

"meditation fraught
With meditation's self, alone doth feed
Upon that self,"

and thus explains the vision :

"And this is what thy wretched soul did find,
What time she hungered in the tangled net
Of thine own weaving ; mind did feed on
mind ;

Therefore the vision came at last, to let
Thee know there is a way that may be yet
More excellent than thinking honestly,

More excellent than faith or hope to get
The blessing that alone thy soul can satisfy,
It is the way of God, the way of charity."

To his reproach that the monk undervalues
thought, and that Faith is the enemy of
Reason, the friar replies that *he* had not
spoken of his own belief, though it made
the happiness of his life,—more necessary for
its blessing than the sun for the blessing
of the world ; but that if that blessed lot is
not to be the lot of him to whom he speaks,
at least there is

"the salvation to be got by charity," (love)
"By charity, salvation from the Hell
Of thought's consuming fire ; and therefore
what
The vision taught thee I was sent to tell,
And now, my son, adjure thee to obey, fare-
well !"

The narrator is then led to a cottage
home where a widowed mother's only
daughter is dying ; and while the mother is
in despair, the dying girl is sustained by
her simple faith in Him who

"Hath conquered Death, and captive led
Captivity."

* * * * *

"He cried to us, Come unto Me, all ye
That labour and are heavy-laden, I
Will give you rest ; He will give rest to me,
For I have long been weary, laden heavily
With pain and sickness, and I long to be at
rest !"

The victory of Faith hushes even the
mother's grief to calm, and the narrator
thus ends his tale :

"I left beneath a starlit sky,
And then, 'tis true, while tending at that bed,
*I neither thought upon the mystery,
Nor thought how difficult a thing it is to die !*"

And so, having brought us to this practical
solution of the mystery that can never be
solved by human thought, the poem closes,
with its interesting glimpse into the work-
ings of a mind, which, even in the immat-
urity of youth, could reach, through dark-
ness, the eternal truth, that precious as are
faith and hope to our human lives, there is
still something even better, and that "the
greatest of these is Charity." But, as one
who knew him well has lately told us, these
days of cloud and bewilderment were fol-
lowed in after years, by days of rapidly
growing assurance—"all equally days of
earnest search and partly hidden love." So
earnest a seeker after the highest truth
could scarcely fail to find it, and clearer
faith came gradually to "a heart over-
charged with the longing to believe, not, as
he used to say in his systematic manner,
'for the sake of any contingent advantages,'
but because he wanted to know God now
and to be His in truth." Gradually he came
to see that the evolutionary fire of nature
was not as he had once thought fatal to theistic
belief ; gradually he "beat his music out"
and his early faith was slowly and carefully
refounded under the pressure of the trial
of a partially clouded physical vision ; the
spiritual sight grew clearer and those who
knew him best felt that he was being indeed
taught of God, and learned "to reverence
the Divine and human presence of the

Saviour in the growing light upon our
brother's face." Only last Easter, with what
seems like a premonition that his sun would
go down at noon, he wrote the following
prophetic stanzas (Heb. ii. 10) :—

Amen, now lettest Thou Thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace, according to Thy word :
Although mine eyes may not have fully seen
Thy great salvation, surely there have been
Enough of sorrow and enough of sight
To show the way from darkness into light ;
And thou hast brought me, through a wilder-
ness of pain,
To love the sorest paths if soonest they attain.

Enough of sorrow for the heart to cry—
"Not for myself, nor for my kind am I :"
Enough of sight for Reason to declare,
"I am but painting pictures on the air."
Ah ! not as citizens of this our sphere,
But aliens militant we sojourn here
Invested by the hosts of Evil and of Wrong,
Till Thou shalt come again with all thine angel
throng.

As Thou hast found me ready to Thy call,
Which stationed me to watch the outer wall,
And, quitting joys and hopes that once were
mine,
To face with patient steps this narrow line,
Oh ! may it be that, coming soon or late,
Thou still shalt find Thy soldier at the gate,
Who then may follow Thee till sight needs not
to prove,
And faith will be dissolved in knowledge of
Thy love.

With this significant expression of the
deepest conviction of one to whom was thus
fulfilled the promise "at evening time, it
shall be light," we take leave of the fruitful
life, which has just set in what might well
have been considered its meridian prime.

FIDELIS.

THE LIEUTENANT'S WATCH.

