

light and sounds that have no souls or spirits, live on forever, but not the spirits of such splendid dogs as Jack and Cuffy and Hector."

"I did not say so," said the father.

For a time Sagastao lay there on his back on the fur robe, and in silence gazed at the glorious heavens above him. There, without any fog or mist or clouds, the stars in that wondrous sky shone out with undimmed splendor.

An occasional meteor flashed across the heavens, while sinking in the west the half filled moon in increasing brightness shone as the long gloaming was gradually giving way before the increasing darkness of the night.

Mysterious auroras, like armies in the sky, seemed to come out, regiment after regiment, and fight their ghostly battles, and then retire before other wondrous displays.

"Father, dear!"

"Well, my son," was the response.

"That was a lovely verse you read to-night. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.'"

"Yes! And I am pleased that you have remembered it so well."

"Father, dear! How large is God's universe?"

The father's voice was low and solemn, as he replied: