

Serenade.

* BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

Stars that swiftly bud and bloom
In the fields of night,
Burst thy sheaths of purple gloom—
Spread thy petals bright!
Fill the gardens of the sky,
Stretching wide and deep and high,
With thy silver light.

Moon that with thy face unfurled
Risest swift and still,
Let the realms of night's blue world
Golden shimmers fill!
Twilight, timid, doubtful, wan,
Yearns to see thy rich beams dawn
O'er yon misty hill.

Maid, who blossomed in my life
Like a flower divine,
On my heart's dark doubt and strife
Let thy pure love shine.
As star-buds on the night's soft breast
Lie in happy, trustful rest,
Lie thou, love, on mine!

Nature's Music.

BY MABEL HAYDEN.

When summer suns shine in the sky,
And sails upon the waters he,
I rest within my boat and dream
A thousand thoughts that rise and gleam.
And in the smooth, white pebbled stones
I hear a melody of tones;
Among the massive woodland trees
A symphony in every breeze,
As thro' the deep, wide forests float
Pæans of music note by note.
From craggy heights resound along;
The chimes of some cathedral song;
Or, in the silent summer air,
Echoes divine of holy prayer.
And thus I hear the far-off tide
Of waters near the riverside,
Or sounds of sweetest minstrelsy
Where sunbeams break along the sea.
Alone within my bonny boat
I watch the lilies rise and float,
Until the long, dark shadows come
And wreath the silent earth in gloom,
As far upon the vale and hill
Nature in solitude is still.



A RELIC

This fan was grandmamma's; it went
With her to rout and dance,
And e'en to-day methinks a scent
As of its old romance
Breathes from its silken folds, whereon
In hues now dimmed by age
A mimic painted chariot shone—
The Love-god's equipage.

It was in General Jackson's time
When grandmamma, they say,
Reigned queen-like in her beauty's prime,
The fairest of her day.
And wheresoe'er she went, a train
Of gallants spick and span
Followed, in hope a glance to gain
From o'er this fringed fan.

Rich suitors vied to seek her hand,
But vain their utmost art—
On one who had nor gold nor land
She had bestowed her heart.
And he, the story goes, in spite
Of angry parents' ban
Met her, and slipped, one fateful night,
A message in her fan.

Two steeds at midnight fled amain,
And on them rode—but ah,
You guess the rest; that daring swain
Became my grandpapa.
And as a token of the day
Whereon their bliss began,
Here, treasured safe in ebon tray,
His lady kept this fan.