

A DREAM OF NATURE.

A DREAM it seems, and yet it cannot be
 A dream and nothing more ; for in my mind
 So clear an image still remains, so true,
 That now in clearest light and plainest tone
 The sights fill up my eye, and in my ear
 The sounds so sweet do softly stir again.
 Ah no ! dreams are too shadowy and thin,
 Too evanescent, ghostly and confused,
 The tags of toil and trouble, not the peace
 That took possession of my very soul.
 It was a dream--if such you give it name--
 That had its source in light and in the day,
 Its progress ruled by reason from above,
 Its ending in the world of truth and love.

Wearied with work and worry, toil and care,
 I left the haunts of busy life behind
 And strayed far off adown the ocean's shore
 To cool my brow with nature's soothing breeze,
 To bathe my soul in nature, and drink in
 New life and vigor, as of olden days,
 When boyish freedom, careless sports and play
 Would draw me to the water's sandy margin
 To skip and gambol, and let loose, set free
 That inner self, which only ocean's roar
 Can rouse to actions bold and thoughts sublime,
 Its hissing rage stir up to vengeful scorn,
 Its heaving breast in sympathy to throb,
 And gentle murmurs, scarcely heard, subdued
 To quiet thoughts and feelings kind and true.

Burdened with cares, and almost out of mind,
 My will was driving me to desperate deeds.
 I prayed inaudibly for something new ;
 I longed for other worlds to open out
 And give me view of something strange--
 Something that soothes a weary, o'erwrought brain.
 Another world I wished, I cared not where ;
 For it could not be worse than this,
 And change could not present a world more sad.
 As thus I eager longed my soul seemed stilled,
 Half knowing that its wish would be fulfilled