

feebly on the outstretched arms of his chair, and both were silent longer than we knew.

"You see no way then?" he asked, at length, in a weary, hopeless tone.

"Of finding this man?"

"Yes, and of shaking him off."

"I see none yet. It would take time."

He opened his eyes and pulled himself upright by the arms of his chair, asking with a look of entreaty that I never saw on his face before:

"Are you willing to help me? You shall be amply compensated. You understand that it is only another phase of this unconscionable disease, and to be rid of it will help me more than anything else in the world."

The unsteady voice and broken manner of this hitherto immovable man, filled me with a strange compassion. The breaking down of a brave man is a thousand times more pitiful than the driveling of a coward. Who could sound the depths of this man's suffering? Under the stress of compassion, and without realizing how far I was compromising myself, I answered:

"If I can, and all that I can."

"Thank you," said he, letting himself back and closing his eyes again with the air of a man essaying to rest his burden upon another. It could not be done, but if there was any satisfaction in trying, why, let him try! Here or hereafter he would come to know that the thing he called disease, had another name.

After an interval, absorbed in one of his habitual or constitutional fits of abstraction, he aroused himself saying, impressively, "We must begin at once." Already it was "we," not "I."

"Begin what?"

"Our search. We lost him in Mauna Loa. Advertisements have proved unavailing. We cannot go ourselves. Suppose we send an agent, a live man with the ability and perseverance to find. . . , even in the heart of the crater if need be."

"Wait a little. Can you describe the man?"

"Oh, yes," musingly, "I have seen him so much, first and last, that his face is more familiar to me than my own. At first it was a pleasant face, fair as a girl's, with curling, reddish-brown hair and beard. At last it was coarse, bloated, red, and his eyes—well—they were hideous," he said, with an effort to repress a shudder; and he put up his hands as if to shut out or thrust aside something that obstructed his vision.

"And his name?"

"Lyon; Robert Lyon."

"Has he no relatives?"

"None. His father died when the boy was quite young. His mother married again, and died years ago in Massachusetts."

I was about to ask another question, when I heard, Agnes's voice in the next room.

"Hush," said Joel Dyer, keenly alive. "She has returned. Not a word to her."

The next moment Agnes stood in the door-way, her hat in her hand, and a happy light on her fine face.

"Playing yet?" she said, cheerily, glancing at the open board, the cornered kings, and their guardians. "Why, father, did you let him defeat you?" knowing that the red men were invariably his.

"Yes, certainly," answered Joel Dyer, quite his old imperturbable self again. "He must be encouraged now and then, or he would refuse to play, you know." Never was man more completely masked, but now that I had seen behind the mask, that face could never again be the same to me.

Having no longer an excuse for remaining, and in fact, glad of a pretense to escape, (for I saw Agnes regarding her father watchfully, and looking keenly at me, as if she detected something unusual,) I rose to go, and Mr. Dyer rose also. He thanked me for coming, adding, courteously:

"You can afford to come again soon, since you have defeated me so thoroughly, at this sitting."

"And give you an opportunity to return the compliment?"

"Of course."

"Probably I shall need a discipline of some sort. Uninterrupted success is rarely good for any man."

And so we parted. Agnes accompanied me to the hall-door, I busily talking, and for the first time refusing to meet her eyes, which I knew were studiously seeking mine, to ask a question she would not put into words. I was vexed with Mr. Dyer, for getting me into a position where I could not be perfectly frank with her. She had entreated me to help her, and I had promised. Her father had volunteered the information we were both seeking, and then effectually stopped my mouth. He too, wanted my help, and I had imprudently promised. How could I help him and Agnes not know? How could I help her and be true to him?

As the result of a long walk—for I went a round-about way home—and the soothing influence of a cigar—for I sometimes allayed my vexation and perplexity in that way—I came to my own door, and to the conclusion that I must run the risk of being misunderstood by Agnes, and trust to results for my justification. All the while this sharp discussion was going on upon the surface of my consciousness, under it I kept hearing, "Robert Lyon!" "Robert Lyon!" repeated and repeated, like the steady beating of my own heart. The name seemed as familiar as my breath, and yet I could not say that I had ever heard it before.

Feeling a little like a haunted man, I stealthily entered my office and endeavored to collect my wits.

Presently I discovered upon the table an open magazine,—the "North American Review": some one had been taking liberties. Tom, of course! Yes; along the margin ran a string of fine pencilings, which, upon inspection, resolved themselves into this:

"DEAR OLD CRUSTY:—Are you still incorporate? I seek you vainly by day and by night. Have you killed a patient and hung yourself? If you can be moved by mortal influences, read, I pray you, this article of mine in the 'Review'; and if I am to see you no more in the flesh, leave me your impressions on the opposite margin. TOM."

