

down the steep slope to point out the narrow winding way. It led me down to a little group of houses, rudely built of stone, and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone seems more plentiful than wood; it is used for fences, bridges, supports for vine trellis, etc. One of the peasants, at my request, showed me his house. It was very comfortless, with bare floors and rude home-made furniture. He showed me also his stock of wooden shoes and his silkworms' eggs, for he eked out a living by winding silk. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

“The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep.”

THE UNSEEN LAND.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs which echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision:
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky,
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers;

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
And half-reveal the story.

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O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!