

and turned the lamp very low indeed—pale face that looked into mine, I recognized *my own countenance*!

And all this time Yorston was mumbling his weird incantations, while my mind was becoming slowly imbued with the idea that *I* was the Quebec murderer—it floated into my mind like a dream, the memory of which I could not efface. Then, in an instant, the vision melted away, and the follower of Buddha demanded in a low, wailing tone:

"Who *now* was the plunderer and assassin?"

And my reply came in a trembling, hollow whisper, like the voice of one speaking from the depths of the tomb:

"*I was the man!*"

And then the room seemed to darken—misty shadows passed to and fro, assuming strange and fantastic shapes. I saw

my companion standing before me waving his arms until his form grew fainter and fainter—then a mist spread before my eyes—mind, memory, senses, all became a blank—and I remembered no more.

I must once more impress upon you, my children, that I could not resist giving Yorston the answer that I did. I actually believed that I had committed the Quebec tragedy. Some day, perhaps, the peculiar, psychical condition into which I had been thrown may be explained—at present I can only vouch for the accuracy of my statement. I was certainly under some mysterious influence, and was not responsible (as you will see, before you complete the perusal of this document) either for my conversation or my actions.

*Raymond H. Phillimore.*

(To be Concluded.)




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## THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

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BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

EVERY autumn some of those who love Emerson make a September pilgrimage to his last resting-place on the pine-clad crest of Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Concord. It is a most picturesque spot—a fitting place for a poet. On this high hill the pines are so tall that they fairly seem to pierce the sky. The two largest and tallest of these—giants of the forest—stand at the head of his grave which is marked by a great boulder of rose quartz. A bronze tablet bears the inscription:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BORN IN BOSTON, MAY 25TH, 1807.

DIED IN CONCORD, APRIL 27TH, 1882.

The passive Mother lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

By his side lies his wife, and the grave  
of the little son Waldo, in whose memory

he wrote the "Threnody," is by next his own. On this stone is the inscription:

WALDO EMERSON.

DIED JANUARY, 1844,

AGED FIVE YEARS AND THREE MONTHS.

The Hycathine boy for whom  
Morn well might break and April bloom,  
The gracious boy who did adorn  
The world whereinto he was born.

Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts are near by. Three generations of the Emersons are buried here and the varied inscriptions recall curious bits of local history and tradition.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD published between twenty and thirty volumes, and, as writing did not come easily to him, was one of the busiest men of his time. His correspondence, therefore, was confined