

A DREAM OF WHEELS.

All floating wings I thought to see,
And graceful forms in air ;
But everything was up to date,
And wheels were everywhere.

Some were of plain design, and some
With dazzling jewels glowed,
Recording merits hardly won
By those who wisely rode.

Soft tinkling bells made melody ;
A golden trumpet's blare
So startled me that I awoke
And found I was not there.

Now tell me what can this portend ?
What meaning can you find ?
Its beauty haunts me constantly ;
'Tis ever in my mind.

My friend was grave, he pondered long,
And this is what he said :
" The meaning is quite clear to me—
The wheels are in your head."