

afternoon; and still the light breeze holds out; and we get nearer and nearer to the most northerly points of Skye. And as the evening draws on we can now make out the line of Ross-shire—a pale rose-colour in the far east; and nearer at hand is the Skye coast, with the warm sunlight touching on the ruins of Duntulme, where Donald Gorm Mòr fed his imprisoned nephew on salt beef, and then lowered to him an empty cup—mocking him before he died; and then in the west the Mountains of Harris, a dark purple against the clear lemon-golden glow. But as night draws on, behold! the wind dies away altogether, and we lie becalmed on a lilac-and-silver sea, with some rocky islands over there grown into a strange intense green in the clear twilight.

Down with the gig, then, John of Skye!—and hurry in all our rods, and lines, and the occult intrapping inventions of our patriarch of Denny-nains. We have no scruple about leaving the yacht in mid-ocean. The clear twilight shines in the sky; there is not a ripple on the sea; only the long Atlantic swell that we can hear breaking far away on the rocks. And surely such calms are infrequent in the Minch; and surely these lonely rocks can have been visited but seldom by passing voyagers?

Yet the great rollers—as we near the forbidden shores—break with an ominous thunder on the projecting points and reefs. The doctor insists on getting closer and closer (he knows where the big little are likely to be found), and the men, though they keep a watchful eye about them, obey. And then—it is Mary Avon who first calls out—and behold! her rod is suddenly dragged down—the point is hauled below the water—agony and alarm are on her face.

"Here; take it—take it!" she calls out. "The rod will be broken."

"Not a bit," the doctor calls out. "Give him the butt hard. Never mind the rod. Haul away!"

And indeed by this time everybody was alternately calling and hauling, and John of Skye, attending to the rods of the two ladies, had scarcely time to disengage the big fish and smooth the flies again; and the Laird was declaring that these little fish as hard as a twenty-pound salmon. What did we care about those needles and points of black rock that every two or three seconds showed their teeth through the breaking white surf?

"Keep her close in, boys!" Angus Sutherland cried. "We shall have a fine pickling to-morrow."

Then one fish, stronger and bigger than his fellows, pulls the rod clean out of Mary Avon's hands.

"Well, I have done it this time," she says. "Not a bit," her companion cries. "Up all lines! Back now, lads—gently!"

And as the stern of the boat is shoved over the great glassy billows, behold! a thin dark line occasionally visible—the end of the lost rod! Then there is a swoop on the part of our doctor; he has both his hands on the butt; there elapses a minute or two of fighting between man and fish; and then we can see below the boat the wan gleam of the captured animal as it comes to the surface in slow circles. Hurrah! a seven-pounder! John of Skye chuckles to himself as he grasps the big lithe.

"Oh, ay!" he says; "the young leddy knows ferry well when to throw away the rod. It is a grand thing to throw away the rod when there will be a big fish. Ay, ay, it is a good fish."

But the brutes that fought hardest of all were the dogfish—the snakes of the sea; and there was a sort of holy archangelic joy on the face of John of Skye when he seized a lump of stick to fell these hideous creatures before flinging them back into the water again. And yet why should they have been killed on account of their snake-like eyes and their cruel mouth? The human race did not rise and extirpate Frederick Smethurst because he was ill-favoured.

By half-past ten we had secured a good cargo of fish, and then we set out for the yacht. The clear twilight was still shining above the Harris hills; but there was a dusky shadow along the Outer Hebrides, where the orange ray of Scalpa Light was shining; and there was dusk in the south, so that the yacht had become invisible altogether. It was a long pull back, for the *White Dove* had been carried far by the ebb tide. When we found her, she looked like a tall gray ghost in the gathering darkness; and no light had as yet been put up; but all the same we had a laughing welcome from Master Fred, who was glad to have the fresh fish wherewith to supplement our frugal meals.

Then the next morning, when we got up and looked around, we were in the same place. And the glass would not fall, and the blue skies kept blue, and we had to encounter still another day of dreary idleness.

"The weather is conspiring against you, Angus," our sovereign lady said, with a smile. "And you know you cannot run away from the yacht; it would be so cowardly to take the steamer."

