

would allow, the particulars of that stupendous plan of redemption by which man is allowed to recover his lost innocence and happiness, and by means of which the messenger of death, otherwise so dreadful, becomes only the welcome agent of his transition to immortal life.

"But what inspired the most unmeasured wonder, accompanied at first with a degree of incredulity, was the information that a majority of human beings were utterly regardless of the brilliant hopes thus freely provided for them. The theme was one which my benevolent friend seemed never willing to abandon; and it was without surprise that I received from him a few days subsequently, an earnest proposition to return with me immediately to the earth for the purpose of arousing its inhabitants from their amazing apathy. So vehemently was this project urged, that I could interpose no objection. 'Let us hasten,' he said, 'lest, notwithstanding our greatest speed, death should snatch another wretched victim ere we can arrive.'

"Our homeward voyage was accomplished without accident or delay, and, guided by the unerring skill of my companion, our faithful balloon once more found moorings in the quiet village of Peacetown. But my long journeys, and the extraordinary and exciting scenes through which I had passed, began to produce their natural results. Immediate and severe illness ensued; and when, after several weeks confinement, I had partly recovered from this affliction, I learned, to my unspeakable grief, that my celestial visitant had dis-

appeared. My anxious inquiries about him received only evasive replies, accompanied sometimes with smiles and mysterious whisperings among my companions. They listened to the account of my travels with similar symptoms of mistrust, and some, influenced by envy or malice, have even hinted that all was but the phantasy of a fevered brain. They could not deny the first arrival of the aerial traveler, but asserted that the Lunarian was only an aeronaut from a distant city, who had accidentally alighted in our village, and who, perceiving our astonishment and affright, had practised upon our credulity. They even went so far as to say that he had confessed the artifice, and that, on the ensuing day, with his wondrous vehicle, collapsed and quietly stowed in a carriage, he had departed from the village—myself in the meantime having become insensible under the effects of a raging fever, from which, after three weeks thrall, I had but just recovered.

"Patience, my friend," continued Wilhelmus, "is doubtless a commendable quality, but there are said to be limits beyond which it ceases to be a virtue. I could not, of course, continue to reside among people so evidently disposed to persecute, even if my anxiety to regain my lost companion had not tempted me to wander. My travels have been extensive and varied, and although I have never, unfortunately, been able to find my much valued friend, I do not doubt that he is abroad in the earth engaged in his mission of love."

THE POET.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"Non vox sed votum."

It is the belief of the vulgar that, when the Nightingale sings, it leans its breast upon a thorn.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
With the thorn upon thy breast,
Robbing thee of all thy rest;
Hidden thorn for ever thine,
Therefore dost thou sit and twine
Lays of sorrowing—
Songs that wake a nightly gladness,
Spite of all their mournful sadness.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
It doth ease thee of thy sorrow—
Onward, singing till the morrow—
Never weary of thy trust,
Hoping, loving as thou must,
Let thy music ring;
Noble cheer it doth impart,
Strength of will and strength of heart.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
Pining heart, lonely heart,
Solitary as thou art—
Leaning on thy secret thorn,

Sing at midnight, sing at morn;
Lo! upon thy string
Hang the weak and sore perplexed,
Hang the sorrowing and distressed.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
Thou art made of human voice,
Wherefore should'st thou not rejoice
That the tears of thy *mute* brother,
Bearing pangs he may not smother,
Through thee are flowing?—
For his dim, unuttered grief
Through thy song hath found relief.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
Join the music of the stars,
Wheeling on their sounding cars,
Each responsive in its place
To the choral hymn of space—
Lift, Oh! lift thy wing,
And the thorn beneath thy breast,
Though it pierce, will give thee rest.