

down over her beforehand the stone of our family vault. I would have stood over it with a gun in my hand. But my own family have betrayed me! Behind my back a plot was woven for something worse than my murder; and my wife, my daughter were in the plot! They are nothing now to me! Lying entered my house. . . . For you a wretched girl renounced her father, renounced her religion. Nor was it to your God that she gave herself, but to a man—to yourself! Her God was yourself; if you did not understand that, it was because you would not understand it. My daughter made herself an idol of flesh and blood. Take her away!"

He brandished his stick and was gone, having allowed no interruption, without consenting to listen to one word.

The priest saw him in the courtyard of La Prée, seated motionless upon a stone, with his arms crossed and his hat drawn over his eyes, when he went, followed by a long procession of peasants singing psalms in chorus, to fetch that body which had been thrown to him with a curse.

This time he entered by the great folding door. The mother was sobbing, her face hidden in the curtains of that virgin couch which had witnessed so prolonged an agony; she did not raise her head. Little Suzette, upon a step of the staircase, looked in terror out of her large black eyes—the eyes of Simone—as those whom her father called robbers completed the abduction. And old Le Huguët, when the funeral train returned, stirred not from his place in the sun, but seemed petrified. The white banner carried by young girls, which waved over the hedges, was lost in the distance, the voices growing fainter and fainter, died away: nothing more was heard than the distant and melancholy sound of a knell ringing in the village belfry. The old Huguenot was still there, with dry eyes and clenched fists, contemplating the first defection of which one being of his race had given an example. "Abjured!" muttered he in the same tone that a soldier would have said "Deserted!"

He had forbidden his family and servants to appear either at the church or in the churchyard. The concourse was none the less at Simone's burial. The whole Catholic population of Arc-sur-Loire made it a pretext for a religious manifestation; better still, they forgot their usual parsimony so far as to subscribe (the poorest giving his penny) for a fine stone cross to recall upon this grave wrested from the camp of the Protestants the semi-miraculous conversion of a Le Huguët.

## IX.

THE funeral monument is already blackened by the hand of the winters; the farm of La Prée retains its old aspect of hostile isolation—of cold, symmetrical prosperity; but for many years no one has heard anything of Vicar Fulgentius.

After the conquest which did him so much honour he was no longer the same man; every one observed it. Pale, sad, and unceasingly pre-occupied, was he thinking over that furious malediction from the head of the family, who came to seek him right at the foot of the altar? Or had the immaterial betrothed, to whom he had given himself for eternity, returned too often to remind him of their meeting-place? Who can say whether during these hours of meditation, which he more and more prolonged, beneath the arbour where that letter had been handed to him summoning him to La Prée for the first time, he did not see passing between him and his breviary her who said, "I will never leave you again."

Perhaps she showed herself thereafter, not in that shroud-like dress, consumed before the grave by a hopeless passion, but young, beautiful, alive—the Simone of the locked diary. One evening Ursula saw her master throw into the fire, in a desperate way, as he would have burned some engine of witchcraft, a note-book bound in Persian morocco. But this execution did not suffice to give him back his freedom of mind, his militant and resolute temper. He had no more confidence either in himself or his calling; thoughts beset him which were not his own, but plainly those of Simone communicated, whispered into his ear; the noble zeal which had inflamed him of yore had spent itself in a first excess. Abruptly, to flee from the indefinable remorse that harassed his soul, he asked to be sent to a smaller, more sequestered parish than Arc-sur-Loire. His bishop granted this request, which seemed to be dictated by profound humility. But Fulgentius was to push still further his taste for self-effacement, his dread of responsibilities. He soon afterwards forsook the active ministry; the report spread that he had vanished in the depths of one of those Carthusian monasteries where the last particle of will, the smallest fragment of initiative is sacrificed; where, under the stern yoke of an unbending rule, there is no risk of going astray, of doing evil while thinking to do good. But what walls are high enough to bar the way against a remembrance—that ghost that nothing can lay.

M. L. ROUSE, *reddidit*.

It is odd to notice how difficult it is for a writer to make any change, however slight, in his signature, after it has once got into the title-page of a book. Just now, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has dropped a W. out of the middle, and Mr. Brander Matthews, who has dropped a J. from the beginning of his name, are often annoyed by seeing themselves referred to as Mr. E. W. Gosse and Mr. J. B. Matthews. Most people have already forgotten that Bayard Taylor was once J. Bayard Taylor, and that Bret Harte signed his first book F. Bret Harte. In like manner, Mr. Austin Dobson has dropped an H. and Mr. Laurence Hutton a J., while Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse was formerly W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and Mr. Bronson Howard once parted his name with a C. Charles Dickens had left behind him two initials, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave up a fourth name when he entered into literature.

