

During our stay of three weeks at Fabyan's we visited many of the peaks, saw the Old Man of the Mountains, the hermit at Crawford's, and all that was of interest, and returned to Boston feeling well repaid for the time and effort expended.

J. I. MANTHORNE.

IN THE SILENCE.

Sometimes the vexing murmur loses, lulls,
And hearing faints,—
The wild rough world sways darkly by in throes
Of pain and 'plaints.

And I am compassed by the calm of God,
Who tells me, "Rest!
Be still, and know my Being. I am He
In Whom thou'rt blest."

And lo! before me seems a Brightness dim
To reach and wane,—
Joy! Heaven! A quick uprising,—then I find
The world again.

G. H. CLARKE.