

of these arcades. One fancies the delight the monks must have taken in these cloisters, and in the view from the windows over the "grève." The world looks so small at this distance.

Our guide went into the Chapel of St. Martin, and unlocked a door, inside which was a spiral staircase. He told us to mount as quickly as possible. At the first halt of these giddy, winding steps we came into the open air on a staircase thrown across, bridge-fashion, to the roof of the choir. From here we mounted to the parapet of the tower, called "*La Petite Tour des Fous*," because, although it is very giddy work to walk all round this platform, still it is a less foolish attempt than to walk round the *Grande Tour des Fous*, still higher up. But the view from this last platform, at such a fearfully giddy height—four hundred feet above the sands—is worth climbing to see.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

BY LORD LYTTON.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away ;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is *life*—there are no dead.