

A STRANGE DREAM.

"I'll go one," says Belgium,
"I'll go two," says Russia,
"I'll go three," says France,
"If I only get the chance."
"I'll go four," says Germany,
"And wipe them off the map."
But they all dropped dead,
When John Bull said:
"Be d——d, if I don't go nap."

—*Soldiers' Song.*

I DREAMED last night that I was walking in a part of England of which I have not even heard, and that I met an old, old man, bent in half, and leaning heavily upon a stick. His white hair flowed like a silver waterfall over his shoulders, and his beard trailed upon the ground. I spoke to him, but he was too deaf to hear. I shouted, but he only nodded and passed on. Walking briskly forward, I saw a cottage, partly in ruins, and seated at the door was an old woman, her chin touching her nose, her hands brown and gnarled. Hair covered her cheeks, and fell in shaggy bunches over two washed-out eyes, which seemed to see nothing. I spoke, but