## THE EXPERIENCE OF A CYCLIST.

We rolled along submissive to the influence of our environment. The fowls, in the farmyards sunning themselves, lazily turned their heads. The cow fixed her large calm eyes upon us in quiet trustfulness. The horse, with his expressive twitch of the ear, signified his approval. Bingo wagged his tail. The leaves rustled. A stray cloud or two hovered in the sky. In short, all nature wore a singularly peaceful and contented air.

The quiet calm in nature had its effect upon us. We were silent. Nor did we break this silence until within sight of our destination. I was the first to speak. "Wiley," says I, "what are you thinking about?" "I have just been thinking," he replied, "that after all there are some quiet corners in life."

We had reached the river. We laid our bikes on the bank and gave ourselves up to building castles in the air. We had that feeling which comes to men, by times, when they imagine nothing is too difficult for them to accomplish. Our ambition yearned towards science. We would discover some means of communication between the earth and the moon,—nay, we would not be contented with that, we would reach the planets. Mars, we felt sure, was inhabited. We speculated as to the degree of intelligence of the inhabitants. Were they as advanced in civilization, learning and culture as we? Did they all speak the same language or was there a confusion of tongues? What was the nature of their social and political organizations? These questions we solved as impartially as our vanity would permit.

I was disturbed in the midst of these speculations by my friend—he had ever a versatile attention—exclaiming "Le soleil se couche." This reminded us that we had better be on our homeward journey. But such a sunset. The sun was one large vermilion ball. It was behind a fleecy cloud. We looked. We were impressed.

We mounted our bikes for a smart run to the city. Urged on by the keen edge of our appetite we were soon in sight of that dusky, smoke-encircled place, known as the city of  $M_{\tau} = -\infty$ .

We had reached it. We glided along the asphalt pavement even faster than we imagined. We shot past cabbies. We saw one about to cross the street, but what had we to do with him? We spend on. My companion passed. I was blocked at the corner. I feel a shock and a resistance. Yet I do not stop moving. But am I going straight ahead? No, I am going up. Yes, sure as my fate, up I am going, travelling through airy space. I am making tremendous progress. I have reached the moon. The old man smiles a good evening, I return the salute and pass on. Finally, I landed on what appeared to me like terra firma. I was somewhat bewildered. What scenes were there!

"Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen To follow hat on which the eye dilates Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken Than those whereof such things the bard relates, Who to the awestruck world unlocked Eysium's gates.

A thrill passes through me. The enchanted world recedes. It is no longer visible. Down, down I am borne. Something solid impedes my further descent. There! There is something I am looking for. I take it up. But—but my left arm aches. My left side pains me. I have a very dizzy and uncomfortable feeling. There is a buzzing sound around me. One sound stirs me deeply—there it is again. Ambulance—I am myself once more. What is all the row about I asked in a hurt tone. The little man who held my wrist explained. The reader can easily guess.

G. H.