"Well, indeed," said he, "it is the first time in my life that I have found absolute idleness enjoyable, and I am not so very anxious it should end. Somehow, though, I fear we are too well off. When we get back to the region of letters and telegrams, don't you think we shall have to pay for all this selfish happiness?"

"Then why should we go back?" she says, lightly. "Why not make a compact to forsake the world altogether, and live all our life on board the *White Dove*?"

Somehow his eyes wandered to Mary Avon, and she said, rather absently.

"I, for one, should like it well enough, if it were only possible."

"No, no," says the Laird, brusquely, "that will no do at all. It was never intended that people should go and live for themselves like that. Ye have your duties to the nation and to the laws that protect ye. When I left Denny-nains I told my brother Commissioners that what I could do when I was away to further the business of the Burgh I would do; and I have entered most minutely into several matters of great importance. And that is why I am anxious to get to Portree. I expect most important letters there."

Portree! Our whereabouts on the chart last night was marked between 45 and 46 latitudes W.S.W. from some nameless rocks; and here, as far as we can make out, we are still between these mystical numbers. What can we do but chat, and read, and play draughts, and twirl round a rope, and ascend to the cross-trees to look out for a breeze, and watch and listen to the animal life around us?

"I do think," says Mary Avon to her hostess, "the calling of those divers is the softest and most musical sound I ever heard; perhaps because it is associated with so many beautiful places. Just fancy, now, if you were suddenly to hear a diver symphony beginning in an opera—if all the falsetto recitative and the blare of the trumpets were to stop—and if you were to hear the violins and flutes beginning quite low and soft a diver symphony, would you not think of the Hebrides, and the *White Dove* and the long summer days? In the winter, you know, in London, I fancy we should go once or twice to see that opera!"

"I have never been to an opera," remarks the Laird, quite impervious to Mary Avon's tender enthusiasm. "I am told it is a fantastic exhibition."

The chief incident of that day was the appearance of a new monster of the deep, which approached quite close to the hull of the *White Dove*. Leaning over the rail we could see him clearly in the clear water—a beautiful golden submarine spider, with a conical body like that of a land spider, and six or eight legs, by the incurving of which he slowly propelled himself through the water. As we were perfectly convinced that no one had ever been in such dead calms in the Minch before, and had lain for twenty-four hours in the neighbourhood 45 and 46, we took it for granted that this was a new animal. We named it the *Arachne Mary-Avonensis*, but did not seek to capture it. It went on its golden way.

We were not to linger forever in these northern seas, surrounded by perpetual summer calms—however beautiful the prospect might be to a young man fallen away, for a moment, from his high ambitions. Whatever summons from the far world might be waiting us at Portree was soon to be served upon us. In the afternoon a slight breeze sprang up that gently carried us away past Ru Hinish, and round by Eilean Trodda; and down by Altauvaig. The gray-green basaltic cliffs of the Skye coast were now in shadow; but the strong sunlight beat on the grassy ledges above; and there was a distant roar of water along the rocks. This other throbbing sound, too: surely that must be some steamer far away on the other side of Rona? The sunset deepened. Darker and darker grew the shadows in the great mountains above us. We heard the sea along the solitary shores.

The stars came out in the twilight: they seemed clearest just over the blackest mountains. In the silence there was the sound of a waterfall somewhere—in among those dark cliffs. Then our side-lights were put up; and we sat on deck; and Mary Avon, nestling close to her friend, was persuaded to sing for her

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries"

—just as if she had never heard the song before. The hours went by; Angus Sutherland was talking in a slow, earnest, desultory fashion; and surely he must have been conscious that one heart at least was eagerly and silently listening to him. The dawn was near at hand when finally we consented to go below.

What time of the morning was it that we heard John of Skye call out, "Six or seven fathoms'll do!" We knew at least that we had got into harbour; and that the first golden glow of the daylight was streaming through the skylights of the saloon. We had returned from the wilds to the calms and cares of civilization; if there was any message to us, for good or for evil, from the distant world we had left for so long, it was now waiting for us on shore.

(To be continued.)

A COUGH, COLD, CATARRH or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes.

THE THROAT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. *Speakers and Singers* find the Troches useful.

