

After two years of almost incredible suffering, he went to swell the lists of the illustrious dead, "who being dead yet speak." Stepping out of the noise and bustle of busy Westminster into the abbey with its preternatural calm and dim religious light we come upon the statue of Johnson, whose among Kings and Courtiers, gallant men and noble women—a generous nation has erected a monument to his memory.

* * * The above article was first read before the Canadian Literary Society, by the Editor of the Society's MSS. Paper, who promised a series from the same contributor, of which this present article is the first moiety. Through his kindness we have secured the promise of the series which will appear, from time to time in our columns.—EDITOR "CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL."

TWO LIVES.

Far away by the sea shore there played two children. They were brother and sister, and very young not more than six and eight years old. They played by the sea shore all day long, and they talked about the beauties of the ocean. They wondered where the large retreating waves were going to and what became of all the ships which were lost and disappeared beneath the surface of the waters.

They were very happy in their love of each other and wished that they could always live as they did then. But it was not to be so, for one of the great long waves tore her from the place where she was playing and carried her away out, in its bosom, to the sea. Her brother tried to rescue her but could not and the wave very nearly carried him off also. He was very sorry when he knew his loss, and would have thrown himself in to, but his guardian grasped him in his arms, and he was prevented from throwing his life away.

He grew to be a man, but always thought of his early playmate, and chose as his profession be a sailor, for he said, I shall then always be near her for the waves kiss her continually and I shall sail over them all the time.

One day while sailing over the sea the waves, his waves, grew angry and rising up in their rage lashed his ship with all their power, but the ship rose above them and laughed at them in their fury. But he hears a sound in the distance. It sounds like the boom of a cannon. It is the signal calling for help. He

steers his trusty boat in the direction of the sound, and arrives in time to see a ship sinking beneath the waves. He thinks of his playmate of long ago, she who wondered with him, and he resolves to rescue all he can for the sake of the memory of her so long mourned for.

He orders the boat to be lowered although his faithful sailors tell him that it is in vain, for he can hope to save no one, and may perhaps be lost himself. But he is resolute, and standing in the boat about to be lowered he asks if any will assist him. The faithful ones crowd to him, the boat is lowered and they save one, a little girl. He brings her to his cabin and tends her for the memory of "auld lang syne," and thinks of her as the one that was lost so long ago. He kneels down and praying, thanks his heavenly Father for making him the means of saving the life of one to be so precious to him. He was on his way home, and when he arrived there he left the sea, for he wished to send his protegee to school, but could not part from her.

But after a long while she grew up to be a woman, and her little children played around him.

He grew very old, his hair was gray, and his steps were feeble. He then forgot all about the friends of his manhood and old age, and only thought of his sister of the old old time.

He went to the sea again on the same ship he had been wont to command, thinking to find the one who was lost, and on a day like the one on which he rescued the companion of his manhood, when the waves lashed his ship in their fury, the old ship and the old man sunk in the waves to rise no more, till he and the lost one rise together.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

A CANADIAN SUMMER EVENING.

BY JOSEPH DAVIDS.

'Tis Eve! the sun's last beams are tangled with
the wood,
And all around, is silent as a dream,
Maternal wings are wrapped around their
brood,
And but a whisper issues from the stream.

The dark pine woods, veil all the distant view,
Where sky and forest mingle into one;
While ample shade the rural flowers woo,
To breathe their sweetness from the noon-tide
sun.