

her words in a different sense to what she intended, while he strove to draw her towards him, "I have strength and courage to defend both thee and me."

But she broke loose again from his grasp, and covering her face with both her hands sank dejectedly at his feet. "No! no!" she repeated. "I can not! I will not! I am not like my sister!" and her voice shook, as in despairing accents she wailed: "Ilia! why canst thou not defend thy bride!"

Deeply distressed Werner had bent over her. Suddenly he felt a hand laid upon his arm, he looked up, and Ilia stood before him. A gloomy fire burned in his eyes, and in the same haughty tone with which he had surprised the hunters on their departure from his village the day before, he addressed the young Secretary:

"Eurikleia is my bride. What dost thou want with her? It is my duty to defend her, and I will defend her against all, even against thee!"

So saying, with unexpected resolution he raised the fainting girl from the ground and bore her through the line of startled monks and astonished hunters within the precincts of the monastery to the porter's dwelling, where two women, who had been curious and interested spectators of the scene, soon busied themselves compassionately in attending to the unconscious maiden.

A few hastily spoken words sufficed to make the Abbot acquainted with the events of the previous night and morning, whilst the ex-chasseur and some of the others held back and endeavoured to pacify the angry and disappointed Turk.

Cyrril listened thoughtfully, his eyes looking inquiringly from the little group at the door of the porter's lodge to the perplexed and troubled Secretary whose gaze was still fixed upon the unconscious form. Then he turned to Demir Keran and in quiet but commanding tones bade him trouble the maiden no further; here in the monastery she was under the protection of the Abbot, a gendarme who could not produce the written order of the governor had no authority over any one, and as far as the Greek girl was concerned, he, the Abbot, would take an opportunity of discussing the affair with "his friend" the Pasha; until then Eurikleia should remain in the monastery, and he forbade, by virtue of his dignity and his office, anyone to do her harm. "Servants," he concluded by saying, "servants should not forget that they are servants, and that the Abbot of Kokosh can be with the Pasha of Isakcha in a couple of hours and is wont to be received there as a friend of the house."

"And now," he added, addressing the hunters, while the gravity which had lent an air of austerity to his features gave place to a most courteous and captivating smile, "may it please you to enter, my friends? Your meal awaits you, a simple one, it is true, but one given from the heart. Refresh yourselves with food and drink, afterwards we will talk over your plans of to-morrow. May Heaven bless the feet which pass this threshold."

And hastening before the hunters with a still light and vigorous step the Abbot led them to the spacious hall, where the servants and lay-brothers had placed upon the carpet-covered floor, the earthenware dishes containing the Bulgarian national dish, rice with paprika and a few lean fowls.

The Secretary, who moved as if in a dream or under the influence of some potent drug, had seized the arm of his friend the Engineer and followed the others, not knowing very well what he was doing. The Berliner rallied him, as was his wont, upon his success with the pretty Greek, and assured him that he would think twice ere he chose him as a defender of his future bride.

As they entered the hall, the last of the party, the Abbot, laid his hand slowly and almost solemnly upon Werner's shoulder. The Secretary looked up startled, and as if suddenly aroused from sleep. The fatherly, benevolent look which met his gaze had a wonderfully calming and soothing effect upon his excited and troubled feelings.

"My young friend," said Cyrril with a gentle voice, "in this land old age has a privilege, in every land it has a claim upon the courtesy of youth. Before you depart from this monastery, whether for the chase, or to recross the Danube, I should like much to speak with you. Up yonder," and he pointed to a balcony overgrown with flowers opposite the porter's lodge, and overlooking the convent garden, "up yonder, behind that balcony, my cell is situated. May I expect to see you there?" and smiling pleasantly, he added: "I live among the flowers until I shall sleep beneath them. You are fond of roses, you will find the fairest roses of Bulgaria with me; but, please remember my young friend, that these fragrant roses of mine are not intended to be plucked," and with a friendly greeting the Abbot left the hall.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

LEGAL ENACTMENT AGAINST VICE.

The following extract from a letter to the *London Times* may be wholesome reading for those who have been charging others with being friendly to vice because they object to the diffusion of contaminating ideas. It is written by J. Llewellys Davies, a name well known and highly respected in connection with moral and social reform:

It must be perplexing to many persons to find that so grave a difference of opinion exists among those to whose authority they would naturally defer on such a subject, with regard to the revelations of brutal wickedness with which the air has lately been poisoned. It is certain that you, Sir, for whose reticence and sound advice your readers owe you grateful thanks,

represent a predominant opinion among the wiser laity. I venture to speak with the same pleasure of the comments of the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*. Let me add that almost every clergyman with whom I have conversed on the subject has deplored and condemned in the strongest manner the free unveiling of things over which it has been hitherto usual to draw a cover of decency. A master of a great public school has spoken to me with emotion of the irreparable mischief being done by this tearing aside of veils. On the other hand I am afraid it must be admitted that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, and even the Bishop of Durham, condone—if they do not applaud—the publication of this new apocalypse of evil, on the ground that some such exposure was necessary, and is likely to lead on the whole to good results. There must be two reasons for this difference. The harm likely to be done by the publication and the good likely to be done by the agitation are alike differently estimated. Allowance must be made for women whose brains become heated by the horrors of which they read, and who have not the comparative knowledge of evil which many men are compelled to acquire. But it is astonishing that religious men of large experience should feel themselves justified in setting at naught the traditions of civilization and morality. Upon the new principle now advocated it would be right for sermons to be continually full of the most revolting statements, and for newspapers to print all the evidence, medical and other, given in the most nauseous criminal trials. . . . It is incomprehensible to me that so much should be expected from amendments of the law as must be expected by those who are justifying such disclosures and such an agitation. For more than thirty years I have been in contact with the most degraded class of the population in the east and the north-west of London, and I have at least struggled enough against the wickedness of which I have become aware to know by experience what the chief difficulties are with which we have to contend. I am very far from holding that the law can do nothing to repress vice. . . . But there are three distinct arguments against hoping too confidently that immorality will be repressed by more stringent enactments:—(1) There is the difficulty of finding a prosecutor. (2) If a prosecutor is found, it is very difficult to obtain evidence which will be held conclusive in a court. Once when I got a bad fellow punished the magistrate said to me he was glad there was no chance of an appeal against his sentence on the ground of the insufficiency of the evidence. (3) There is the danger of an enactment doing unintended harm. To make it an easily punishable offence for a man to speak to a woman with an immoral purpose would almost certainly produce an abundant crop of conspiracies against innocent men; but if the soliciting stopped short of the molestation against which the law is effective now, it would be very unlikely to be brought to the notice of the police."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE holiday book of Ticknor and Company will be a magnificent illustrated edition of Byron's "Childe Harold."

M. ZOLA's new book, "L'Œuvre," is described by the author as "une étude de psychologie très fouillée et de profonde passion."

THE pavilion of Henry IV. at St. Germain has been turned into a restaurant, and people dine in the very room in which Louis XIV. was born.

ROBERTS BROTHERS propose to publish a series of translations from the novels of Balzac; and as the first of the series will bring out "Père Goriot."

A NEW and complete "Life of General Grant," by E. E. Brown, author of "Life of Garfield," will be published immediately by D. Lothrop and Company.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE's reply to the critics of "The Freedmen's Case in Equity," will appear in the September *Century* under the title, "The Silent South."

"THE DUCHESS"—whose works are popular because all the world likes love-stories prettily told in a playful way—is an Irish lady. Her name is Mrs. Argelles.

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY have arranged to issue Archdeacon Farrar's sermon on Grant delivered at Westminster Abbey on the 4th inst. The Archdeacon is expected to lecture in Toronto Shaftesbury Hall about the middle of next month.

FOUR years ago the public welcomed J. G. Fitch's "Lectures on Teaching," delivered in the University of Cambridge in 1880. Macmillan and Company have now brought out a new edition, with a short preface by an American normal teacher; and we recommend the book for its sensible thought and readable style.

THE announcement is made (*Globe*) that the *Chicago Current* has suspended. No particulars have appeared up to the time of going to press, and the incident is inexplicable in face of an announcement, made a short time ago, that the *Current* had earned \$7,000 during the past year. The defunct journal—if defunct it be—was conducted with conspicuous ability, and its suspension is a loss to the higher literature of this continent.

PERSONS desirous of purchasing copies of the book written by General Grant should be careful to see that the book offered them is not a history of General Grant written by someone else. There has been a large output of biographies of the great soldier, many of them excellent works no doubt, but purchasers who want only General Grant's book should not be deceived by similar titles or take for granted that the book offered is the book they desire.—*Current*.

THE first edition (150,000 copies) of "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," which Charles L. Webster and Company of New York are to publish, is now in the hands of the printers, and the first volume will be ready for delivery in December. A second edition, at least as large as the first, is already made necessary. It is understood that Mrs. Grant is to receive seventy-five per cent. of the profit of the book in America, and eighty-five per cent. of that from abroad.

IN the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 15th there appeared a letter from Mr. Thomas Ritchie, of Ottawa, pointing out what he considered "an omission in the Queen's Speech," viz.: that the address contained no reference to the late North-West rebellion. He fears that the omission on the part of her Majesty's advisers might occasion some chagrin to the more sensitive of his fellow-colonists. It is, perhaps, somewhat remarkable that an opportunity to indulge in Jingo talk was missed by the Salisbury Cabinet.