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE Toronto WEEK has made a good impression, and occupies a position of no small influence in the Dominion.—*The American*.

NAPOLEON the Little was carried to the throne of France by a sea of blood, and was swept away by the same force. The Tory party of Canada obtained power by commercial depression, and the same relentless influence will tear it from their grasp.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

THE Federation scheme may have attractions for a few of our "aristocracy," who would like above all things a seat in the "Lords"; but the mass of the people in Canada, as in all the Colonies, believe that the present system will do much better.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

As to the immediate future of business in our own country there is certainly no reason for desponding. The movement of goods may be comparatively slow, and the aggregate trade less than in some past years, but there is less risk in operating, from the fall in prices, and less risk too from bad debts, thanks to the caution which traders continue to observe.—*Montreal Gazette*.

AND still all political roads seem to lead to New York. Supposing the October States go their "natural" ways—Ohio, Republican and West Virginia, Democratic—it will become morally certain that the winning candidate must have the vote of New York, and that prospect would make such a battle there as tires one to think of. However, there is yet time for a good many things to happen.—*American Paper*.

A CORRESPONDENT having written to Mr. Bright with regard to an extract from one of his speeches on the franchise question which the Tories have lately been placarding in various parts of the country, the right hon. gentleman has replied that the extract as it is used is a fraud upon the electors—practically a lie—as the Tory leaders know, although they permit of, and probably encourage, its circulation.—*Manchester Examiner*.

DURING all the turmoil, all the excitement, all the numerous happenings of this peculiar campaign, there is at least one man—and he as much interested as any one possibly can be—who neither shirks, avoids nor puts off his regular duties. That man is Grover Cleveland of New York. While the governors of nearly all the other States have taken the platform on one side or the other, Governor Cleveland, having greater personal interest at stake than all the rest, has remained constantly at his post of public duty.—*Boston Globe*.

HEAVEN forbid that Canada should ever elect a President if we should be at all likely to go about it in the same way as our neighbours in the United States. Hereafter a decent and self-respecting man might well be excused for declining a nomination from either party on the simple ground that he was not disposed to make himself a mark for every form of insult and brutality. To ask a man to go through a Presidential contest is like asking him to perambulate for months amid the stench and filth of the sewers of some great city.—*Montreal Star*.

PUTTING this out of question, then, and dealing only with what is certain, the position appears to be as follows. Dependent in the most literal sense of the words on other countries for our daily bread, and obliged, therefore, to guard our food supplies in case of war; with a vast commerce to protect, and with no defence but the navy—not having a great standing army as other European countries have—we have an iron-clad fleet which is somewhat superior to that of France, but may before long be equalled, if not surpassed, by her, and an unarmoured fleet larger than hers, but in no way adequate to the work it would have to do in war.—*Saturday Review*.

THERE are more profitable modes of spending time than casting the eye down the list of dates in search of the figures '84, with a view to becoming a public nuisance when they are found. Almost everything, as it has been justly remarked, may have happened in all past time. The lady who declined altogether to read history because her motto was "Let bygones be bygones" cannot be held up as a model to the virtuous youth of both sexes. Yet there is something in the flavour of her remark which is comforting to an anniversary-ridden age. There is a great deal of possible knowledge which ought to be neglected, like the weight of the elephant in the Cambridge problem.—*Saturday Review*.

WE published on Saturday last an account of the pamphlet in which the German General Von der Goltz maintains that in the next invasion of France cavalry must be employed on a great scale, and that serious battles of cavalry and horse-artillery only may be expected. This is known to be the view favoured by the scientific German Staff; and on Tuesday the *Times* described the great manœuvres going on near Cologne, in which the Rhineland and Westphalian Corps d'Armée are engaged. They were remarkable for the great position assigned to the cavalry, which on the first day had the whole of the work to do, not a rifle being fired, and the whole of the infantry being employed in "mere strategical manœuvring." It is known, moreover, that one great reliance of the Russian Staff against invasions by Germany is on the great numbers of cavalry they habitually keep ready for concentration in Poland. The Germans cannot rival them in this arm. If this view is correct, the revival of cavalry campaigning will greatly increase the expense of armies and the calamities of war. Cavalry can never be cheap, even in a conscript service; and a mass of cavalry moving in an enemy's territory must desolate it. It cannot keep up the needful speed and carry stores, and must, therefore, live by requisitions, which, when the number of horsemen rise high, blight a district like a flight of locusts.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.