

THE HAPPY COMING YEARS.



HOPES, dazzling hopes, ye now before me rise
 Radiant as sunlit clustering golden-rod,
 Kindling my heart and lighting up mine eyes,
 When tracing where the foot of June hath trod
 And idly musing, for my spirit hears
 The story of the happy coming years.

Bright as the promise of a cloudless day
 Borne on the breath of rosy-fingered dawn ;
 Glad as fruition and the roundelay
 And frolic dance, when night invades the lawn,
 So glad, so bright in prospect now appears
 The glory of the happy coming years !

Ah ! sweet and joyful as the earliest note
 Of the brown, merry harbinger of spring,
 Or as fair summer and her songs that float
 O'er all the land in joyous gladsome ring,
 Methinks I hear the music of the spheres,
 And life one song thro' all the coming years.

Full as the bosom of the ocean-tide,
 Lighted by love in home's hallowed rest,
 Faithful for aye—O, hopes, ye will abide,
 And be fulfilled as now ye are confest
 But as sweet and holy joys —perchance in tears—
 We may recall the happier *vanished* years.

M. L. M.