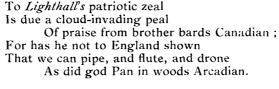


W. D. Lighthall.



What fair enchantress leads the choir Of Nymphs who feed the sacred fire,

With spices on Apollo's altar? Seranus, chanting notes that tell Of legendary lore and spell, Like sound of timbrel, harp, and psalter.

Mrs Frances J. Harrison, "Seranus"

Tis pity that her Gallic rhymes, Those jingling bells of olden times Should mar, with wearisome intrusion,

That medicine our earthly pains, And make "dull care" a blest illusion.

The symphony of native strains,



Mrs S. A. Curzon.

Curzon! Fidelis! Pauline! three Sweet muses linked with Gowan Lea, Demand a generous libation: For each has brought her offering meet, To lay at Poesy's white feet, Rosebuds of purest exhalation.



Miss A. M. Machar, "Fidelis."

With bared bowed head I pass by those Who in their silent crypts repose, And leave their honored names unspoken; With moistened eyes we ponder o'er The sad vicissitudes they bore, Till hope took flight and hearts were broken.

Adieu! sweet wizards, each and all, Who here in my enchanted hall Have made for me an hour of pleasure; Your songs shall haunt my charmed ears Till in the dusk the shape appears That bids us foot an awkward measure.

Clio.