

Bishop Hillin added the Eastern crypts and choir, vaulted the roof and changed the windows, so that it is now very difficult to find traces of the old Roman structure. In this church is kept the Holy Coat, the object of so many great pilgrimages, the last of which took place in the year 1891. Tradition says that the Empress Helena presented it, and also a nail from the Holy Rood, to Trèves.

Other fine churches there are, such as the Liebfrauen Kirche, a beautiful specimen of early Gothic architecture, and the church of St. Mathias. Those interested in architecture will find in this quaint old town many dwelling houses of the early German Romanesque style. Trèves has also a very old, valuable library, among whose treasures is the Codex Aureus, a manuscript of the gospels in gold letters presented to the Abbey of St. Maximin by Ada, sister of Charlemagne.

It was with many regrets that I said farewell to this little relic of old-world civilization, and following the windings of the Moselle with its vine clad hills until it met the Rhine at Coblenz, I was soon recalled from the dreamy past to the hurrying restless present by throngs of sight-seers of every nationality swarming up the Rhine and following the beaten paths of the Continental tourists.

MAUD C. EDGAR.

A SONNET FOR GABRIEL MAX'S PICTURE
"SENTENCED."

Sleep, and deep silence, and soft twilight dim,
And soft low breathing of the brutes that sleep.—
Listen!—How long, how long are we to keep
Vigil for Death, that cometh gaunt and grim—
That cometh and will not come;—to wait for him
With burning, tortured eyes that cannot weep,
And watch with fear and fascination deep
The sleeping tiger's mighty, moveless limb?
How long to look with longing for the end,
Yet hold the breath in terror lest they awake;
To see unceasingly across the gloom
The great jaws closing, feel the sinews rend,
The soft flesh crush, the bones give way and break,
And hear far off the roar of mighty Rome?

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

LEVI.

Levi Zachryn is the euphonious name in which the old "cadger" of the Wahnapiæ rejoices. Levi is aged one hundred, he thinks, though he doesn't quite look it, and is one of the Oka tribe of Indians; but he isn't at all pretty or romantic. This young gentleman was once a firm believer in his own courage, but when we saw him, the other day, he appeared a little doubtful on this score. He didn't look very heroic either, in muddy shoepacks, and tattered shirt, chewing tobacco and leering villainously around. Funny, wasn't it? He didn't talk like an ordinary Fenimore Cooper Indian either. There was no great Manitou in his thanks! No pipe of peace or anything like it in sight. But this Indian had one peculiarity—his face. It looked as though he might have fallen from the twenty-third story, and struck all the cornices on the way down in quick succession. How did he get that face? His answer was embodied in a story so modest, probable; and realistic in its details that it must be believed.

It seems that this particular path-finder was staggering quietly through the forest one very dark night last winter. He says he was thinking—thinking on what might have been—but his tribe don't believe him. He certainly has the broad, thick Zachryn forehead which seems to denote great thinking powers. However, that doesn't matter much

anyway. Levi had just reached the darkest part of the path, of course, when, suddenly, some unseen enemy landed a stunning blow on the aforesaid forehead. It might have been J. J. Corbett's left, but it wasn't. The warm, blue blood of Oka ran fast, and so did Levi. A Leather Stocking Indian would have known what had struck him, but old Levi's knowledge of wood-craft reached its limit, when he knew how many feet of lumber made a thousand. At the end of a hundred yards dash, done in record time, the old man slowed up and brushed the blood away. He listened—with his ear to the ground did you say? Not much, he simply listened in the ordinary everyday way.

Ah! out of the darkness reached a long, horrid, grasping talon. There was a rush like a trolley-car and Levi felt his scalp lifted and gone! Ye gods, were the Iroquois again on the war-path after a century's silence! A sharp report rang out on the frosty air, and the Indian sprang two feet in the air and fell back—but not dead this time,—it was only a branch cracking overhead, but then, you know, Levi wasn't feeling well just then, and his powers of deductive reasoning had vanished with his wig and toque. He got up, in a dazed sort of way, from that snow-bank, felt his bald head, and started to do three miles straightaway. Eleven and one-half seconds passed, worth about \$4 per cubic second to Levi, when from out the inky sky came thunderbolt number three. Levi had ears to hear this time, and was going to fool somebody; he grabbed that thunderbolt by the jagged edges so to speak. An indescribable terror seized him as he clutched large handfuls of darkness overhead; ah! now he had it. Something like a band-saw, making a million revolutions a second, furrowed through his countenance; something else not quite as sharp as a razor was operating with conscientious regularity upon his left wrist, like a summer-girl's jaws on a piece of chewing gum; a couple of threshing machines were also working in the immediate vicinity. Levi changed hands without missing a stroke; that is to say, he whipped out a knife, opened it with his teeth and held to the enemy with vice-like grip. What was that enemy? Ay, there was the rub. It felt soft and feathery, large and strong. It might have been an eagle or a wild-cat. It might have been an angel unaware. Levi thought it was the devil. It uttered no sound; Levi said nothing; he simply sawed steadily with the knife and hung on. Now it was on one side of him, now on the other; now it was on top of him, now Levi was on the top of it; now he had it inside outside; now outside inside and vice-versa. Levi's eyes were blinded with blood, and there was a nasty taste in his mouth, but man, beast or devil he determined to stay in the game. Round and round they went, faster than any ghost-dance in which Levi ever remembered taking part. At last, when the old man had sawed what he considered about three cords of something, he felt his dreadful foe relax and fall limp and lifeless. Springing up, he brushed the blood-drops away, for the second time in this sanguinary story, and arranged his disordered toilet.

When old Levi arrived in camp that night, he didn't look very nice. His coat was symmetrically festooned round his neck, and his face bore traces of a great trial. But, ah! there was a world-is-mine air about him as he entered. Exultingly he threw down what looked like the business part of a feather mattress.

The men say it was a big owl, but Levi says it was the devil.

J. R. P.

We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; a flaming light-fountain of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.—*Carlyle*.