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A DREAM.

I HEARD the dogs bark in the moonlight night,
And I went to the window to see the sight;
All the dead that over I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

O they pass'd, and on they pass'd;
Townsfellows all from first to last;
Born in the moonlight of the lane
And quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolfellows passing as when we play'd
At soldiers once—but now more staid;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were drown'd, I know, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;
And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;
Some just buried a day or two,
And some of whose death I never knew.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
And yet of them all there was one, one only,
That raised a head or look'd my way;
And she seem'd to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face;
Ah! mother dear, might I only place
My head on thy breast a moment to rest
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest;

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream from shade to shade;
Young and old, and women and men;
Many long forgot but remember'd then.

A first there came a bitter laughter;
And a sound of tears the moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning day by day
I strive to recall it if I may.

ALICE GRANTHAM.

"GUESS who is coming this evening to spend a fortnight with me, Frank?" exclaimed my sister-in-law, suddenly appearing before me as I sat leisurely smoking my cigar on a pleasant August afternoon.

"What would be the use of my guessing, Milly; you have so many visitors whom I do not know?"

"Oh! but this young lady was quite an old flame of yours before you went away to New Orleans, and although you never enquired after her when writing to Willie, I am sure you cannot have forgotten the little girl who monopolized your boyish attentions, and who was almost inconsolable because you left her without even a parting farewell."

"Really, you astonish me! I imagined at the time that all my friends were very glad to get rid of me, but I feel quite flattered to know at last that some tears were shed at my departure. Tell me her name so that I may ever hold it in grateful remembrance."

"What a wonderful memory you must have, Frank, to forget in a few years the object of your first love, Alice Grantham. I am ashamed of you."

"Alice Grantham!" I repeated, laughingly. "That little weazen-faced thing who haunted me like a shadow because I indulged occasionally in a little flirtation with her. Why, Milly, my wife must be beautiful, faultless in taste and disposition, and Alice was sadly deficient in all these virtues when I left Montreal. She may have improved since then, but I assure you that I have not the least desire to fall in love with any one at present."

"Why, Frank, you are the most self-conceited man I ever met with. However, to show you how much reliance I place in your modest assertion, I'll wager you a dressing-case against that set of jewellery you saw me admire at Savage and Lymau's, that before the week is over you will be deeply in love with the little 'weazen-faced thing, and very grateful to me as well for being the means of bringing to pass such a happy result.'"

"Agreed, my dear sister, although the advantages are altogether in my favour."

"Very well. Now throw away that horrid cigar, and go and make yourself presentable. Alice is to bring a cousin with her, and between the two your Southern accomplishments will be

subjected to a severe criticism. The boat from Montreal will be here shortly."

"It will not be the first time I have gone through the ordeal," was my rejoinder. "And remember, Milly, that I shall expect the dressing-case to be a serviceable one," I shouted after her as she disappeared into the house.

My brother's pretty little wife was the gayest woman I ever met with. The smile never left her lips except to give place to the ringing laugh that reminded you of the tinkling of distant silver bells. Happily wedded herself, she imagined that it was her duty to exert herself as much as possible in procuring for others a domestic bliss similar to that which she enjoyed. My presence therefore afforded her a capital pretext to bring into play her match-making propensities, and many a lecture was inflicted upon me because I remained at thirty still a bachelor.

Alice Grantham had been a schoolmate of ours, and the friendly intimacy engendered while mastering the rudiments was maintained long after we had ceased to stand in awe of "Old Grimes," as we irreverently called our bald-headed teacher. At twelve she was a puny, fretful creature; and at sixteen, although somewhat improved in looks, and considerably in liveliness of manner, was still very ordinary looking. I flirted with her, it is true; and many a wise tongue predicted a match as the inevitable result, while I was, to tell the truth, seriously debating in my own mind the best means of avoiding a companionship which was daily becoming more and more distasteful to me.

The opportunity soon arrived. She was on a visit to some friends in Quebec, when a situation in New Orleans was offered me; and ere she returned I was labouring assiduously at my post hundreds of miles away.

Seven years elapsed before I returned to Montreal. My brother and his charming little wife were spending the summer months at Berthier, a little village some forty-five miles down the St. Lawrence, and thither I immediately proceeded. Two weeks afterward the conversation with which this story opens transpired.

I was somewhat curious, I must admit, to see what changes time had wrought in the person of Alice. The picture I drew of her while putting the last touches to my toilet was not a flattering one, but I allowed a wide margin for improvements, nevertheless.

At seven precisely Milly and I were standing on the wharf waiting for the steamer which was to bring our expected visitors. To a stranger the scene was a most amusing one. The arrival of the boat seemed to be the signal for the turning out of the whole population of the place, from the little ragged urchin in eager expectation of earning a few cents from some encumbered passenger, to the dandified aristocrat chatting unconcernedly with his friends. A few farmer's horses were slowly munching hay near the freight shed, while five or six cartmen were cracking their whips, and hurling epithets in execrable French at their poor beasts, which, instead of quieting, made them still more restless. Merchants and traders were bustling about making preparations to receive their consignments, while across the street the sidewalk was thronged with scores of the fair sex.

But the Napoleon is rapidly approaching, her steam whistle has pierced our ears with its unearthly scream, and a few minutes afterwards her hawsers are made fast to wooden posts, the gangway is thrown out, and the passengers are hurriedly transferring themselves to dry land, evidently well pleased at the change.

Amongst the last to quit the boat were two ladies, one of whom I was not mistaken in supposing to be Alice Grantham. She greeted me very cordially, and introduced me as an old friend to her cousin Miss Rosa Grantham.

The two cousins were so much alike in a great many respects that a stranger would unhesitatingly have pronounced them sisters. They had the same brown eyes and hair, the same rosy lips, and both were very graceful in manner, but Rosa's eyes were brighter, her features more delicately moulded, and two little dimples lurked mischievously at the corners of her mouth when she smiled. Altogether she was as fascinating a