

SLEEP

ALONG the silver pathways of the moon,
(With lilies strewn to mark her passing hours)
A mighty goddess strays.
Her rapt eyes gaze in calm undying swoon,
Like stars in June that guard earth's sleeping flowers,
The guests of summer days.
Moving she plays some sweetly slumbrous tune,
As mothers croon ; through faint Æolian showers,
Her mist-hung garment sways.

And in her shadow chaste as starlit snows,
A vestal goes, scattering sweet roses :
Roses deep-thorned and red—
Whose leaves are shed in perfumed dreams, where glows
A world that blows and fairy-like discloses
The fields that Flora fled.
And some are sped where dream brings that repose
The thorn bestows—(where naught that is, reposes)—
Goring the sleeper's head.

ETHEL ARCHER.