

## Memory Pictures.

lofty, pure and happy—it is a trance I dwell in, but I want it not to end.

Something yet unexplained and undefined stirs my imagination and my soul, and I raise my eyes again to try and fathom the mysterious power. Just out there, floating upon the blue water, is a fantastic, shell-like thing, pretty and unique as one could wish; and up above it on either side is raised to the breeze the glorious “Stars and Stripes”—“Ah! that is it that has been moving me most of all—the dear, bright beautiful Flag of my Country! Yes, surely that is it!” And while I still sit gazing at the flag there comes bursting upon my rapt attention a soul-stirring note, and I look beneath the colors for its origin. The musicians have doffed their caps and risen with one accord, while the inspired leader, with a martial gesture that carries a world of meaning with it, and with each and every instrument in perfect sympathy with him, strikes up the all-mastering strains of “The Star-Spangled Banner!” Now I awake, and in an exultant enthusiasm,