

THE BOY AND THE WORLD.

N boyhood's summit radiant he stands,
 With heart on fire, and oh ! the world he sees ;
 Queen-cities throned upon vast, pleasant leas,
 The charm of quiet hamlets, and the sands
 Of golden rivers, while far-off expands
 The sea—its silences and mysteries ;
 And love's light roseate falling soft on these,
 And irised hope arched high o'er all the lands.

O visions beauteous ! O hopes sublime !
 Well, well for us, that journey wearily
 Through torrid wastes, towards you to turn sometime—
 As toward some fairy isle in memorie's sea—
 Forgetting these in dreams of that bright clime
 Where once we roved, heart high and fancy free.
 —J. D.