

LINES ON A MAY FLOWER.

Far in the wilderness 'midst the soft mosses
A flower there blooms rare in its purity—
Down in the valleys, where the brisk squirrels
Frolic the day long 'neath the green tree.

Down by the gurgling water's lullaby,
Musical waters which murmuring flow,
There may be found this delicate flower—
This pink and white floweret purer than snow.

It blooms where the willow-wren warbling softly
Presses its blossoms sweet to the wild bees,
All in a hollow tree making their honey,
Whilst their murmurings haunt the burgeoning
trees.

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.

'Twas an ideal day for a fisherman's sport,
But the salmon seemed of a surly sort,
To the fly to rise, refusing—
He patiently whipped each pool in turn,
But the salmon continued his efforts to spurn
Which to him was not amusing.

At length he tried a familiar pool
Filled from above by a cascade, full
Of crystal lymph, most limpid,
When lo! from its depths a fish arose
With a hooked, peculiar and lengthy nose,
Whilst his scales in sunshine glinted.

Then our fisherman cast his choicest fly
But this salmon gave it the quick go-by,
Refusing the tinsel deception,
The fly he would not take, but he grew
Enormous in size, in the fisherman's view
Beyond all previous conception.

Fancies in dream take shape in the brain,
And metamorphosis speeds amain
In kaleidoscopic changes,
And scenes on scenes will pass in review
Ever beginning and changing anew—
Embracing opposite ranges.