

keep on to the east from here: I must be off north to those mountains you see over there."

So saying, Skrymir picked up the provision bag, threw it over his shoulder, and turned away into the wood, after expressing the hope that they might meet again safe and sound.

DAVID SOLOAN.

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### The Sentinels of Time.

Forth was I carried on the wings of night,  
The trackless wastes of space were upward fanned,  
Until from one long vantage-ground of light  
In mute surprise the fields of Time I scanned;  
Far, far below saw stately eons spread  
Their moving maze of red and black and gold;  
Witnessed the paths where gibing centuries led  
The world's dumb van of fate; the wealth untold  
Of kings barbaric counted; round the toil,  
The fret of years, beheld Death's ebon foil.

The patriarchs of primal days espied  
Wand'ring as Isaac underneath the stars,  
Seer-like, before he went to clasp his bride;  
Alone and full of calm content, nor wars,  
Nor fond ambition luring, in their vales  
Of Asian plenty, flock-encircled, viewed  
In awe the floating splendour sunset trails,  
Their joy the lustrous orient night renewed:  
These were the sons of Nature, this the clime  
Where lives were poems and no need for rhyme.

Thenceforward as the palmy world waxed old  
Men lost the sight of beauty and of bloom;  
Red rose the beams of war, and sullen rolled  
The noise of races clashing in the gloom;  
From age to age grew the Cimmerian shade,  
Obscured the frantic hasters after fame,  
The pedestals by bloody tyrants made  
To hold them up to everlasting shame:  
Still Poesy maintains her gentle sway,—  
A thousand hills her sacred fires display.

Along the mountain peaks of Time they stand,  
Homeric bards, who ever strike the strings  
That thrill and soothe, the music of the land  
Ethereal and divine; each poet brings  
To souls grown dark and torpid in the clay  
A holy fire, the light that lingers long  
About the coasts of empyrean day;  
He handeth down the golden gifts of song;  
And all men's sorrow-cries, and bells that toll,  
And love and life are echoed in his soul.

Bright stream the stronger watch-fires from the steep  
Of every age, the sentinels I mark  
Limned clear against the blaze, the tireless sweep  
Of hands across immortal strings, and hark!  
The heaven-taught voices of those blessed few  
Surge through the upper realms of air to God,  
The voices of the night, and like unto  
The nightingale's, full-throated, from the sod  
Springing triumphant, stirring farthest skies  
With passion-songs and glorious symphonies.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

Toronto.

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### The Thoughts of Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar.

MANY thousands of years before there appears any record of departed time there dwelt among the mountains of Northern Hindostan, if Indian legends may be believed, a sage whose wealth of wisdom has been unparalleled in the intellectual history of the world. His birth is so remote in its antiquity that it is told of him that he remembered the time when our planet was in its prime, when the highest peak of the Himalayas pointed towards the northern star, and when the equator circled the globe through wastes of ocean from pole to pole. For so many years did he live that we are informed he beheld with wonder the mighty panorama of the frigid zone descending the Himalayas, rolling slowly to the northward over the mountains and wastelands of Asia; dying, so the legend runs, when the great sea, dividing the Eastern and Western hemispheres in the north, became in its turn the region of eternal frost and ice and snow. Through all these innumerable ages this venerable seer dwelt near the boundaries of China and Hindostan. Phenomena, almost tragical in their mystical significance, formed the objects of amusement for his leisure, while the

unfolding of his boundless intellect, displaying all the wonders of perception, thought and action, composed the burden of his daily toil. Climate and temperature, it seems, exercised no influence on his being; for wrapt in contemplation he pondered and meditated as the cycles changed and as the centuries and ages hurried past. We are told he was the father of all thought; and it is from his oracles that in modern times were compiled the aphorisms which abound in the Bible and in Shakespeare.

This great Eastern sage, whose name, Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar, indicates that he was the "creator of thought," took little pains to preserve any of his meditations. One hundred polished stones, whose surfaces were rendered of iron durability, are said to have been prepared for the perpetuation of his thoughts, and on these hundred stones are said to have been inscribed the records of a million meditations. Yet of these stones there remain to the labours of discovery scarcely more than the fragments of a single tablet, containing, perhaps, the hundredth portion of this tremendous collection. To these shattered fragments the wisdom of the world is indebted; the greatest of the oracles discovered on those fragments being comprised in the two compilations just mentioned. But recent explorers among Indian ruins have succeeded in exposing to the world a few fragments of flinty surface; and from the interpretation of the hieroglyphics and writings on their surfaces it can scarcely be denied that they are really remains of portions of another of the long buried tablets of the seer Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar.

In presenting a few of these interpreted thoughts to the consideration of our readers it seems fitting to say that though many of them undoubtedly preceded in the abstract their representation in the concrete, yet it should be remembered that the abstract is merely the perfect form of the concrete. Truly is that intellect great which creates what inviolable law cannot approach, much less improve. It may, too, be said that there appears abundant reason to expect future fragments will reward the patient toiling of the Eastern explorers. Shattered fragments are being cemented together and learned linguists are rendering the age-worn hieroglyphics in the language familiar to the world of speech, of thought and of action. We add no commentary on the significance of those utterances which we have had transmitted to us immediately on their interpretation; nor have we endeavoured to classify them according to their subtlety, their abstractness, their veracity or their profundity.

The following comprise the complete collection of aphorisms, wise thoughts, oracles, proverbs, and weird sentiments preserved through ten thousand changes, on the fragment of a single tablet. Like the mystic collection that bares no title until it was gathered into the leaves of a "Biblos," a "Bible," or "Book," so these remain without a name until they too will at some future time be gathered into a collection whose form will give them a temporary title.

Says the seer Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar:—

1. Thought alone is immortal.
2. There is no difference between truth and an undiscovered lie.
3. A hypocrite would always make a priest.
4. Were there no crime nor wrong there were no thought.
5. Be wise with some, for all men are not fools.
6. Fear is not the only preventative to desperation.
7. Thought beheld the birth of all language, it will live when language dies.
8. There is no poetry in priests and no fancy in politicians.
9. A crevice may admit a lie, but truth will break through walls of steel.
10. There is no limit to the greatness of him whose ambition equals his opportunity.
11. The latest hour will teach us something new.
12. Let the most foolish subject be the king.
13. A priest may be a virtuous man.
14. Neither love nor ignorance can be convinced.
15. We call him virtuous whose vice is hid.
16. Though slander have a silver tongue its notes are brazen all the same.
17. There never was a thought upon a throne.
18. Some surgeons can cure as well as kill.
19. There is no reason where there is no thought.