Poetry.

THE ROLL-CALL AFTER BATTLE.

(The Albert Maple Leaf publishes the following poem over the signature of Rev. W. B. Hinson of Moncton.)

The trampled was drenched
With the blood of the bright and the brave;
And the lips, that at morning answered the roll,
At night were still as the grave.
Trampled, and toned, and torn;
Torn, and trampled, and toned—
Dear God, how poorly the victory seemed,
When we remembered the lost!

We stood with our banners torn,
We stood with our bayonets red;
Around us the bruised and the bleeding,
Around us the dying, the dead;
And there, on the battle ground gory,
Again that roll was read;
Answer! How can they; the bruised, and the bleeding?
How can they; the dying, the dead?

We had faced the cleaving sabre,
We had felt the grim bullet's pain,
Faced it, and felt it, but feared not
To face it, and feel it again.
But to stand in the solemn twilight,
And hear the unanswered name
Repeated—and still unanswered;
We couldn't face that again.

We sang as we passed to the conflict,
We cheered as we felt the shock,
We fired till the barrel was heated,
And then we fought on with the stock.
Fired, and fought, and fell,
Mid the thundering, hissing shells—
But the silence that followed the roll-call,
That was the bell of bells.

Select Tale.

TOLD IN A DREAM.

'It was madness and folly!' And as Julian Blair gave utterance to this exclamation he brought his hand down upon his desk with tremendous force.

The young man in his excitement rose from his chair and paced the floor of his office.

'I made a fool of myself,' he said bitterly. 'Here I am, a young lawyer, without practice, in a little country town, and with no hope of bettering my condition. Instead of waiting patiently for something to turn up I have had the audacity to fall in love with the wealthiest heiress in the place, and tonight I forever disgraced myself by asking her to marry me. To-morrow I am to see her father. There can be but one result. Mr. Howard is a millionaire. He will ask me about my property and my prospects. Well I have about $5 in my pocket and I owe $500. The old gentleman will regard me as a fortune hunter and request me to discontinue my visits. Yet the Lord knows I love Alice, and I would devote my life to her.'

Blair looked around the office and took a survey of his scanty possessions. A few articles of furniture, and perhaps a hundred law books—this was all.

'It will be useless,' he said, 'to tell a man like Mr. Howard that I will wait for his daughter. He will simply show me the door, and all will be over.'

The young fellow's frank and manly face wore a look of pained embarrassment. He had taken a leap in the dark and was already regretting his hasty action.

The town clock struck the hour of midnight, and Blair retired to his chamber adjoining his office, and made an attempt to sleep off his troubles.

For some time he was wide awake. His eyes burned and his brain was in a whirl. At last he fell into a feverish and disturbed slumber.

In the course of the night a strange thing occurred. Just how it happened he did not understand, but he had a late visitor, who introduced himself as a lawyer from London.

'Mr. Blair,' he said, 'I will not detain you with any preliminaries. You are the heir to the estate of John Blair, one of your uncles who ran away from home when a mere boy, and settled in Liverpool. Your uncle was remarkably lucky. He found friends, went into business, and in the course of time made a fortune. He died a month ago and left you $500,-000.'

Julian proceeded to ask for further information, but the London lawyer pleasantly remarked that good news would keep.

'I must leave in half an hour for New York,' he said, 'but you may expect me back in a week or so, and then the necessary arrangements will be completed for placing you in possession of your inheritance.'

With this the strange visitor vanished, and Julian Blair, as he raised himself off his elbow and looked about the room, asked himself whether he was awake or dreaming.

A sudden drowsiness overcame him, and when he again opened his eyes it was morning.

'Was it a dream?' he cried, as he dressed himself. 'No, it is impossible. There is the chair the man sat in. I remember his features distinctly, and every word he said, and even the tones of his voice. Thank God! It was no vision; it was a reality?'

Julian found, after making his toilet, that he was still a little feverish, with a strange fullness in his head, but a glance at the mirror showed that he was looking unusually well.

One thing startled him not a little in the course of the morning. After a brief interview with one of the bankers of the town, he walked out on the street with $500 in his pocket.

A sudden doubt struck him as he reached the sidewalk. Had he made a mistake in telling the banker of his good fortune? If the whole thing was only a dream, as he sometimes suspected, he had done a very bad thing.

'Pshaw!' he said to himself, 'I am sick and nervous. How can it be a dream?'

By degrees his confidence was restored, and later in the day when he saw Mr. Howard his manner was well calculated to impress the millionaire. He told the story of his legacy, and the rich man took him by the hand and told him that no man in the wide world would have him better as a son-in-law.

A week passed away delightfully. Blair found himself the lion of the town, but he spent most of his leisure time with his affianced.

'Ah, my friend,' sighed a lugubrious stranger at Ashbury park, 'there are skeletons in all families. I have mine, and I appose you have yours? 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; 'she is down there on the beach now.'

(continued in next columns)