

# Serenade.

Words by BERNARD CAPES.  
*Andantino.*

Music by HENRY SMART.

PIANO.

PED.

*p*  
Dream on, my dar - ling,

*p*  
So re - gret shall ne'er at - tend thy wak - ing, Al -

- though the thoughts with - in thee yet, Are not of my par -



. . tak-ing; That bo - som where mine im - age lies, May

*p*

*cres.*

not of me be dream - ing, But in the lit - tle pools, thine eyes, For

*p*

*p*

*ritard.* *a tempo.*

. . get - me - nots are swim - ming.

*col. voc.* *a tempo.*

*p*

*p*

Dream sweet - ly of the burn - ish'd corn, The sky, the rock - ing

*p*



bil - low, The co - sy woods, the com - ing morn, The rose, the tas - sell'd wil - low.

I yield thee to them for the night, With lit - tle care or

sor - row, But mind thee, sweet lips with the light My claim is on the mor - row.

## TONIC REMEDIES, AND HOW TO BENEFIT BY THEM.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



ROBABLY no class of medicines in the Pharmacopœia is more liable to abuse at the hands of the uninitiated, than the remedies called tonics. "Every man his own doctor" is a most dangerous motto as far as they are concerned. On the other hand, when judiciously prescribed and administered, we have no more valuable or reliable curative agent than a well-selected

tonic, in cases where we wish to re-invigorate a relaxed system, brace and strengthen the nerves, and restore tone to the secreting organs.

I will even claim a higher virtue than this for well-chosen tonic medicines. Under their use the mind becomes more cheerful, however desponding it might have been previously, and much more vigorous, and there is at the same time an increased aptitude for exertion and work; actions which were previously performed listlessly, not to say painfully, now giving far more of pleasure than of pain.