

At Queenston, who, when our troops stood still,  
Weary and breathless, took up her young babe,  
Her husband under arms among the rest,  
And cooked and carried for them on the field;  
Was she not one in whom the heroic blood  
Ran thick and strong as e'er in times gone by?  
*O Canada, thy soil is broadcast sown  
With noble deeds; a plague on him, I say,  
Who follows with worse seed!*

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

## ANACREON.

## ODE TO CUPID.

CUPID, playing 'mong the roses,  
Wakes a bee that there reposes;  
Poor hapless imp! his finger's stung,  
(For angry bees won't spare the young!)  
Running to his fair mother's side,  
Flutt'ring his wings, he, sobbing, cried,  
"Oh! Mother, mother, hither fly,  
I am undone, I die, I die!  
Stung by a nasty little thing,  
A serpent vile, with horrid wing.  
The rustics call the wretch a bee:  
A beast it is, I know, for me."  
Then Venus softly says, "My child,  
If the bee's sting thus drives you wild,  
Think, pray, what pangs, what anguish fierce  
Must rend the hearts your arrows pierce."

E. A. MEREDITH.

## THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

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## VIII.—(Continued.)

"Shortly after the death of the brothers—for Jacques had also died before I left the village—I returned to England. Upon my arrival there I learned for the first time of the death of my aunt, and at the same time I was informed that she had left to me whatever little property she possessed. I only remained long enough to complete the necessary arrangements, and then returning to the Continent, I spent the next two years in travel and research.

"I was consumed by the one desire to learn the secret which the other half of the manuscript contained and thus be able to bring back to life one already dead.

"Upon having the part which was in my possession translated I found that what it contained was much the same as the good Sugar had told me. It described the operation necessary to the distillation of the Elixir, but continued to say that the process of constructing the golden globe in which it must be burned was even a more profound mystery still, and here it ended.

"I thought at one time of making a search for the descendants of the Jew. The good Sugar had told me how he had afterwards been obliged to leave Paris, and had gone to America. He even told me the name of the new place in which he had settled, but to find the descendants of an obscure Jew, even supposing that he had any, seemed a task so much more than hopeless that, after considering it for a short time, I gave it up as futile.

"I continued my labours without relaxation. I pored over the faded manuscript of alchemists who had been dead for centuries. I searched through old monasteries and ancient libraries in the hope of obtaining light, but in vain. I then retired into solitude, and began a series of experiments which lasted for over two years. My friend, all proved fruitless; I was still as far from grasping the great secret as in the first days of my search.

"I then at last came to decide that my only hope of success lay in discovering the manuscript, and to do this I must first discover the family of the Jew. I came to America and to this city, for it was here I had been told he first settled. I made diligent enquiries among the Jews, and, strange as it may seem, in a comparatively short time I was successful. You will no doubt, my friend, be astonished at this, but you must remember that the Jews are a peculiarly conservative people. They have their own rites and customs, and in the practice of them become a body separate from their surroundings.

"Berseus had been dead some years, but the little shop which had been his was at the time of which I am speaking occupied by another Jew named Levy, and still remained in much the same state as that in which Berseus had left it. In that shop, my friend, you are now sitting.

"The Jew, Levy, from whom I obtained possession, said that Berseus had been reputed to be a very wise man, but he had never seen any manuscripts about the place since it had been in his occupation, and if there ever had been any, he thought Berseus must have destroyed them before his death. The only things which might be the work of Berseus that he had seen upon the premises were some instruments which he had one day accidentally found in the attic, and as he was unable to discover any use to which they could be put, he said they had remained there without being interfered with ever since.

"After a continuous and thorough search for the manuscript which proved unsuccessful, I ascended one afternoon to the attic, that I might see the instruments of which the Jew had spoken."

The old man as he reached this point in his narrative again became very excited, and arising from his chair paced up and down the room as he continued:

"Ah, my friend! my friend! How shall I describe my feelings? How shall I depict to you the emotions that

swept over me, as I stood in the twilight of that little room, and after all those weary years of labour and despair, beheld at last before my eyes the golden globe that was to bring back all my happiness. I stood for a moment dazed and motionless. I scarcely dared to breathe. Then I turned, and exerting all my strength I cautiously dragged a heavy box across the floor, and placed it against the door. I was afraid some one might enter and claim it from me. I slipped off my shoes, and walked noiselessly around it several times. I dared not touch it, for I knew from the little I had been able to discover that the mechanism must be of a very delicate nature, and easily displaced.

