

meaning. And even *fragments* are not always to be despised. Few would throw away a casket of diamond dust. Even a mutilated Greek statue is of great price. So let us, if we cannot acquire the whole, secure all we can : if six of the sybilline leaves are burnt, let us, like Tarquin, make sure of the remaining three.

THE CLOUD.

A FANTASY.

No larger than the hand,
A little wrinkle on the smooth-drawn sky,
A footprint of the breeze that passeth by,
 Ruffling the sea :
No larger than the hand ;
Far in the quick world's distant track,
A little cloud runs up to meet the sun,
Borne on the wind, it flies, nor looks it back,
Until its course be done :
 Like mermaid on the sea—
Its hair-like streamers floating smooth behind,
It makes an ocean of the rippling wind,
And swims in glee.

'Tis larger now. Behold that flush—
It hath seen the sun in his pride—
And thrills with the warmth of a rosy blush,
As it speeds on its joyous ride.
Slow sailing in the calm untroubled sky,
Basking in all Hyperion's majesty ;
See its fair bosom to his kisses spread,
See its soft arms embalm his weary head ;
And as he sinks to rest with ling'ring pace,
Mark the proud glory mirrored in its face—
And floating thus adown thy life's bright stream,
Say ! fear'st thou not some woe to break thy dream,
Bright cloud !—thy dream of love, thy life of bliss :
Alas ! he leaves thee with that burning kiss,
Alone ! alone ! How dark the sky ! Alone !
Thy silver thread is broken ; he is gone,
"And yet the heart will break, and brokenly live on."
How dark, how sad thou liest where he passed,
Thy beauty fled, thy golden hopes o'ercast,
On earth thy dewy tears all fragrance fall,
While sadly night bestows thy funeral pall.

Ah ! thus, the earth is purely, brightly gay,
To hearts still radiant in life's dawn of day ;
Ah ! thus, the present only lives for youth,
And fancy gilds the darker side of truth.