

lane of Runjeet's body-guard. The sun was up and shining on them, and I suppose there was not one who would not have made the fortune of a painter. . . . In the distance, there was a long line of troops extending four miles and a half, and which, after much deliberation, I settled was a white wall with red coping. I thought it could not possibly be alive."

Runjeet asked Lord Auckland *why* he had no wife. He replied, that only one was allowed in England, and if she turned out a bad one, he could not easily get rid of her. Runjeet said this was a bad custom; that the Sikhs were allowed twenty-five wives, and they did not dare to be bad, because their husbands could beat them if they were. Lord Auckland replied, "that was an excellent custom, and he would try to introduce it when he got home." Now, was this taken in jest or earnest? Runjeet was a great drinker, and defended drunkenness on first principles. Once, however, being naturally curious, he expressed a desire to know something about the Christian religion. The chaplain shewed him, among other things, a translation of the Ten Commandments, "almost all of which," says Miss Eden, "must have been a puzzle, from the not worshipping graven images, down to not coveting his neighbour's goods." Before old Runjeet died, he parted with a large number of his jewels, to pay for the prayers of the native priests. But no one seems to have ventured to tell him seriously anything about the Christian faith. The European kept himself, in this matter, wholly apart from the native.

There are throughout the book constant prophetic hints of a mutiny. In one place, she says: "Twenty-two years ago, no European had ever been here, and there we were, with the band playing the *Puritani*, and eating salmon from Scotland, and sardines from the Mediterranean, and observing that some of the ladies' sleeves were too tight, according to the overland fashions for March, &c.; and all this in the face of those high hills, some of which have remained untroudden since the creation, and we one hundred and five Europeans being surrounded by at least three thousand mountaineers, who, wrapped up in their bill-blankets, looked at what we call our polite amusements, and bowed to the ground if a European came near them. I sometimes wonder they do not cut all our heads off, and say nothing about it." They tried, and failed.

I could go on giving you extracts without end. Nothing has made me realize India like this book. The largeness of the people's selfishness—the smallness of their little people, the greatness of their great ones, their crystallised civilization; their grandeur, dirt, riches, poverty, the flatness of their plains; the height of their mountains; the ceaseless contrast between the handful of white-faced rulers and the crowds of jewelled subjects who bow before them; the blunders of the success of the dominant European, leave an impression which keeps alive the problem of our Eastern rule.

I will end with one scene. "In the centre of the court, a large sort of chessboard is laid out in squares of marble, and there is a raised seat on which Akbar sat, and played the games, the pieces were all female slaves, splendidly dressed, and whoever won, carried off the sixteen ladies!"

MY FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD LOVE.

I HAD just left boarding-school, with my certificates of proficiency and delinquency in my trunk, a large stock of romance in my head, and a store of undeveloped affection in my heart, when I fell in love. For nine long years that school had been my only home, its months of study varied by vacation trips with my father, who had broken up house-keeping on my mother's death, and lived with his sister, coming in the summer months to take me, his only child, for his travelling companion, sometimes to nestle down in some cosy farm-house far away from any gay resort, to ride, drive,

fish, and ruralise to our heart's content. And I was just released from school, with the consoling certainty that I was not to return, when I fell in love.

It seemed very silly to me then, and may seem so to others now, yet when I look back I can truly say that the first emotions of my girlish heart, stirred then, have answered to no other touch as warmly as to that one. We—my dear father and myself—were at Clovelly, for one of my passions then was to sport in the ocean, and I had only to express a wish for a dash amongst the waves to have it gratified.

It had been an oppressive day, and I was lying in my own room trying to catch the air from the ocean as it came sighing in at my window, when from the apartment next mine, which had been unoccupied, I heard a voice whose music even then attracted me. It was a voice deep and yet clear, strong, yet sweetly modulated, a voice which, while its power seemed to promise protection, its tenderness spoke of a heart full of warm sympathies.

"You are very tired, sister," the voice said, lovingly; "are you sure that this excursion is the best medicine for you?"

A low voice answered, and sickness seemed to have worn it to a mere whisper, for I caught no word that came, only the murmuring sound fell drowsily upon my ear.

Then the voice, in its clear, sweet tones, came again.

"Sing for you? Ah! you are a baby still, little one." And in a few moments he sang, and I, like the little fool I was, listened till my heart filled almost to bursting, and I sobbed out the sweet pain the music roused. I am always sensitive to music, but there was a power in that voice that no other sound had ever exerted over my feelings. It was a simple hymn that he sang, with no passages of wondrous execution rousing astonishment at the performance; but every word, as it came out clearly in those waves of melody, seemed praising and worshipping the Creator they addressed, and each modulation, made without any effort, was a new volume of sweetest melody. I could hear the low murmuring that thanked him, and then again the voice, sweet in its speaking tones as when modulated to song.

