MY GUEST.

I wonder who the stranger was who came,
In spite of welcome, to my voiceless room?
Who by swift touch the shadows did transform,
Who by swift touch the sunbeams gray
Who gave to my dull spirit wings to fly
And opened for me north and southern skies,
Who furnished it with whatever its room,
Who bade me dream of lands that flowed past
Who bade me dream of lands that flowed past
Who bade me dream of lands that flowed past