## MIDNIGHT REVERIES.

When rapt in slumber uneonscious of all earthly cares, The scenes of childhood's home oft flit across my mind; I hear the evening bells that summon worshippers to prayers, And the bleating of the sheep re-echoed by the wind.

I hear the axeman's blows that fell the sturdy oak
That has withstood the power of many a furious blast;

I hear the grey owl's sereech, and the frog's harsh croak That awaken in my mind seenes that are long past.

I hear the cheerful voice of gleaners in the field, As they stack the sheaves of golden grain;

I hear their shouts of joy o'er the abundant yield, That makes me wish that I was now a child again.

I see the curling smoke arising from the shepherd's cot, And hear the barking of his faithful coolic dog; Then sorely envy him of his humble, happy lot, As he sits at eve before the huge back-log.

Oft times I wander through the old churchyard, Where the ashes of my friends and kindred lay; Then view the marble slab like sentinels on guard, As with aching heart, I sadly wend my way.

Sometimes I drift upon the ocean's vast expanse, Where stand the Andes lofty snow-eaped peaks; When the Antartie moon shines forth the scenery to enhance, I read the language of the stars that to me ln mystery speaks.

## ALONE.

Can thou lone heart resist the thought,
As the embers die on the old earth-stone,
Each sound when heard is early sought,
By one who stands in the world, "Alone,"

The sun may shine on the young and old,
And winds around the mansion may moan;
The mother may shield the babe from the cold,
But what of that heart that feels it's "Alone."

Each bird has its mate at the coming of spring, Arrayed in a plumage befitting a throne; The travellers are cheered by the lays which they sing, Which reach not the heart of one that's "Alone."

The brutes of the forest in pairs always roam,
Where affection and homage to each other are shown.
The birds of the air ean each claim a home,
When a man in God's image must feel ail "Alone."