

my will. My lips open. Several mouthfuls of water enter.

Eternal God! The water is fresh!

January 27, continued.—I have drunk! I have drunk! I live again! Life has suddenly returned to me! I no longer wish to die!

I cry out. My cry is heard. Robert Curtis appears at the side of the raft and throws me a rope, which my hand seizes. I haul myself up and fall on the platform.

My first words are,—

"Fresh water!"

"Fresh water!" cries Robert Curtis. "Land is there!"

There is yet time. The murder has not been committed. The victim has not been struck. Curtis and Andre have struggled against these cannibals, and it is at the moment that they are about to yield that my voice is heard!

The struggle ceases. I repeat the words, "fresh water," and leaning over the raft, I drink greedily and long.

Miss Hervey is the first to follow my example. Curtis, Falsten, and the rest hasten to this source of life. Those who were a moment ago ferocious beasts, raise their cries to heaven. Some of the sailors cross themselves, and cry out that it is a miracle. Each one kneels at the side of the raft, and drinks with ecstasy.

Andre and his father are the last to follow our example.

"Where are we?" I cry.

"Less than twenty miles from land!" replies Curtis.

We look at him. Has the captain gone mad? There is no coast in sight, and the raft still occupies the centre of the watery circle.

Yet, the water is fresh. How long has it been so? No matter. Our senses are not deceived, and our thirst appeased.

"Yes; land is not in sight, but it is there!" says the captain, pointing to the west.

"What land?" ask the boatswain.

"America,—the land where flows the Amazon, the only river with a current strong enough to freshen the ocean twenty miles from its mouth!"

A WINTER IN MEXICO. By Gilbert Haven. New York: Harper Bros.

For want of space, last month, a number of the extracts from this work which we had marked were omitted. These we will give in this number:—

LA BARRANCA GRANDE.

That park on which we ascend is engirted with high purple hills. It is level, and hard as a dancing-floor, and the horses all dance as they touch it, and have a gay gallopade over it. It

was my ignorance, probably of that sort of floor practice that made me make so poor a display. The Coloradoist of the party said it was very like the parks of that country. It is fine for grazing, though I judge it is too high and dry for most other culture. A half hour brings us to its abrupt close.

La Barranca Grande opens at our feet. You do not know what a barranca is? Nor did I till that day. I wish you could learn it the same way. Conceive of a level plain forty miles wide, with a border of mountains. Ride along over it leisurely and rapidly, a little of both, chatting or singing as the spirit moves, when you halt, without reason as far as you can see. You move on a rod or two slowly, and down you look two thousand feet (ten times the height of Trinity steeple or Bunker Hill Monument), down, down, down. That is no black chasm into which you are peering, but a broad garden, green and brown. Here a hill rolls up in it, a mole scarcely noticed on its handsome face. There a bamboo cottage hides itself without being hid. The green forests are full of deer. Bananas, oranges, every delight is flourishing there. A river trickles through it, picking its glittering way down to the Gulf, two hundred miles away. The walls on the opposite side rise into wild, rocky mountains, and both sides come seemingly together forty miles above—though it is only seeming, for the canon takes a turn, and goes on and up between the mountains. Eastward it has no visible end. It descends, it is said, through to the Gulf.

The sunlight of a warm September afternoon, so it feels, pours over the whole, glowing grandly on these mountains, pouring a flood of light on the upper terminations where the hills clasp hands over the valley, and glistening sweetly from the home-like landscape below.

One would not tire of gazing, or of going down, though the latter is an hour's job, the former a second's. It is wonderful what great gifts God spreads out on the earth for His children, and how solitary the most of them are. Bryant could not make solitude more solitary than in those lines of his,

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save its own dashing."

So here sleeps this wonderful ravine, with its towering mountains, in sun or moon, in midnight blackness or midday splendor, and rarely looks on the face of man. Does not the Giver of every good and perfect gift enjoy His own gifts? "For His pleasure they are and were created." Then the Barranca would be satisfied if no mortal eye ever took in its beauty. It smiles responsive to the smile of its Lord.

Long we hang above the picture. At risk of life we creep to the outermost twig, and gaze down. It stands forth a gem of its own. No rival picture intermeddled therewith. "It is worth a journey of a thousand miles," said a distinguished traveller to me to-day, "to see the Barranca Grande and the Regla Palisades." And I said "ditto" to Mr. Burke.