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Music.

HAIL Music! all hail!
Earth's languages fail
To tell what thou tellest to me,
O spirit divine!
That space cannot confine,
All hearts are led captive by thee.

At a mortal's command,
From the mystical land
Where the spirit of harmony dwells;
And the great river starts
That flows through all hearts,
Thou com'st with thy magical spells.

To the mystical spheres
Seen by sages and seers,
On the rush of thy magical tide
I am borne over time,
To the regions sublime,
Where the mighty immortals abide.

O the cankers of time!
In that passion sublime
Are swept with earth's grossness away,
We rise to a glory
Where hearts grow not hoary,
Nor taste not of death and decay.

Thou language of angels!
Hosannas! evangels!
The great halleluhs are thine—
The great storms of gladness,
The glorious madness
That make us poor mortals divine.

So holy and pure
I can hardly endure
The glory that circles me round;
Yet forever I'd dwell
In this heavenly spell,
This infinite ocean of sound.

No logic can grasp thee,
Love only can clasp thee,
For wholly celestial thou art;
To gage thee by reason
Seems absolute treason,
All hail to thee Queen of the Heart!

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XIV.



SUCH was the case with Mr. Yubbits and his chest. For a full half hour he struggled with those obstinate and refractory culinary utensils. Taking them out, putting them in again, rearranging the rest of the contents of the box, and finally, just as he was congratulating himself on having achieved a glorious victory, and was locking the chest in triumph he discovered to his dismay

that the iron pot had been omitted, and was still outside.

The dinner bell ringing at the moment when Mr. Yubbits made this discovery, he resolved to leave the pot where it was for the present, and make another attempt at some other time. So placing it on the floor near his berth, he quickly made some necessary changes in his dress and so forth, and hurried away to the dinner table.

Dinner being over and no serious casualties having occurred except perhaps the reception in his white waistcoat of the contents of a mustard pot by Mr. Bramley (which accident he endured with the utmost dignity and apparent unconcern) our four friends repaired to the deck for a promenade before "turning in," each of them having stated his intention of retiring early in order to be enabled to rise betimes to obtain their first view of that great continent which was to be the scene of their adventures for several months to come.

Finding, however, upon their arrival on deck that the heavy rolling of the steamer precluded the idea of walking there with any comfort, and as it was now after eight o'clock and very dark, the quartette decided that they might just as well be in bed as anywhere else, and accordingly they again descended the companion-ladder, and each sought his own particular stateroom.



The usual group of whist players were assembled round the tables in the saloon, whilst others were stretched on the sofas and lounges, either reading or taking an after dinner nap. Miss Moffatt was seated at the piano, her affianced lover who had *not* attempted to rescue her standing over her chair and swaying backwards and forwards in a very uncertain manner and one that was cruelly suggestive of intoxication, but which was of course produced by the motion of the vessel.

This state of things in the saloon at the precise moment when one of the whist players, an elderly gentleman with a very red face, was giving his partner a piece of his mind for having neglected to observe that it had been his ace that he (the partner) had trumped, was suddenly interrupted by most unearthly and discordant sounds proceeding from the passage leading to the staterooms occupied by our four friends and others.

It would be no easy matter to find a simile for these sounds. The subdued bellow of a calf with its head wrapped in a sack, and the squeals of a pig in a similar predicament appeared to be blended in the noise that now smote upon the ears of the listeners. All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and their owners were in a few moments astounded by the apparition of what appeared to be a human being, clad in a long white robe and on whose head was, what the spectators at first imagined to be a species of helmet, the visor of which was apparently down, for the piece of armour descended to the wearer's shoulders; from beneath this astonishing head-piece the terrible sounds were still being emitted; the arms of the white-garbed creature were flung wildly in the air, and its hands occasionally grasped the helmet and tugged vigorously at it, whilst the hideous howlings increased in power as the apparition advanced into the saloon.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated one of the gentlemen who had been reclining on a sofa, and who was a young British officer on a visit to Canada, "what the doose is that?"

Miss Moffatt's screams were now added to the uproar as the spectre-knight advanced to the corner whither she had fled, and the whole saloon was soon in confusion. But still the "thing" held on its way, wildly grasping at chairs and tables as the lurching of the vessel threw it off its perpendicular, and still emitting the horrible noise which had so startled the hearers at first. It now became evident that the apparition was a human being, and that