

## **ECHOES**

Lady Clara Vere de Vere Was eight years old, she said: Every ringlet, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden thread.

She took her little porringer: Of me she shall not win renown: For the baseness of its nature shall have strength to drag her down.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid? There stands the Inspector at thy door: Like a dog, he hunts for boys who know not two and two are four."

"Kind words are more than coronets," She said, and wondering looked at me: "It is the dead unhappy night, and I must hurry home to tea."