

which dot the plains. Then we climbed the Albanian hills and looked down with admiration upon the gorgeous panorama below, where lay

"A thousand shadowy pencil'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

On, on we hastened; he must have change, he said; he was weary of dalliance; he longed for a closer communion with his mystic ideals. Often, as we paused for an afternoon on some sunny slope, or clambered over the debris of ruined castles, he would become entranced by wonderful and beautiful visions, until the shadows fell, like some great and sudden woe, across the sunshine, and then he would describe in passionate language the scenes and beings he had seen. Thus I came to reverence more and more this man Harold Transome. He was so noble, so far above the grossness of the material world. And thus he taught me to live pure and free as the wild winds; to despise the sordid ambitions and grovelings of worldliness.

Well, we came at last to England, the land of his birth. Then he had become so feeble and wan, I feared that the invisible angels were alluring him gently and sweetly within the delectable gates.

III.

Life may be in one sense a "stern reality;"—yet it is very like a dream,—a confused and feverish dream, from which we emerge into an ultimate existence, whose glory is derived in part from the startling contrast it presents to the incongruous elements of the "fever called living." Yes, life is a dream, brief and faint, of which we can form no adequate conception. For a short time we drift along its sluggish and tortuous current until it falls into the illimitable expanse. Harold Transome, in the eyes of the great world, lived life thus:—as a dream,—an idle dream—wasting in aimless fancies the means, which lay even at his feet, of creating for himself, in the language of men, an imperishable fame, a golden reality. But his was an infinitely holier and loftier existence. They, forsooth, occasionally trod down in the mire of human passion the saintly virtues of life; he lived as pure as the ideals of the very qualities they perverted. They fluttered moth-like, in revelry, in the allurements of music and mirth, through their transitory existence; he sought, at least, a closer connection with all that is holy and beautiful. His was no common dream every day repeated in the world around him, no intermingling of human passions. It was the wondrous trance revealing unspeakable beauties and glories, which caused the sweetest blandishments of human existence to fade into nothingness, and nourished in his soul an ever-increasing desire to dwell in the midst of his mystic ideals. His was the clear dream, carrying him into regions beyond the comprehension of other men.

As he became feeble, and his attenuated form seemed all too frail for earthly associations, he entered more deeply into communion with the inhabitants of his