ON HALLOWEEN.

On Halloween we sealed our plight;—
Upon the dark and witching night,
When lovers pray that Fate may show
The forms of coming weal or woe,
Amid the eerie candle-light;

For ever by some mystic rite
Have mortals gained a fleeting sight,
Of what the future hath to show,
On Halloween.

But what cared I for myst'ries trite;
To tell me of the season's flight?
The present with its rosy glow
Was all I cared to have or know,
For she had sealed my future bright,
On Halloween.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.