


DREAMS.



From a forthcoming volume entitled: "HEATHER AND FERN: SONGS OF SCOTLAND AND MAORILAND." (See Literary Chat.)


 NCE in the days of Long Ago,
 In the pleasant Land of Nirgendswø,
 When I was young and Love in prime,
 Life swung along like an easy rhyme;
 For the maid I loved was fair and fond,
 And I had never a thought beyond
 Her graceful form and her deep black eyes,
 And never a storm crossed Love's blue skies;
 On all things lay a holy spell;
 No fear or doubt in our hearts might dwell;
 Ah me! but the world went well, went well.

Since then, in the mists of doubt and pain,
 I have trod the wastes of Never-Again—
 An arid land with a leaden sky,
 Where Joy's sad ghosts go hurrying by,
 And Memory makes of days and nights
 A haunting record of lost delights. . . .
 Ghosts are but ghosts. Have I only dreamed
 That she has been false whom I faithful deemed?
 No; that she has vanished I know too well;
 And for Hope's sweet chime there's a funeral knell;
 Oh God! but Remembrance is Hell, is Hell!

And yet at times, through the driving cloud,
 A trumpet-blast rings clear and loud,
 And I dream I wake from my dream of pain,
 In the awful land of Never Again,
 While Syren Hope thus woos my ear—
 "Love is not dead; cast out thy fear."
 And so I turn to my dreams anew,
 And I think, in the land of Dreams-Come-True,
 Life shall be joyous and Love shall flow
 As it did in the land of Nirgendswø,
 In the pleasant days of long ago.

J. LIDDELL KELLY.