

"Awa' wi' yon mon!" shouted the examiner to his attendants, who immediately rushed at my husband. "Tak' and rack him till his tongue learn ceevil speech to his superiors. And hark ye, caitiff," turning to Tom, "if ye suld daur to lee again about our bonnie river Clyde to these men, they will gie ye a pretty twist turn, and roll that will make ye remember Scottish hospitality for mony a day."

He ceased speaking, and to my horror I saw these brawny attendants seizing my husband and drag him out of the presence room, taking no heed to my piteous cries and entreaties. Mr. Hamilton and I were now left to be interrogated by this brute who gloated over our unhappy condition, and simply glared like a tiger at my poor friend, who was, to my astonishment, quite cool and collected, and actually asked, with calm audacity, "Whom he had the pleasure of addressing?"

"Knowest thou not that I am James, King of Scotland, minion, and that I could, if I would, have thy head chopped off for poaching on my preserves!"

"Oh, indeed," answered Mr. Hamilton. "Then allow me to beg of you not to 'would.' But may I ask which James you are; first, second, third or fourth?"

"Neither one nor t'other, nor yet the third, but the son of the fourth, and known throughout the world as James, the Fifth of the name," said he, grandiloquently. "And now, caitiff, we will examine thee and see if thou art as much the De'il's bairn as thy comrade. 'What contrivance of the Evil One was that thou held'st in thy mou' that made the smoke and flame belch from between thy teeth?' My guards do tell me the smell of brimstone was awful. See, we have here a part of it, although the fire is extinguished."

"Do you mean that half burnt cigarette?" asked Mr. Hamilton. "It is only made of mild tobacco, I can assure you, and is very soothing to the nerves. Allow me to show you my case." So saying, he handed the King his pretty little Russia leather and silver case. The King, opening it, took one or two of the cigarettes it contained and examined them curiously and with great caution, then asked in a hesitating manner:

"Where the fire was?"

"In my match box," Mr. Hamilton replied, handing him a neat little silver box which the King fruitlessly tried to open and then returned to its owner, who touched the spring. As the cover flew back, he took some matches, and, striking one, he asked permission to light a cigarette and let the King judge for himself if there was any smell of brimstone from what they seemed to imagine was an infernal machine. After some show of doubt the King granted his request and watched with great interest Mr. Hamilton puffing away. For a little time quite a silence reigned, until the cigarette was finished, when the courtiers and I were horrified by hearing the King declare he must smoke and should try and see if he could manage to make done, and in spite of all remonstrances he took a cigarette, and, after Mr. Hamilton lit it for him, smoked as naturally as though he had been used to tobacco all his life. But soon, alas, too soon, the reaction set in, and our ears were greeted with a terrific bellow, and we saw, to our astonishment, King James the Fifth of Scotland reel and stagger like an intoxicated man, and then rush out of the presence room as though pursued by the Evil One. Horror seized the courtiers, and for a few seconds they seemed smitten with dumbness; but soon the silence was broken and a regular clamour commenced. Several men followed the King, and as they passed us threateningly placed their hands on their dirks. Well did I wish myself out of the *melle*, for I could see something would come of the smoking episode, as it was quite evident the King had been made ill by the tobacco and I felt he would wreak a dreadful vengeance upon us. Too soon were my fears verified; for, as I looked toward the door it was flung open, and the King, a miserable looking spectacle, very unlike the regal being who a little while before had examined us, was led by two physicians, tottering to the throne. His poor head sunken on his chest reminded me so forcibly of some of the passengers on board the steamer making their first attempt at promenading the deck after bad weather, that in spite of the gravity of the situation I gave vent to a nervous giggle. Hearing my unfortunate chuckle, the King slowly raised his heavy head and surveyed me from top to toe with blood-red eyes—in calling them this brilliant colour I do not exaggerate, and they were shown to full advantage by his livid complexion and pallid lips. As he looked, he pointed one trembling finger at unhappy me, and said:

"Woman! What call ye the fire that hound yonder used to light his witchcraft with which he poisoned me?"

To save my life and that of my friend, I could not help answering with the dreadful words "A lucifer!"

"I kenned it was an invention of the Evil One, and that I could'na resist it," replied the King with feeble triumph, casting an "I told you so" expression of countenance on his courtiers. "And now, dame, tell me what is this caitiff's name?"

"Hamilton," I answered in trembling tones.

