

and kindness; the two noble priests Father William and Father Alexander, the two hardly less noble monks, Stephen and Hugh, are all painted with a master's hand. Some of the scenes too evince great power, notably the night service in the cathedral of St. John, and the scene with the troubadour in the hostelry. We have derived the greatest pleasure from the perusal of "In His Name." It is a book in a thousand, the work of a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, in which the best traits of the author are conspicuous.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
CHRISTMAS.

BY
A

There are halting places along our journey, where we stop and gaze back. On our birth days we are apt to pause awhile and draw breath. On Christmas also, and the reflections are not always joyful. *Helas, hélas!* I remember in the Long Ago, in the *Halegonic days* of school-life, writing with chalk upon the wall "Hurrah for Christmas. Only six weeks off." The record was altered day by day. Only five weeks and six days, only five weeks and five days, until vacation came and with whoop and shout a throng of thoughtless schoolboys rushed from Euclid and Algebra, from master's laws and impositions to happy homes. *At! At!* I no longer shout hurrah for Christmas. There is a sadness about the time. The trees are bare and spectre-like. The sky is very dull. The flowers are all trodden into the brown earth or hidden in the cold cruel snow.

Are not the hopes and aspirations of many of us like the sweet flowers, which are dead and buried out of sight? Do we not start in life with great expectations and how miserably they end. *Desinit in pisces mulier formosa superne.* Young Jacksonby, who delighted in Ivanhoe and read the life of Lord Clive with gusto, started in life intending to be a hero, a great military phenomenon. When I saw him last he was a linen draper's assistant, a little dapper prig, with a *cheval de frise* of pins in the lapel of his coat. Dunlops, a promising lad, great in our Debating Society, was to have been a member of Parliament, an orator in the house, a leader of men. He entered a bank and drudged at the desk. Smirkins had his ambition in the church. The white lawn of the bishop's sleeves fluttered in his future, and what of him? *Non mi recordo.* Dead, I think, broke down in his college course and the world goes rushing on. The ranks are never long broken. One falls and a comrade steps up and fills his place. Other boys are hurrying for Christmas, while I and some other old fogies are moralizing.

I shall found a Society, the Knights of Dolour, and we shall lament our youth and write doleful ditties over withered hopes and misspent lives, and we will issue tracts containing wonderful advice to guide young people, and they will laugh at us. Twenty years ago I attended a family gathering. The Christmas pudding blazed on the table and there was mirth and laughter. But the blaze died out and the remains were swept away and those who sat round the table have gone for the most part too. They are dead, some of them, all have passed from my sight. That was a melancholy dinner at a Parisian restaurant the other day. Mr. Rubelles, *et* 84, sat down to table at which thirteen covers were laid, thirteen chairs drawn to their places and he the only guest. Twenty years before thirteen friends, among whom were Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Count de Flehac, agreed to meet at the same place once a year, keeping the places of those who had died, as if the guests were present. Twenty years and they had all gone except Mr. Rubelles, and true to his pact, he sat down to his melancholy repast.

Ciel! What is all that racket? What shouts and romping on my old stairs. How they creak and groan under the tramp of feet. Children's voices, girls' voices. Who have invaded the old bachelor's apartments? Rosie bursts in with a Merry Christmas, and half a dozen girls at her heels, all shouting Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, forsooth! I tell you, Rosie, *il ne faut pas faire cela.* I have outlived that; I am sad, girl. You will know it by and by. The clouds which are rose-faced have very murky linings. You see the *couleur de rose*, I look back and see only the ashen grey of burned out hopes. I see the pathway strewn with human bones. Life to the young man is a land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. I look back and see a Golgotha!

What are those children doing? I declare the *petites* have decorated my room with green boughs, not even my pipe rack has escaped its wreath of fresh leaves. Rosie, Rosie, for shame! I'll tell the captain. You little rogue, that was a sprig of mistletoe you held over my head!

