

There is a stream which solemn flows
 With restless rhythm through a vale
Wherein a weak flower, trembling, blows
 With tear-weighed petals soft and pale,
And here, by each beleaguered hour,
 A stealthy sorrow ever lies,
To pluck the bloom from pleasure's bower
 And plunder effort of its prize.

But see ! the bird springs up the air,
 And flashing in the glinting beams,
His frame with azure glories fair
 Like to a wielded sword-blade gleams.
So fairly foul ! so brightly base !
 He gambols in the tingeing ray ;
His plume condones his dark disgrace
 Before the gentle gaze of day.

Swift as a shaft by giant drawn,
 Across the deep ethereal blue
A pinion bears him, bright as dawn
 With effulgence of blended hue.
A moment only pois'd on high--
 His changeful beauties, shifting, glow--
His varied tints dance in the sky--
 Then, drops he to the flood below.

Thus, day-dreams in our youth arise,
 A single moment shining bright
Lucid and changeful they surprise
 With fairy fancy's glorious light ;
Their lavish colors charm the eye,
 And, dazzling, spreads their magic beam,
But sink, when Reason bids them die,
 In darkling Time's abysmal stream.

M. W. CASEY.