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Sunset.

THE glorious sun
His race has run
And ere he sinks from sight,
Arrayed in gold,
Fold upon fold,
He bids the world good-night ;
And sea and sky
Commingle lie
I nameless colors dyed ;
The molten mass
A sea of glass
In purple glorified.

And still anon
Temple and throne,
And towers of amethyst,
And halls of blue
Heave into view
In islands of the blest.
A spirit fills
The great old hills—
The monarchs old and hoary—
They nearer draw
In joy and awe
To gaze upon the glory.

And how I stand
In Wonderland,
Inhaling at each pore
The soul's pure wine ;
With joy divine
My spirit's running o'er ;
For oh, despite
The weary weight
That on my heart hath lain,
This glorious sight
Of pure delight
Revives my soul again !

All trifles, all !
The mean and small
Are from my spirit fleeing ;
Thoughts great and grand,
Lift and expand
And broaden out my being !
While waves of song
Tumultuous throng
And through my spirit roll.
O, could I shout
The lyric out
That's surging in my soul !

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. IV.

ALL preliminaries then having been arranged at the meeting of the Junior Pickwicks, and strict injunctions having been given to each of the four representatives to take copious notes of everything they saw or heard when abroad, it was settled that they should sail, should the consent of the elder Coddleby to his son's accompanying the other three be gained (and it may here be stated that that gentleman threw no obstacles in the young man's way, being rather anxious, in fact, that the lad, as he called him, should see something of the world) in the steamship *Chinaman*, which left Liverpool for Canada in ten days from the date of the memorable meeting of the club which has been herein described ; the intervening ten days to be spent by the four delegates in providing themselves with all necessities for an undertaking of so

great importance and magnitude, and in bidding adieu to any relatives or friends to whom they might wish to say farewell.

These things having been duly settled and the hour growing somewhat late, the ever memorable meeting broke up. Speckleby imploring Mr. Yubbits to be sure and send him the first scalp he took. "No, but really, Speckleby," the redoubtable Nimrod replied, "do the Indians go about tomahawking people over there?" "Do they?" answered Speckleby in affected surprise; "You'll see whether they do or not. I thought you didn't appreciate the danger of this trip, properly, when you consented to go so readily. Still, old fellow, *you* needn't be afraid; a dead-shot like you could just stand and pot them like rabbits. *You're* all right, but I wouldn't care to be in Coddleby's or Crinkle's shoes. A poet hasn't much chance against a real hungry savage unless he gets a chance to read some of his verses to him, *then* the chances are against the Indian, but these red fellows, I'm told, don't give an enemy much time to get his book out of his pocket. If I were you I'd learn a few of Fenimore Cooper's Indian speeches about 'pale-faces' and 'the great mother,' and so on, by heart. You might find 'em useful to check those dinky braves whilst you were putting a fresh cartridge in your gun."

"Come now, Speckleby," said Yubbits, "it isn't as bad as that, is it?"

"Well, you'll have a chance of judging, but I'm afraid it is," replied the jocular little man, seeing that the other was beginning to look rather pale. "You'll be the most likely one of the party to meet the warrior in his war paint, as it is to you we look for specimens of the birds and so forth of the great Western Continent, and you will have to penetrate the vast solitudes of the virgin forests in pursuit of game, and it is in such spots that the red man lurks ever on the look out to capture the white man and lead him to the most horrible tortures."

It was evident that Mr. Yubbits did not at all relish this conversation for he turned abruptly away and rang for a brandy and soda, a luxury in which a large number of the other members were indulging, discussing meanwhile the great benefit that would accrue to their club as the result of the proposed expedition.

It is true that the greater portion of them appeared to hold most hazy opinions about the country to be visited by their four gallant representatives, but those opinions were not a whit more hazy and undefined than those held by a vast number of Englishmen, whose vague notions concerning Canada may be sometimes seen expressed in the public press and other literature of England.



Some ten days after the events just recorded, the day being the 15th of May, 18—, the Blue Comet Line steamship *Chinaman* passed out of the Mersey on her way to Canada. The gallant vessel had now reached the waters of the Irish Channel, and friends who had come