Where do I intend dining on Christmas, Rosie! At the club. There I'll meet one or two old cronies like myself and we'll coax our appetites with a *bisque d'écrevisses*, a little *Kromieski de volaille* or some other delicacy, and lament the degeneracy of the present time. Take the stage, sir. Is there a pantomime to be seen like those of our young days? Where is the clown who could make me even smile now, and how I have laughed at their antics. I have seen a *dansuse*, sir, as light as a fairy, floating about on the music; but she has grown fat now. I was at a pantomime a year or two since. It was a sad affair. I could see the clown was sad at heart under his painted face, and while he grinned I know he was thinking of his crippled daughter at home, his little Nell Allie, a youthful cupid, who fell from the flies the pantomime before. The *ballet girls* were clumsy. The paint was too thick on their flabby faces. You suggest, my little dears, that the change was in me and not on the theatre. Perhaps it was. There were merry children in the boxes and I noticed the *jeunesse* applauding the dancers.

No, Rosie. I would not do away with Christmas. It is good for families to meet together and rejoice. When the club of thirteen commenced its dinners, it was a good idea; but it was very sad for Mr. Rubelles at the end. Still let the little folks have their gatherings, let there be gifts and merry greetings; let the fire blaze on the hearth and the mistletoe hang high in the middle of the room. Let there be a Sir Roger de Coverley—a healthy roving dance, full of fun and innocence, which is more than I can say for others which are more fashionable, and more than all let there be one day, if only one, that we can say to each other from our hearts, *Ben ti voglio.*

Christmas day is wholesome. It may cause elder folks a few tears; but the heart is softened. Has some mother lost a child since last Christmas, let her recollect the Master who gathered little children to him eighteen hundred years ago, and who now watches over the lost one in another fold. Let us, in honour of Him, whose name we pronounce when we mention Christmas, honour the day and may we each have love in our hearts, when we say with Tiny Tim: "God bless Christmas."

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DIVINATION FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

AN OLD ART REVIVED.

I trust the reader is not startled by my title. I am not going to initiate him into the secrets of the Black Art, not to lead him into imperilling his soul and body by dabbling in necromantic mysteries. Nor do I propose turning the drawing-room upside down for divining purpose, or introducing into the bosom of the family a spectacled magician with a whole collection of mystic invocations, magic symbols, blue fires and stink-pots. The pupil who places himself under my tutelage will need neither pentacle nor abracadabra, neither magician's wand nor diabolical compact. All that will be necessary for his art in so far as it may be practised by a beginner, will be found within the limits of this article. The divination to which I would introduce him is guided by certain marks on the palms of the hands, and the art practised by these means is variously known as Palmistry, Chiromancy, or Chiroscopy.

I.

Of all the arts of divination, and they are over a hundred in number, Chiromancy, one of the oldest of all, is the only one which at the present day has received any serious attention. It must be borne in mind, however, that the hand is consulted by modern chiromants less as a book on which the future may be read than as an index to character. And, indeed, there is more ground for this practice than an outsider would at first sight be willing to suppose. Let us begin with the highest authority of all, the Bible. In the thirty-seventh chapter of Job there is a passage which runs in the English version: "He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work." The Vulgate rendering of the same passage runs: "*In manum omnium hominum Deus signa posuit, ut noverint singuli opera sua.*" "In the hands of all men hath God placed signs, that each one may know his own works."

In every-day life much of a man's character may be judged by the action of his hands. The new-born infant whose mind is not formed comes into the world with its fists doubled. The old worn-out man, whose character and individuality are all but effaced, goes out of the world with his fingers shut over the palm. The mean man, as he walks in the streets, passes by with tightly clenched fists; the generous man goes literally open-handed. More striking still are the attitudes assumed by the honest man and the liar. The latter, in his eagerness to deceive, clasps his hands to his breast—palms inwards—and calls Heaven to witness that he is telling the truth. The honest man frankly holds out his hands—palms upwards—as he says "It is so." He is fearless, though unconsciously so, of what his tell-tale palm may reveal, while the untruthful man, equally unconsciously, hides the palm that gives the reflection of his false character.

