

above the other, the upper one being on a level with the high land on either side. It had when it was complete one hundred and fifty arches. The aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which will give those who have not seen it some idea of the lightness, grace, and beauty of the structure. It is constructed of granite blocks about two feet square, hewn and fitted with such admirable accuracy that they are put together without mortar or cement of any kind. And yet though the edges and corners are rounded and weather-beaten, few of the blocks have been displaced.

TOO LATE.

WHAT silence we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear ;
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close familiar friends, who loved us so ;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet *unexpressed*,
And slight the deeds we did, to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won,
And undeserved the praise, for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space.
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the *might have been* ?

—Independent.