THE DREAM-MAKER MAN.

Down near the end of a wand'ring lane
That runs 'round the cares of day,
Where Conscience and Memory meet and explain
Their quaint little quarrels away,
A misty air-castle sets back in the dusk,
Where brownies and hobgoblins dwell;
And this is the home of a busy old gnome
Who's making up dream-things to sell
My dear, the dantiest dreams to sell.

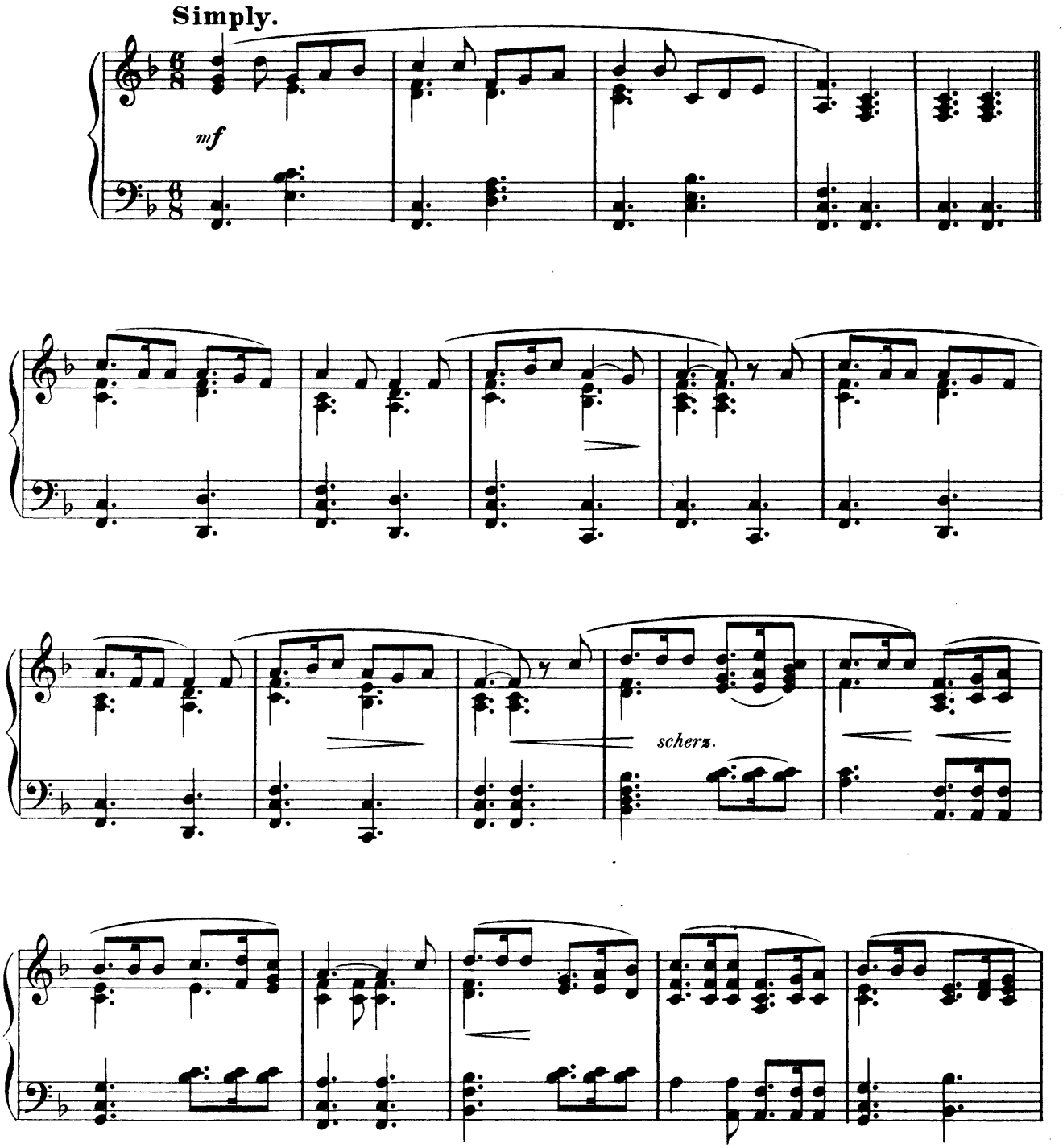
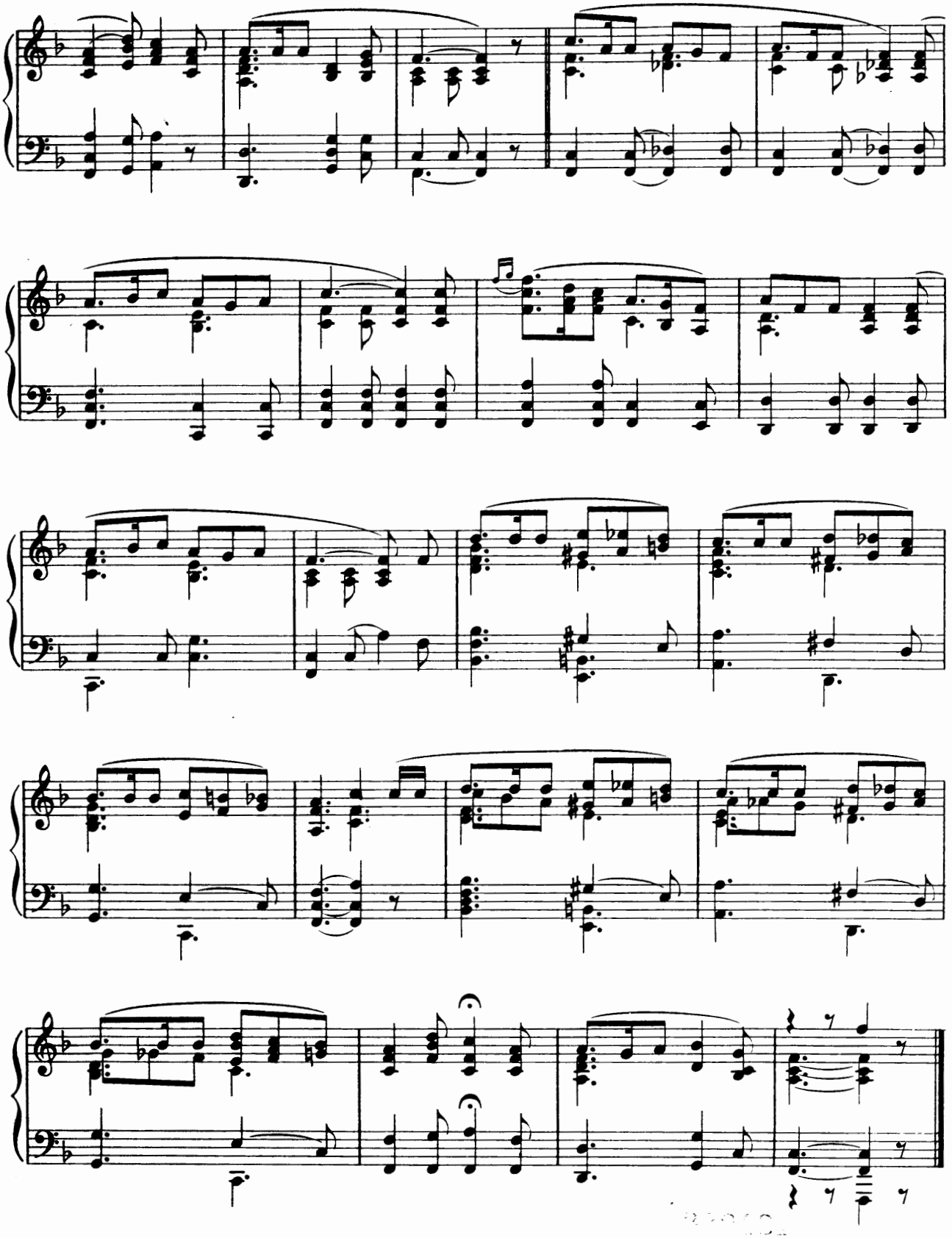
He makes golden dreams out of wicked men's sighs,
He weaves on the thread of a hope
The airiest fancy of pretty brown eyes
And patterns his work with a trope.
The breath of a rose, and the blush of a wish,
Boiled down to the ghost of a bliss
He wraps in a smile ev'ry once in a while
And calls it the dream of a kiss
Dear heart, the dream of an unborn kiss.

Last night when I walked thro' the portals of sleep
And came to the wierd little den,
I looked in the place where the elf-man should keep
A dream that I buy now and then;
'Tis only the sweet happy dream of a day,
Yet one that I wish may come true,
But learned from the elf, that you'd been there yourself
And he'd given my dear dream to you
Sweet-heart, he'd given our dream to you.

—*W. A. W.*

The Dream-maker Man.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.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