SUSSET AND MOOSRISE, Fair as a woman with her ornaments
The gleaming Girvan lay, and in its woods
Pavisioned, zang a song low to itself. Yos below, so glowing in the sun's "good night,"
To show, so glowing in the sun's "good night,"
To image-seekers as we walked.
Seemed the bright hearth of bonny Girvan Shout the premises, waiting

house. It was a low, substantial t surrounded by its farm buildings,

Its northern wall-Dalquharran's states Its southern - Haggart's frontier-forming That, ridging westward to the sea, beholds Far-looking Ailsa, couched to guard the vale. Oh me! the beauty of that Summer ev: We stayed our walk-spelled to the spot—to The sunset glorifying earth and sky-Nor left off gazing when the sun had sunk Beaind Dalquharran in the red north west, But with large eyes-ful took the landscape in. And long we lingered, leaning on a gate,
And glosted o'er the greying scene, nor knew
How fast the gloaming deepened into night. At last we turned as from the gate, and set Our thoughts and steps for home; when, lo! om heaven k white face looked down and smiled on A meek white face with a half-hurt expres

sion—
A sense of mute wrong-bearing in the smile : tion
And we stood self-accused—my friend and I. hearts, Already softening in the melting eve. Already sottening in the melting eve.

"Le f" cried my friend, "even as a kindly dame, the was ready than young folk love to visit, has a gift To slip into the hand at parting time, the tranger his lost."

"I thank you from the hand at parting time, the tranger his lost."

One comes with conscious worth and finds the world.

Taken up with other matters—busy-blind—and rest."

And he must wait its leisure—let him wait.

Trescrity Mr. Wait and keep sweet—worth yet shall work its was death of unregard, and shine. Attractive to the word's beholding eyes."

And with such talk we benefit with the word of the word of the word of the word. Outlive the death on which beholding eyes Attractive to the world's beholding eyes.

And with such talk we lengthened out the night, and shortened the road home, and then at We fell into a silence deep with thoughts.

We fell into a silence deep with thoughts.

And the silence deep with thoughts, the silence is a silence deep with thoughts.

Mr. Of M And there for us the growing aleep of youth.

DAVID STEVENSON.

Good Words.

-Good Words.

WITHIN THEIR GATES.

Hale, hoped to be a clerg but he had to work his w harmout as one of themselve The summer sun blases down hotly enough upon the dwellers in cities, upon the inhabitants of bare, low-lying countries. But far, away in the cool regions that lie under the friendly shadow of those hills, that are so grand, and so remote and unfrequented that they hardly seem to belong to the rest of our island, all is freshness and delight. The roads which traverse this region are mostly good; and, whether flecked by the shadows of waving woods, or sweeping past orchards where the fruit trees stand waist-deep in lucuriant grass, or in front of the old-fashioned country houses, are always pleasant highways for the traveller.

Among one of these highways, on a summer evening when the air seemed full of golden serently, when the shadows or and to assure that the should "pull through golden serently, when the shadows over and to assure that the should "pull through golden serently, when the shadows were long."

These few days proved of pleasant highways for the traveller.

Among one of these highways, on a summer evening when the air seemed full of golden serenity, when the shadows were long and the day near its close, came a man who did not belong to any holiday class of traveller. He was a pedestrian of jaded appearance, whose dress we covered with dust, and whose lagging step proved that he had travelled long and far, and he hore in his hand a small black valise. Despite this apparent failigne, however, and notwithstanding that he was plainly little used to hardship, he kept steadily on his way, glancing ravely to the right or left, but firing his gase on the road before him and plodding steadily forward. He was young, six or seven and twenty, perhaps; and he evidently belonged to the better classes, for gentleman" was written on every look and movement. His dark face, of remarkably fine, clear outline, his lithe, tall, slender figure, his delicate hand and shapely foot, attested this face in a manner which could not be doubted or denied. He wore nearly gone and as he walked his lips, were compressed rigidly, giving an expression of resolution, of defiant determination, to his face.

The sun was very nearly gone when he came to a fork in the highway where no lens than three roads diverged towards widely different points. Having peaned and looked with a steady, inten shad to himself. "And I don't think it need push on so very exhaustingly," he added. "Surely this place is remote enough. It seems to be the fag-end of a decolate wilderness."

The tree stood on the strip of green that bordered the highway. He out his back bordered the highway. He up this back bordered the highway. He up this back before the highway. He up this back

The tree stood on the strip of green that bordered the highway. He put his back against the trunk, and in a for minutes was asleep from sheer weariness.

An hour later he still slept—doubled up now in a curious position, with his heed on the mose-cushioned root of the tree—when the stillness of the road was broken by the roll of wheels and the tramp of a horse's feet. The sounds might have been heard for a minute or two before the cause of them appeared. Then a white-faced horse came into sight, proceeding at a sedate trot, and drawing a large gig, in which a middle aged man and a young woman were seated. The former looked like a substantial farmer; no doubt was one; he had a strongly-marked, intelligent face and iron-gray hair. The girl was pretty and blooming, plain in dress, lady-like in appearance, very quiet in manner. She had untied her bonnet, so warm was the evening and ast with an elhow on the wing of the gig, and one dark-gloved hand pressing her face thoughtfully.

In the apperanch gloom of the evening meither of them observed the dark object under the trees, with his value lying beside him; but the horse, passing close to it, chose to be startled. He shied, and darted off sideways across the road.

"Whos !—Steady !—What is the matter with you, Billy?" crade the farmer, pulling shamply at the reins.

"Some one is lying down there," whisper-

"I hey sure pardon," and the young man haughtily. "How was I to know that alsoping man would frighten your horse!" "He does not belong to us in auror with some one who would inform me whither these different roads lead."

"They lead to several places—none of them very near at hand," answered the young man, curry!" "Ye are travelling on foot—taking a walking tour," answered the young man, curry!" "Where do you come from ?"

"I' an travelling on foot—taking a walking tour," answered the young man, curry!" "Where do you come from ?"

"To Corig's Peint—a long way off."

"I' the heavest market town. It's mine miles away."

"To the nearest markets town. It's mine miles away."

"To the nearest markets town. It's mine miles away, and finally appea as rupity:

"I there any house of entertainment near here where I could obtain food and shalter for the night!"

"Is there any house of entertainment near here where I could obtain food and shalter for the night!"

"I gree no account of myself at any man's hidding; and, with thank for your off. I have the honour to wish you again good ward."

"I prefer to go farther and fare worse, then," answered the young man, hanghtily," I give no account of myself at any man's hidding; and, with thanks for your off. I have the honour of with you again good ward."

"I have the honour to wish you again good ward."

"The there," she created ary."

"Pathen," she created day."

"Pathen," she created any she was a she she was a she war, and was that the forth of the she say a few and a she way, and she she was a she was a