

blue ether, then heaving and expanding, spreading itself out with indescribable grace and beauty. Then it would seem to gather itself together, folding its bright rays as an angel might fold its wings: for a time it is motionless, but this is but the prelude to more wondrous movements. Soon it commences to play anew, sending its flaming streamers in new directions, and now contracting now expanding, filling the whole heavens with glory of an everchanging hue.

But there is yet another wonder connected with this, which of all the phenomena of Nature, nearest approaches to the supernatural: it has uttered a sound—that beautiful sheaf of many tinted flames! Once, twice, we have heard it, or if it were not *that*, it was an angel's whisper! In that great solitude there is no fear of any other sound intruding to deceive our ear. There is such deep silence over hill and dale that scarcely a leaf would dare to flutter unperceived, and the ear might start to catch the sighing of a breeze. But this faint sound, given on rare occasions by the Aurora, unlike any sound of