

THE WORLD.

WHEN I look at the world on the sunny side,
Dressed in the colors of hopeful youth,
At its changeful love, and its haughty pride,
Bearing the semblance of gentle truth.

What joy is written on each green leaf,
What hope in the blush of the dewy rose;
We yield to their influence, though so brief,
Wrapping ourselves in a false repose.

A beautiful world, when loving and loved !
We see no trace of that sure decay ;
Which ever ! yes ever ! has truly proved
How false its brightness, how passing away.

To the eye of genius, how wondrous bright
Are all its beauties, what bliss to trace
The Creator's work in the star of light,
That illumines the earth with its loveliness.

Or go to the depths of the cold, dark mine,
Gaze on the treasure there, all untold ;
See ! where the ruby and diamond shine.
Emeralds, silver, and yellow gold.

Weary workers are toiling there.
Grasping those gems with intense delight ;
To those sad eyes even the world is fair
Though all its glories are lost in night.