

it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you, then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw him. But if I could talk to my father, he would understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what he told me."

"But he doesn't mean himself," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I don't believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy couldn't talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know, however, that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English; it is their own Shakespeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of which I shall attempt to report by-and-by. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakespeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them.

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me, I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; I'm not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? You may be dead, for anything I know, but I am not—I know that."

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled

with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried. "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it. I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw him, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"It's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried:

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying:

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessions? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

### To be continued.

A NOVEL CARRIAGE.—On the night of the ball given by the Duchess of Argyll at Inverary, owing to the great demand for carriages, resource was had in one instance to a novel expedient. A daughter of Mr. Richardson, of the yacht "Selene," and another young lady were conveyed ashore in the dingy, or large punt, belonging to the yacht, which was provided with an awing, protecting above and around the sides, from the rain. The crew of the yacht then carried the punt with the young ladies to and from the pavilion.

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

### LILLYMERE.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"Order hither my saddle and valise. That is well. The valise has already been rummaged for rebel papers, as you'd term them; that is not so well. But the old soiled packet remains. Now it is opened, read. On this child's coral is your full name, Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, with date of birth. And this locket, worn by Essel Bell, the girl stranger from America, then with you at Ogleburn Castle in Scotland; (time of your mother's absence to find your father on a battle-field.) This locket bears the name of Essel Bell, now the Donna Eurydia, who so madly loves young Lillymere—you, Captain. That coral and locket were attached to the dress of the babe when stolen from Essel. That babe was you, Captain. Are you satisfied?"

"No, I'm not satisfied."

"Not likely you should be. For, though personal identity be found, the misfortune of illegitimacy might still be yours. The mother who gave you birth might have been—"

"Villain! What have you to say of that mother? Weigh well the words before you defame her. I have seen no mother but in dreams; but she was a pure being, and now a saint, living or not living. Say on; say on; you distract me."

"I meant to convey to you that though identity be proved by things, marks, and testimony of persons, the question of legitimacy remains. Other claimants, with whom I've been concerned with a view to learn what they allege, say you are illegitimate."

"Oh, mother! pure being, whom I never saw but in dreams, this is not so. Mother, come from the dead and tell it is not so!"

"Patience, Captain. Here is a document, rising from the dead as it were, proving you legitimate. I may say rising from the dead, seeing I'm to be shot by twelve, or lynched by one. This is the certificate of the marriage of Colonel Lillymere, your father, with Edith Ogleburn, your mother, dated a year before you were born, and witnessed on the day of the marriage by those present; of whom were Rosa Myther, your mother's own maid, now my housekeeper. With her own hands Rosa Myther stitched that certificate in your mother's blue satin corset with four thousand pounds sterling, on the lady going abroad to a field of war. With her own hands Rosa Myther unstitched the marriage-paper and the four thousand pounds from the satin corset, found old and soiled in a bale of rags at a paper-mill in Canada. Its subsequent vicissitudes I need not now relate. But Rosa lives to identify it, and prove the marriage."

The Redbolt paced the confined space of the tent uneasily, the Guerilla gazing on him with unwinking eye. He stooped, and confronting the prisoner, demanded:

"El Abra, you think to reduce me to feeble compliance with your designs. The magnetic power which has served so well in the profession of magician, universal doctor, financier, conspirator, and all the rest of your marvellous doings is directed on me, I feel and acknowledge. But I resist the magnetic influence which your unexpected disclosures have artfully prepared my sensitive nature to yield to."

The Guerilla smiled, and continued to gaze silently, the Redbolt again pacing in hurried, broken steps. Smiling his own breast, he cried:—

"No, El Abra. You'd have me desert this command, escape to Canada, and so facilitate your ulterior designs on frontier of the Northern States? Do I judge that terrible will arise?"

"You judge truly. That is the will of El Abra."

"You have broken the spell, magician. Spoken, when the art of deception required silence."

"I address your reason rather than constrain you by will of magnetic magic."

"Left to the freedom of my own will I resist the affront to reason."

"Yet some who are highly esteemed by you sympathize with the South."

"They may admire the martial spirit of the South, so do I. They may by anticipation deplore the ruined fortunes of the fallen, but they are poor in sagacity who, in Canada or in Great Britain, take side with rebellions anywhere; least of all this rebellion in the United States."

