

hear them ; I am drinking in every liquid tone so eagerly, that anything like a heart-moan has passed away, just like that golden-grey cloud, that, a-while since, hung over the river. The poor nerves that were quivering and throbbing, are stilled, hushed by the shore-lullabys. Look at those white lilies out there. If I could but gather a few. Take care, the boat may tip. Well done ! a whole handful. Just see the golden treasure that has been dropped into each fair bowl. Why did I wish for them ? Because, in some way, I cannot help likening them to the childish forms seen among the grasses—over there ; the rich lining of the blossoms is akin to the murmur of the childish voices heard on the river's edge. Dip ! dip go the oars ! up one billow—there ! down another ; with a few more strokes, the voices full of healing are left far behind ; but upon the dry places of my soul there are still drops of living water falling. You remember the lilies plucked up stream. See ! from their great white chalices flow glimmering drops, and as I watch them roll down, I think they say, " Comfort ye, comfort ye."

The river has many windings, and as we round one of its curves, I hear cries that are piteous in their helplessness, and full of sharp distress. Hear that ! the restless howl of the oppressed, and mingled with it the piercing shriek of the starving. The wind is very changeable. I suppose it is shrieking and howling to be in sympathy with the stricken ones on shore. Ah me ! that bitter, suppressed sobbing is sadder than all the rest ; the fatherless and the orphaned are making their moan, and the wind has joined in the chorus. Shall I put up my hands and close my ears ? that would be no use. The long soughing of the wind, filled with all those weird sounds, must surely pierce even the dull leaden skies. Oh ! the tender ones ! the little children ! Did you think He had forgotten them ? did you forget He had promised to shelter them in the day of the East Wind ?

As I sail on and on, I see a small craft a short way ahead,