

TWILIGHT.

Give me to drink of this pale opiate,
And let me lie beneath some drowsy tree,
And all my waiting soul shall grow elate
With dream of light and far-off melody.

THE SURF.

It chanced upon a mistie summer's day
At No Man's Creek,
That I did peek
From my retreat, and see the Mermaids play
At hide and seek.

And O, a merrie romping school were they !
—Those Mermaids fair;
With streaming hair
Beflecked with coral foam and emerald spray
Of sea-gems rare.