

NOT THE ONE SHE EXPECTED.

The subject of our illustration is the immemorial practice associated with Halloween, by which a young girl, according to popular belief, may on that night peer into the future, and see the husband whom the fates have apportioned

foundly impressed with the belief in its efficacy, and has made due preparations to undergo the ordeal. With apple in one hand and glass in the other she has seated herself expectant of what is to come. At last she is to see before her that ideal after which through her school days

We will not pry too deeply into the secrets of the maiden and her aged cavalier. Whether he softened her heart by his youthful escapade, and persuaded her that the mirror was not so far wrong after all, or whether the right man turned up, the fates to the contrary notwith-

the reality, and could each of us see what is to befall us reflected in the mirror of fate, we should each of us cry with the maiden, "This is not what I expected." It may be well for us that it is so. Our own expectations of the future are apt to be guided by our wishes, and



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to her lot. On that evening, if she eat an apple and at the same time look over her shoulder into a mirror, she will undoubtedly, so say those who ought to know, see in its silver depths the features of him who in the days to come is to be all in all to her. The practice requires a certain amount of faith to ensure its success, but, given that, it is presumably infallible. The girl in the picture is evidently pro-

she has yearned, and which she cannot believe will escape her. In trembling expectancy she bites her apple and glances half afraid over her shoulder into the glass. Alas! for human calculations. Alas! too that even the prophetic mirror should occasionally so far descend from its lofty functions as to participate in what the young lady herself denounces as a "real mean trick."

we standing, are not supposed to know. The only thing we may predicate for certain is the correctness of the title under the picture itself. Whatever the result of the result of the incident, we have no hesitation in saying that this was "not the one she expected." However in this, it may be, the young lady was no different from the rest of the world. Our own anticipations of the future are generally pretty wide of

these in turn by our own ideas of what is good for us. Fortunately for us it is not upon human calculations that our future is constructed. "Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi quem tibi Finem di dederint." "Seek not to know the end that the gods have in store for thee or me, Leuconoe." So sang Dan Horace eighteen hundred years ago, and so sing the sensible amongst us to-day.