

ivableness,
and lichen-
culed, and
y books are
ster to the
magination
an no more
uch molten

lly amuse-
brilliantly
eretricious
, and art.
e evening
sic-hall in
he would
projected to
ous to the
d, he is a
suspected
nd flaunty
ls of their
ite waist-
irs dance,
upts wear
nd death
ght their
light. It

is little known how thousands of young men from the religious homes of Scotland and Wales pass into a speedy oblivion after their feet have once crossed the threshold of these rooms in English cities. Alas, what a tale might be told of fathers' hairs whitened, mothers' hearts crushed, sisters' eyes swollen with tears,—over sons once the pride of their homes !

I have read somewhere of an eagle in the Far West. Soaring with steady wing, he saw far below him the grand scenes of American nature, clothed in the first snows of early winter. As he rose higher towards the blue heaven, his keen eye saw, floating on the distant river whose margin was already frost-bound, the carcass of a huge buffalo. He paused in his upward flight, descended to settle and revel on this feast of corruption. He was borne calmly down the stream towards the fall and the rapids which lay below. Gorged with his foul meal, with drooping wing and dormant energies, he slept on the foetid mass and amid the oozing putrefaction. The blood, stiffened by the frost, bound his feet to the remains of the carcass ; and onwards was he borne until the roar of the cataract thundered on his ear. He struggled for liberty ; his powers had been enfeebled with satiety ; his drooping wings were bound to the frozen blood ; his wild cries awoke the echoes ; he made frantic efforts to throw