"I remember well, my friend, that I was forced to pass the entire night there, for when it became at length too dark to see, and I returned to the door, I found after repeated trials that I was wholly unable to move the box away, although under the tension of my extreme excitement I had dragged it a considerable distance to place it there. I was thus obliged to remain till morning, as I did not dare to remove any of the contents of the box in the darkness, not knowing with what it might be filled. I studied the mechanism of the globe and reflectors almost continually, until at last I knew that I was master of their secret. I will never forget the night, when after placing Winnie's picture in position before the globe. I slowly poured in the precious elixir and stood with the match ready to light the flame that should call back her soul to earth. For a moment I was almost overcome by a great feeling of awe. The solemn question arose before my mind, 'Is it right to bring one back from the peace of heaven to walk again amid the trouble and anguish of this world?' I hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, for with the next thought my great love had conquered. I touched the match to the elixir and the flame shot up through the darkness like the bursting of a star.

"To-night is the thirteenth night since then, and if the flame but burns until to-morrow's dawn—she lives."

As he said this he drew himself up until the stoop, which his misfortunes had brought with them, entirely disappeared from his shoulders. He stood up firm and erect as a young man of twenty, and his dark eyes flashed back the fire with a brilliancy that I would not have believed they could possess.

After some moments' silence he turned to me, and said:

"I must leave you now my friend, to return to my vigil upstairs. I have already remained away too long. If you will take my large chair it will be more comfortable for you, and perhaps you will then more easily fall asleep."

I protested that I would remain awake so as to be ready whenever he should need assistance, but he only answered:

"It is not necessary, my friend, that we should both watch, and besides it is well that you should sleep, for you will then be better prepared to take your part in the events which will follow the dawn. Yes, my friend, I shall feel better satisfied if I know that you are sleeping. I have from the first always feared that when the last great moment should come, and she began to slowly pulsate with returning life, my emotions would overcome me, and I would be unable to complete the operation. Indeed, my friend, this was my reason from the beginning for attempting to interest you in my history. I hoped that you would consent to be with me at that moment, and I was not mistaken in your goodness. Sleep therefore, my friend, for it will renew your strength, and I will return, and arouse you when the time is come." Having said this he took up the lamp and went out.

I had taken Professor Paul's chair while he was speaking, and I now sat in the wavering light of the fire reflecting upon what he had said. Sleep! It was a very simple matter to say sleep, but after the strange things to which I had been listening that evening, I found it a very difficult thing to accomplish. No, there could be no two ways about it, sleep was out of the question. What then should I do to pass away the time? How long would it be? I slowly revolved it in my mind. Let me see. I came at twelve o'clock. Then there was the Professor's story; how long had he been talking? I should think about half an hour. Oh no, half an hour, it must have been more like two hours and a-half. Well, supposing it were two hours, it would now be two o'clock. Then it occurred to me that it was rather absurd for me to sit there trying to calculate it, when I could at once tell by merely going into the outside shop, and looking at the clock. Should I go! No, what would be the use? I was sure I hadn't heard the clock strike yet, and if it really was about two o'clock, it certainly would in a few minutes, so I would wait.

The long deep shadows thrown out by the flickering firelight chased each other rapidly round the room. Now they ran like madmen in a wild race over the floor, then, scaling the walls, leaped out upon the ceiling, and laughed back again at the flames. I was watching them as they glided along, each in his turn being swallowed up by the dark recesses of some corner, when I was startled by a slight sound. I turned involuntarily in my chair, and waited. It seemed to have come from the tall case in which Professor Paul kept the skeleton. I listened intently, but it did not occur again, so perhaps I had been mistaken.

I then fell to wondering whose bones those were that filled that unsightly box. Perhaps some murderer's whose body had been handed over for dissection. I had seen a skeleton some place before. I was sure I had, I had a vague recollection of having been afraid of it. It must have been long ago then; when could it have been? Yes, I remembered now. It stood in a glass case at the side of my desk when I was a boy at school. Again I saw it standing there, with its hollow eye holes peering ominously

into my face. Now its jaws opened slowly, and its yellow teeth grinned at me. What a hideous grin. Its bones rattled. It raised its thin fingers, and tapped with an awful regularity upon the glass slowly muttering to itself in a sepulchral tone, "Dust and Ashes, dust and ashes, dust and ashes." Ugh! I started with a little shudder. These were no thoughts for a time like this. I would think of something pleasant, of my art, of home, of anything. Of home; yes, this would be a better subject for my musings. I would remember the pretty little city where I had spent my early life.