Space does not allow of my dwelling any longer on such examples of the correctness of the palmist's theory, though they might be multiplied indefinitely. So I will proceed at once with the instructions necessary to enable the tyro to set up in business as a Drawing-Room Diviner.

II.

For the present, it will be sufficient to devote our attention mainly to pure palmistry, that is, divination by the palm alone. Where necessary, however, we may allude to the signs on other portions of the hand. Within the limits of the space at my disposal I shall only be able to touch very lightly on the main features of the science. Readers who may be so far interested in the matter as to desire further information will find all that they want in Desbarrolles's "*Mystères de la Main*" and Craik's "*Book of the Hand*."

The primary signs used by the true palmist in the exercise of his art, are three in number, namely, lines, mounts, and points. The latter, however, are less important than the two first, and will not enter in the limits of this paper.

The principal lines are seven in number, viz., the Line of Life, or of the Heart, which commences midway between the thumb and fore-finger and runs downwards toward the wrist; the Middle Natural Line or Line of Health, which begins with or near the Line of Life, and runs straight across the hand; the Table Line, or Line of Fortune, which runs from below the little finger towards the base of the forefinger; the Line of the Liver, from the wrist towards the base of the little finger; the Line of Saturn, from the wrist up towards the base of the second finger; and the Wrist Line, dividing the lower arm from the hand.

The mounts are also seven in number, as follows: The mount of Venus, between the base of the thumb and the line of life; the mount of Jupiter, at the base of the forefinger; of Saturn, base of the middle finger; of Apollo, base of the third or annular finger; of Mercury, base of the little or auricular finger; the mount of the Moon at the wrist end of the outside edge of the hand, opposite the mount of Venus; and the mount of Mars, between the mounts of Mercury and the Moon.

In examining the hand it is well to take the left hand, as it is generally less used than the right, and consequently less liable to be unduly and unnaturally creased. The hand should be freshly washed and at perfect rest, in order that the true colour of the lines and mounts may be easily distinguished.

The Line of Life, as its name implies, indicates the duration of the life. The age at which death will take place is said to be marked by the first decided break in the continuity of the line. A smaller break denotes sickness in the past or the future. For the purpose of fixing the dates of sickness or death, the line is divided into ages. A line is drawn from the middle of the base of the third finger towards the second joint of the thumb, and the point at which it intersects the line of life will mark the age of ten. If the breakage occurs in a grown

person's hand at that point, it shows that that person was ill, or met with an accident, when ten years old. If the fault in the line is a little before the point which marks ten years old, then the illness came at the age of nine or eight, and so on, according to the distance from the point. A line parallel to this one, starting from between the third and last finger, will touch the line of life at the point called twenty. Another parallel line, starting from the middle of the base of the little finger, takes you to thirty. The next line goes from the outer edge of the same finger, and gives forty. The line to find fifty starts from a little above the line of the heart. All lines crossing the Line of Life denote afflictions, past or present. Smaller lines springing from it into the centre of the palm denote wounds. A circle with two cross lines through it, on the life line portends the loss of an eye. Ramifications at the base of the line denote so many journeys, made or yet to be made. To indicate a long life and good health, the line should be long and clearly cut.

The Natural Line comes next in importance after the line of life. The following are its principal characteristics: long and well defined it denotes intellectual power; when it is joined at the commencement with the Line of Life, it is an unmistakable sign of intellectuality. The separation of the two lines, according to some authorities, is a sign of profligacy. Where the lines are separated and a cross occupies the space between the two, the individual possesses an unamiable temperament: he is the man who squabbles with his wife, and his relations and friends. Joined at its commencement with the Table Line, it is a sign of mental estrangement. If it runs with that line for any distance it denotes impetuosity; curved away from the line it betokens probity; if it runs into the Mount of Venus it is significant of a brutal disposition. The natural line should cross the palm almost horizontally and gradually melt away below the third finger. Too short, it indicates stupidity, too long, an excess of calculation, meanness. Pale-ness of this line denotes indecision; a formation consisting of a series of small interlacing lines, want of the faculty of concentration. A curve downwards towards the wrist indicates an over imaginative mind; and terminating in a fork it signifies deceit.

