

OUR FANCIES.

Like the clouds that sail through the boundless sky,
On a breezy summer day,
Like the merry birds that flit and fly,
In the fair bright month of May,
Like shadows streaming across the snow,
'Tis thus our fancies come and go.

Like the sunlight falling on water blue,
With a starry, silver beam,
That quickly vanishes from the view,
And then comes back with a gleam,
As free as the freshening winds that blow,
'Tis thus our fancies come and go.

Like a little acorn upon a tree,
That falls at last to the earth,
And lies there hidden where none can see,
Till a small green sprout has birth,
'Tis thus in the hearts of men we know,
That noble thoughts begin to show,