

Niagara's roar, and ten thousand other sounds that fall upon the ear and please the sense of hearing. But without love what are all these? How empty and hollow and meaningless are all sounds when the heart is craving for words of love that never come: for love will starve if it is not fed, and true hearts crave for their daily bread.

*"In death the lips shall grow dumb.* Never more shall they whisper words of love and tenderness to human ears. There shall never again escape from the lips the inarticulate sigh, the soothing word of comfort to the sad and sorrowing, the word of encouragement to the depressed and disconsolate, the utterance of the question that brings for answer the whispered yes of the bride that is to be: the lips shall be silent and shall never teach to the prattling child the name by which it shall be known, nor omit any sound of pleasure or of pain, nor prayer nor praise, nor call across the fields: nor shall they send out laughter upon the waters at night, nor smile at the welcome face of friends, nor shall they breathe sweet thoughts of home and kith and kin. They shall be closed for aye, and no sound of good or ill, of joy or sorrow, of shame or boastfulness, the gentle spoken word, or anger's call shall they ever form again: cold, silent and unresponsive shall they be when love imprints its final kiss and the soul has gone winging its way to its Maker: for without love life is a desert and existence a daily toil, bringing up empty buckets from an empty well, and sighing for a drop of crystal water that never comes to wet the lips that thirst and burn for love that shall never be. In death the lips shall be dumb. So too all the senses, one by one, shall sleep away into endless night and he who is shall cease to be, for to-day, as of old, the pitcher is broken at the well,

the golden bowl is broken, desire faileth and the mourners go about the streets. Death is the universal law. It comes to all men soon or late. Who then shall say that death must not be wooed, that death shall not be won? In sleep there are dreams of love and fear, in death there are no miseries to mock us, no shadows of the dead past to fall upon our souls, no sound of war, nor want, nor woe; nought but stillness, rest and peace."

So read the manuscript. The queer thing about it that struck me was that it took so little thought of a future life and left out of consideration the moral aspect of the case, as if one had a perfect right to destroy that which no human power could restore. On picking up the daily papers one day I read of the tragic death of a man whose body was found in the St. Lawrence, and it was stated with some degree of exactness that he had gone up in a ballon, although apparently not a professional aeronaut, that at a great height he was seen to fall, and that the balloon sailed away into space. The name struck me as being familiar and after thinking a while I remembered that the name of the man attached to the manuscript, or rather on the lower left hand corner of the envelope, left in my possession, was identical with that of the balloonist. Did he commit suicide? My own opinion is that he did and that the date of his balloon ascension was the end of his membership year in the Suicide Club. He was a mild mannered, light haired, blue eyed, young fellow, whose face and voice bespoke a sentimental nature, and I have no doubt that the loss of some one whom he loved was the moving cause of his misery and had made shipwreck of his heart, his hopes and his affections."

DUNDAS.