"Hamilton!" re-echoed the King, astonishment and rage choking his voice. "Ken he not his life is forfeit for this presumption? That the name of Hamilton is an abomination to me? I see it all now. It was not witchcraft alone these traitors planned, but vile treachery. How dared he, a banished man—for have I not vowed to uproot the name of Hamilton stem and branch from our bonnie Scotland—to return with his evil companions and draw plans of the fortifications of our royal palace of Linlith-

gow. To the pit with the traitors!" he roared. At this command we were roughly dragged out of the presence room, the King and his courtiers following, to the jailer's room, where I saw Tom lying on the floor looking ghastly white and faint, a huge cut on his forehead, from which the blood trickled in a little pool on the flags. I was not allowed to go near him, but could hear the jailers describe how bravely he had borne the racking until I felt heartsick and terrified with a foreboding of fast approaching unsurpassed horrors. I saw them then go to Mr. Hamilton, who fiercely strove to free himself, and kicked out right and left at his assailants; but, in spite of his being a good football player, it was to no purpose, for in a short time they had him strapped up like my husband, and, fastening a cord around his waist, lifted him to the end of the room, where a warder opened a door and disclosed the yawning pit into which I had nearly fallen in the morning. Slowly our poor friend was dragged to the brink of what was to be his grave, and then shoved over and lowered slowly down out of our sight. Not a sound was heard but the creaking of the rope and my half-suppressed sobs until the fall of a heavy body, as the executioner bent over and cut the cord, told us all was over. I had sunk on my knees and was muttering a prayer for our rescue and for our bright, light-hearted friend, when, to my horror, I was seized, strapped up and conveyed in the same direction as Mr. Hamilton. In vain I begged and implored them to have some little pity, and as I reached the fatal door, by a tremendous effort, managed to free my arms and grasp frantically at the executioner's neck, who vainly tried to free himself from my tightening clasp, but all to no avail, for I clung all the harder, until he drew his dagger, when, with an awful shriek, I let go and was precipitated between Earth and Hell.

Down, down, I sank, the dank smell of my living grave rising round me until my brain began to grow dizzy, and I turned my eyes up to the one little spot of sunlight which shone from the entrance. Suddenly it was partially obliterated, and I saw by the half light the evil executioner peering over. Then I saw him lift his gleaming knife to cut the rope, and before I could cry out, the deed was done, and I was falling, falling. Giving one wild clutch in the air, I awoke! Yes, awoke to find my husband and Mr. Hamilton bending over me.

"Where am I, and how did I get here?" I questioned, gazing wildly about at the Loch, the ruined castle and the chapel.

"By train, this morning, my child; and as it is now five o'clock you have had a fine sleep and dream, judging by the way you shouted and moaned. Hamilton and I were quite edified when we returned from our stroll."

"Tom, take me home at once!" I cried. "I detest this hateful spot, and won't stay in Scotland another day. No, don't laugh, please, for I can assure you if you had passed through all the dangers I have, and which I imagined you shared during the last hour and a half, you would be quite as frightened as I. Do tell me, has my hair turned white?" SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

THE TRAVELLER'S PSALM (cxxi.).

O dweller on the sultry plains,

Lift up thine eyes toward the hills,
Where health in height of summer reigns
By breezy glens and cooling rills.

From thence shall come thy help; all aid
Must come from Him, whose fittest shrine
Is mountain,—majesty, who made
Our human earth and home divine.

No stone shall dash thy foot, the Lord
Who slept not, though no gift of prayer
From hardened Israel out-poured
Shall sleep not when thou art His care.

The Lord shall be thy canopy
From the fire-shafted Eastern noon,
Asleep beneath the Southern sky
Thou shalt not fear the withering moon.

From all things ill, that peril life;
From all things ill, which hurt the soul;
From sins of ease, and sins of strife,
Thy footsteps shall the Lord control.

And be thou resting mid thy kin,
Or roaming on a far sea-shore;
Thy going out and coming in
The Lord shall keep for evermore.

DOUGLAS SLADEN in "The Quiver"

YOUR LAUGHING FACE.

Your laughing face has cheered me, friend of mine,
So gay it is, yet gently full of grace;
I say 'tis charming, yet,—who could define
Your laughing face?

Away, away the clouds of care you chase;
Lo, on your forehead there is ne'er a line;
Dull grief departs, because it finds no place.

