

SONNET.

A DREAM

C OOL winds are blowing on the healthy brac.
It is the time of night—the world is wrought
For starry contemplation—gusts of thought
Surge in the vast. Before my vision lay
New oceans gemmed about with sun-bright isles,
Peopled with creatures girded up with gold,
Women men's love made glorious to behold,
Men clad with sunshine of fair women's smiles,
Fountains of purity and fadeless youth.
With a glad heart I turned my steps to seek
Their starry groves and streams. A scroll unfurled
A cloud from heaven : " This people loveth truth."
I rose and hid my tear-bespangled cheek.
Woe's me ! For I had dreamed it was the world.