

then whose excitement could not be equalled in life beside. And all these things I have looked upon and felt;—for the dreams of my earlier boyhood, with its observance and experience, were closely identified with such spirit stirring scenes as these.

I have roamed forth in the breathing silence of a lovely moonlit world, along the margin of the silvered and sleeping lake, and through the flower-decked valley, and beneath the deep and sublime gloom of the lofty and shadowing mountain. I have looked on the blue waters, and the bright stars, and inhaled the rich floating sweetness of opening flowers—to feel *then* that such were the beautiful things of creation to win man's turbulent spirit to a peaceful rest. And in such an hour—Yes,—when earth and heaven seemed all fragrance and light and loveliness, so tenderly calm and holy and touching to the heart—I have knelt before the angel purity of soft dark eyes, to know and feel that I loved—as I never can love in life again,—to listen to the whispered melody of a voice which spoke of an affection whose depth and devotedness and fervour were only bounded by an early grave!—I have kept watch on a war ship's deck with the anxious helmsmen, through long and dreary nights of storm and peril, and privation;—and looked upon each awful and gigantic billow, as it rushed furiously on in its wrathful course, as the fearful herald of doom and eternity.—In loneliness I have watched and wandered a live-long night within the repulsive confines of a burial place;—and have listened for hours to the doleful and dirgelike sweeping of the chilling wind, among the tombs, and the long rank grass of the clustered graves around me. I have in the flickering starlight, or