose pensive air, and calm, majestic grace,
Suit well the bays wherewith his brows are crowned.
And since that time his footprints of those ways
Have made for future pilgrims classic ground.

—Red and Blue.

FAREWELL.
I'm going far away from here;
I say it sadly with a sigh;
Yet we must part forevermore,
And say good-bye.

I hate to take this last farewell
From you, the first to reach my heart;
And though you wronged me more than all,
'Tis hard to part.

For I have loved you in the past,
I loved you till a day ago;
But now, alas, that you were false,
Too well I know.

So we must part. It gives me pain
Far greater than I care to tell,
To bid the one I thought so true
A last farewell.

But faith is dead; and when that's gone
Love fades e'en like the setting sun:
We cannot keep the night away;
The day is done.

—Brunonian.