Again I stood upon the brow of the mountain that shelters it to the South, and far away Northward saw the tiny crafts gliding over the blue waters. How slowly they crept along, appearing in the distance like the little fleecy patches of white cloud in which the young angels sleep. And still further and to the East, what was it that I saw? Ah, yes, I remember now and as I still lingered to gaze upon the scene, again stealing through the sunlight like a gleam of gold, I could discern the slender thread of sand that separates the turbulent Ontario waters from the almost sabbatical stillness of the little bay. It was indeed a pretty sight, and I now turned to the westward to look for the little town that lies there hidden among the hills. Yes, there it was, sleeping as usual in the mellow sunlight, while its smoke curled lazily upward and was lost in the blue above.

Around it were the broad fields bathed in the rich yellow light of the afternoon sun, and winding sinuously downward from its doors I could trace the little canal which had been cut through the shallow waters of the inlet to give access to the bay.

Many a time I had roamed through those wide fields, and many a time I had glided over the quite waters of that little inlet. Again I felt the yellow dust of the lilies blown softly against my cheek, and heard the sighing of the slender rushes as they bent low beneath the boat. Again I became friends with the wild roses, the tall waving grasses, and the limpid little stream that slips noiselessly through them almost hidden from sight. Ah yes, it was a very gentle stream, and so cool beneath the shadow of the overhanging trees. Yes, the trees shaded it well. It was always cool. I remember—what was it I was thinking of? Of—of some stream. Yes, I think it was a stream. Well I remember—but I remembered no more, and I think it must have been at this juncture that my musings slowly dissolved themselves into dreams, and without knowing it I quietly fell asleep.

## IX.

When I awoke it was with a start. I must have been asleep sometime, for I found myself shivering. The room was very cold and dark, the fire having burned itself out during my sleep until nothing remained except a few smouldering embers. I had been dreaming again of that ghastly skeleton, with the awful monotone of "Dust and ashes." It had again stood in the tall case, and grinned at me with its hollow jaws and yellow teeth. It had gazed hideously into my face, as it nodded its skull with the same awful regularity against the glass, and muttered, "Dust and ashes, dust and ashes."

It was this dull rapping sound that had awakened me. What could have caused it? There must have been some external noise to produce the one in my dream. I sat still, and listened intently. Yes, there it was again; I had not been deceived. What could it be? I revolved the question rapidly in my mind. It was growing more distinct each moment. Suddenly I remembered. Why of course it was Professor Paul coming for me.

As I reached this conclusion, I certainly felt an unmistakable feeling of relief, but it was short lived, for with the next thought I remembered that the dawn must be fast approaching.

At this moment Professor Paul opened the door, and entered. He was carrying a lighted candle in one hand, and with the other shielded the little flame from the draft of air which the closing door created. The light was thus thrown full upon his face, and I could see at a glance that it was very pale.

He said nothing, but after placing the candle down upon the table, proceeded at once to the little cupboard that stood at the other side of the room, and when he returned he was carrying a loaf of bread, some butter, and a bottle of wine. He laid these carefully upon the table, and then drawing up a chair sat down, and began to cut up the bread in thin slices, and butter it.

When he had finished he arose, and again going to the cupboard he returned this time with a small basket, a wine glass, and some table napkins. He placed the basket also upon the table, and then covered the bottom with one of the napkins, at the same time allowing the ends to come well up over the sides. After doing this he carefully laid the bottle and glass in the bottom of the basket, and having placed the bread in around them, he folded in the ends of the napkin, and laid a second over the top.

All this had been done without a word being spoken, but as he completed it he turned to me and said:

"You see, my friend, immediately after she becomes animate it will be necessary to give her some nourishment."

I made no reply, and after looking at his watch, he continued:

"Come, my friend, we must hurry; it will be dawn in thirty-six minutes."

His voice was very weak, and trembled as he spoke. He took both the candle and basket himself, and after I had opened the door started upstairs telling me to follow.