

down upon us; and, though the fog was thick and dark below, — far below, in the place to which we were going, — I could see the red fire shining through, — the red, hot, unquenchable fire; and we were all going down, down, down. Mother, mother, tell Mr. Lindsay I am going to be put on my trials to-morrow. Careless creature that I am! life is short, and I have lost much time; but I am going to be put on my trials to-morrow, and shall come forth a preacher of the Word.”

The thunder, which had hitherto been muttering at a distance, — each peal, however, nearer and louder than the preceding one, — now began to roll overhead, and the lightning, as it passed the window, to illumine every object within. The hapless poet stretched out his thin, wasted arm, as if addressing a congregation from the pulpit.

“There were the flashings of lightning,” he said, “and the roll of thunder; and the trumpet waxed louder and louder. And around the summit of the mountain were the foldings of thick clouds, and the shadow fell brown and dark over the wide expanse of the desert. And the wild beasts lay trembling in their dens. But, lo! where the sun breaks through the opening of the cloud, there is the glitter of tents, — the glitter of ten thousand tents, — that rise over the sandy waste thick as waves of the sea. And there, there is the voice of the dance, and of the revel, and the winding of horns, and the clash of cymbals. Oh, sit nearer me, dearest mother, for the room is growing dark, dark; and oh, my poor head!

The lady sat on the castle wa’,
Looked owre baith dale and down,
And then she spied Gil-Morice head
Come steering through the town.