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The Dawn is Breaking.

Oh, long and weary was the night !
 The night of sin and sorrow ;
 Men sat and grieved, and scarce believed
 The sun would rise to-morrow ;
 What multitudes in every land
 For light, more light, were sighing,
 Yet had to grope devoid of hope
 Among the dead and dying ;
 But oh, the weary night is past !
 The nations are awaking,
 The watchers start and shout " At last,
 The Dawn ! the Dawn is breaking ! "

Oh, weary was the way, and long !
 The night was dark and dreary ;
 Of leading one another wrong
 We've all at last grown weary.
 The mists are clearing fast away,
 Where men mistook each other,
 And e'en in him we held at bay
 We start to find a brother ;
 Those that were creed-divided long,
 To better thoughts are waking,
 And join the universal song :
 The Dawn ! the Dawn is breaking !

From Feudal institutions old,
 No hope no comfort gleaning,
 Men deemed this life with troubles rife,
 A thing without a meaning ;
 Now knowledge falleth like a shower,
 And 'mid the desolation,
 They waken to a sense of power
 And moral elevation.
 And over all the weary lands
 The dead to life are waking,
 The people shout and clap their hands,
 The Dawn ! the Dawn is breaking !

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXIII.



R. YUBBITS was the first to put in an appearance on the morning following the incidents recorded in the last chapter. He had passed a restless night, due to the fact that he stood somewhat in awe of Mr. Bramley, and he had been unable to make up his mind whether to tell that gentleman of his billiard match with the blackleg

Viner or not. He was, moreover, very much galled think to that he had lost some of his *prestige* as a sporting man and "knowing hand," characters in which he was specially desirous of shining. True, both Messrs. Crinkle and Coddleby had been, to use an expressive though unclassical term, "let in," but they made no pretensions to be considered "knowing," and the share they had taken in the episode of the billiard room had been the result of overwrought feelings and excitement.

Mr. Yubbits had not been seated more than twenty minutes in the sitting room, in a rather despondent frame of mind, when Mr. Coddleby came in, and shortly afterwards Mr. Bramley himself, the latter's nose still bearing

evidence that the punishment inflicted on it by the wasps had been none of the lightest. The swelling was considerably diminished, but it must be confessed that the color of the organ imparted to its owner a very dissipated and dissolute look.

"Ha! good morning, Yubbits," he said, "you're ahead of us for a wonder; but what's the matter? You seem to be out of sorts; not unwell, are you?"

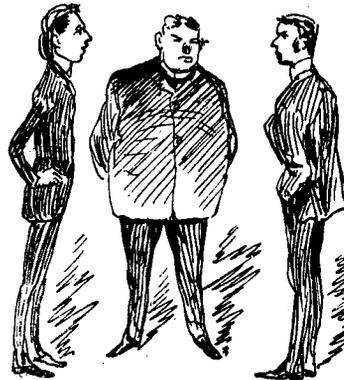
"No, Bramley, I am very well, thank you," replied the gentleman addressed. "But how are you after your 'ducking'?" he asked quickly, endeavoring to evade the other's question.

"Oh! I feel no ill-effects at all, thanks. I hope you didn't miss me last night; I trust you contrived to pass the evening without me in an enjoyable and harmless manner?" and he looked enquiringly at the other two, both of whom appeared somewhat embarrassed. Coddleby glanced towards Yubbits with a look which plainly said, "we had better tell him all," and to which the latter gave a little nod of acquiescence.

"Well, then, Bramley," began Coddleby, with the air of a man who feels that he has an unpleasant duty to perform, and that the sooner it is done the better. "I'm afraid our evening was, at any rate not very enjoyable, at least not altogether so, and as to its harmlessness, I'm sure I don't know about that, but I think the experience we gained will be valuable to us," and he proceeded to enlighten his leader concerning the whole affair.

At the conclusion of his recital, Mr. Bramley appeared both grieved and astonished, and for a few moments was silent. At length he said:

"Well, my friends, I need not tell you that I am pained to see that in my absence, you are unable to keep out of mischief. Supposing now, though thank Heaven it is only a supposition, supposing, I say, that I had been drowned when I slipped into the river last evening, where would you have been in that case?"



Mr. Coddleby was so overcome by the bare thought of such a possibility that he was forced to sit down and catch his breath in a very unpleasant and fish-like manner; whilst Yubbits, whose despondency appeared to have vanished when a clean breast had been made of the overnight adventure, remarked in an undertone that they would have been, in all probability, just where they were at present, or assisting in the search for the body, if not found by that time.

Crinkle, who came into the room just at this moment, saw at once that all was known to Mr. Bramley, and hearing Mr. Yubbits' last unfeeling remark, and seeing the look of pain which passed across the face of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, he rushed up to him and grasped his hand, saying, "Then, you know all; I am glad of it. We did wrong, but we have been taught a lesson. My mind is relieved. Forgive us, Bramley."