

and reeds pass through a series of vivid tones, culminating in tawny gold and deep orange, against which the silver-fretted violet blue-green of the Mediterranean assumes a magical splendour. Small, shaggy buffaloes with ferocious eyes, and sometimes a peasant as wild-looking as they, are the only inhabitants of this wilderness. The machicolated towers of Castel Fusano, among its grand stone-pines, stand up from the marshes, and farther seaward another castle with a single pine; but they only enhance the surrounding loneliness. Ostia, the ancient port, which the sea and river have both deserted, is now a city of the dead, a Pompeii above ground, whose avenues of tombs lead to streets of human dwellings more desolate still. It is no longer by Ostia, nor even by the Tiber, that one can reach the sea; the way was choked by sand and silt seventeen centuries ago, and Trajan caused the canal to be made which bears his name; and this is still the outlet from Rome to the Mediterranean, while the river expires among the pestilential marshes.

"TO EVERY CREATURE."

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,
That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself will not remain;
That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.

Yet, if we will one Guide obtain,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day,
And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.