"If it did tire me, Minnie, I would sing for you, but it does not. Lie here in my arms, and I will rock you and sing you to sleep, my darling," and oh, the infinite fund of love that made those last words sweeter than melody! Softly at first, rising gradually to power, the voice that stirred my heart so strangely filled my room with his burst of song. Twilight faded, and the gathering shadows of night closed round me, yet I lay very quiet, listening with a strange fascination to every word and every note that left my neighbour's lips. It was the first of many evenings which he unconsciously lightened for me. I had been imprudent in bathing, a most unromantic illness seized me, and for four weeks I lay in that little room suffering the agonies of inflammatory rheumatism. How I listened for that voice. Every word of tender love which was given to the suffering sister we watched so faithfully seemed sent to comfort me, the stranger whose pain was soothed and sick nerves calmed by the magic of the wondrous melody he poured forth so lavishly for his own heart's treasure. Other conversations showed me something of the life wasting in the room, divided from mine only by a thin partition which did not reach up to the ceiling. Every morning there was a doctor's visit, and I knew that the spinal disease which was to yield to sea-bathing was aggravated into acute pain, and I heard the tender tones growing daily more plying, sweeter, and lower; I heard the steady, firm tread that carried the light, fading form up and down the room, seeking ease from pain in the motion. I heard the choking sob that sometimes stopped the song, and last of all, in the stillness of night, I heard the wailing cry—"My sister! My only one! O God, can she be dead?"

I would ask no questions, my neighbours had become sacred to me in their suffering and sorrow, but I listened to the servant who spoke so

pitiingly of "the poor young lady only seventeen, who had been a sufferer for ten years, and was no bigger than a little child."

And my first day of restored health was the one which saw the little form carried to its last resting-place. I did not see the faithful brother who had won the first love of my heart by his words and tenderness, and I could only whisper a prayer for his consolation as I heard his slow step pass my door.

It was my first love, and its substance was shadowy enough—a voice. As soon as I was well enough, my father hurried me from the spot where I had suffered much pain, and, unknown to him, such comfort, and we went to my aunt's, our own future home.

And here I fell in love again; and a second time my susceptible, and, I began to fear, very foolish heart, was stirred by that strange, long-impulse which the mysterious voice had awakened.

My aunt's house in London was directly in front of one of those narrow courts where suffering crowds in our large cities. From the window of the room I occupied, I looked out upon two rows of high, narrow houses, facing each other, a narrow paved way between them. Each story held a family. My father expressly forbade me even to go into the court, promised himself to see that any charity I might wish to give there should reach its destination, and exacted the promise that I would obey his command. We had been at home but a few days when I found an interest in my window, which filled my romantic heart with a fund of reveries.

Every morning, about eight o'clock, a doctor's gig drove up the little street upon which the court opened, and I saw the occupant come into the narrow entrance to visit his patients. He was neither very young nor very handsome. For aught I knew, he had a wife and little children waiting for him in some pleasant little home, yet I loved that doctor, and every day found me at the window watching for him. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, between thirty and forty years of age, with a face that, in repose, was almost ugly. The dark complexion was unrelieved by colour, and his hat showed only a border of curling hair, just tinged with white. His features were large, and not very regular, and his eyes were never raised to me, so I could only judge by the heavy black lashes that they were large. But his smile transfigured this strong, plain face to perfect beauty. It was a smile of marvellous sweetness, and it came with each greeting he gave the poor who crossed his path at every step in that narrow court. I could see him from my window, as he bent over the poor little children who were brought from their little stifling beds to breathe a somewhat purer air at the open windows. Little thin arms were stretched out for him whenever the child caught the radiance of that pitying smile, and no mother's hand could have been gentler than the strong one that raised those babies for the touch of healing. I knew whose servant it was that brought huge baskets of food to the houses where sickness or nursing paralyzed the hand of the bread-winner. I knew who was in the heart of the mother whose lips formed the "God bless him," as she took back her babe from his kind carress. And I, too, whispered a blessing as I watched the light, yet firm, step that carried that tall figure from my sight. Where the light burned for nights in some poor room, I knew whose knock came after dark, and whose tall shadow fell across the window curtain, sometimes kneeling beside the mother's knee to soothe the restless child, sometimes bending over the bed of pain to exert all his skill, with no hope of reward save in his own heart, and that blessing God sends to those working in His cause. And, with a reverential heart, I laid my love at the feet of the unknown doctor.

Winter came on, and my father wished me to accompany him on a business trip to the Continent. I packed up my clothes, gave a sort of pitying sigh over my own foolish dreams, and we started for Paris. For five months we moved from one place to another, and then I was left on a visit to a friend in Brussels while