

for his wedding, too, and was thinking this mild harvest evening as he saw the sun go down in peaceful splendour, that now at last, the end must be at hand for which his harsh ambition had struggled for many and many a year—that Peace in Power he thought to conquer from the world's niggard homage. From poverty he had grown to riches: from contempt to awe: from obscurity to splendour. What further now had he to do, having *conquered* Happiness, than to woo her, and at length induce her to smile as well as submit? And he would do that. He was going to marry rank and what passed for beauty: he would have an heir in whom his name would live—his pretty Cressy would have the young flower of the British peerage to choose from, with riches and beauty for her dower: perhaps, also, to still the little voice that whispered of the lovely Spanish girl and her wrong, he would make amends to her sweet daughter and his (for Rose Marton's face haunted him and would not leave him); and *then*, when the last of the hated race swung from the gallows in sight of the humbled towers of his fathers, and the last of his hated retainers went down before the tide of novelty, *then* surely there must come Peace in Power! How should Sir Albin Artslade fear? His mission was accomplishing bravely—nearly accomplished. Nearly! It was *quite* accomplished!

Only once did a recollection of the warning he had received cross Sir Albin Artslade's mind. It was when he turned on the saddle to ask some question about the distance to Kilsheelan of the worthy bailiff, who rode a few yards behind, his pair of loaded pistols also in the holsters. He was a little surprised to see the man's face distorted hideously, all pale and quivering with the confessed terrors of a coward. He sidged still more on his saddle under the baronet's keen scrutiny.

"Phew!" said the baronet, with a gesture of disgust. "The fellow shivers like a baby with dread of these wonderful assassins. A pretty ally he'd make on emergency!"

And the reflection arousing him to the fact that evening was fast closing and a lonely stretch of road between him and Ashenfield, he spurred his horse into a livelier pace as he approached the Pass of Caba. Mr. Jer Murphy rode after him with a hideous light in his little sharp eyes, which was not wholly a coward's quailing, which might be anything as bad or worse.

And Tade Ryan, hearing the horse's hoofs clatter along the dusty road, nearer and nearer

to the Pass of Caba, clutched his blunderbus, with a choking sensation at his throat, and ground his teeth fiercely as he muttered:

"Here he is at last!"

(To be Continued.)

### JUDGING BY FACES.

A man's character is stamped upon his face by the time he is thirty. I had rather put my trust in any man's countenance than in his words. "The lips may lie, the face can not. To be sure "a man may smile and be a villain;" but what a smile it is—a false widening of the mouth and creasing of the cheeks, an unpleasant grimace that makes the observer shudder. "Rascal" is legibly written all over it.

Among the powers that are given us for our good is that of reading the characters of those we meet by the expression of the features. And yet most people neglect it, or doubt the existence of the talisman which would save them from dangerous friendships or miserable marriages, such fearing to trust a test so intangible and mysterious, act in defiance of their impulses and suffer in consequence.

There are few who could not point out an actual idiot, if they meet him, and many know a confirmed drunkard at sight. It is easy to know a bad man also. The miser wears his meanness in his eyes, in his pinched features, in his complexion. The brutal man shows his brutality in his low forehead, prominent chin and bull neck. The crafty man, all suavity and elegance, cannot put his watchful eyes and snaky smile out of sight as he does his purpose. The thief looks nothing else under heaven, and those who lead unholy lives have so positive an impress of guilt upon their features that it is a marvel that the most ignorant and innocent are ever imposed upon by them.

Perhaps it is the fear that conscientious people have of being influenced by beauty, or want of it which leads so many to neglect the cultivation of a power which may be brought to such perfection; but a face may be beautiful and bad, and positively plain and yet good. I scarcely think any one would mistake in this way, and I aver that when a man past the earliest youth looks good, pure, and true, it is safe to believe that it is so.

CHARITY is the Christian diadem; it is the royal mantle by which we are recognized as the true disciples of Jesus Christ.