

every taste, forms the noblest and the loveliest, colours the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odours the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring; the sunny glories of the day, the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primrose, the forest and the boundless ocean, 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets, the sublimity of storms; everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence. . . . The provision made for our sensuous enjoyment is in overflowing abundance, so is that for the other elements of our complex nature. . . . If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom He loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here."

I quote this to show that all the author claims as pertaining to the world in general, we can boast in the small compass of our island world, and how much prouder we

should be of her! Emerson, speaking on intellect, tells us that "it is long ere we discover how rich we are. Our history, we are sure, is quite tame, we have nothing to write, nothing to infer. . . . Until, by and by, we begin to suspect that the biography of the one foolish person we know is, in reality, nothing less than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred volumes of universal history."

And may not we take the same view of ourselves as a nation? We have all the necessary conditions for thought and action, we are developing an intense national spirit; our education and our experience are such as to enable us to understand and appropriate the knowledge of the Old World, and to combine it with our own researches; we have sufficient freedom and peace to give security and time for reflection; and with all the untold advantages of our race, we should be able to show in the future such a culmination of literary talent as will turn the eyes of older countries towards our Island home with wonder and astonishment.

The Ray Eternal.

At the break of the day,
When the blush has crept over the hill,
And the lark from the clay
Has arisen with carolling shrill,
Then through the shattered darkness,
And out of the East it is flamed:
The Light that no painter has painted
Nor ever a poet has named.

Like the shade of a shade
It flashes and flickers and goes—
Like the blush of a maid,
Or the halo that covers the rose—
Ere the golden glory burneth,
Its lustral mission is done:
To the father beam it returned,
Ere the peep of the new-born sun.

I have seen in a dream
The light that o'er Bethlehem shone,
And I know 'tis the beam
That still heralds the incoming dawn.
I have seen it once o'er the green-grey deep,
Where the fleecy storm-bird flies,
Where the angry waters crash and leap—
And once in a woman's eyes.

At the break of the day,
When the blush has crept over the hill
And the lark from the clay
Has arisen with carolling shrill,
Then through the shattered darkness,
And out of the East it is flung:
The Light that no painter has painted,
The light that no poet has sung.

ERNEST V. HALL.