

like a pall on sculpture, till another man took the burden from him and went up to the house with his dead.

When Mr. Halligh entered the house again, it was at break of dawn. Some one opened the library-door and beckoned him in. *Marguerite* sprang into his arms.

"What if she had died?" said Mrs. Parcell, with her arms outstretched, and hiding a web of anguish over her nose. — "No! I had got out the shroud. As it is, we drink child and toy games at breakfast. The funeral bedstead-stands shall nobly furnish forth the marriage-bed. You men are all alike. *Le Fin est mer! Fin la Mère!*"

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the night-march of April, in Seventy-Five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, — "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-tower
Of the North-Church-tower, as a signal-light, —
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled ear
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a grim-visage,
And a huge, black hull, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,