The Line of the Heart, when well formed, indicates high mental qualities, a good memory, and an affectionate disposition. When broad and interrupted it also foreshadows happiness and contentment; double and disconnected it signifies a meddlesome nature, eagerness to undertake, and incapacity to carry through. The greater the number of its ramifications, the greater the subjects scientific, literary, and artistic tastes. A line broken in many places betokens inconstancy. Short lines running downwards denote well-judged affection; running upwards, impulsive affection.

The Line of the Liver is the indicator of the health. When it entirely crosses the palm and terminates at the base of the middle finger, on the mount of Saturn, it indicates consumption. Several other indications may be gathered from its appearance, of which space will not allow a *résumé*.

The Line of Saturn is of lesser importance. When very long it is a sign of a life of hardships.

III.

We now come to the mounts, each of which has its peculiar significance.

A well-developed Mount of Venus, i.e. the hill at the base of the thumb, on the palm, denotes beauty, grace, the love of the beautiful, taste for music and the dance, gallantry, a desire to please, a desire of being loved, benevolence, charity and tenderness. If the mount is depressed it shows the want of these qualities. Its absence betokens coldness, egotism, want of energy, of tenderness, of action, and of soul in the arts. In excess it is debauchery, licentiousness, coquetry, vanity, light-headedness, inconstancy and idleness.

Jupiter is that which orders, threatens, points. Jupiter gives fervid religion, noble ambition, honours, gaiety, love of nature, happy marriages, love unions. In excess he gives superstition, excessive pride, love of power for itself, a desire to shine. In absence it causes indolence, egotism, irreligion, want of dignity, want of nobleness, vulgar tendencies.

Saturn is gloomy. He is the fallen king from heaven; he is Time, who devours after twelve months his own child, the Year-Time charged to execute the work of the Fates; Saturn is Fate. When he smiles he gives wisdom, prudence, success; but he also gives extreme misfortune. In excess he gives sadness, love of solitude, rigid religion, fear of a second life of punishment, asceticism, remorse, and often a desire for suicide. His absence is an insignificant life.

Apollo gives a taste for the arts, as of literature, poetry, music, painting; success, glory, intelligence, celebrity, genius, light,—all that which shines and causes to shine. He gives hope, the conviction of an immortal name, serenity of soul, the beauty which causes love, the grace which charms the heart; he gives religion loveable and tolerant riches. In excess he gives the love of gold, pride, haughtiness, extravagance, a taste for rich garments, celebrity at any cost. If absent, it is material existence, careless for art, monotonous life, like a day without the sun.

Mercury gives science, knowledge of a higher world, mental labour, enchanting eloquence, commerce, speculation honourable and intelligent, fortune, industry, invention, promptitude in action and in thought, activity, love of labour, an aptitude for the occult sciences. In excess he is the god of thieves, cunning, lying, perjury, pretentious ignorance. His absence is inaptitude for science or commerce, a useless life.

Mars gives courage, calmness, coolness in danger, resignation, self-government and noble pride, devotion, resolution, strength of resistance, impetuosity.

The Moon gives imagination, sweet melancholy, chastity, sentimental poetry, elegy, love of mystery, solitude and silence, dreams, vague desires, meditation, harmony in music, aspirations after another world. In excess she gives caprice, unregulated fancies, constant irritation and causeless despair, discontent, restlessness, sadness, superstition, fanaticism, brain sickness. Absent—want of ideas of poetry, barrenness of thought.

IV.

Thus far I have treated of pure palmistry. The chiromant, however, can draw no little assistance from the kindred art of chiromancy, invented by M. d'Arpentigny. By this system