

He hunted for souls lieu of hunting the deer ;
 He waved his pale hand, and half-jeering did cry :—
 “ Behold thou didst call me, and, lo ! here am I :
 'Tis nigh unto midnight, and did I not say,
 A thousand ere midnight my task was to slay ?
 Mount quickly behind me,—
 Ha, ha ! thou shalt find me
 The hardest of riders, and rugged the way :
 Thy fate is to follow
 Me down yon dim hollow
 Where, pleased at thy coming, my hunger-hounds bay ;
 Thy terror dissemble,
 For why shouldst thou tremble
 To go where the Ghosts of thy Fathers glide grey ?
 With bit and with bridle
 We may not be idle :—
 To the Land of the Shadows come with me away :”
 The soul-hunting ranger
 Cried :—“ Come with me, stranger ;”
 And I the grim Goblin was bound to obey ;
 An agony shook me,
 All manhood forsook me,
 I woke—'twas a dream at the dying of day.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.