

'Mong flowery bloom we may assume,
No loneliness should be—
For nature breaks its icy chains,
Where such supernal summer reigns,
And every rivulet remains,
As liquid as the sea.

Then, why should we so often be
Tied down to old world rule ?
Imagination's wings are wide,
And like a gentle dove may glide,
To where ideals for e'er abide,
Beyond the olden school.

It may be well to sometimes dwell,
With ideals pure and high,
Approaching in some manner sweet,
The robed in white we hope to meet,
In ivory paved or jasper street,
When travelling by-and-bye.

So grandly true I'll cling to you,
In every thought and prayer,
Assured by graces so divine,
That every touch will more refine,
And help me upward like the vine,
Through fragile waves of air.

For you're the queen o'er all I've seen,
Effulgent young and gay,
With wavy hair of nut-brown hue,
And lambent eyes of liquid blue,—
Fair index of a soul as true,
As crystal light of day.