

admire its dim hues. This happy combination of rest and motion concentrates for us the divided rapture of the waltz, the buoyant undulations of a boat, mingled with witcherie of suggested barcarolla.

Other things may illustrate the bland effects of a gentle motion and so help our appreciation of the barque forever moored to home. See how the swaying of fans beneath the pelting shower of the Rev. Boanerges Lowgrave's eloquence dissipates and sprays the heavy drops into a dew. So that the drippings of the sanctuary fall pleasantly as we waft them aside and watch them descend on a neighbour's head, especially if she wear a new bonnet.

The constant careening is favourable to the cogitative habit, as trees are said to strengthen and grow at the root by the swaying of their branches in the wind. When you, my dear madame, after a visit from your friend who passes for a beauty and regales you with anecdotes framed to impress you with the style of her establishment and its importance among the denizens of the upper air; when after

lending a patient ear to such and so forth, you fling you in your faithful rocking chair, I can see the swaying grow less energetic and the shadow on your brow give place to a philosophic calm, and presently you tell me there are no beauties now compared with those of your youth. And you will go on to tell spicy little tales of the charming Lady So-and-So you met as a girl, and descant upon the deplorable lack of manners exhibited in these days; and a vista of glory opens before you, reverse of the natural order of vistas, very narrow and barren of coloring in the foreground; gorgeous, glowing, wide in the distance, and alive with heroic points of interest.

The rocking chair has wrought this magic, and has scattered the clouds on your mental horizon as chaff before the winnowing.

"Man's spirit rends

Its quiet only up against the ends
Of wants and oppositions, loves and hates—
Where worked and worn by passionate debates,
And losing by the loss it apprehends,
The flesh rocks round, and every breath it sends
Is ravelled to a sigh."—*E. B. Browning.*

