

could scarcely help fancying, in the deepening twilight, that he could see the spirit of the *Past* moving to and fro, in silent perturbation, at his unwonted intrusion upon its solemn resting place; and, for the moment, he became oppressed with gloomy forebodings as to the result of his adventure. But by degrees, as the fire he had kindled spread among the dry twigs, and anon leaped up amidst a shower of sparks, through a pyramid of green fir branches, his spirits resumed their wonted cheerfulness, and he set about preparing his evening meal with a will, which was only equalled by the gusto with which he partook of the savory viands that mingled their odours with the grateful incense produced by the burning resins—a kind of sauce by no means to be despised—and only to be appreciated by those who have had their experiences of eating under the appetizing influence of hunger, amid some such surroundings as those we have described.

His meal being finished, Arthur drew from his pouch a short tobacco pipe, on the dark stone bowl of which were wrought the figures of different animals, skilfully executed by Indian fingers, which having filled and lighted, he stretched himself at full length upon a narrow shelf, or niche, in the base of the cliff, with the light and heat of the fire thrown full upon him with comfortable plenitude, and yielded himself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

As Arthur lay watching the light smoke-wreaths curling upwards among the branches, his mind became busy with the memories of the past. Years seemed to roll away, and he was again sporting away the hours of a long vacation, on the banks of a sunny stream in the land of his birth.

There were no regrets mingled with those memories, for he was unconscious of transgression, and too full of healthful life to feel that he had lost anything by the lapse of time.

Soon there came a spell upon him—a spell he had neither the will nor the power to resist. Out of the fire issued a jet, which put on different forms of beauty, until at length it presented the outline of a human figure of ethereal lightness, and bewitching grace.

While he gazed, it became instinct with life, and there, as he once saw her, stood the object of his boy-love; and while he looked through her melting eyes into the depth of her pure soul, a veil seemed to lift before him—such a veil as may be supposed to separate the visible from the invisible—the material from the spirit land. Celestial visions seemed to float around him,—celestial thoughts and feelings to mingle with the higher and more ethereal sensations and pleasures of the common life. The ideal and the real came together to produce such a beatific state of mind as scarcely to consist with a state of sanity in a mortal breathing a common atmosphere. (The *Balloonist* is said to experience unwonted exhilaration of spirits—an inconceivably extatic delight—on attaining an altitude of four or five miles, which causes him to give involuntary expression to the most extravagant feelings, thus justifying (by the way) and giving increased significance and piquancy to the Latin saying—in *nubibus*, used to denote a person more than usually elated.) Perhaps some may call this *love*, and claim to have experienced some such feelings themselves, at some period of their lives, more or less remote. They may have it so, if they please, we will not gainsay them. It is not worth while disputing about it. All that we shall say is, that whatever it was, we don't believe that every one in love feels precisely as he did, because we don't think that all natures are sufficiently refined to be wrought upon in the same way, at least, to so intense a degree. It is from the finished instrument that those Eolian harmonies are elicited, which dwell upon the ear long after the harsher notes have ceased to vibrate.

Imperceptibly the vision passed away; the cyclids of the dreamer closed; he fell into a profound slumber, which continued for several hours, in which he dreamed of many things he had read of: among others, Cyclops forging huge hammers at fires kindled in the bowels of the earth—Titans carrying great mountains—from which he was aroused by a noise so startling and terrible, that it seemed to him like the final breaking up of the world of matter. Then the air was violently