

this altitude. As a further protection against cold, the inhabitants make their winter dwelling in the stables. The cattle occupy one side and the people the other side of a large room with plank floor, which serves at the same time as kitchen, bedroom, and working-room. Bread is baked twice a year; it keeps well, but becomes so hard that a hatchet is needed to cut it.

Geologically, the plateau of Mont Cenis is a wild ravine, commanded in the north and east by a ring of lofty peaks of glittering schist. This beautiful plateau, completely covered with magnificent pastures, with its azure lake encircled by strangely-formed rocks of gypsum, is certainly the most pleasing of all the lofty Alpine passes, and the one on which we can stay the longest with the most enjoyment. It is, therefore, not surprising that this place was chosen as the site of the Hospice, which has existed here since the ninth century—established, it is said, by Charlemagne—and which was completely restored and enlarged under the First Empire.

The pass of Mont Cenis was crossed by Pepin the Short, by Charlemagne, and by Charles the Bald, who died, on his return, in the little village of Brios, abandoned by all his court; in more recent times by Francis I., by the armies of Louis XIV., by Napoleon I., and in our days by Napoleon III., on the occasion of the war with Austria.

DELAY NOT, LOVE.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

DELAY not, Love, thine office to fulfil;
 Wait eve's gray bourne, nor morn's renewing glow
 Till thou thy word bespeak, thy touch bestow
 On the worn heart that lingers for thee still.
 Snows melt on graves, where wild remorse wails shrill
 As bleak March winds; and royal plumes, wave slow,
 Of purple lilacs, hearsing homes where, lo!
 Men feed on tears, who did no harsher ill
 To gentle hearts than that they did restrain
 Love's tenderness. Oh, ease their hunger now!
 Lest you should cry, Alas! through all the years;
 Perchance to-morrow they feel not your tears
 With quick forgiving: from the turf where rain
 Of April falleth, while you woeful, bow,
 They stretch no wild, warm arms, whisper no low,
 Sweet accents,—Yea, dear one, we know
 You loved us so,—

Soothing from the unseen your fruitless pain.

CHERRYFIELD, Me.