

Everyone vied with his neighbour who would most honor it, and conduce most to the general mirth. For fourteen days Abernethy resounded with song and dance and harping, and other joyous demonstrations; and on the fifteenth Castle Clatchart opened its gates to receive the lovely bride of Varno. Then were the glorious days of that impregnable stronghold. These long grassy lines were then stately walls, whose massive strength laughed defiance to the foe. There, towering, in its pride, rose high-roofed hall, pictured with clanging mail, and resounding to the voice of the harp; while beauty tripped the polished floor and haughty warriors strode in the pride of their strength, or quaffed the cup and recounted the deeds of departed chiefs. Yonder stood the donjon, where captives groaned or clanked their chains in very madness. Yes, but beauty and gladness, strength and pride, chain and captive, wall and tower have vanished long ago. The blue bell now is the only beauty there, the goss-hawk the only warrior, the song of the linnet the only music, and the sound of the evening breeze among the grass the only sigh that falls on the ear of the solitary wanderer.

CHAPTER III.

After the nuptials of Varno and Spoldanka Pictavia remained in quietness for a longer period than usual. No maurading Saxon or turbulent Scot infested even her frontiers; nor did popular commotion disturb her internal tranquility. Unmolested the hind cultivated the soil and reaped an abundant harvest; and down in the dell, along the banks of the winding burn, youths and maidens no doubt met in the twilight, and danced gaily to the harping of the old minstrel of the castle, whilst high above, on terrace and rampart, Varno and Spoldanka sat delighted with the rustics' sports, happy in seeing their vassals happy, and listening to the voice of music as it echoed from cliff to cliff, long and mellow, and breathing nought but love and gladness.

But the scene changed. Like their own wild mountain torrents the Scots again rushed from their fastnesses, and carried death and desolation through the land. Again to heaven rose screech and wail and suppliant prayer, and again was the sky made black and lurid by the smoke and glare of burning cot and castle. Every man capable of bearing arms was summoned to the field. The beacon-fire burned on Blackcairn; the Lomonds answered the blaze, and Largo Law showed high among the clouds its crest of curling flame. Thousands of Fife's bravest men enlisted under the banner of Varno.

The rival nations met at Dundee. Fierce was the outset, for implacable hatred spurred them. Obstinate and bloody was the contest. Each Pict fought for his hearth and home. The prize of the Scot was a kingdom; long and doubtful remained the strife. At length the arm of the Pict prevailed; the Scots fled and left their king and many of their principal chiefs prisoners. The Picts, in the heat of victory, knew no virtue save revenge.

Alpin and his nobles were butchered in cold blood, and their heads borne away in triumph to grace the gates of the capital. Loud was the triumph-shout that welcomed the conquerors to Abernethy; but Varno this time was not there. He, the only one among a thousand, protested loudly against the decree that consigned to the sword their noble prisoners.

"Brudus and chieftains!" he cried, "why sully you victory by such a barbarous act? Are defeat and chains not ignominy black enough for kings and nobles to bear? This heart tells me that defeat and captivity are worse than death. Why then stain your sword with blood that braves not its edge? Be merciful, for mercy is the hero's brightest virtue. Rather make Alpin your friend; his life and freedom may guarantee long peace to Pictavia; his death cannot crush but will enrage the more a nation we have often felt too powerful."

He would have said more, but clamour drowned his voice. In the exultation of victory every consideration but bloody retaliation was lost. Every chief looked upon himself as a host, and seemed to forget the gallant deeds of our hero. Insolent and presumptuous were the words muttered on all sides, and even Brudus went the length of saying "that it became not a youth to dictate to a king."

(To be continued.)

PROFESSOR CLARK MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY.*

THIS book on Psychology by a former Professor of Philosophy in Queen's ought to be of considerable value to students. Written in simple and clear language it everywhere gives evidence of painstaking research and careful reflection. Professor Murray's power of exposition is very observable in his felicitous statement of the physiological mechanism, and in his classification of the facts on which psychology rests. Whether he has in all cases succeeded in reconciling what may roughly be called the idealist and empiricist views of psychology may be doubted, but there can be no doubt that he has shown a better apprehension of the problem than is displayed in the two most recent works on psychology, those of Mr. James Sully and Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson.

Professor Murray's treatment of the subject may be briefly outlined as follows: "Psychology is the name now generally applied to the science, which investigates the phenomena of the mind" (p. 1). There are three classes of mental phenomena usually distinguished by the names of Cognition, Feeling and Volition (pp. 4 and 111). Firstly, the phenomena of cognition, when the natural evolution of human intelligence is taken as a guiding principle, are again divided into (a) the apprehension of an individual sensible object or perception, (b) the conception of a class, or generalisation, (c) the process of reasoning, by which thought

*A Handbook of Psychology: by J. Clark Murray LL.D., F.R.S.E., S.C., John Frothingham Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, McGill College, Montreal. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1885.