AN ATHEIST FOR A FORTNIGHT.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY.—I wake up and see my memorandum, and stop short in a mental ejaculation of "Thank God for a good night!" I sit up in bed and rub my eyes, and try to realize my position. I feel that I must be very practical and look at life from a common-sense point of view. There must be no non-sense about trusting to Some One—ought not that to be in small letters, by the way?—for guidance and help, because Some One doesn't exist. I must help myself now, and lead myself too. This is not a cheerful reflection for the commencement of a day. I sit on the window-sill, and talk to that dear old blackbird who has just successfully brought up a family of four in the arbor vitæ close by. What a divine morning! "Divine," did I say? No, that won't do. I must find another word. Mem.: Look up "divine" in Johnson when I go down, and see if I can substitute some other word. There is the postman! Four letters for me. One from my landlord reminding me that a quarter's rent is overdue. I don't want any reminder, as I have been only too painfully conscious of it. One from the editor of a magazine, saying my story was not of a length to suit him, and that if I make it half as long again he might consider it. The previous editor to whom it was sent suggested that it should be cut short. Where next shall I send it? What a trying life this is! I pray God I may—I forget—No, I don't mean God, but Nature (with a capital N), or whatever it is that looks after things. There must be something, but what is it? I mustn't stop to think of it now, but get to work.

Second day, Tuesday.—Have been spending some spare minutes in studying the principles of atheism, and find it very dry reading, and am getting tired of "ethics," which is continually repeated. An atheist must be, as Wordsworth says:—

A reasoning, self-sufficient thing.
An intellectual all-in-all;

and I find it very difficult to be all-in-all to myself. Is reason the only thing that controls us? Is not there a something called conscience? However, for the fortnight I must endeavour to put reason uppermost: I find it difficult.

Fifth day, Friday.—Went up to town to take my book to the publisher. Left it at the office with fear and trembling, lest it should be rejected. I called on the editor of — magazine, to ask him if he would look at an article of mine. I have known him many years, and he has been a good friend. It was very encouraging to feel his friendly pat on my shoulder as I left him, and hear his cheery "God bless you!" His "God bless you!" seemed to ring in my ears as I trotted quickly from the door-step to the pavement, and went along feeling a world happier. But my steps slackened as I remembered that I had no right to God's blessing, and that I must take the words as a mere form, used by a poor old-fogeyish believer in God, as an expression of good-will. And then I wondered whether an atheist was correct in using the term "Good-bye," as it is a contraction of "God be with you." Adieu, also, is useless; so I suppose I am limited to "Farewell," and that's rather silly, because if I act by the light of reason I shall, of course, fare well. Greetings and blessings are certainly out of place in atheism.

Seventh day, Sunday.—Plenty of gardening to be done after the rain. My Sunday worship generally takes the form of gardening; for my occupation during the week is not healthy, and the master I serve—the public—is rather a hard one. On Sunday I get fresh air and outdoor exercise, and work under another Master, the Almighty Gardener, whom it is so pleasant to serve. I mean that is what I used to do. I must now set about my work in a different spirit. The light of reason will teach me that if I do certain work in the garden I must expect certain results, weather permitting. But weather does not always permit, and scientific people cannot account for it. What a wonderful thing it is that the rose, which is the very essence of beauty, should thrive best on the refuse of the earth! The economy of Nature is marvellous, and shows the Master-Hand in—no, I mean Nature arranges itself; but I am puzzled how to put it. I have evidently a good deal to learn. I wonder why weeds grow so fast, while beautiful flowers want such care in cultivation? I suppose it is one of the arrangements of Providence to teach—but, of course, it is only one of the ordinary laws of Nature. I must give up reflecting while I'm gardening; it is an occupation that doesn't accord with atheism. I think a gardener cannot be an atheist.

