

"And yet is it possible that no one place was mentioned as being more likely than another?"

"Two of the places were mentioned, sir, but I took no account of the names of 'em."

"You can at least remember one?"

"No, sir—I can't, indeed."

"Try—pray try. Do you think you could remember them if I were to repeat the names of several sea-side places to you?"

His intense earnestness seemed to strike the woman.

"I am very sorry, sir," she said, "but I have no more idea of them than the babe unborn. I don't believe I should know them if I was to hear them—I don't indeed."

"Did Miss Riviere leave your house—alone?"

"No, sir. Mr. Forsyth went with her."

Saxon almost ground his teeth at that name.

"Mr. Forsyth was very often here, I suppose?" he said.

"Very often, sir."

"Almost every day?"

The woman looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and compassion that showed plainly what she thought of this cross-examination.

"Why, yes, sir," she replied, reluctantly. "I suppose it was about every day, lately."

The young man thanked her, and turned sadly away. At the bottom of the steps he paused.

"You do not even know to which railway terminus they went?" he asked, as a last chance. She shook her head.

(To be continued.)

TRIUMPHANT.

[On the recent announcement that a sufficient number of States have voted for amending the Constitution, so as to abolish Slavery, and prohibit it forever in the United States.]

FLASH the glad news, ye tongues of fire,
Along the world-encircling wire,
That man, to-day, stands one step higher.
Than e'er he stood before.

The agony of years is done,
The battle for the right is won,
The contest by the few begun
Has triumphed evermore.

Rejoice, ye men of noble mind,
Friends of the least of humankind,
Their manacles are cast behind;
Give thanks, and God adore!

With no sad blush upon her brow,
Columbia greets the nations now,
And attests the eternal vow,
No slave shall tread my soil!

O may she, with a foresight rage,
So shape the precious heritage,
That it may pass from age to age,
Rewarding honest toil;

For as a serpent cut in twain,
A double life but seems to gain,
And slowly dies, prolonging pain,
So slavery brooks its fall.

But justice lives, strong truth awakes,
The temple of gray error shakes,
The tyrant in his palace quakes,
Freemen are forged from slaves.

Two nations sea-divided stand,
A voice from heaven gives command,
And each extends a kindred hand
Across the solemn waves;—

They clasp; and thus till time shall end
May each still stand the other's friend,
And calm and wisely comprehend
Their duty to the world.

So shall the golden age begin,
So cease grim war's tumultuous din,
So perish many a hoary sin,
Idols to earth be hurled.

And on the land and rolling sea,
The two fraternal flags shall be
Symbols of all that's great and free,
Admired where'er unfurled.

Montreal, Dec., 1865.

G. MARTIN.

AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By X. Y. Z, Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

Continued from page 286.—Conclusion.

"Ali! behold again Azreel; in a few moments thou must meet thine end, by the unjust sword of the executioner. Yet it is given to thee to turn aside the decree against thee and this day to mount the throne of the Caliph. I offer thee thy choice: Death or the Caliphate."

At this moment Mesroul came up, his features distorted with fear and rage.

"Who art thou?" cried he.

"Ali."

"Hold, Mesroul," said Azreel. "You and I have stood together a long time; I have done many a stroke of work for you. Now, how will the Caliph take this. Just as likely you as Ali or both may die. Isn't it time to stop this? Heads are playthings, it seems. If you will walk straight up to the Caliph and strike him one below, when he condemns Ali, I will finish him. Proclaim Ali; be Grand Vizier yourself—the body guard were devoted to Ali and will stand by you."

Mesroul reflected a moment.

"There is no time to be lost; we will do it," cried he.

"Stop," said Ali, "You are a fool; I would rather be killed than the Caliph. Finish this woful drama."

"As you will, Hakim," said Mesroul calmly, and then added in a loud, stern voice, "Slaves, lead this traitor and sorcerer to the Audience-Chamber."

The story was soon told by Mesroul that no sooner did Selina behold the sorcerer than she cried out and died.

Haroun was overwhelmed with grief and rage.

"Lead him to death," commanded he.

"Hast thou no favour to ask," whispered Azreel.

"Yes, to speak to my brother."

Azreel whispered to Mahmoud, who, as Governor of the City, was present. Instantly Mahmoud said aloud, "I, as Governor, will see him executed." Going to him, he pretended to see to his bonds. "Mahmoud," said the condemned, "I am Ali, take the ring from my finger and keep it. It is thine own. It had been better had I perished with Solyman."

Mahmoud drew the ring from his finger and murmured, "Farewell," and withdrew.

Ali knelt in prayer, and laid his head on the block. Azreel knelt down by him and whispered, "It is not yet too late. Shall I withhold the stroke of fate?"

"Heaven forbid," said Ali, "do your duty."

