

you in the heart of the Rhone glacier, for instance, comes filtered through many feet of ice till nothing remains but the softest and loveliest blue. As dusk draws on in the evening, if you happen to be there at that time, the chill air and weird mystery around are most impressive. Nothing but ice about you, with just enough ghostly, blue-grey light struggling through to make its presence manifest, but not enough to define anything. There is the feeling of standing in illimitable space, for there is no shadow, no outline, no difference in color. You cannot judge from the look of things whether your thrust-out hand will touch the icy wall or meet only vacancy. But there comes the guide with a light, and before he or his taper is visible through the winding passage mysterious gleams and flashes of golden radiance tell of his approach, and display such an "arrangement in blue and gold" as has never yet been devised by dabbers of paints and pigments.

THE COMET.

A NEW arrival, or rather an old friend come back again. We presume that not many of our readers will recognize in this stranger an old friend; for our own part, we plead ignorance, but are anxious to meet one who has seen our forefathers. We hope our Xmas messenger brings in his train no evil attendant, but that the beauty of the clear, crisp winter evenings may be increased by another fair addition to the northern constellations. Nature equalizes her favors: as the green is hidden beneath the monotonous cloak of white, the beauties of the heavens come out more brilliantly, we gain more glorious views of the universe; the stars shine clearer; the moonbeams fall more mellow; the Aurora dances more brightly; and at times a visitant from other universes flashes by, seeking, as it were, to catch a stray glance of this little world of ours. Sometimes they return; as has this new arrival, after an absence of seventy-one years.