

## ILLUSIONS.

How oft, when a boy, as I play'd on the green,  
Or sought for the sorrel among the tall grass,  
A glittering gem in the sunshine I've seen,  
And running have found but a fragment of glass.

When the butterfly open'd its wings on the flow'r,  
I've stolen on tiptoe when quiet it lay,  
And just as I thought the gay prize to secure  
The beautiful creature has flutter'd away.

From flower to flower a wearisome race,  
I succeeded at length the treasure to clasp,  
And after a breathless and tiresome chase,  
The coveted object has died in my grasp.

The glowworm that shines on a warm autumn night  
On the ivy-grown bank 'neath the old mossy tree  
I've admir'd and caught; but when brought to the light,  
'Twas a mean crawling insect loathsome to see.

In years that are gone, how well I remember,  
When I woke i'the morn my delight was to stand  
And trace on the window in chilly December  
The beautiful work of the frost Fairy's hand :

The castles and churches, rocks steep and pointed,  
And black Alpine mountains and feath'ry pines ;  
Glaciers and icebergs, so jagged and disjointed,  
And tall stately ships with masts, streamers, and lines :

And flow'rs more chaste than a young bride's adorning,  
Were twin'd round the panes in a fancified wreath :  
But as closely I gazed on these gems of the morning,  
They melted away with the warmth of my breath.

They faded just like the tints of the rainbow,  
Or the structure of dreams the slumberer rears—  
As visions of childhood wake but to pain now,  
Like hopes of my youth they dissolved in tears.

And this was a dissolving picture, 'tis true,  
More perfect than those that are talked much about,  
For it vanished away, and revealed to my view  
Through the pane the cold world that looked cheerless  
without.

Thus still disappointed, and yet allured on  
By trifles and toys that retard my progression,  
So airy and light that they're hard to be won,  
And when they are gained they die in possession.