

TO A LADY.

AT MAPLE GROVE, CANADA.

ALL lovely and fair, with whom to compare,
Is the queen of the maple trees ;
Whose life in the glade of the leafy shade
Is as quiet as the gentle breeze.

One beautiful fall, when I chanced to call,
You met me, as charming and gay
As flowers whose bloom gives early perfume
To the glorious month of May.

Your eyes, darkly bright, are full of delight,
Expressing whole volumes of fun ;
While your graceful ways well merit some praise
From acquaintances every one.

With ringlets so fine that seem to entwine
Your head like a garland of flowers,
You move in your sphere without a compeer,
To brighten the darkest of hours.

You're always so kind, so pure and refined,
That many will flock to your side ;
Yet some who are near may doubtfully fear
To ask if you'll e'er be their bride.

