

Once more a wide and undulating archway
Expressed in quivering jets of frosty flame,
Against the background of the midnight shadows,
With play of countless brilliant flashes, came ;

While dark below flowed on the silent ocean :
An anchored barque swayed slowly on the swell.
And here and there a phosphorescent glimmer
Showed where the trailing seaweed rose and fell.

Cupid—

I thank you, Frosties, for your song and story
About the Northern Lights in all their glory ;
But time is hasting on, I must be going.
The sun through lengthened days is warmly
glowing.
Farewell Paolo too: what shall I say
When I shall meet your maiden on my way?

Paolo—

Haste, Cupid, haste: fly forth on rapid wing
Bearing your dainty bow and feathered darts ;
And with the graceful practise of your arts
Whisper into my darling's ear, or sing
The sweetest messages that love can bring ;
And weave such tender dreams as spring imparts
Where youth and beauty know each others
hearts
And feel the thrill that from such joy can spring.
Sweet cherub, when you wing your arrow's
flight,
Speed it away with thoughts of love from me ;