

beauty that hovered there in those rays of dying daylight. How thankful we sometimes are to hear a human voice give words to the very emotions that are upheaving one's spirit. I was alone. I drove on in silence; no voice of appreciation or quick look of earnest feeling met my surcharged heart. Soon distressful emotions struggled in my breast, mingled with my love of the beautiful. I realised that man is the marring spirit in the world. I felt most deeply that I was not perfect; that tokens of a degenerate nature were within me, and I sighed as recollections of wasted time and misimproved talents came to mind there, in the silence and holy beauty of that sunset scene. Quick as thought, as if to still the sorrow which I felt, my mind turned from material forms of loveliness upon which I must so soon close my eyes, to those pure waves that flow fast by the tree of life, and those angelic spirits who welcome the Christian to the society of Heaven; and then and there, while passing along, did I resolve to bring my future nearer the high standard of excellence which the Creator requires, and looking upward I prayed as I never prayed before, that He would enable me to live to His glory. Then I realised that to have lived for naught, to have frittered away an existence worth untold gold, to have floated along the current of time, scarce rising with its flowing tide, is a record most sorrowful, fearfully sorrowful, and fraught with weight of woe, and anguish to be borne from these scenes of hope, to the lowest depths of hell! I asked myself the question, is man made to bask in sunshine only? Is immortal energy given him to be expended on trifles, to grasp at straws? Is it enough that I am a successful business man, a kind friend to those who are kind to me in return? The echo of my own dissatisfied experiences, ever resounding in my ears, the thirst of my craving spirit always urging me to try the "broken cisterns" of earth, the longing of my soul to sympathise with something in itself higher and nobler than mere worldly gain, were the silent responses I received to my earnest self-questionings, and they were not without effect. * * *

I had driven very near a beautiful village, and finding myself somewhat fatigued, I determined to remain there for the night. The village of C. is situated on both sides of a small but beautifully winding stream, and the white houses with their green blinds peeping out, so tastefully, from the shade of elm and