

TO THE MOON ON A MISTY NIGHT.

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Why dost thou veil thy face,  
Beautiful Queen of night?  
Why hid'st thou thy calm, soft smile,  
Beautiful Orb of light?

O beautiful, pale moon!  
Would'st thou a lesson teach  
To us poor mortals who oft crave  
For things beyond our reach?

Or dost thou shade thy brow,  
That we may look beyond  
The fading joys and hopes of earth,  
Of which we grow too fond?

And would'st thou bid us look  
Through sorrow's veil of night  
To scenes of radiant, rapturous joy  
And floods of sweet delight?

Would'st speak of yonder land,  
To our benighted minds,  
Where beams of purer, rarer light  
Than thy fair radiance shines.

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THE RAILROAD.

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Two children—a boy and girl—  
Both full of life and glee,  
The little boy some six years old,  
The baby-girl just three.  
"Sis," said the bright-eyed laughing lad,  
"Let us at railroad play,  
I'll be conductor, engine too,  
The game will be so gay.