

Chief." In the coffin which thundered behind me I was to make the next skeleton. Had he not said that I *must* use it unless I conquered in this hopeless race?

Thus life and death on its issue, I bent myself to the contest, not losing an inch that all I knew of steering and the hill could give me.

I have said before that the right-hand track was singularly free from obstructions till you approach the foot of the hill. The descent was much more even than on either of the other slides, so that, at first, dexterity and practice availed but little. The utmost any one could do being to keep the sleigh headed straight toward a stump near the bottom, round which the track bent at an angle unpleasantly acute. On a line with this stump—not quite two yards to the right of it—the sharp black top of a rock peeped out above the ice-crust.

The passage between this Scylla and Charybdis was not easy to hit on such a night when a wrong touch of the finger would have sent the sleigh twenty yards from its course. But a greater danger lay beyond. Three or four yards further on, facing the centre of the passage, the trunk of a large tree, with wide-spread roots, completely barred the way in front, leaving only a narrow gap upon the left, into which the steerer had to turn so sharply and suddenly that, even at ordinary speed, this bend was considered the most difficult piece of sliding on the hill. Of course the difficulty, as well as the danger, increased proportionately with the pace. That night both reached their maximum. A toboggan striking against any obstacle with the frightful impetus with which mine was bowling down the ice would be knocked to pieces in a moment, and its rider be very fortunate if he escaped with a broken limb. But I thought little of the perils before me. It was the danger behind that engrossed my attention.

I stretched myself at full length upon the "Chief," bringing my weight to bear along its centre as evenly as possible, for the Indian sleigh never gives its best speed to the rider who sits upright. Thus, on my back looking towards the stars and listening to the grating of the ice-crust under the heavy coffin that followed me, I passed a moment of as intense agony as I think ever fell to the lot of mortal. Cold as was the night, the perspiration rolled in clammy drops down my forehead, while my teeth closed so firmly together that they ached under the pressure.

Judging as well as I could by hearing alone, I concluded that my pursuer followed, not directly in my rear, but a little on the left of my course. An instant afterwards the noise grew more distinct and my heart sank, for I felt that he was gaining on me. Then the noise changed to my right, from which I presumed that he had crossed behind me and taken an inside position, partly because the ground, being there somewhat steeper, favoured the weight of his ponderous conveyance, and partly because—if he could get alongside of my sleigh in this position—it would be easy for him to force me out of the path against the stump that guarded the left of the narrow strait toward which both were rushing.

Having now the advantage of the ground, and even, as was evident, the heels of me in an unequal race, he overhauled me very rapidly.

Nearer and nearer came the sweep of his infernal toboggan. I followed—it approached—it closed upon me. I glanced ahead—the trees were yet a hundred yards away—then around. The front of the coffin was level with the end of my toboggan. Another second. It was up with my shoulder, looking ever so black and hideous against the purity of the frozen snow. In that breath a thought came to me,—not so much a thought as an inspiration.

I carried on my watch-chain a small gold crucifix, a present from my mother the night before she died. I remembered well at that moment, what in my heedlessness I had long forgotten, that this crucifix, which had remained in our family many years, was valued as possessing more than ordinary sanctity.

It was of admirable workmanship. It had been blessed by a bishop, and, report said, worn once by the superiress of a convent, a lady of singular piety, whom, after death, for her good works the church had canonised. My mother, when confiding it to my care, made me promise that I would carry it constantly about my person—a promise kept neglectfully enough by attaching it as a charm to my chain.

One vigorous pull tore open my coat, another broke the clasp which secured the crucifix. I held it high above my head, neither expecting or daring to hope for help, but clinging to the cross with the same strong, despairing grasp which drowning men fasten upon a straw.

With that close to my right hand, I heard a clatter,* as of boards falling in on one another, while a yell of rage—disappointment and terror indescribable—swept in the direction of the "Haunted House," where it was taken up by an infernal chorus, which seemed to send its echoes into the very heart of the mountain.

