

now they kept the banquet in commemoration of the dead. When all the company had arrived, and had taken their places—the seats of the dead men being, as customary, left vacant—the hall-door was darkened, and the guests beheld Thorodd and his servants enter, dripping with water. All were gratified, for at that time it was considered a token of favourable acceptance with the goddess Rán if the dead men came to the wake; “and,” says the Suga writer, “though we are Christian men, and baptized, we have faith in the same token still.” The spectres walked through the hall without greeting any one, and sat down before the fire. The servants fled in all directions, and the dead men sat silently round the flames till the fire died out, then they left the house as they had entered it. This happened every evening as long as the feast continued, and some deemed that at the conclusion of the festivities the apparition would cease. The wake terminated, and the visitors dispersed. The fire was lighted as usual towards dusk, and in, as before, came Thorodd and his retinue, dripping with water; they sat down before the hearth, and began to wring out their clothes. Next came in the spectres of Thorir Stumpleg and the six who had died in bed after him, and had been buried; they were covered with mould, and they proceeded to shake the mould off their clothes upon Thorodd and his men.

The inmates of the house deserted the room, and remained without light and heat in another apartment. Next day the fire was not lighted in the hall, but in the other room; the furniture reckoning upon the ghosts keeping to the hall. But no! in came the spectral train, and upon the living men vacating their seats, the ghosts occupied them, and sat grimly looking into the red fire till it died out, whilst the terrified servants spent the evening in the hall.

On the third day two fires were kindled—one in the hall for the ghosts, and another in the small chamber for the living men; and so it had to be done throughout the whole of Yule.

Fresh disturbances now began in the fish closet, and it seemed as though a bull were among the fish, tossing them about; and this went on night and day. A man set the ladder against the stack, and climbed to the top. He observed emerging from the pile of stockfish a tail like that of a cow which has been singed, but soft and covered with hair like that of a seal. The fellow caught the tail and pulled at it, calling lustily for help. Up ran men and women, and all dragged at the tail, but none of them could pull it out; it seemed stiff and dead, yet suddenly it was whisked out of their hands, and rasped the skin of their palms. The stack was now taken down, but no traces of the tail could be found, only it was discovered that the skin had been peeled off the fish, and at the bottom of the stack not a bit of flesh was left upon them.

Thorgunna, the widow of Thorir Stumpleg, fell ill shortly after this; on the evening of her burial she was seen in company with Thorir and his party. All those who had seen the tail were now attacked, and died—men and women. In the autumn there had been thirty household servants at Frod-river, of these now eighteen were dead, the ghosts had frightened five away, and at the beginning of the month Goa, there remained but seven.

Things had thus come to such a pass as to render ruin imminent, unless some decisive measure were pursued to rid the house of the spectres which haunted it. Kiartan, accordingly, determined on consulting Snorri, the Patriarch, his mother's brother, and one of the shrewdest men Iceland ever produced. Kiartan reached his uncle's house at Helgafell at the same time that a priest arrived from Gizor White, the apostle of Iceland. Snorri advised Kiartan to take the priest with him to Frod-river, to burn all the bed-furniture of Thorgunna, to hold a court at l.'s door, and bring a formal action at law against the spectres, and then to get the priest to sprinkle the house with holy water, and to shrive the survivors on the farm. Along with him Snorri sent his son Thord Kausi, with six men, that he might sum-

mons Kiartan's father, considering that there might be a little delicacy in the son bringing an action against the ghost of his own father.

So it was settled, and Kiartan rode home. On his way he called at neighbour's houses and asked help; so that by the time he reached Frod-river his party was considerably swelled. It was Candlemas-day, and they drew up at the farm door just after the fires had been lighted, and the ghosts had assumed their customary places. Kiartan found his mother in bed, with all the premonitory symptoms of the same complaint which had carried off so many others in the house. The lad passed the spectres, and going up to the bed of Thorgunna, removed the quilt and curtains and every article which had belonged to her. Then he pushed boldly up to the fire past the ghosts, and took a brand from it.

In a few minutes he had made a pile of brushwood, and had thrown the bed-furniture on top. The flames roared up around the luckless articles and consumed them. A court was next constituted at the door, according to proper legal forms, and Kiartan summonsed Thorir Stumpleg, whilst Thord Kausi summonsed Thorodd for entering a gentleman's house without permission, and bringing mischief and death among his retainers.

Every spectre there present was summonsed by name in due and legal form. The plaintiff's argued their case, and witnesses were called and examined. The defendants were asked what exceptions they had to plead, and upon their remaining silent, sentence was pronounced. Each case was taken separately, and the court sat long. The first action disposed of was that against Thorir. He was ordered to leave the house forthwith. Upon hearing this decree of the court, Stumpleg rose from his chair, and said,—

“I sat whilst sit I might,” and hobbled out of the hall by the door opposite to that before which the court was held.

The case of the shepherd was next disposed of. On hearing the sentence he rose,—

“I go; better had I been dismissed before,” he vanished through the door.

