

waterfall; and a long rule of light that penetrated to the innermost wall, leaving the sides enveloped in thick obscurity, fell full on what seemed an ancient tomb and a reclining figure in white,—sports of nature in this lonely cave. There was an awful grandeur in the scene: the deep solitude, the calm still night, the huge cliffs, the vast sea, the sublime heavens, the slowly rising moon, with its broad cold face!—I felt a half-superstitious feeling creep over me, mingled with a too oppressive sense of the weakness and littleness of man. Pride is not one of the vices of solitude. It grows upon us among our fellows; but alone and at midnight, amid the sublime of nature, we must feel, if we feel at all, that we ourselves are little, and that God only is great.

The scene passed, and there straightway arose another. I stood high in an open space, on a thickly-wooded terrace, that stretched into an undulating plain, bounded with hills. The moon at full looked down from the middle heavens, undimmed by a single cloud; but far to the west there was a gathering wreath of vapour, and a lunar rainbow stretched its arch in pale beauty across a secluded Highland valley. A wide river rolled at the foot of the wooded terrace; but a low silvery fog had risen over it, bounded on both sides by the line of water and bank; and I could see it stretching its huge snake-like length adown the hollow, winding with the stream, and diminishing in the distance. The frosts of autumn had dyed the foliage of the wood; the trees rose around me in their winding-sheets of brown, and crimson, and yellow, or stretched, in the more exposed openings, their naked arms to the sky. There was a dark moor beyond the fog-covered river, that seemed to absorb the light; but directly under the nearest hill, which rose like a pyramid, there was a tall solitary ruin standing out from the darkness, like the sheeted spectre of a giant. The distant glens glimmered indistinct to the eye; but the first snows of the sea-