TWILIGHT TIME.

When the sunset lights are fading in the west,
And stars begin to gleam across the sky,
The tender twilight brings me peace and rest,
While, dear, to you my heart's best longing fly.

The miles that lie between us sink as naught;
Your form comes gliding softly to my chair,
And looking into mine with eyes love fraught
Your fingers wander idly o'er my hair.

Your loving touch a benediction seems
That calls my nobler, truer self to life;
I long to realize my manhood's highest dreams
And be a worthier actor in the strife.

With purifying love your dark eyes shine,
The last light lingers on your dusky hair,
And then you gently draw your hand from mine;
I glance to where you knelt, you are not there.

And so at twilight time my thoughts of you
Bridge over all the miles that intervene,
And bring you to me ever good and true,
With none to sever, naught to come between.

—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

QUITE IN THE DARK.

Blind men, however sharpened their remaining senses may become, would not exactly be selected as the fittest agents for the purpose in which I once found myself engaged. Still there is no knowing to what they may have to put their wits, and although I have no pretentions to being sharper than the rest of my fellow sufferers, or claim the possession of any special dodginess, yet there is no doubt when one has to rely very persistently on all one's faculties in order to keep fairly abreast of ordinary mortals it is wonderful how quick the apprehension and the power of drawing conclusions become. You are not concerned with the history of my infirmity—how I lost my sight and so forth—it is enough for the purpose I propose if I say that I have lo[illegible] some twenty years—that I have grown quite accustomed and reconciled to my fate, and without making light of it have ceased to think about it, or regard it as interfering materially with the ordinary comfort of daily life.

Very well, then. I chanced some three years ago to be staying with some friends in their country house, a very far from London, but nevertheless situated in a district very quiet and secluded. Mr. Stephens and his family lived in good style, keep much company, and entertained in munificent fashion. Most of their friends, too, were wealthy, and the [illegible] were not with a overabundant supply of wealth. [illegible] spoiled children, [illegible] and [illegible] in the world of pleasure, [illegible] with the vortex of amusement in which a [illegible] of man [illegible] quite [illegible].

[illegible] I had [illegible] of the sweet [illegible] made my stick. I [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] the room. [illegible] there was [illegible] of a human [illegible] Anyway, [illegible] man—[illegible] I felt [illegible] and [illegible] I felt [illegible] and [illegible] I felt [illegible] and [