

ILLUSIONS.

V.

Sad, sad to labor on
Till many a year be gone,
Each day filled up with nervous, strong endeavor;
Sowing the seed mid fears,
Sowing mid blinding tears,
But reaping the long looked for harvest never!

VI.

The red fire o'er the plains
Leaps madly. What remains?
A blackened landscape where ripe harvests waved
The lurid lightning falls
And scathes the hoary halls
Where optimistic hope beheld engraved