I read this, smiling at Tom's conceit, still repeating "Robert Lyon! Robert Lyon!" till suddenly it changed to "Bob Lyon! Bob Lyon!" That seemed even more familiar, and fraternized instantly with Tom's image, called up by his pencilings, till it ran into "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!" at such an alarming rate that I began to believe that there was something unwholesome in this Robert Lyon, as Joel Dyer averred; and that he had succeeded in shifting this veritable Old Man of the Mountain over upon me. Of course this explanation was scarcely satisfactory, for now it was "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon—Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon"—there were two of him.

I got up and took a huge draught of cold water, resolved to drown the thing; but as soon as I returned to my chair, it began again: "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!" "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!"

This was getting to be a serious matter. Suppose this Robert Lyon should go on appropriating names indefinitely, and saying them over and over to the exclusion of everything else? What a prospect! I reached for a handful of cigars, determined to smoke him out if it took till morning.

By the time I had succeeded in hiding myself in a cloud of smoke, my thoughts escaped to my school days, to the running accompaniment of "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!" trying to find among my classmates a Bob Lyon to account for the familiarity of the name and its quick appropriation of Tom Peebles. The more I was obscured, the clearer I grew. I was now certain that somewhere I had known a Bob Lyon, and that, somehow, he involved or evolved Tom Peebles. At my third cigar the remembrance burst upon me like a pistol shot. Tom Peebles had a half brother, a droll fellow, whose sayings Tom was forever quoting during our college days, and his name was Bob Lyon. An electric shock could not have brought me to my feet sooner. No wonder the names coalesced; they were halves of a whole.

I threw away my cigar—I had smoked enough to last me a week—and sat down to face another question.

Could Joel Dyer's Robert Lyon and Tom Peeble's Bob Lyon be one and the same? Probably not. Joel Dyer's Robert must have been an older man. Tom's half brother I had never seen, so that Joel Dyer's description would not help my prognosis. I knew him only through Tom, who half worshipped this brilliant elder brother in enthusiastic boy-fashion. There had been one mother and two fathers, and Bob was five or six years older than Tom. It all came back, clear as daylight, now; and with it a kind of surprise that, fond and proud as Tom had ever been of Bob, he had not once mentioned his name to me since the renewal of our ancient friendship. With a feeling of relief I surmised that Tom's Bob Lyon was dead.

But going back over Joel Dyer's account, I came to the place where he said that he had forgotten the man, when something in the Rev. Mr. Peebles's voice and manner recalled, as by magic, that Robert Lyon. And my heart sank with the almost certainty that Tom's Bob was the man. Even if there was no other resemblance the half-blood told in voice and manner. If this be true, would it account for the singular antipathy Tom acknowledged and fought against? It was another link in the chain of probabilities.

But of course it was quite possible that two men could have the same intonations and the same gestures and never have seen or heard of each other; and in that hope I obliged myself to rest content until such time as doubt should be changed to certainty.

(To be continued.)

PRIESTLY MAGIC.

Darkness being almost an essential to these ancient media as to most modern ones—when from the consecrated stone, as Pliny says, "the gods arose in the blue wreaths of the burning incense, or when a phantasmagorical procession of the heathen deities passed athwart clouds of dust or smoke, the "phenomena" were due to the priestly students of nature, who must have used some arrangement of concave mirrors and lenses by which images of solid bodies and pictures could be thrown upon such cloud-curtains. When the vivid lights and the enchanting scenery faded to black night—in which by the lightning's flash were presented forms to make the stoutest tremble and the music of flutes, of trumpets, and of cymbals was drowned in thunder artificially produced and rumbling in solemn tones a-down the labyrinthine passages of the sacred caverns, and the earth would seem to tremble, the effect was merely an artifice of the priests further to impress the minds of their victims. A slight knowledge of mechanics would enable them to raise and depress the flooring of the caves, and that the priests adopted devices to this end has been proved by an examination of the Temple of Ceres, at Eleusis, where the floor was found to be much below the level of the portico. Afterwards grooves were discovered in the walls in which a false wooden floor might move up and down, and there were marble blocks at certain intervals, each containing holes at various heights for the wedges that fixed the flooring in its place. When Apollonius of Tyana, "the true friend of the gods," if not always the truthful one, visited India, and the sages there struck the ground in the temples of the gods with their magic wands, he who had been initiated at Athens into the Eleusinian mysteries well knew that signal to the stalwart arms below would set the floor upon which he stood heaving like the deck of a ship. When the Temple of Serapis, at Alexandria, was destroyed by order of Theodosius, it was found full of secret passages, and of machinery to aid in the impostures of the priests; and when those wily Egyptian retailers of the supernatural vaunted that their lamps would burn "for ever," they omitted one important fact, that from these were laid secret pipes leading to bituminous wells, and the lamps having asbestos wicks, which are incombustible, but would raise the oil, they might almost be said to be in a fair way to burn eternally.—*Literary Hour.*

At the meeting of the Andover alumni twenty-seven deaths of ministers were reported, of whom nineteen had lived to be seventy years old and upwards, and seven to be eighty or upwards. A verification of the Scripture, "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Centenary of the founding of Sunday-schools will be celebrated in 1881.