When Thorgunna was ordered to depart, she followed the others, saying,—

“I remained whilst to remain was lawful.” Each who left said a few words which evinced a disinclination to desert the fire-side for the grave and sea-depths.

The last to go was Thorodd, and he said,—

“There is now no peace for us here; we are fitting one by one.”

After this Kiartan went in, and the priest took holy water and sprinkled the walls of the house; then he sang mass, and performed many ceremonies.

So the spectres haunted Frod-river no more, and Thuriida got better rapidly; and the prospects of the farm mended speedily.

THE SNOW QUEEN.

I was a maiden cold as ice,
My heart was cold and hard as a stone,
All day long in a turret high
I sat and watched alone.

From my turret loophole forth I gazed,
O'er a world that was white with snow,
I heeded not the dance and song
In the castle hall below.

There were gallant knights and ladies gay
In the lighted castle hall below;
They called me to join their revelry,
Nor recked if I came or no.

In their careless joy they called me down,
It mattered not if I came or no;
My hands were stiff and blue with cold
As I gazed out over the snow.

My true-love came with gentle eyes,
And looked through mine down into my heart:
That gaze was like the soft spring sun,
Which bids the snow depart.

He look'd straight down into my soul
With eyes so positive, soft, and fair:
He gazed into its deepest depths,
And read my secret there.

He took my unresisting hand,
And led me down the turret-stair,
Through the glittering throng in the castle hall,
To the fire that was blazing there.

He warm'd my frozen hands and feet
By the large hearth-stone with its ruddy blaze,
The frost of my heart began to melt
In the light of his loving gaze.

Beloved! the wintry world of snow
Is changed to gladdest, brightest green;
The ice-bound rivers glitter and flow
Through the sunny woodland scene.

Dearest heart! thy love so true
Has thaw'd this heart of ice and stone;
This heart to all eternity
Will beat for thee alone.

C. E. C.

PASTIMES.

ENIGMAS.

1. Blind am I: blind was ever from birth,
Yet have I eyes though I live in the earth;
Eyes that were never intended to see,
You would think could not be of taught service to me.

Of a family large and useful am I;
You bake us, you boil us, you roast and you fry;
And strangely, yet true (here my paradox ceases),
The way to produce is to cut us in pieces.

2. I blow, I puff, I vent, I fume,
I fill with wheezing all the room;
My power is so strangely great,
That jets of flame I can create.
So strong that it must take, you see,
Your knee and hands to manage me;
And yet so weak, so feeble I,
That do but prick me, and I die.

ANAGRAM.

A girl having threatened to expose a fellow shopmate for a thief, the reply was, “*It read me miss, do.*” The italicised words give the name of a modern novel-writer.

SQUARE WORDS.

What the earth is to a planet, and what it is to the earth.

A musical composition.
A woman's name.
A quantity of paper.

E. T.

CHARADES.

1. My first is tall, and lean, and thin,
My second once was Eve;
My whole smokes on the Christmas board,
'Tis not of sheep or beeve.
Rich, brown, and luscious, tender fare
For every worthy soul;
You and your second, when you dine,
Should never first my whole.

2. An element most indispensable
For need of man, an endless source of wealth,
Such is my first. Without its genial aid,
Nor trade could be, nor industry, nor health.
Oft has my second caused a merry crew
To giggle, to expostulate, to laugh;
Doubling a copper or a silver capital,
Or (much worse luck!) reducing it one-half.
With my terrific whole two deathless men
Are linked for ever in undying fame;
Both lie beneath the face of kuddred earth,
And each great hero lives but in a name!

3. My 1, 8, 14, 15, 2, 6 waves both on land and sea.
My 14, 13, 11, 12, 13, 15 is a man's name.
My 4, 8, 9, 3, 7, 15, 19 is one wain's we all despise.
My 5, 17, 16 was a primitive dressmaker.
My 10, 8, 19, 7 is a title.

G. T.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

AAANNSGHEW celebrated Falls.
HBEARC an English poet.

NVAACCO a favorite watering place.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c.
No. 75.

Anagrams.—1. Bachelor's Buttons. 2. Balsamine. 3. Convolvulus. 4. Sweet William. 5. Larkspur. 6. Amaranthus.

Enigma.—Pope.

Charades.—1. Cobweb. 3. Procrastination.

Rebus.—Plum Pudding. Roast Turkey.—1.

Panther. 2. Lo! 3. Una. 4. Mass. 5. Pat. 6. Unit. 7. Dudu. 8. Deer. 9. Ink. 10. Nine.

11. Gay.

Square Words.—E E A R

E Z R A

A R M S

R A S E

Problem.—1200 steps.

Anagrams.—Polly, Bericus, Philip, Argus, Dido, Geo. B., Ellen.

Enigma.—Philip, Dido, Polly, H. H. V., Argus, Ellen.

Charades.—Bericus, Polly, Ellen, Geo. B., Dido, G. T., Alfred H.

Square Words.—Polly, Alfred H., Bericus, H. H. V., Ellen, Dido.

Rebus.—Polly, Dido, Alfred H., Argus.

Problem.—Bericus, H. H. V., Argus, Camp.