

"Now this destruction of the moral principle is the real death, for the soul is the immortal part of man. Whereas the thing you call death is but a temporary suspension of the physical existence, which physical existence will again be renewed in another world if the soul be not destroyed."

Encouraged by this more definite answer I thought I would hazard a more direct question, and gain an explanation of something which had weighed upon my mind for some little time. So again addressing the phantom, I said: "Oh! Spirit, will you tell me the reason of the sudden apparent change in manner of one whom I ——?" But with a sudden clang the iron shutter was blown to the moonlight, and the spirit vanished—all was darkness.

I awoke and found myself lying with my face on the ground by the side of the root of the old fir tree upon which I had been reclining, and from which I had rolled.

The dream had come to an abrupt conclusion in its most interesting part. Dreams generally do, especially day dreams.

So now, having slept for nearly an hour, and feeling refreshed, I rejoined my companions, and found that they were just getting ready for tea. We continued our merry-making until it was time for us to go on board the steamer which was to take us back to Toronto. AU REVOIR.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

This is one of the common types of humanity among us: the old broken down veteran, with iron grey grizzly moustache, bristling chin, and piercing eye, is distinguished from the common herd of men by his erect carriage (though probably accompanied by an unsteady step).

"Yes! I served in the army in 18——, against the Rooshians," and he straightens himself up at the thought of it. He takes no notice of the remark of one of his audience who inquires if he belonged to the Salvation Army. He is aware of the dignity of his position, and strives to maintain it, which is a somewhat difficult task, as he is in a chronic state of "fulness," though not made full as Bacon suggests by reading.

He borrows a stick or cane and describes the battle of ——, shouting the orders. As he gives out each command, he traces the course of the corps across the path with the point of his stick, and then mimics the movements of the different kinds of troops; shouldering arms with the infantry, dashing along with the cavalry, plunging with the artillery. As he shouts the old vigour is renewed in his limbs, the old fire flashes in his eye, he is again at Inker-mann.

Will he sing? Yes! Clearing his throat he begins, at first not very steadily, then more firmly and clearly, as he is again in thought among his comrades by the camp fire, on the eve of battle some thirty years ago. He remembers the lusty way they shouted the chorus of "The Old Black

Watch;" or perhaps it was "Annie Laurie," and he recalls to mind the *Annie Laurie* he then thought of, whose bright rosy face he had left a little tear-stained not many months before, on the eve of the departure of his regiment; and how he had at the time pressed the broken half sixpence which she had given him as a love token. As he finishes, his eye begins to glisten with moisture. There is silence for a moment, and then somebody asks him if he will not take a drop; at first he refuses, but on further pressure yields, and consents to drink for the sake of "the good old times." After that he is soon transformed into the cheery, dissipated, old vagabond that he was before.

The music of a military band, the sight of a body of volunteers, a bugle call, quickens these old wretches into their former life. I have seen one who must have been over six feet in height before he began his wandering life, whose skin hung on his bones as though there was no flesh to fill it out, so patched was his coat that it would be difficult to tell which was the original cloth. I have seen this old wreck seize his tattered hat and standing erect wave it in the air, and cheer with delight at a regiment of volunteers marching past. He recognized them as brethren and rejoiced as this reminded him of better days.

R. B. M.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

With sparkling eyes and flowing curls she came,
So lightly tripping past the garden stile;
Before she spoke I knew it was some game
That I must join, or tell, to make her smile.

Some tale of Friar Tuck, of ancient fame,
Who buffets did exchange with good King Dick;
Or ask her sympathy for Bluebeard's dame,
And the small boy whom too much pie made sick.

So coming to this youthful pleader
She plants herself on my rheumatic knee,
And tossing back the curls which oft impede her
Light blue eyes in gazing up at me.

Desires a story, one unheard before,
"A story of some little girl like me."
A new one I have not in all my store,
And so compose one on this maiden wee.

The story told, the likeness is too strong
To satisfy this maid, whose age is ten,
A tale of work—for play neglected long—
With merry laugh she skips away again.

And leaves me, the deceiver, all alone,
To read my book, from her sweet plaguing free,
And wonder how it is her childish tone
Can plead for her so irresistibly.

R. B. M.