

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

She stands, my lady tall and fair,
 Then curt'sys low
 (A stately bow,)
 Her ruff, good Queen Elizabeth
 In shame with her's might not compare,
 So wide it is, and white as snow—
 Oh my pale, sweet lady!

As cherries red, or bitter-sweet,
 So bright is she—
 As bright can be.
 Her robes of scarlet waving sweep;
 Her ribbons flutter to her feet;
 But she is cruelly cold to me—
 Oh my hard, cold, coquette!

No queen in court upon her throne
 Is half so grand:
 I dare not stand
 To look at her so royal in her beauty;
 They bow who bow to her alone,
 The noblest maiden in the land—
 Oh my proud, purple, queen!

The sun that sets adown the west
 A blaze of light
 (Most glorious sight);
 A field of gleaming buttercups;
 A heap of gold; a finch's breast;
 Are dull when thou art bright,
 Oh my dainty, golden, maiden!

There stands the vase on the mantle high,
 (A rare old bit):
 I envy it
 The wealth of beauty that it holds,
 The fragrant, waving, golden lit—
 You are so fair you make me sigh,
 Oh my proud Chrysanthemums!

—AMY C. BRUNER.

LAUGHING WATER.

It was a happy, noisy little stream that leaped and frolicked over its rocky bed one bright summer day. Not many minutes before it had burst forth from its dark, earthy prison, a clear, pure mass of sparkling drops, and after the first splash of surprise, had rushed merrily on now in the bright sunshine, now in the cool, refreshing shade of the hillside, then rushing, gurgling, splashing over the smooth rocks which sought to detain the bright little jewel; and again flowing quietly, restfully along, listening to the sweet music of the birds, and the soft low rustling of the leaves.

This little brook was just as happy and contented as are hundreds of other brooklets which are purest and sweetest in their mountain homes; but to ours is promised a beautiful, romantic experience which no other can ever share.

It must leave its home in the hills, its

dear rocks and mosses, and flow quietly along through the fields and meadows before it hears in the distance the first, faint, dreamy murmur of Minnehaha, "calling to it through the silence."

Louder, clearer, merrier, grows the laughter, and the little brook hastens on, hushing its own sweet music lest it drown the maiden's voice.

Daisies nod their pretty heads over the banks, dainty blue-bells smile at the happy brook as it hurries along, and the slender willow bends gracefully over, whispering some sweet message for Laughing Water. A stately pine sighs gently, "Ah, fortunate little brook, tell Laughing Water I shall see her sweet face yet over yonder selfish oak, who hides her beauty from me now, but can never drown her happy voice."

Suddenly, unexpected to the little drops, Minnehaha seizes them, laughing merrily at