Then my sleigh rubbed with a sudden shock against some obstacle, and overturning at once, hurled me many yards along the ice-crust, spun helplessly into insensibility.

When perception returned, I found myself surrounded by friends, who, in their anxious care, had placed me upon my toboggan, and were occupied in forcing some very good brandy down a throat not usually so reluctant to receive it.

*It is related with regard to the "Old Haunted House" that at one time a lot of "darkies" made it their abode, and, in order to remain undisturbed, frightened people away by rattling chains and making other expected noises. These sounds, heard after dark, were of course attributed by many weak-minded persons to supernatural causes. Mr. Albert Furniss and some friends drove these curly-headed shades out of the building, and they never returned in the flesh.

My face was bleeding from a cut or two, and one of my hands had been badly bruised in my scramble over the now. These, physically, were all the injuries I sustained from my race with the devil down that terrible hill. Mentally, however, mischief had been done not so easy of cure.

To this hour Saturday midnight finds a nervous coward, terrified by every noise, alarmed by every shadow, imagining through each open doorway the approach of a flame-eyed skeleton, and hearing in each creak upon the stair-case the footfall of the lonely slider who stables his toboggan in the cellars of the "Haunted House."

Hic finit Eugene's story, told towards its end to a listener who was buried under blankets.

"Very well?" you ask, "Now, is this true or false?"

One test of its truth I might readily have applied. Nothing easier than to go up on the hill on Saturday evening and stay there alone till twelve o'clock.

This idea did not occur to me that night. But the thought and purpose to execute it forthwith came next morning. Unfortunately it happened throughout the rest of the season that I had some pressing engagement every Saturday evening which either prevented me from going on the hill at all, or brought me off it with the crowd long before midnight. But be comforted. It is not unlikely that the hill and the house remain still intact. Should you happen to be in Montreal next winter try the experiment for yourself. I can promise you a magnificent slide. If the spectre catches you, "tant pis pour vous"

"Once a Week, May 4th, 1862." C. E. BOCKUS.

NEW ZEALAND'S JUBILEE.

I. (1840.)

Children of England! far from the Motherland,
Raise we her banner yet over another land!

Long o'er our heads may it proudly wave!
Long 'neath its folds may the loyal and brave

A guardian phalanx stand!

Oft has it led o'er the hard-fought field
Damp with the dews of death;
Charged through the drift when the foeman reeled
Under the cannon's breath;

Or, laid at rest, when the people rejoice,
In the cathedral's gloom,
Stirred by the swelling organ's voice,
It has wept o'er the hero's tomb.

But now, on the wings of a sun-kissed breeze,
Here on this Austral shore,
Wave, brave flag, o'er slumberous seas
That know not the battle's roar,

And brood o'er the land like the spirit of Peace
For ever and ever more!

II. (1890.)

Once more the crimson-blossom showers
Have fallen around the Island Bay,
As wreathed with smiles and crowned with flowers
The year has softly died away,
And there was England's banner set

Fifty golden years ago,
And, while it floats in triumph yet
And loyal bosoms beat below,
In this glad hour shall we forget
The grateful tribute that we owe

To those stout-hearted pioneers,
Who raised it yonder on the hill,
Upheld it thro' the troubled years,
And kept it England's still.

III. (HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND!)

Behold the work of fifty years!
Proud of her children, Freedom cries,
Behold! a second England rears
Her stately form to softer skies!
Tho' set in vaster seas, caressed
By freer winds, and strangely nursed
Close to the planet's fiery breast,
She bears the impress of the first
Daughter of England, you may trace
The mother in her fair young face.
Nor in the outward form alone,
But, with each parent grace imbued,
Be her high lineage ever known
By closer still similitude.

Heir to the ancient memories
That fire the eye and thrill the soul,
Be hers the higher hope that sees
And strives for a diviner goal,
When Wisdom, from her sovereign seat
Shall sway the world by gracious words;
And earth shall ring, as at her feet
The gathered nations cast their swords,
When kindlier influences mould
The spirit of each growing year,
Till happier eyes than ours behold
The perfect morning drawing near.
To that bright goal, O favoured Land!
Heaven be thy conduct day by day
And light thy feet, and lead thee by the hand
Still forward on the upward, arduous way,

Till, in the record of the coming age,
Thine, too, shall be the emblazoned page,
Where noble thoughts and deed of high emprise
Win thee the name and fame which never dies.

