

MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

How fondly we remember
When a matronly September
Sent a cradle-ship a-sailing from the skies;
The asters gaily decked it,
Where the sunny clouds bespelled it,
And the goldenrod waved out its pennon dyes!

Wistful, then we sought alluring
This wee prow to Ingle-moor-ing,
And for beacon wide we flung our haven-door;
Glad, the gala Maples beckoned,
True, the pilot zepthers reckoned
How to waft the dainty passenger ashore!

So 'tis no wonder surely
Such a baby grew demurely
With a summer-autumn witchery of grace;—
Her heart a love-lit centre
For noble traits to enter
And send their beauty 'lumining her face.

How can we but remember
Joyously the dear September
For the sake of precious dower from the skies!
Who diffuses life's caressing?
Who abides a faithful blessing?
O, the daughter with our wonder-baby's eyes!