

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.

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