



## THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

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I FOUND a dark enchanted lake,  
That lay within a lonely glade ;  
I stood a moment, held entranced,  
Hid 'neath the willow's purple shade.

The moon cast down her silver nets,  
As slow she sailed the misty blue,  
And in their twisting coil and mesh  
The leaping waters softly drew.

Like some young nun, vain in the night,  
The white magnolia blossom bent  
All timid down her face to view  
Within that favoured element.

"Why from rough seas did Venus rise,  
And wherefore let her beauty glow  
From chill embraces of the wave,  
If she this fairy spot did know?"

I thought : "From this enchanted lake,  
That holds the heavens on its heart,  
Should she have risen in the night  
And flung the clinging waves apart."

Lo ! as I spoke the purple shade  
Rang out in some sweet elfin tune,  
And singing 'neath my gaze, a nymph,  
Flashed in the pale net of the moon.