

was only a peculiar illustration of the mysterious influence of a mother's mind upon her children, even before they are born. The so-called old witch understood such things, as did Jacob long ago.

*Fruitful Incantations.*

For miles on one side of us the people were all Highland Scotch, and on the other side, English, Irish and Scotch, promiscuously mixed up. In the Lochalsh settlement there was a couple who had no children, though married for some years. He was a big stalwart man, very pious, but subject to melancholy spells now and again; and she was a tall, fine-looking woman with the bloom of youth still on her face.

But one night, a mile or so up the creek from this couple's home, an old bachelor living on a farm heard a cow bell in his oat field, and got up to drive her out. It was past midnight, and to his astonishment he noticed a light in a neighbour's house. Fearing that someone there was sick, he went over to see. But in passing the front window of the house (no blinds then), he saw an "unco sight" that made him stand back and stare. In the middle of the room our melancholy friend was sitting over a tub of steaming hot water, stripped naked, his wife rubbing him down, and the old Lewis witch we have already heard of repeating magical incantations over his head. But the sequel is the most surprising part of the matter; for inside of a year from that night the formerly childless wife had twins, and quite a large family in course of time.