

She sings and plays with matchless grace,  
And fills as well her part,  
With manner calm as glassy seas,  
In every move attuned to please—  
With conscious power she acts with ease  
And ne'er forgets her art.

With cultured grace she soon commands  
Each fatal artful charm,  
For ever in each passing hour  
She'll far o'er artless girlhood tower,  
And with more majesty of power,  
All weaker ones disarm.

But, ah ! like lily soft and white,  
Too easily stained and spoiled ;  
Her classic face and golden hair,  
In witching ways designed with care,  
Have been her doom and led her where  
Her charms to-day are soiled.

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### LAUGHTER.

At the request of "Ray," a literary lady the author  
had not met.

**H**E-he-he, All hail ye joyful strain,  
Of symphonies in dwelling—  
Symptoms of mirth excelling—  
Electrically telling—  
The dusty past compelling,  
To vanish and keep its pain.