

low. They proceeded together to Field's rooms in No. 6, but on opening the bed room door no trace of their patient was to be found.

"Had he fallen from the window, or climbed upon the roof by the water pipe." No time was to be lost—the university authorities must at once be communicated with. Pale and breathless, Jack Longfield rushed across the college square—past the library—past the chapel

"He rushed by tower and temple
And stayed not in his pace"

Till he stood—not before his masters door—in the stately market place, as Lord Macaulay has it—but before James Field himself, clothed, and in his right mind, with his mother on one arm and cousin Lyddy on the other, to whom he was expounding the lions of the university. He had fortunately discovered in his waistcoat pocket a second key to the bed-room door, with which, after a sound sleep he had liberated himself from custody.

An explanation on the part of James to Dr. W — easily turned aside the wrath of that choleric but kind hearted physician.

M.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

To the wars a soldier hieing,
Wooded and won a lady fair;
And amidst the dead and dying
Ceaselessly he thought of her.

Soon to father-land returning,
Hero of the bloody fight,
Needful food and slumber spurning,
Hastes he homeward day and night.

Rest and food and shelter spurning,
Speeds he at the mid-night hour,
Where a taper, dimly burning,
Glistens in his lady's bower.

In her leafy bower it glistens
Like a beacon through the night:—
Soon beside her door he listens,
Checks his horse's headlong flight.

As the Red Sea's waters riven
Made a channel deep and wide,
So the darkness backward driven
Formed a bank on either side.

For a strain of gentle sadness
Falleth on the midnight air,—
Now it laughs a note of gladness,
Now it sinketh in despair.

Quicker now his heart is beating,
Flushed his cheek and wild his eye:—
Hope and fear in conflict meeting,
Gave alternate victory.

Through long hours of darkness grieving
Still unheeded in their flight,
Tender thoughts in chaplets weaving,
For her love she spends the night.

Sleep about the casement fluttered,
Spell-bound by the tuneful strain;
Drowsy charms in vain he muttered,
Wav'd his magic wand in vain.

Now no more the bat is winging
Round and round his mazy way,
Nightingales forget their singing,
And the owl foregets his prey.

Rose the dawn and cease the singing,
When the lover now confessed,
Through the open casement springing,
Clasped the maiden to his breast.—C. P. M.