

ing by of the sullen water, and the distant and unceasing roar. The outlines of the landscape were lost, and we began to think of the sea.

And very pleasant it was that evening to sit up in the high balcony, as the night came on and the moon rose over the dark trees, and watch the growing light touch the edge of the far-reaching falls just where the water plunged. The great pillar of foam was dark now, and the American Falls, opposite us, were no longer white, but of a mystic gray; but out there at the head of the Horseshoe Falls, the moonlight caught the water sharply, gleaming between the black rocks and trees of Goat Island and the black rocks and trees of the mainland.

It was a beautiful sight, calm and peaceful, and we could almost have imagined that we were once more on the deck of the great vessel, with the placid night around us, and the sound of the waves in our ears, and Bell singing to us, 'Row, brothers, row, the daylight's past.' You see, no human being is ever satisfied with what is before his eyes. If he is on land, he is thinking of the sea; if he is on the sea, he is dreaming of the land. What

madness possessed us in England that we should crave to see the plains of the far West, knowing that our first thought there would be directed back to England? For Bell and her husband all this business was a duty; for us, a dream. And now that we had come to these Niagara Falls, which are famous all over the world, and now that we could sit and look at them with all the mystery and magic of a summer night around us, of what were we thinking?

'It will be beautiful up on Mickleham Downs to-night,' says Bell, suddenly.

It is the belief of the present writer that every one of these senseless people was thinking of his or her home at this moment, for they set off at once to talk about Surrey as if there was nothing in the world but that familiar English county; and you would have imagined that a stroll on Mickleham Downs on a moonlight night was the extreme point to which the happiness of a human being could attain.

'Lady Sylvia,' says Queen T——, in a gentle under-tone, and she puts a kindly hand on the hand of her friend, 'shall we put on our bonnets and walk over to The Lilacs now? There might be a light in the windows.'

(*To be continued.*)

PRÆTERITA EX INSTANTIBUS.

HOW strange it is that, in the after age,—
 When Time's clepsydra will be nearer dry,—
 That all the accustomed things we now pass by
 Unmarked, because familiar, shall engage
 The antique reverence of men to be;
 And that quaint interest which prompts the sage
 The silent fathoms of the past to gauge
 Shall keep alive our own past memory,
 Making all great of ours—the garb we wear—
 Our voiceless cities, reft of roof and spire—
 The very skull whence now the eye of fire
 Glances bright sign of what the soul can dare.
 So shall our annals make an envied lore,
 And men shall say, 'Thus did the men of yore.'

W. D. LIGHTHAL.