

A SUNSET ON THE SEA.

C. G. H,

A sunset on the sea is the most beautiful spectacle on earth. Artists can't paint, and poets haven't the words to describe its beauty.

We had been sailing along the eastern coast of Florida for about a week, and had seen the sun sink every evening in its western bed of gold. There was one evening that it was particularly beautiful. Ten-thousand rays of the most gorgeous colors—gold, blue, purple, pink—shot into the heavens; clouds of every color, size and shape floated about in the sky. The sea was like a rippling body of melted gold.

In the east were great thunder heads scattered here and there. Some stood out with the dignity of a king, and others like humble serfs. At first sight they resembled nothing, but on looking more closely I could see outlines of different objects. I noticed one in particular. It was the largest of them all and stood out with the dignity of a Roman God. I looked and looked till the cloud began to take on form. At first I could dimly see the outline of a man; gradually he came into full view. On his head was a large crown, about his body he wore a long white robe; in his left hand was an open book, in the other he held a shepherd's staff. To the right, to the left, to the back floated clouds of the most delicate hue. Suddenly a gentle breeze shattered my vision into a thousand little drifts.

I was drawn back to earth by sweet strains of music. The