

ing, for they had been delayed by the tide — when the steamer approached Murray Bay. They had all been walking up and down the deck, and Mr. Fleming and Professor Duncan had been talking of the old days, and how truly the “lights” which the brave pioneers had carried into these savage wilds, had been “lights in the darkness”; even like those soft auroral streamers which they had been watching in the northern horizon; for in that north latitude it is often pretty cold even in August.

They talked, too, of the darkness that shrouds so large a portion even of our great cities, and how many a quiet, steady light is needed to shine there, too, as “lights in the darkness.” Marjorie listened to the conversation, feeling that as she must soon be leaving all these pleasant scenes, and be returning to the old life, which now did seem just a little lonely, there would always be this noble ideal and aspiration, worthy of any one’s best efforts. Everywhere, if one tried, one could indeed be a “light in the darkness.”

“And look there!” said Professor Duncan. Away to the eastward there was a pale streak of amber heralding the coming dawn. And now the aurora lights began to fade out of the sky as it grew every moment brighter.

“Yes,” said Mr. Fleming; “it makes me think of the time when ‘the city shall have no need of the sun,