

And evanescent points of earthly good,
Transmuting them to pure and durable gems.
It realizes more than alchemist
Ere dreamed of in his most extravagant mood.
'Tis the high thought that God is our rich Father,
And we are of the Royal house of Heaven.

[enter two boys running.]

FIRST BOY.

Knud Iverson!

SECOND BOY.

What say you to a ramble?

KNUD IVERSON.

Whither?

FIRST BOY.

Along the River by the Gardens.

KNUD IVERSON.

Fair sights grow by the River, pretty gardens.
Kind leisure serves me, freedom, and the will
To gaze: and gazing is participation:
For I love innocence and joy.

SECOND BOY.

And we

No less than you: so come

FIRST BOY.

We will have fun!

[run off laughing.]