

gladness & tranquillity. The world without is full
of sorrow - real sorrow, unreal pleasure, co-
rescent indeed as snow upon a river. The
intellectual life has a solidity & permanence
about it. We have our old powers of thought
and yearly new additions - but outward joys
seem to wax & wane continually or suddenly.

PHANTASMION.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRY POTENTILLA APPEARS TO THE YOUNG
PRINCE PHANTASMION.

A YOUNG boy hid himself from his nurse in
sport, and strayed all alone in the garden
of his father, a rich and mighty prince; he fol-
lowed the bees from flower to flower, and wan-
dered farther than he had ever gone before, till
he came to the hollow tree where they hived, and
watched them entering their storehouse laden with
the treasures they had collected: he lay upon the
turf, laughing and talking to himself, and, after
a while, he plucked a long stiff blade of grass,
and was about to thrust it in at the entrance of
the hive, when a voice, just audible above the
murmur of the bees, cried, "Phantasmion!" Now
the child thought that his nurse was calling him
in strange tones, and he started, saying, "Ah!

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dearly fall away and leave us sad at
heart. I never feel cheerful except when my
intellect is engaged & occupied - But when

my eyes are dimmed with tears, and I
say no more - except to express a hope that
your earthly life may continue to be much
happier than mine, & your mind ever more
enlightened.