

voice and manner, which was not unobserved by her interrogator. "His mother has been very kind to me," she added. "I have been several times invited to her dwelling, and have become quite intimate with her. She is a truly excellent woman," said Emily with enthusiasm, forgetting her momentary embarrassment as she thought of her friend, "is beloved by all her acquaintances, and though possessed of affluence and moving in the first circles of society, she is exceedingly unassuming,—and had I been intimate with her for years instead of a comparative stranger she could scarcely have shewn me more attention."

"And her son, I presume, resembles her," said Mr. Derwent, in a tone of affected carelessness, yet, at the same time, fixing his penetrating eyes on his fair companion's countenance. Emily at first appeared not to have heard the question,—but on its repetition she answered, calmly, "He is highly spoken of I believe,"—and then quickly changed the subject of discourse.

Continued from page 67. Dreamland.

BY I. G. BLANCHARD.

"Dreams have their world."

Away in the regions of thought
A land of rare loveliness lies;
O, where is the soul that ne'er caught
A glimpse of its beautiful skies!
'Tis a land where no sorrow has birth,
Where care's plodding crew are unknown,
And 'tis only akin to the earth,
As it blends all its smiles with its own.

There are blue lakes and mountains and streams,
And vales that are verdant for aye;
The sun is ne'er shorn of his beams;
The groves of their gorgeous array;
There glancing on silver bright wing
Rare birds fan the roselike air,
And soul-moving melodies sing
Among flowers that are surer than fair.

O, heart never swelled with a sigh
For aught that to bliss might belong,
That is found not beneath the bright sky
Of the magical land of my song.
Bright visions we saw in our youth,
Bright visions our manhood still cheer,
And we deem that their glories, forsooth,
Belong to this every-day sphere.

But their praises to Dreamland are due,
Dreamland is the land of their birth;
'Tis there we must go if we'd view
Full many a promise of earth—
E'en the temporal triumph of peace—
When the Lord in all hearts shall be known—
When all wars and oppressions shall cease
Where, where, but in Dreamland alone?

'Tis a land that is dear unto me,
Ay, loved as the spot of my birth;
The eagle soars heavenward less free
Than thither I've soared from the earth,

And from its rich gardens have brought
To deck this terrestrial sod,
Fresh blossoms of fancy and thought,
To brighten the path I have trod.

For earth's maladies all there is given
In that happy country a cure.
The sinner's a passport to heaven,
And fortune there smiles on the poor;
And greatness and glory and fame,
Tho' denied the poor votary here,
With bright halos encircle his name
In Dreamland's delectable sphere.

'Tis the land of the lover, I ween,
For boasts it a glen or a grove
That has not his visitings seen,
Or echoed the lay of his love?
Or if disappointment attends
His true-hearted wooings—go there—
In Dreamland the maid condescends,
And melts at the voice of his prayer!

O Dreamland, O Dreamland divine?
How dull were earth's scenes every one,
Were they not aye illumed by thy shine,
As the moon is illumed by the sun.
'Tis a blessing that thou art so near,
That world-weary mortals may hie
From the gloomy realities here,
To the light of thy shadowless sky

Sympathy.

Who, after the first enthusiasm of passion departs, who, possessed of a fervent and tender soul, is ever contented with the return it meets? A word, a glance, chills us; we ask for too keen a sympathy; we ourselves grow irritable that we find it not—the irritability offends; that is given to the temper which in reality is the weakness of the heart—accusation, dispute, coldness, succeed. We are flung back upon our own breasts, and so comes one good or one evil—we grow devout or we grow selfish. Denied vent among our fellows, the affections find a refuge in heaven, or they centre in a peevish and lonely contraction of heart, and self-love becomes literally, as the forgotten Lee has expressed it generally,

"The axletree that darts through all the frame."

This inevitable alternative is more especially to be noted in women; their affections are more acute than ours, so also is their disappointment. It is thus you see the credulous fondness of the devotee, or the fossilized heart of the solitary crone, where, some thirty years back, you would have witnessed a soul running over with love for all things, and the yearning to be loved again! Ah! why is it that no natures are made wholly alike? why is it that of all blessings we long the most for sympathy? and of all blessings it is the one which none (or the exceptions are so scanty as not to avail) can