

DISILLUSION.

Here, where the tireless tide croons ceaselessly
Over the rocks, where wandering sea-gulls rest
Their wings, and the sand-piper has its nest,
Here would I linger, while my day is free ;
Breathing the brine borne land-ward from the sea,
Dreaming perhaps the golden age was best,
When toil and care were hidden in the breast
Of earth, and life was unreality.

But yonder is Fort Point ; the quaint old town
Shaded by stately trees ; the wharves with here
And there a vessel moored ; and, drifting down
The stream and out to sea, I seem to hear
Bold voices of to-day—that yestermorn
Out of eternity were yet unborn.