

pointless efforts of the pen : romances founded upon love and passion ; we need something to speak to our inner natures, and while it amuses, also to instruct and warn. We think good lessons are inculcated in the pages of 'The School for Fathers,' and that all may read it with interest and profit.

EARLY MEMORIES.

THEY come, again,—the shadows dim—
The dreams of long ago
Like vague and formless ghosts that swim,—
Now bright, now vapoury grave or grim,—
With memory's ebb and flow
Visions of glorious skies are there
O'er dazzling plains of snow
Or butter cups and lilies fair
That carpet earth below.

Old memories, like a mighty host,
Float down the living stream.
And the faces of the loved and lost
Upon the senses beam,
And they flit through the brain like the ghostly train
Of an opium-eater's dream.
They come too in our waking hours,
When the battle of our life
Is raging wild, and our spirit's powers
Are worn in the bitter strife;
They come like the music of our dreams.
They tell of a spirit land
They come like the fitful, fleeting gleams,
Of a former sphere, and with soothing beam—
They nerve the soul to stand,
Amid the strife that's doom'd to all,
Nor start to see the shroud and pall.

With minstrel strain those thoughts arise—
'Mid the balmy breath of spring,
Yield dreams as bright as were the skies,
Ere spanning sunlit Paradise,
And seraph's rainbow bring.
Yet the Worldling feels no gush of youth—
His soul is scar'd with mammon and ruth.

Yea, dreams there are as Eden bright,
That once our young hearts cherish'd :
They burst upon our souls by night—
Yet leave their traces with the light—
Of visions that have perished.
Visions of brighter worlds than this—
Like gleams of a glorious goal and bliss.