Azreel raised up and let fall his Scimiter, and the head of Ali rolled in the dust.

Taking his head by the hair, he held it aloft and cried with a loud voice and a doubtful smile, "This is the head of a traitor!"

Up to the time of the execution of Ali, Mahmoud had lived a life of great success. The Caliph seemed to contend with fortune, in aggrandizing Mahmoud, who became known as "the Fortunate." He sent caravans across the desert and they returned with incredible profits; he bought and the articles rose in value; the Caliph seemed delighted to overflow the full cup of his prosperity. But above all, in the society of Zuleima, whose wisdom equalled her beauty, Mahmoud found the fullness of bliss.

The death of Ali, and his rejection of the favour of Azreel, which the quick perception of Mahmoud instantly comprehended, sent a cold thrill to his heart. He felt that death could not be the worst of human ills, though he had in himself realized only the bright side of life. He mourned his brother, more for his unhappiness, than his death. "How wretched must he have been to have rejected life," said Mahmoud.

As he conferred with himself in sorrow, he was aware that Azreel stood before him. "Mahmoud," said the Angel, "thou hast received a lesson. Art thou willing to rejoin thy brothers? I have come to show thee the road."

"Azreel," replied Mahmoud, "I have learned that thou art the minister of mercy, as well as of vengeance, but I pray thee, seek some one who

needs thine aid; I do not wish to leave a world to me so full of happiness."

"Thy wish is granted," said Azreel, "nevertheless, this day, thou wilt repent it. Adieu." So speaking, he vanished.

Mahmoud reflected on the uncertain tenure of life. "Ali!" he exclaimed, "how partial are the gifts of fortune. When the sage Selim left me so many blessings, why did he not leave to me also that elixir of life, which, by perpetuating the days of Zuleima, would have rendered me secure against the assaults of fortune."

With these thoughts he sought Zuleima, and repeating them to her, bemoaned the fatuity of Selim, who, wretched himself, could not believe that the happiness of others could be abiding.

"My father was a wise man," gently said Zuleima, "but could he have witnessed the happiness of Mahmoud and Zuleima, he would have bequeathed to them the elixir of life."

With tender endearments Zuleima soothed his sorrow, but when Mahmoud had gone to his post as Governor of the City, she reflected on his words. She had often assisted her father in the preparation of the elixir, and it struck her, that in his laboratory she might find that phial of rock-crystal, in which if a few drops remained, her object might be gained, and life greatly prolonged, if not perpetuated. With hasty steps and eager hands she applied to the door of the laboratory, the key of which had been guarded by her with jealous care. There among the disused implements of science, on a dusty shelf, stood a crystal phial, filled with a liquor glowing with lambent light. She quickly poured out a draught of the fluid and drank it. "Mahmoud, thy wish is granted," she exclaimed.

Zuleima at first felt flying through her veins throbs of intense delight, which were succeeded by a sensation of delicious languor. Throwing herself upon a cushion, she cast around her eyes, which fell upon a scroll, until then unobserved. Taking it up she read as follows:

"To Mahmoud and Zuleima.

"Beloved children,

"I have destroyed the elixir of life, fatal to happiness; but I have left in the crystal vial the wonderful elixir of gold, which transmutes all things into that precious metal, which will ward off want. Health and peace.

"SELIM."

Zuleima pressed the scroll to her forehead for a moment, to realize the full extent and scope of this wonderful revelation. Already she felt her hands and feet growing icy cold. She rose, and closing the door of the laboratory, sent at once for Mahmoud. When he arrived, she had barely time to explain to him her fatal mistake. "Mahmoud, do not mourn for me. It was thy love that made me desire life beyond the decree of fate. Seeking for more than was ordained, I have lost what might have fallen to my lot. Be patient, Mahmoud. Be resigned, and in brighter realms we may be reunited."

With these words she expired, and left her husband in distraction. In vain he implored a word, a look; in vain, invoked Azreel to restore his wife and take all his other blessings. When the women came to remove the body, it was found converted into solid gold.

Mahmoud still had all the choicest gifts of fortune, but after the loss of Zuleima, he seemed able to enjoy none of them.

Haroun Al Raschid, who had a great regard for Mahmoud, at last sent for him, and thus spoke to him:

"My friend! It is useless to struggle against the Past. It is beyond our reach. Look forward. What will lighten your grief?"

"My Lord," said Mahmoud sadly, "my wound is past medicine, but I do not struggle—I submit."

"Mahmoud!" said Haroun, "there is no cure for sorrow like action. The ungrateful Afghans, not satisfied with the 'best government the world ever saw,' have revolted. Take an army, reduce them, return with hope in thy heart, and happiness will await thee."

"To hear is to obey," sighed Mahmoud, and the next day he was "at the head of the finest army on the planet." Having two hundred thousand men and the Afghans having fifty thousand,