

QUEEN AMOLAI.

A Summer Dream.

BY THOS. F. LYNCH.

What a beautiful spot this is—cool, delightful! How tempting and inviting the green mossy bank appears, sloping gently downwards to where it is kissed by the rippling brook, whose surface is as smooth as the paper on which I write, save when a faint breeze slightly ruffles its crest like a smile stealing o'er a sleeping child's face. I am idle this bright August afternoon, and think I can not do anything more appropriate than take a snooze in this new Eden I have discovered. So, stretching myself lazily on the green sward, I am unconsciously sung to sleep by the feathered songsters overhead. In dreamland I wander hither and thither, looking for some thing, or some place, or some person, I know not what, where, or whom. On, on! In the strange place I have entered, I go listlessly about—never stopping, never hurrying—just as though I was perfectly at home. I alone appear to be the only inhabitant of this beautiful paradise. After walking what seems to have been miles and miles, I notice a slight figure attired in a spotless white dress moving gently through the leafy bushes which skirt the way on either side of me. I hurry on to catch up to the being ahead of me, who, all unheeding, walks directly towards a huge hedge wall a little distance in front. I breathe easier as I see this obstacle in the way of her progress, and as there is no possible outlet visible, I know I will be rewarded by meeting her on her return.

When she reached the wall she paused and turned around. I beheld the most beautiful face I had ever looked upon; never in my wildest imaginations did I picture such a beautiful countenance as that one. For the

moment I was like one dazed, but, summoning up my habitual coolness, I approached, and lifting my hat was about to make some suitable salutation, when, Lo! the vision vanishes as though the very ground had opened up and swallowed her. Feeling the relax of nerves, and weary with my long walk, I sank to mother earth in profound slumber. After what seemed to me hours of rest, I was awakened, whether by instinct or human aid I know not which. I looked up and beheld the beautiful face of my late quarry smiling down at me. What eyes were set in that visage, bright as gems, yet kind and loving. Hark, she speaks! "What wouldst thou know of Amolai?" Heavens, what a voice! as if some golden instrument were being softly played and wafted to me by the faint summer breeze. Seeing my evident embarrassment, my mentor again addressed me: "Who art thou who enters unannounced, unbidden, to the gardens of Amolai?" I essay to speak and fail. Where was my tongue? I could not use it. What's that? Listen! "Wouldst thou behold the beauties of the realms of the Auganatees?" I nodded assent. "Then rise and follow me." So saying she turned to go, and I, springing to my feet, hastened after her. She lead me on in silence through numbers of beautiful courts and gardens, the like of which I had never seen before, and passing through the largest and most magnificent one of the group, we entered a large castle, the floors of which were embedded with the most beautiful gems my eyes ever feasted on. Passing quickly from one to another of the many rooms contained therein, we entered at the further end of the house what I judged,