Eighth day, Monday.—What pleasant company a good book is! How often have I thanked God for Shakespeare and Swift, and Fielding and Sterne, and many another good spirit! Can any amount of science breed such men? If man is the lord of everything, why cannot he change human nature, and people the world with clever folk? Undoubtedly these great men are gifted; and if so, who is the giver? These thoughts arise because I have been reading dear Walter Scott in bed this morning. I fear it is not giving atheism a fair chance to read so charming an author. My gate bell rings, and my servant informs me that an old gentleman, who wouldn't give his name, wishes to see me. I find in my book-room a gentleman I have never seen before, though somehow the face seems familiar—perhaps I had seen a photograph of him in the shop windows. After some apologies for his appearance, he says he has heard of my struggles in literature, and has been com-

missioned to offer me a little help, which he hopes I will do him the favour to accept. Whereupon he hands me a couple of ten-pound notes, and begs me not to inquire who is the giver, but take them as coming from God. "It was mere chance," says the atheist, "for it is not likely that if there were one supreme being he would trouble himself with the affairs of a single individual." "Perhaps not," I reply, "but I can at any rate thank God for the 'mere chance.'" I have discovered that my unknown visitor was a man whose name is familiar to all readers and playgoers.

From the ninth to the thirteenth day I still struggled on with my atheism, and decided that it didn't agree with me at all. I think it wants the "hard heart and strong stomach" that Talleyrand said were necessary for success in life. It is certainly not suited to one who has to struggle for existence.

Fourteenth day, Sunday.—Very busy in the garden, and a good deal troubled about that unpaid rent and rates and other little matters. Have not had a verdict on my book yet, and am becoming distressed. One feels that there is so much which passes human understanding—at least I mean that I feel it; perhaps atheists do not—that one naturally looks to some Higher Power.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 281.

The following particulars connected with the recent chess tourney at Wiesbaden will be read with interest by Canadian chess players.

(Land and Water.)

The Wiesbaden Tourney is over, with the following result:—Blackburne 11, Englisch 11, Schwarz 11, Schallup 10, Mason 9, Bird 9, Winawer 9, Minckwitz 8, L. Paulsen 7, and Schottlander 7, with lesser scores as shown in the table given hereunder. There were, therefore, ties between Blackburne, Englisch, and Schwarz, whereupon these players divided the first, second, and third prizes without playing further. We gather that there was a fourth prize offered; and this of course went to Herr Schallup. The result, if scarcely a triumph for the English team, must be looked upon as fairly creditable to them, considering the quantity of the competitors and the quality of many of them. Blackburne must be considered to have well maintained his reputation, for he only lost one game during the tourney. His score was spoiled by the number of draws, especially as two of those draws were with opponent low down in the scale. Englisch, as will be seen, did not lose a single game; but, with eight draws against him, he has reason to congratulate himself upon being notwithstanding one of the three highest scorers. Schwarz was like Blackburne, a loser of only one game, with six draws; Mason spoiled his score for him. Schallup lost three games, and therefore did very well in that he notwithstanding gained the fourth place. Bird, as will be perceived, did not draw a single game, his score being entirely made up of units and noughts. It was just the same with him at the Paris Tourney, and we cannot but sympathize with a player who manifests such a decidedly fighting style.

The table referred to in the above is omitted for want of space.

We learn from a letter in the *Hartford Times* that the Boston Chess Club is at present engaged in a game tourney with the Harvard College Chess Club.

From the same source we are glad to find, judging from the way in which the club room is furnished with chess books, bound volumes of leading chess magazines, and other things calculated to make the gathering place of the members agreeable and instructive, that chess is properly appreciated by the people of Boston.

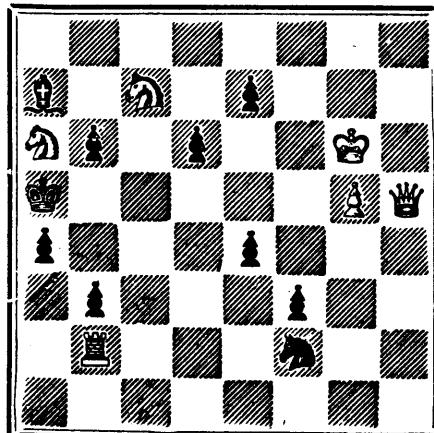
The Brunswick Chess Congress began on the 17th of July, and as the English players will, no doubt, take part in it, we shall be anxious to learn the result.

A chess match at the beginning of July was played in England between the Clubs of Oxford and Whitney. Thirteen players on each side. Oxford won by fifteen to eight.

PROBLEM No. 289.

By C. W., of Sunbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 418TH.

Brilliant game played some time ago between Prof. Anderson and Herr Dufresne.