

Wave their wing when the gloom hides their gleaming,
And leave us, like eagles in flight ;

And fly far away unreturning,
And leave us in terror and tears,
While vain is the spirit's wild yearning
That they may come back in the years.

Come back ! did I say ? but never
Do eagles come back to the cage ;
They have gone—they have gone—and forever !
Does youth come back ever to age ?

No ! a joy that has left us in sorrow
Smiles never again on our way ;
But we meet in the farthest to-morrow
The face of the grief of to-day.

The brightness whose tremulous glimmer
Has faded we cannot recall ;
And the light that grows dimmer and dimmer—
When gone—'tis forever and all.

Not a ray of it anywhere lingers,
Not a gleam of it gilds the vast gloom ;
Youths' roses perfume not the fingers
Of age groping nigh to the tomb.

For "the memory of joy is a sadness"—
The dim twilight after the day ;
And the grave where we bury a gladness
Sends a grief, like a ghost, on our way.

No day shall return that has faded,
The dead come not back from the tomb ;
The vale of each life must be shaded,
That we may see best from the gloom.

The height of the home of our glory
All radiant with splendors of light ;
That we may read clearly life's story—
"The dark is the dawn of the bright."—Ex.

POMPEII.

By excavations which have been made during the last one hundred and fifty years, we have, as it were, a living picture of a city 1800 years ago. Let us look and see what the picture is like.

Streets filled with the gayest shops, whose interior are adorned with the gaudy yet harmonious colors of frescoes, varied in fancy and design. Sparkling fountains that at every vista throw up their spray into the summer air ; crowds of people, mostly clad in robes of Tyrian dye ; slaves passing to and fro bearing buckets of bronze, cast in graceful shapes, upon their heads ; country girls are stationed at frequent intervals with baskets of blushing fruit and beautiful flowers. Passing now into a street less crowded than the rest, we may see at the end, a broad and lovely sea stretching out into the horizon. Crowded in this glassy bay are the vessels of commerce and the gilded galleys for the pleasure of the wealthy citizens ; also

the boats of fishermen may be seen passing to and fro.

On the opposite side of the city may be seen Mount Vesuvius, over whose grey summit, rising amidst the woods and vineyards that climb half way up the ascent, there hangs a black and ominous cloud. A Pompeian mansion is entered by a long and narrow vestibule, on the floor of which is the image of a dog in mosaic, with the well-known "Beware the Dog." On either side is a chamber of some size, set apart for the reception of visitors of no great rank. Advancing up the vestibule you enter an atrium, rich in paintings. On one side a small staircase admits to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor. You now enter the tablinum, across which at either end, hang rich draperies of Tyrian purple half withdrawn. In the pavement is inserted a small and most exquisite mosaic. From this saloon you enter the peristyle and here the mansion ends. This court is adorned with seven pillars, from each of which hang festoons of garlands ; the centre, supplying the place of a garden, blooms with the fairest flowers, placed in vases of white marble, that are supported on pedestals. To the left of this is a small fane, before which stands a bronze tripod. To the right is the room in which the guests generally assemble, and is termed "The Chamber of Leda." This beautiful apartment opens upon a fragrant garden ; here round a table of citrean wood, polished and wrought with silver arabesques, are placed three bronze couches studded with richer metals, and covered with thick quiltings elaborately embroidered.

Passing from this elegant mansion down the street, we enter the forum, with its crowds of people of all ranks. Nothing can exceed in variety the costumes, the manners and occupations of the crowd, or the bustle, the gait, the animation of life all around. You see here all the signs of a heated and feverish civilization, where pleasure and commerce, idleness and labor, avarice and ambition, all mingle together.

A little farther on is the temple of Jupiter, and the graceful edifice consecrated to Isis. An oblong pedestal occupies the interior building, on which stands two statues, one of Isis, and the other of Orus ; besides these, the building contains many other dieties to grace the court of the Egyptian