

the Sunday School Union, and many other benevolent institutions have found in Lord and Lady Aberdeen kind and practical friends. Her ladyship is a delightful speaker, as was proved on all sorts of occasions

in Canada, where she was indefatigable on behalf of every good enterprise. She is one of those bright spirits who inspire in others an enthusiasm and an energy in spreading the light of true happiness.



AT SUNSET.

THE CONVERT.

BY H. C. MINCHIN.

Here in the dark I lie alone:
And how I love the silence! You,
I think, would love it, had you known,
As I, the howling of that crew
That bade me scape the lictor's rod
By owning Caesar for a god.

Thanks be to God, who locked my lips.
But they, their patience soon at end,
Cried, "Justice slumbers in eclipse,
Best that we settle with our friend!"
Blows followed: then—a shout, a clasp
That tore me, living, from their grasp.

For Justice swooped upon the fray:
Alert and armed, she drove them back,
Smarting and snarling for their prey,
Like huntsman when he schools his pack,
And threw me here—'twas Caesar's will—
Where all is dark and damp and still.

So still, so calm, no breath of air:
On quiet seas I seem to ride
After the storm: I hardly care
To lift a hand and brush aside,

Such languor all my spirit wraps,
What trickles downward—blood, perhaps.

Blurred phantoms of departed days
Are thronging round me—thoughts or
dreams?

When sudden from the misty haze,
As lightning through the darkness
gleams,
With every facet clear defined
A vision flashes on my mind.

The ranks are crowded, tier on tier,
And midst them in my place am I,
As oft before; we talk and jeer,
Waiting to see yon captive die
Who in the arena stands alone:
He turns his face—I see my own!

'Tis I that wait the roar and rush
When bars are raised; 'tis I that fall
Upon my knees, amid the hush
Of cruel tongues, on Christ to call:
Upon whose parted lips the while
There breaks a glad, triumphant smile.

—*The Spectator.*