

fly up the chimney ; the wind comes down, and the red flames leap up to meet it, and gleam the brighter for its coming. The shadows dance around the room, and the ghosts of the dead years flit lightly to and fro in the firelight.

The clock strikes the hour of midnight. The snow beats against the window, and the wind moans in the chimney. Still I dream on. Still I dream. It is life itself that is a dream. All things are unreal ; all is transitory ; the awakening is yet to come.

I see it still. The bright eyes look into mine ;—the dark head hovers between me and the fireplace ; yes, it is there still, the same sweet face and the same questioning smile. *I* have grown old—but *she*—she is ever young, ever beautiful. Still the same yearning smile ; but oh!—I cannot answer it!—Some day, perhaps—some day, Elaine—some day!

THE END.