



W. D. Lighthall.

To *Lighthall's* patriotic zeal
Is due a cloud-invading peal
Of praise from brother bards Canadian ;
For has he not to England shown
That we can pipe, and flute, and drone
As did god Pan in woods Arcadian.

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,
The symphony of native strains,
That medicine our earthly pains,
And make "dull care" a blest illusion.



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.

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.

Miss A. M. Machar,
"Fidelis."

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.