A DAY DREAM.

Cherries are ripe in the west,
And roaring of the city's unrest;
Then Boston bells and arms fell low,
Silent to a far and murmurous tone
That changed and chimed to mystic fine.
Wearing a spell by me unsought.
No longer pressed the city's street,
All freely roamed a magic air
Within what vast horizon's bound;
Beneath a sky cloud-wrought and blue
Wild sunflowers decked a prairie-world
And one dear autumn came again.

Before me in its wingèd mail—tiled
Of many colors, each with
Nothing of the shoddy's taint—
And glancing backward now the eave
To me that smile so kind and wise
Divinely on my daughter's face
The wild flowers bending from her head,
Dreaming she lived I watched intent
Till, ah, the greater vision fled.

NEW BEE HIVE.

W. HUNSICKER'S

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