The world shall love that delicate design:
And so I pray, that, while time flies apace,
You still may keep, though other gifts decline,
Your laughing face.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

A FRIEND OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Captain William Kennedy died at his home in St. Andrews, Manitoba, lately, aged seventy eight years. Forty years ago Capt. Kennedy was an object of interest in both America and Europe, having been selected to take command of the expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin to go in search of her husband, Sir John Franklin, in the Arctic Ocean. He was nominated by the Hudson Bay Company as the most competent person to command the expedition. The captain was at that time living in Bruce County, Ont., and, on receiving his commission, went at once to Scotland and sailed from Aberdeen, in the ship Prince Albert, in June, 1851. The expedition reached Edwin Bay, on the western shore of Prince Regent Inlet, in the fall, and spent the winter of 1851-52 there. From that point many important discoveries were made, and, among others, the most northerly point of the American continent, and the fact that a strait separated North Somerset from Boothia Felix, which was named Pellot Strait, after Lieut. Pellot, second in command. The knowledge of Pellot Strait, thus acquired, enabled Sir Leopold McClintock afterward to advance, and to make the successful journeys in which he discovered the first and only absolute proof of the loss of Sir John Franklin's expedition.

Captain Kennedy was born at Cumberland House, on the shores of Hudson Bay, his father being a chief factor of the company. When he was a child Sir John Franklin, during two of his earlier expeditions, wintered in Hudson Bay, and was a frequent visitor at the Kennedy house, where the explorer taught young Kennedy his alphabet and figures. When Kennedy grew to manhood he was called upon to go in search of Sir John, without any one knowing of their previous acquaintance, and when Kennedy returned from his two years' voyage, chance threw him in the way of a highly cultured English lady, a relative of Sir John Franklin, whom he subsequently married, and who still survives him. Captain Kennedy was chosen to command the expedition on account of his knowledge of Hudson Bay and other northern waters, which he attained while navigating in the Hudson Bay Company's trading boats. When he accepted the command of the expedition he had settled on the shores of Lake Huron in Ontario, where the flourishing town of Southampton now stands. But in his absence somebody jumped his claim, and he lost the property. He has since been in reduced circumstances. He has frequently lectured on his expedition, and has lived at St. Andrews since 1858, employed in storekeeping, farming and missionary work.

ANGLO-ISRAEL;

OR, THE SAXON RACE PROVED TO BE THE TEN LOST TRIBES!

That this extraordinary theory is still held even by educated men is evident from the following notice of a book lately published under the title in the heading:—

The above is a title of a work of rare interest, containing in nine lectures the results of many years' research and study on this fascinating subject, by Rev. W. H. Poole, LL.D. The first of these lectures is a brief history of that monumental race, the Jews, showing this promise of their re-union with Israel and return to their own land. The second, which is in itself a complete exposition of the main points in the theory, deals with Anglo-Israel, or the Saxon race, the Ten Lost Tribes. In this we find what very many will be interested to see in print, viz.: the genealogy of Israel's sovereigns from Queen Victoria to David, and from David, through the long line of patriarchs to Adam, 150 generations. The third treats of Anglo-Israel and Philology, showing the broad base of Hebrew upon which the most renowned linguists have declared the English language rests. In the fourth lecture the traditions and practices of the druids are shown to be a perpetuation of the more ancient worship of Baal, brought from their eastern home by the idolatrous Israelites, who mingled the worship of Baal with the religion of Jehovah. Archaeology forms the title of the fifth, or keystone lecture of the series. Whatever might be thought lacking in the written history of these great events is fully substantiated by the wonderful record of the rocks strewn all along the way this people journeyed. The sixth brings to light the Stone of Destiny, now in Westminster Abbey, upon which all the kings and queens of Israel, Ireland, Scotland and England for 2,500 years were crowned. One of the most beautiful and eloquent passages in the book is contained in the seventh lecture, on The Harp, Ireland's seal and ensign for 2,000 years, which, though silent now at Tara and in Mount Zion, still waves upon the Union Jack. Nearly seventy pages are devoted to Our Gates, in the eighth lecture; and in the ninth the American Ensign and Official Seal, or the Eagle, the Stars and the Pyramid, are found to be one of the ancient banners of lost Israel. Thus Manasseh and Ephraim, America and England, with all her colonies, are proven to be indissolubly bound together as one in the bundle of life of the nations. The whole constitutes a volume of nearly 700 pages, in which the type, the binding, the illustrations are all first class. The subject matter may be equally commended. Rev. A. Burns, D.D., president of Hamilton Ladies' College, pays this tribute to the book and its author: "I must confess that I took up this work with strong prejudices against it. But having begun to read, the difficulty was to stop. The book fairly bristles with points and surprises that will carry the student eagerly to the last page. It is an eminently suggestive work. It will make the reader think."