

understand, but which, evidently, was either a warning or a threat. Before we had time to request this curious being to explain himself more intelligibly, he had disappeared, jumping over the steep, precipitous bank of the ravine, and vanished in the brushwood.

We now looked round in alarm, half expecting to see a furious wild boar, possibly even a bear, appearing from the mountain side, but could only perceive a tall, dark, handsome officer approaching us, and behind him a correct liveried servant carrying a railway rug. The meaning of the mysterious warning now began to dawn on our comprehension: this could only be the King, from his resemblance to the portraits we had seen, and we had probably no business to be here prying on his private premises.

Our feeling of tact was, however, not exquisite enough to induce us to risk our necks in endeavouring to conceal ourselves from his august gaze, so we bravely stood our ground, and nothing worse happened than our bow being very politely returned.

"THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

"MEET and sweet in the sun He stands,
Drinking the cool of His Syrian skies;
Lifting to heaven toil-wearied hands,
Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

"Gazing from trestle and bench and saw
To the kingdom kept for His rule above;
Oh, Jesus, Lord! we see with awe!
Oh, Mary's Son, we look with love!

"We know what message that eventide
Bore, when it painted the Roman cross,
And the purple of nightfall prophesied
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

"The crown which the Magi brought to her
It made a vision of brows that bleed;
And the censer, with spikenard, and balm, and myrrh,
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.

"But now Thou art in the Shadowless Land,
Behind the light of the setting sun;
And the worst is forgotten which Evil planned,
And the best that Love's glory could win, is won!