THE Rev. J. P. Holler, of Michigan is going to carry the red ribbon movement into Utah.

COOKERY is to be a regular branch of instruction in the schools of the London School Board.

THE Viceroy of Nanking, China, has degraded five high officers of state for indulging in opium smoking.

ANDOVER Theological Seminary has received a check for \$25,000 from an anonymous friend in Philadelphia.

As a result of a recent revival in the colored churches of Richmond, Va., 2,841 persons were baptized June 16.

THE "Christian Index" of Atlanta ventures the assertion that Romanism is losing more than it is gaining in Georgia.

ELEVEN young ladies are studying at the London Medical School in preparation for missionary work in India and Africa.

THE Jewish and Unitarian churches united recently in a town party at Kalamazoo, Mich., dividing the proceeds equally.

THE "Unitarian and Mixed Christian Churches," of the Connecticut River Valley, held a conference at Chicopee, Mass., June 20.

A TRANSLATION of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress has just been completed in the Russian language, and is published in a cheap popular edition.

THE Secretary of State at Washington has instructed the Consul at Tangiers, Morocco, to co-operate with representatives of other governments in behalf of the oppressed Israelites in the Empire of Morocco.

Rev. Mr. GOODRICH, of the North China mission of the American Board, anticipates a mighty religious movement in that immovable land, within the next quarter of a century as great as there has been in Japan.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL has in his new church in London a large and ornate pulpit of alabaster and marble enriched with mosaics including some stones he brought from Mars Hill, Athens, and from the Colosseum at Rome.

CITIZENS of Sterling, Ill., certify that there has been no license in that city for four years, during which time drunkenness has decreased 75 per cent., that the population shows more thrift, and that the city is more industrious and moral than ever before.

BELGIUM is almost as thoroughly Roman Catholic as Spain. But the liberal anti-clerical party was so completely triumphant in the elections, that the Pope has recalled his representative at Brussels. He will not give the light of his countenance to a country so hostile to his ideas.

OF the four hundred and fifty missionaries of the London City Mission, scattered throughout the metropolis, nine devote themselves to Foreigners. It has been computed that there are nearly one hundred thousand foreigners in London, about twenty-four thousand of whom are French and Italian, the former vastly outnumbering the latter.

It is estimated that there are some 75,000 Canadians residing in California and the Pacific States, and the lack of an organ to ventilate their views is a want which has just been removed by the incorporation at Oakland of the Dominion Publishing Company and the issue of a well conducted weekly paper named the "Dominion Press."

THE Rev. Mr. DeWitt, of Sturgis, Mich., at a recent temperance meeting held that it was perfectly right to drink liquor if a person wished to do so. The Presbyterian Church, of which he is pastor, thereupon notified him that his services would be needed no longer than the end of his year, which expires in a few weeks. Mr. DeWitt was thereupon presented with an easy chair by the liquor-sellers of Sturgis. Query: Does Mr. DeWitt prefer the endorsement of the liquor-dealers to that of the church?

THE correspondent at Rome of the London "Pall Mall Gazette" writes: "A Scotch physician long resident in Rome, coming out from an audience of the Pope the other day, said: 'Never have I seen such a change in any human being, unless produced by some physical illness. Cardinal Pecci was a tall, erect, well-knit figure, his presence was imposing, his gestures commanding, his voice sonorous and vibrating. Leo XIII. is a bent old man, his hand shakes as with palsy, his voice is hoarse, and the glance of his eye is uncertain and suspicious.'"

A PRIVATE letter from Florence tells how some one in the little village of Fontana Santa lately sent for a minister of the Free Evangelical Church of Italy, and announced the intention of all the people to turn Protestant. The minister hesitated, not understanding what the sudden conversion of a whole community meant, and thinking it must have some anti-clerical significance, but as they insisted on having him he finally went, and found all the population eagerly awaiting his coming. The first day he had to preach five times. He is still uncertain as to the meaning of the movement, but thinks it is, at any rate, a good opportunity of preaching the truth, and begs for the prayers of Christians that his work may be blessed.

At a meeting held in Edinburgh, the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland adopted a report, protesting against alleged "Sabbath desecration" on the part of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, in the one case by going to an island in Loch Maree, and in the other by a visit to Mr. Drew's famous stable of Clydesdales, at Merrytown, near Hamilton. The report congratulated the Alliance on the fact that the boatmen who usually ply on Loch Maree had refused to convey the Royal party, and that the hotelkeeper there had been obliged to employ his own servants. The committee were also pleased to find that the "worthy innkeeper at Achnasheen" had declined to allow his horses to be used in carrying letters to Loch Maree on the Lord's Day while the Queen was there, and they expressed deep grief "that the Royal family should so frequently manifest disregard for the sacred day of rest, which must inevitably encourage others to do so."