

KINGSTON-MAURWARD EWELEASE.

"BY THE RUNIC STONE"

(Two who became a story)

By the Runic Stone

They sat, where the grass sloped down,
And chattered, he white-hatted, she in brown,
Pink-faced, breeze-blown.

Rapt there alone

In the transport of talking so
In such a place, there was nothing to let them know
What hours had flown.

And the die thrown

By them heedlessly there, the dent
It was to cut in their encompassment,
Were, too, unknown.

It might have strown

Their zest with qualms to see,

As in a glass, Time toss their history

From zone to zone!