CHAPTER IV.

"As in a looking-glass."

It was again nearly two years later that
Mark Hilyard and Esther were together
walking down a street in Chicago—their
object, in common with that of a great
many other people, being to reach the
grounds of the World's Fair. This time
Essie was much changed. In her face
there was something less of the prettiness
and more of real beauty. The childish air of
roguish happiness was gone, and the eyes had
a look as if they had long searched in vain
for something that they would not give up
looking for. There was a seriousness and
dignity that lent a strange charm to the
little figure and piquant face, for the
mouth was still a rosebud and the complex-
ion still as lovely. Even the brown hair
was as unruly in a graceful way as of yore.
She did not look nearly twenty-two and
the gravity of the dark eyes accorded ill
with the youthful appearance of the girl.
Together they entered the grounds and
turned down the beautifully made
streets.

"It is odd that it is not more crowded,"
Esther said, as they went along. "Before
I came I had one idea of vastness and dust,
and din, immense crowds and terrible acci-
dents mixed up with bewildering shows of
everything wonderful under the sun, in a
clamouring confusion."

"I must say I am relieved," Mark
said. "I was afraid it might prove too
much for my little ward. But she had set
her heart on dragging this poor old fellow
over the sea, to see all the wonderful
sights."

Esther slipped her hand, with a little

loving gesture, in his arm. It was her in-
variable way of thanking him for anything.
Her eyes were busy, however, and not with
the "sights," but with a quiet yet pathetic
searching amongst the people that were
strolling by in knots or hurrying singly to
some rendezvous, in holiday attire and with
bright faces. They paused before a large
building—the Alhambra.

"I wish I could shut my eyes before I
got inside and open them upon the beauty
of it all," Esther said, with more of interest
in her tones than usual.

"Try it." Old Mark tucked her little
hand more securely within his arm and
smiled down at her.

"Shall I ?"

She closed her eyes softly—a casual ob-
server would have thought her looking
down, as the fringe of soft lashes rested on
her cheek. Slowly they made their way
along ; there was no cause for hurry. They
were going to one of the many lands of en-
chantment enclosed within those gates.
Already the strange hush of it had fallen on
them. Esther was stepping softly through
the darkness, self-inflicted, yet even through
her closed lids a sudden brilliancy struck
on her.

"Now !" Old Mark said. "Well upon
my soul, it is marvellous."

Marvellous, indeed ! Essie opened her
eyes with a little gasp of sheer entrance-
ment. They were standing in a lofty hall
flooded through and through with a won-
derful radiance of light. On all sides were
beautiful arches and long vistas of beauty,
where the eye lost itself, near by plashed a
dreamy fountain, its edge shadowed by
graceful palms and rare exotics ; far away
through space, as it seemed, beyond, an-
other rose and fell, with a musical whisper.
The air was heavy with perfume and ani-
mate with this clear radiant light. The
dreamy enchanted hush of the place was
indescribable. The wonderful size of it
was astonishing. In vistas, on every side,
stretched the beauties of the ancient palace,
restored in this wonderful way, flooded with
light, musical with falling waters, scented
with the odours of strange plants, beauti-
ful with the grace of palms and ferns, with
the exquisite pillars of slender height, with
here and there a statue gleaming through
the foliage that seemed sleeping in the
magical influence of the place. Esther sank
on a seat beside, or rather beneath, a tall
frond-bearing tree.

"What is it ?" she asked, with a gasp.
"But no ! never mind. It is Arabia. It
is Bagdad. Where are those lovely girls,
those dusky-eyed beauties ?"

"Here is one will do for me." Hilyard
touched her cheeks, lovingly.

"Hush ! do not speak," Essie said in a
whisper ; then louder, "Yet I do not like
it. What is this light ? It should flash
from some enchanted diamond, it should
gleam softly from a pearl or glow from an
opal, but it does not, Daddy, it does not.
It is lit by incandescent light ; that is as
wonderful almost, but it is not so beautiful.
Look at those statues ; they should be rarest
sculpture fashioned by the hands of gnomes
and genii ; they are wax, all wax. This should
be real, living." She indicated a stately
Arab in armour. "He should slay you,
dear, and take me into custody. He does
not move—he is an effigy. It is hard, but
let us go."

They went on through a delicately
carved archway, and now a strange thing
happened. They turned to go through an-
other archway that led to a walk of surpass-