

Reply to Charade by Oscar, in October Number.

Ah! well do I remember,
 Not *many years* ago,
 One bright night in September
 I wandered,—not alone;
 A manly voice beside me,
 Enchained my list'ning ear—
 Sure harm could ne'er betide me
 With that strong heart so near.
 We gazed into the moonlight,
 And watched the floating cloud,
 And thought how soon the midnight
 Would come with pall and shroud.
 We parted—Oh! 'twas sad to part,
 Though hope with fear was mix'd;
 My parting words, devoid of art,
 Were "*come*," with "*do*" prefix'd.

And oft do I bethink me
 Of that sweet summer ev'n
 When I asked you to "*Tea*,"
 'Neath the blue arch of heav'n.
 The zephyrs soft were dancing
 In the boughs of the glade,
 And a strange light came glancing
 Through the deepening shade.
 We arose from our feasting,
 But wandered not far,
 When, our vision arresting,
 Blazed a wonderful star;
 Like a ball of fire it gleamed
 Amid the starry host;
 Sun-like, radiant it seemed,
 Wand'ring like some spirit lost;

On its trackless course it sped,
 Trailing rays of wondrous light;
 Till, through far off space it fled,
 Vanishing from mortal sight.
 As our steps we homeward turned,
 Thought we of some winds of light,
 That with brightest lustre burned,
 But to sink in deeper night.
 "*Comet*"-like their genius shone
 As they ran their wayward way,
 Till, like "*Comets*," left alone,
 Downward sank, and sank for aye.