

rags, but, what is in reality a human being that want has forced into the streets, and Christian 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 has companions to whom some quiet corner affords a scanty shelter. Alas, that brick and stone should be less hard-hearted than flesh and blood! Some are asleep—never to wake again—others too 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 around 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 of gold, 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 herself is in suspense as we step out through the little wicket gate and go on up the pathway over the hill. The air is fresh, and with the first faint signs 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 colours that foretell the advent of day. Higher and higher it shoots into the pale vault, till the sun—the bright sun that brings back, 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 pine 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