

Current Literature.

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

An old man sits in his garden chair, Watching the sunset western sky; What sees he in the blue depths there, Where only the Isles of Memory lie? There are princely towers and castles high, There are gardens fairer than human ken. There are happy children thronging by, Radiant women and stately men, Singing with voices of sweet attune The songs of the land of the Afternoon.

"And in the afternoon they came unto A land where it seemed always afternoon. —The Lotus Eaters.

Providential Pigs.

"Oh, missus, missus! Somefin's done happened." Blank horror and dismay were depicted upon the face of my small African, as she stood upon my threshold with upraised hands and eyeballs that seemed starting from their sockets. Her pause was one of preparation, for with the innate consideration of her race she sought to break the news gently to me, but the burden was too great for her, and with the next breath she exclaimed: "Dem pigs done chawed up Miss Lyddy's weddin' gown!"

"Yes," she said; "I think I have. I have always had a presentment that I should marry a minister or missionary." Admirable prophetic faith! "And Mr. Applebloom says he knew the moment he set eyes upon me that I was ordained to be his wife; so you see it is no surprise to either of us that it is likely to be our friends."

alterations, when the dreadful event occurred with which this narrative opens. "Glory," I said, "do you keep watch on Miss Lyddy when she returns. Say nothing what has happened unless she misses the gown from the grass. In that case, tell her that I thought that it was bleached enough and took it up to dry, and you don't know where I put it. I am going out now, but if she asks where, tell her you don't know."

I began to fear I should never get to my errand, "It was put on the grass to bleach, being a little yellow with age. It was a lovely embroidered India muslin that the old captain brought home from India himself."

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