"Forgo the public policy of the question, Captain; and reach private interests. Don't you perceive in the proofs of identity and legitimacy just disclosed that you are within a step of the estates and peerage of your father's ancestors?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Accept the honours and fortune lying at your feet. Marry this charming young Amazon, Miss Schoolar, your prisoner; or the older, but not less charming, Donna Essel Bell Eurydia. Or go first to England in person, acquire your rights, then marry—yes, I'd prefer Miss Schoolar. But for her superb riding, audacious courage, vehement small hand, you'd be now lying stark and stiff, dead."

"You'd have me be traitor to the cause and country I serve? Betray my trust on this farthest out-post of the army of the United States?"

"Why not? The cause isn't yours. The country isn't yours."

"El Abra, conscience is mine. Honour is mine. Retain the packet of alleged proofs relating to Lillymere. I'm Simon Lud until this war is over."

"Perchance you think they'll be yours anyway, when I'm court-martialed to-morrow and shot at twelve, or, failing that, lynched by your men at one?"

"No, sir; I'll go beg your life."

One of the Deputy-Provost-Marshal entered the tent. He held a written paper, and looking fiercely at the prisoner, said:

"So this is the sanguinary rebel El Abra? Make short work with him. He is to be hung at day-break. Not to be honoured with martial death, the cut-throat assassin, but hanged. If the Provost Guard be otherwise engaged at that hour, this is your written instruction, Captain Lud. That fellow, El Abra, is to be hung dead, at 5 a. m."

Conversation ended suddenly. Field batteries of the nation moving to new positions in deal of the night; battalions moving to places in brigades; brigades to their divisions in army corps; all essaying to occupy positions unseen by the enemy, came in collision without intention, mingling with moving columns of the insurgent hosts.

They grappled in close combat, capturing portions of each other's field trains, ambulance, commissariat. In the unintended concussion a few of the batteries in hands of men exasperated, thundered and flashed in the darkness.

At the sound both armies sprang to arms and would have joined in common battle only for not knowing whom they might slay; man in blue or man in grey.

The smaller rattling of rifley and louder resounding of artillery came out of the woods across a plain, and into other woods to the camp of the Redbolts. Striking into ears of the alert, suggestively of vigilance. Striking on hearts of the timid; on nerves of the sick and newly wounded; on disturbed expectancy; on distracted uncertainty; giving premonitory intimation of events about to occur, sanguinary, terrible.

And stoutest hearts and heads, the profoundest in sagacity, discerned dread events in the inhuman impetuosity of the midnight commotion.

Old sin, mother of death, in throes giving birth to the appalling progeny of the morn.

Nature in travail giving birth to a morning to be ever memorable in the anniversaries of heroes.

Beauteous young America, inheritor of physical and moral splendours illimitable; daughter nation nursed in liberty of thought at the bosom of British Empire; illustrious bride of accidents, in the crisis of divorce from an alliance with old iniquity, not of her choosing when accepted in the days that were.

The echoes of the night combat called the Redbolt Captain outside the tent to listen with Tass Cass, estimating the probable distance and locality of the cannonade. Said the Captain:

"In this emergency, Sergeant, I appoint you lieutenant provisionally, in place of Mr. Hiram Orde, killed in action. If this firing continues half an hour, or within that time comes nearer, sound the company to boot and saddle. I go to consult with the General of division on duties of urgency, if he can be found. If I'm detained and no order arrive to the contrary, you will fall in the whole at four-thirty, a. m. Tell off a fatigue party to dig a grave for El Abra's body—the Guerilla prisoner now within this tent. You are at five a. m. to hang him dead on the limb of this tree. When he is dead decapitate the body. His leonine head with mane and beard uncut is to be preserved."

After a pause the Captain continued:

"Such the orders given me. I add this of myself which is to be truly done under your own eye, or with your own hand, Tass Cass: Take his valise with the entire contents, every article belonging him, except the saddle; throw them in the grave; bury them under the body. Let nothing fall, or be abstracted from the valise. A packet of diabolical charms of magic, not to be opened at peril of your life, you are to specially see in the grave, underneath the body; clothes to be buried also. Your promotion as lieutenant and my good-will may be secured only by doing this with scrupulous exactitude as now directed."

"All shall be well and truly done, Captain. On the honour of a Redbolt I promise."

Which said, the Captain and Tass Cass—a tall thin grim bearded man of thirty from