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Morning.

Now morn is awaking,
Her dark couch forsaking,
Her herald's alighting afar on the hill ;
And hark ! there's a humming
Announcing her coming
To greenwood and valley, to river and rill.
And yonder lies ocean
The type of commotion ;
But to her lone caverns her storms have withdrawn ;
With softest surrender
She welcomes the tender,
The trembling approaches and blushes of dawn.

The firmament bendeth,
The glory ascendeth,
'Mid shadows receding in mantles of dun,
'Mid phantom orbs reeling,
Still upwards she's wheeling,
Till earth, air and ocean, are mingled in one :
With azure eyes beaming,
And golden locks streaming,
She kindles the breast of the dark heaving brine :
Ben Lomond the hoary
Has caught up the glory,
And round his scared temples the purples entwine.

The glory's extending
To this torrent, blending
The foam of its fury with gold and with green,
While out of the splendor
Eyes saint-like and tender
Look down on the tumult all still and serene.
Alas ! we but mutter,
Attempting to utter
The grandeur, the glory, these shadows put on—
These types of our being,
Sent by the All-seeing,
These symbols of glories that circle His throne.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. VII.



R. GRUMSHAW, having handed down tumblers from the rack, and Mr. Tremaine having filled them with the steaming and fragrant compound in the bowl (for as none know better than temperance advocates, punch, made of genuine rum, properly compounded by one who understands what he is about, and who for the nonce, throws his heart into the occupation, has a most seductive and sense-thrilling odor), the host suggested a rubber of whist.

"Well Grumshaw," said Mr. Tremaine, "You see here are five of us ; I don't want to see any one of our number 'left out in the cold' as our trans-Atlantic friends say, though I wouldn't care if that one was you, except for the reason that whilst we were playing you would go to sleep —"

"Not whilst there is any punch, Tremaine," laughed Grumshaw. "Come, give a man credit when he deserves it."

"I don't know about that" rejoined the other, "but I do know that if you went to sleep your snoring (for you'll allow, Grumshaw, that you are a most gifted performer in that line), would drive our friends here and myself to the verge of distraction : No, I say, let us talk, or spin yarns ; we can all take a hand at that ; and—" "I am sure, Mr. Tremaine" interrupted Yubbits, who

appeared to have quite recovered from the effects of the salad, under the genial influence of the brandy and water he had taken before entering Mr. Grumshaw's cabin, and of the punch which he was now disposing of, "that you must have an immense fund of 'yarns,' as you call them, stowed away somewhere. You must have seen a great many strange things in your frequent passages across the ocean, and in America ; I don't know whether you are fond of sport, but if you are, you cannot have failed to have met with some queer adventures whilst hunting the bison and the buffalo, on the prairies of Canada and America, or in the dense forests which I understand lie close to the Canadian towns and which abound in bears, panthers and so forth ; have you not ?"

"I'm sorry to say I have done but little in the hunting line," replied the other, "though I have seen some rather queer things in my time, but perhaps the strangest event that ever came under my personal notice happened in England, and in my native county, Cornwall : I was deeply impressed by it, and in my humble way, turned it into a poem, which, by the way is half prose, as Paddy might say."

"Fetch it, Tremaine" said Grumshaw, who had thrown himself into his bunk, and who looked the picture of happiness and contentment as he stretched himself out and puffed furiously at a huge, beautifully colored meerschaum : "Fetch it, old fellow, if you have it with you ; I think I recollect you told me something about the affair and promised to read your yarn, but you never did. Have you got it on board ?"

"I have," answered Tremaine, "though I feel rather unwilling to parade my poor efforts before judges such as these gentlemen must be"—bowing to the Pickwickians, "but if it would add to the pleasure of the evening, I shall be very happy to bring it and read it ; it is in my cabin."

"I'm sure nothing could be better, said Mr. Bramley, patronizingly, rising and waving his hand with the air of his great model when addressing his troops after victory, "and you need not fear, Mr. Tremaine, that you will find us very exacting critics. And I am much mistaken if I shall not be able to glean something from your tale, that will be of use to me in my forthcoming Great Work."

There was a peculiar dry expression of humor about the corners of Mr. Tremaine's mouth as Mr. Bramley concluded his speech ; he evidently felt more inclined to laugh, than to be annoyed at the rather pompous sentence of the Napoleonic Bramley.

The rest of the company urging him to bring the poem and stating the pleasure that they felt they could not fail to derive from hearing it, Mr. Tremaine slipped out to his own cabin, and in a few minutes returned with a manuscript which he opened and laid before him on the table.

"You must not accuse me, gentlemen, of intentionally copying the style of any of our great poets, though I fear that this little poem does smack slightly of the 'Ancient Mariner' or 'Eugene Aram.' I greatly admire those poems, and if I have somewhat dropped into the style in which they are written, I have done so unconsciously."

"Oh ! never mind," said Grumshaw, "let's have the yarn ; fill up your glasses all round, and then, you Tremaine, fire away."

The three Pickwickians produced their note books, and Mr. Tremaine disposed himself comfortably in the cane chair underneath the swinging lamp, and though Mr. Coddleby's cigar persisted in going out every few minutes, necessitating frequent interruptions during the