

lone recess seems as if retired from worldly strife,
to await in silent hope the trumpet's summons to
eternity.

Amongst the many and conflicting opinions given
on the merits of the paintings, there was one
that secured general consent. It was given by a
young gentleman just four years old,—Master Eus-
tace Beaufort, who declared that his mamma was
much prettier, and he liked her a great deal better
as she was, than in that dismal picture with all
those grim faces around her. A look of tender af-
fection from her husband, assured her that he did
not altogether dissent from his boy's opinion. The
young gentleman, however, was not only the critic,
but also the cicerone of the party, whilst he direct-
ed Rosetta, their favourite nurse, to shew his sister
their dead mamma in the picture; he undertook to
lead Sir Eustace de Grey and his aunt, the Coun-
tess, to examine a piece of sculpture that had been
lately executed,—it was a simple thing, represent-
ing a dove with ruffled plumage, carrying a letter.

Amongst the guests invited on this occasion was
a celebrated cantatrice, who had charmed the music-
loving world of London for some seasons past,—at
the Italian opera, she was designated Signora H—,
but in the family circle of Beauford Park, she was
known by the simple appellation of Zillah.

Montreal, March 17.

(ORIGINAL.)

A DREAM.

DREAMS are the bright creatures of poem and le-
gend, who speak on earth in the night season, and
melt away in the first beams of the sun, which lights
grim care and dull reality on their daily pilgrimage
through the world.

Dickens.

'Twas but a dream! yet, ah! how bright
Around me lay that scene;
My childhood's home,—with its fair hills,
And valleys softly green.

The waning summer's golden light,
Bathed in its radiance soft,
Each nook of that familiar spot,
Where I have wandered oft.

Its very shadows seemed to lie
Athwart my path, as when
A child I roved o'er its green fields,
And through its sweet-briar glen.

And the same sounds were in the air,
Which then I loved to hear;
The bee's low murmur 'mid the flowers,
The gush of waters near.

In the old elm her pendant nest,
The glittering goldfinch hung,
While her fond mate, like meteor bright,
Glanced the green leaves among.

The grave gave back its "holy dead,"
And by my side he stood,
Whose gentle precepts taught my heart,
To know its highest good.

Still wore his brow the light benign,
Which it was wont to wear;
And the bland smile that graced his lip,—
Again I saw it there.

And the communion pure and sweet,
Which child and father hold,
Once more was ours; as fond, as full,
As erst it was of old;—

While there with him I loitering roved,
Through scenes still loved too well:
For sleep may vainly strive to bind,
The soul in its strong spell.

We climbed the hill, we ranged the wood,
We sat us down to rest
'Neath the tall ash, where year by year,
The blue-bird built her nest.

We paused beneath the willow pale,
That o'er the sparkling brook
So fondly bent, its boughs to lave,
And at its image look.

And staid at length our wandering steps,
By the old rareripe tree,
That o'er the meadow's moss-grown wall
Hung forth its branches free,—

Showering its rich and downy fruit,
Thick o'er the emerald grass,
Just as in those bright summer's gone,
Seen through Time's magic glass.

And now as then, that hand of love
Cull'd from the bending bough,
To tempt my taste, the peach, which best
Had caught the sun's full glow.

'Twas but a dream! a passing dream!
I woke, and it was gone,
Yet precious were the holy thoughts,
With that sweet vision born.

It seemed to say, this fleshly veil
Alone wrapt from my sight,
The loved, the wept,—glad dwellers now,
In heaven's unclouded light.

It told me of the spirit's life,
Of deathless human love,
Which has,—how sad were else this earth!
Its changeless home above.

E. L. C.

March 19.