

THE ENCHANTRESS.

Have you not seen a witch to-day
Go dancing through the misty woods,
Her mad young beauty hid beneath
A tattered gown of crimson buds ?

She glinted through the alder swamp,
And loitered by the willow stream,
Then vanished down the wood-road dim,
With bare brown throat and eyes a-dream.

The wild white cherry is her flower,
Her bird the flame-bright oriole ;
She comes with freedom and with peace,
And glad temerities of soul.