

earth as a being clothed in a long robe of spotless white. How incomprehensible is the wonderful fascination some photographs possess!

And here is another *carte*. This one is more beautiful, not more chaste. She appears rising in the fleecy folds of a misty cloud, from murky darkness. The expression is happily sketched and good-nature, kindness and a loving heart linked to a warm, glowing affection are its peculiar attributes. There it lies fanned to gentle silence. The soft, mellow eyes seem to speak to the soul in soothing tones. She, too, no longer mingles with earthly denizens, but sleeps in a far off land beneath the whitened slab.

The third figure in this group flits before the eyes in imagination. She is different from either of the others. Mounted on a small card is a pleasant thoughtful face with richly pencilled eyebrows and large bright lustrous eyes. Her mouth is like a lady's watch, small and neat and the wavy tresses of auburn hair shimmer adown her neck in a transport of unrestrained delight. She fills the right compartment of the album, and her eyes fall full upon the lovely countenance of sweet Evangeline. What fit companionship!

“ Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”

Let us close our book of mental photographs and take a peep at the multifarious faces that daily throng the busy haunts of men. Tearing and rushing along at a mad pace they jostle us aside and press onward to their several goals. Money, money, crude dross, many are thy votaries and thy victims eager on every side. Anxious hearts are wrung, the weak and infirm stand aside and make room for the sturdy and strong; and all, the trembling aged and the unflinching man and the budding youth, all enter the sickening mart and strive one with another for each other's riches. The heavy eye sunk far back in its socket and the pale wan cheek tell the dismal story of earthly ruin and decay and failure. Day succeeds day but it brings no succour to the poor deluded wight, who, with fast failing strength, toils on till the grim harvester robs him at last of life itself. There he is, the once prosperous and affluent merchant, now the broken-down speculator. There lies the melancholy wreck! Confined and alone. Alone! Confined!! Dark is the little room of the dead: but what matters it now to him who has passed the threshold of life! The day dawns. All is cheerful without. The sun plays upon the dial and warms the cool earth, the little children trundle their hoops and skip the rope in noisy glee, the lady returns her long promised call, and the cold stern man of business who deems his mission to be that of money-getting only, all pursue their several callings unmindful of their fellow-mortal who lies unknown and unknowing upstairs in solitude. With a wild clatter the huge wheels of carts and wagons fly over the rough thoroughfares and coaches and carriages, and elegantly caparisoned horses rivalling in pageantry royalty itself, dash to and fro in eager haste and attract the gaze of every beholder: but the closed eyes of the confined one see not the hastening chariots. The old bell tolls the hour and a few friends who had known him perhaps in his best times, who had supped at his