
which I have loved long since, and lost a while

SUNSET.

A few summers ago the family were spending the afternoon and evening on MacNab's Island. Suddenly Wilfred exclaimed "Oh! look at the sunset!" Of course everybody looked; and well might he exclaim!

The western heavens were aglow with beauty, the reflection of which extended to the zenith and beyond, and the impression of the unusual scene will last a lifetime.

The great orb had barely sunk from sight, and was flooding the adjacent clouds with a richness and variety of color seldom seen in these latitudes. The impression given was that of a golden shore occupying a long stretch above the horizon, filled with a mighty throng of people, whose gaze was uplifted towards a magnificent mountain range, at the base of which was a large lake surrounded, at regular intervals, with square pillars of substantial material, each pillar surmounted with a tongue of fire; the whole lake being an embodiment of power, of energy, warmth, life. Closely adjoining this lake was a smaller one, offering a striking contrast in character. Its waters were an empyreal blue, suggesting eventide, repose, serenity, peace. Just beyond this there was evidence of still further regions, not visible from our standpoint, but nevertheless real, which suggested Wordsworth's line: "far sinking into splendour without end."

The whole of this picture of the heavens made a combination of beauty which it is impossible to describe. Although the mountain and the lakes held steadily their form, yet the splendidly vivid

I would look up and live, and laugh and lift