ALEX. M. FERGUSON.



"The Life of Mrs. Carlyle," by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, will appear next fall. It is looked forward to with much interest.

The "Life of the Earl of Derby, K.G.," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, is one of the most interesting biographical works recently issued from the English press. It is one of the "Statesmen" series.

A valuable addition to English folklore is "Yorkshire Legends, as Told by Her Ancient Chronicles, Her Poets and Journalists," by the Rev. Thos. Parkinson, F.R. Hist. S.

One of the latest issues of Mr. Walter Scott's "Camelot" series is a selection from the prose works of Thomas Davis. It contains a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. T. W. Rolleston.

"CROWDED OUT."—A review of the delightful sketches of "Seranus" has been "crowded out" of the present issue, but will appear in our next number, with notices of some other interesting publications.

A work of an unusual kind and one which economists and statesmen ought to appreciate, if it be at all worthy of its name, is the "Industrial History of England," by Mr. H. de B. Gibbons, late scholar of Wadham College, Oxford.

A series of twenty articles on certain phases of the social question to be published in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, has been led off by Mr. Gladstone, who discusses labour both retrospectively and prospectively. His views are, on the whole, hopeful.

"Oyster Culture," by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations by the Princess Louise, is one of the leading contributions to the last number of *Good Words*. It describes very pleasantly and instructively a visit to the oyster nurseries of Arcachon.

Amongst the distinguished Canadian *litterati* invited to the McLachlan testimonial banquet given at the Walker House, Toronto, was Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., of this city. Dr. O'Hagan is a warm friend and admirer of the veteran Scottish Canadian poet.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

The latest of the series of "Great Writers," edited by Prof. Eric S. Robertson, is the "Life of Jane Austen," by Prof. Goldwin Smith. Though not so interesting as Dr. Smith's "Cowper" in the "Men of Letters" series, it has his characteristic merits, and is both readable and instructive.

In these days of rife and somewhat dangerous socialism, it is worth while to examine the theories of some good old writers as to the possibilities of social development. Mr. Walter Scott has brought out an edition of More's "Utopia," with an introduction by Mr. Maurice Adams. It can be had for a trifle.

L'Abbé Batiffol, of Paris has just discovered in a manuscript in the National Library the Greek original of the apocryphal "Ascensio Isaie," which was only known from the Ethiopic version edited by Professor Dilmann. The Abbé proposes to publish this Greek text in one of the *fasciculi* of his "Studia Patristica," the first of which contains the prayers of Asenith.

Mr. John Dawson has invented a new industrial term—"authorcraft." He is also determined that, if generally adopted, it will not be without significance. He complains that the author's trade is the only occupation that is practised without systematic training, and he suggests that authors should admit apprentices to their workshops. Already there is a curriculum of journalism in at least one American college. Why not a course in authorship! Mr. Dawson is, indeed, far from thinking that his craft can be taught to everyone. But the mechanism of literary work could, he believes, be learned so that a young writer might be put on his guard against certain faults of construction, style and taste.

MR. H. M. STANLEY.

Rumours are afloat that on his return to England Mr. Stanley will become a British subject, resuming the nationality he relinquished some thirty-five years ago when he landed as an unknown and friendless boy in New York. The Queen, says a London gossip, is anxious to confer high honours upon him in token of her approval of his conduct of the Emin Relief Expedition, and it is very probable that before long he will once more return to Africa as Governor, not of the Congo State, but of the territories of the British East Africa Company. He will be accorded two receptions in England—one by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, when the Prince of Wales will take the chair; the other by the Royal Geographical Society. The latter meeting will be held in the Albert Hall, and the demand for tickets is said to be unprecedented.