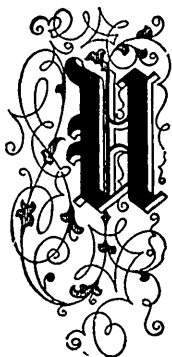


THE SLEEPING FAIRY.

UNDERGROUND the fairy lay,
Sleeping in his house of clay ;
A thousand years he slept in peace,
While over head in rich increase
Fruits and grains ripened and fed
A stalwart race, whose cheeks were red
With health and joy, whose arms were strong
For honest toil, whose lives were long
And blest with tranquil happiness,
Whose lot no strife, no feuds distress.

But there came a fatal hour ;
A mortal wight with arm of power,
Oped the fairy's prison gate,
And in his golden robes of state
He 'rose a king, a tyrant, all
Subjugating to his thrall.

Alas ! how changed the scene. Where bright
Glad children gathered blossoms white ;
Their sires as blithely gathering grain,—
There strives and storms a haggard train
Deep in earth's torn and trampled breast,
Slaves of the sprite who there did rest.

CAMEO.