

his eye dims in death. For years he has been climbing the rugged, thorny steeps of life, sometimes his hopes of success were strong; sometimes the heart beat high with anticipation; the hand was stretched forth to grasp the golden prize; the foot was raised to step upon the highest pedestal of prosperity and fame, when alas! misfortune like a whirlwind scatters and drives everything before it, and hope is crushed forever. Such is the hope in life. Not so the hope in death. Not only does it infinitely transcend all earthly hopes, but it differs from them in being absolutely certain of realization. All the grandeur and glory which stretches out before the believer in the hour of death shall be realized. All the purity and holiness, harmony and love, which reigns in heaven, shall be his to enjoy forever and ever.

Why? Because He is faithful who has promised.

Fresh Trouts!

CONCLUDED.

What, ye trouts and countless tribes we said indignantly—where is your patriotism, where is the spirit that animated your compatriots yesterday when twice fifty rushed to meet the invaders and poured out their blood upon the ruthless steel? Their hearts have ceased to beat (i. e. gills ceased to flap) but does not their heroic spirit live? Will you see your sweet waters poisoned by a worm, a reptile, a half-breed, and will you not rush to its demolition? But the trout heard not our harangue—or understand it not, for we have forgotten the idioms we were wont to employ when we belonged to that low order of vertebrates. And the fishes staid. So also did we—by the holes; so also did the bait—on the hook.

Talk of torture! talk of being hung up over a slow fire and roasted scientifically so as to be done without burning! talk of being pitched into bed with a rattlesnake for a bedfellow! Why, these are exquisite joys compared with the calamity of trouting all day without so much as having your worm touched by a single snout! Do you wonder that we cried

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

Yet we were not wholly discouraged. Our party captured four fine trouts and came off from the encounter sound in wind and limb. There was something exceedingly touching in the

decease of those trouts. Ah, what monster can look upon the death bed even of an enemy without a compunctious pang. There was such a patient resigned look about their countenances—it recalled one's thoughts to the prison scene of Socrates. Having failed to destroy the dirty polluter of their crystals shrines they disdained longer to inhabit them and dark death took hold upon them as their tails wiggled mournfully far away from their dear native oxygen and hydrogen. We wrote a simple inscription. "Died in the arms of glory, Billy, Johnny and Freddy Trout, Feb. 26th. 77. Sadly we departed—dividing the spoils that one might not have too heavy a load.

But though our game was scarce our fun was not. The magical effect of silent nature was not lost upon us, silent only in the absence of human craft, for we were out of the sound of the axe. We drank in the nectarous odors of spruce and pine, of moss and fern. We felt it all—the mighty-spell of wizard nature and almost envied the sons of the forest even though they have such close fellowship with dirt.

But alas, we had to leave for College. The forest hoary and still—with only an indistinct murmur as coming from its secret, mighty heart; the pleasant little lake with its crystalline covering and its bosom of soft virgin whiteness and purity; kissed by the amorous rays of the sun into blushes of red and white, and offering to the deep clear blue of the brooding sky, innumerable flakes of light, scintillant glories, which, if only permanent would beggar all the jewels of central earth; the tufts of moss that here and there found the light, uprearing heads through the snow—moss unpretentious but abiding—lap for the wearied head and aching brow on which mother earth hushes us to slumber; these with other scenes connected with them we must leave behind. Strengthened, invigorated—there is the juicy current of life in our veins from the embrace of our grand old mother. Go to the woods—the mountains you pale faced boy or girl—no matter about the sex—weak eyed and flabby-fleshed from midnight vigils and no exercise! go to the woods and get strong—even if you don't catch many trouts, for mark our words,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude
By the deep sea, and music in its roar, etc."

See Byron's Child Harold's Pil.

Yours sincerely in the name of

ISAAC WALTON,
Fishers.

J. G. B. W.