

and the little room where long ago he used to lie and watch the same bright sunbeams glisten and glance on the little square window panes, while outside, far overhead, the birds were praising Him who sends the sunlight. Life was very fair then, but now repentance seems a mockery, and hope comes too late. Leaving the light and the reflections it awakens we pass on. A stealthy breeze comes up the street behind us, making the shop signs swing and creak till they look ashamed of their own faces, and sending a rabble of last year's leaves with their bad city acquaintances—scraps of dirty paper—scampering across the roadway. A little farther on, down at the end of a lane, shines a gas lamp, looking dismal in the increasing light. Led by curiosity we pass in and disturb what seems a bundle of rags, but what is in reality a human being that want has forced into the streets, and charity and the police have left there. As your eyes become more used to the light, or rather the darkness of the place, you see that the poor wretch you have disturbed is not alone, for he also has companions, to whom some quiet corner affords scanty shelter. Alas, that brick and stone should be less hard-hearted than flesh and blood! Some are asleep—never to wake again. Others are asleep, but they will wake again, perhaps on many another morning of misery like this. But they are far away now from their troubles, far away in the fields, in the woods where they once used to stroll. Some are in gorgeous palaces attended by smiling courtiers. Some in golden climes raising the precious sand in their hands. All are forgetful of what is passing round them. Thank God! the poor are as happy in their dreams as the rich, and often more so! Retracing our steps we pass out under the archway, on up the street. There is more light and things look more natural. Round the corner in front of us comes the first cart with a sharp turn, and goes rattling away up the street. The sun is coming up fast now; it tips the cathedral's spire and pinnacles with a dazzling edge; a minute more it peeps over the gables and looks you full in the face. The broad day has come at last, and down through palace dome and rotten roof, through costly coloured glass and shattered window, it sheds its equal ray.

IN THE COUNTRY.

There is no wind. Even nature itself is in suspense as we pass out though the little wicket gate and go on over the pathway up the hill. The air is fresh, and with the first sign of the coming day, grows colder. The few remaining stars never looked so far away. Far in front the first dull hue—the death of night rather than the birth of day—glimmers faintly in the sky. Soon this indistinct light gives way to brighter colors that foretell the advent of day. Higher and higher it shoots into the pale vault, till the sun—the bright sun that brings not light alone, but new life and hope and gladness to man—bursts forth over the expectant earth in clear and radiant glory. God made the country. No one could doubt it as in the green grass on every hand sparkle thousands of gems. The daisies turn their lovely dew-dipped faces to greet the light. Objects which looked grim and terrible in the darkness grow more and more defined, and gradually resolve themselves into familiar shapes. The haystacks, even the barns look picturesque as the first sunbeams, leaping from one tree-top to another, fall aslant their moss-grown gables, and down their weather-beaten sides. Over on the hill yonder the little country church that nestles among the trees has not been forgotten, for these first beams look in at the odd, old-fashioned windows, and throw great golden bars of light into the pews below. Still, though these sunbeams love the little old steady-going church, with its ivy-covered walls and simple worshippers, they love far better to peep in through the churchyard gate, with its unsteady hinges, and look at the graves which lie thick in the shadow of its walls. These early beams never trouble the old hinges, for they come in right over the top of the gate, and stoop ever so gently to kiss the grass that is green on every mossy grave. They remember the one that has lain there forgotten for a century, and they have done so every morning during all these long years. They stoop in pity over the mound that was not there yesterday, and lift the drooping flowers that have been placed there last night. Soon, however, the new grave will be as green as the rest; soon it will miss the gathered flowers and the daily visit, but the gentle sunlight will come back again every morning just the same. Through the weather-beaten palings of the old fence the great heads of clover look in awe at their more patrician neighbors the roses. But the roses too must die with the clover. On down the road we pass, till in the meadow we cross the bridge with its noisy stream. The well-worn planks show that many have passed before us, on up perhaps to the churchyard on the hill, or to the wicked city many a long mile past it. As we stand gazing into the stream the maples glance over our shoulders at the images reflected in the water, and their leaves tremble as they fancy that perhaps some day they may stoop too far and fall headlong into the water. Out on the meadow the sheep are grazing as if the sun had been up for hours

Right down in front, a lark rising from his nest in the long grass, flies straight up-up, as if he would reach the very sky. His song is so glad, so pure, so joyous, that you cannot help envying him the voice that sends forth such a hymn of praise. Farther on from the top of the hill we see fields on fields of waving grain, backed in the distance by the green woods, that look so mysterious with their cold blue mist. Here and there a pine outstripping his fellows, tosses up in the air his sturdy arms. The sky is now full of the morning's glory. We can hardly fancy as we look round on the smiling earth, that lust, and vice and wickedness could ever come to mar such loveliness as this.

ALADDIN.

Thou standest reflectively upon thy one long leg and round, flat foot, like a meditative crane, my Lamp.

On my study table, in the midst of scattered and heaped sheets of M.S., open books and their quarled dark thoughts, thou standest and sheddest thy benignant light, illuming what is dark.

Thy luminous head lightest my page. Thy soft steady rays make thee a grateful and refreshing Presence.

Indeed a Friend.

I raise my eyes from these dreary books and contemplate thy shining familiar face. Companion! Friend!

Let others praise Nature, her delights and the wonders of her design. Thou art both Poetry and Nature and Science to me. I look into the manifest relationship and the subtle harmony of thy parts, and praise the cunning hands that made thee.

Thou art a Teacher as well—of Systematic Theology. I see design in the wise little receptacle for the absorption of superfluous oil, and the quaint device by which thy columnar wick is fed.

Midway thy shade of Porcelain and the parallel brightness of thy cylindrical reservoir, midway also between thy Top and thy Bottom, is a globe of metal.

There my eyes rest.

It glistens blackly like the drop of ink in the palm of an Egyptian diviner.

It becomes clearer! It is opaque no longer; it is growing luminous, expanding more and more—it is the mystical crystal of the astrologer whereby the Dark Future is foretold.

And I see—

A little dreary Studiostube walled ceiling high with brown dusty books, an arm chair by a table, littered with papers and books, upon which *Thou*, the kindly genius of Bachelor's Hall, radiates light, the one bright spot in all the Desolation.

There is a figure in the chair; those old features certainly resemble mine—

It is—myself.

But stop—

Did I say books in a narrow study?

I was mistaken—

It is a wide cheerful room, bright colored paper on the walls, pictures,—*thou* art still the centre, casting thy light on all—

Was I alone there? Why, there are children, cherub-cheeked and joyous—revolving satellites of a little round matronly figure ever busied in matronly ways, their sun. Thy light falls upon the happy group—she turns her face and I see—

But what nonsense this is! How absurd to talk to a Lamp as if it could understand!

Q. Z.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

A FRAGMENT.

We had left Callao for an eighteen months' cruise among the islands of the South Pacific, intending to stop at any of them as occasion required to procure water. In those days the modern invention of evaporating machines was not generally used, and many of Her Majesty's Ships were obliged to trust that an opportunity would be offered to land for water as they needed it. During the cruise we encountered light and contrary winds. The use of steam was strictly prohibited, except in cases of great emergency, and so our progress was necessarily slow. When still five hundred miles from the nearest land—the islands of the Marquesas group—our fresh water ran out, and our captain was under the painful necessity of reducing our allowance to one quart a day per head. He then decided to steer straight for the nearest point of land, and a few days after, a favorable breeze having sprung up, every man on board was rejoiced to hear from the mast-head lookout man the well-known cry of 'Land right