

borne down by the treachery of his son, supported in his unnatural conduct by the so-called vicar of Christ. As a fit and proper finale, the body of Henry the Great was cast out of its sepulchre, as excommunicated—a paltry triumph, speaking eloquently of the unforgiveness and malice of those who reaped it.

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## MY YOUNG MASTER.

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FOUNDED ON FACT.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

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The vacation was nearly all gone, when one day as I was finishing something I was doing in the shrubbery, according to Mrs. Russell's orders, my young master called me, and said laughing, "We are almost strangers to one another, Willie. Have you forgotten Robinson Crusoe, and our cave and all our adventures together? Are you done with that work for my lady mamma? If you are I claim you as my property, sir, I must have one evening before I go back, to look over at Bonnie Scotland and talk about what seems already to be 'Lang syne.' Get the basket, and away we go; papa has given us leave."

And away we did go, through the plantation over the hill to the far bleach green, Edward telling me of the prizes he had gained. He was very proud of a prize in drawing which he gained, thanks to Miss Lanphier's instruction, for the head of an old beggarman called "Blind Jamie," drawn from life.

"Mr. Harke praised it," said Edward laughing, "because the sketch was cleaner than the original. Blind Jamie is quite a remarkable character about Himmel-en-erde. He comes begging

once a week regularly, always asks help for God's sake, and he has such a droll, twisted face. A gentleman<sup>h</sup> thought Jamie was taking God's name in vain by asking charity for His name's sake, and he gave him an overcoat to beg in a less profane way. Jamie tried it, for the overcoat was warm and tempting; but his gains fell off, he could not get to feel at home using another form of words, and he could reach neither the hearts nor pockets of the charitable as he used to do. So he was fain to offer back the overcoat as he must go back to his old petition. Taking Jamie's portrait was quite a popular idea. I sketched it from the window; and had Kate's cake, that is young Lowry of Belfast, the lady confectioner's son, beside me to pitch him out a halfpenny at intervals to keep him in a state of expectation. That sketch cost me a shilling in halfpence before it was finished." We came out from among the bushes, as he was talking, and lay down on the grass opposite the sea, and looked across the channel to Bonnie Scotland. "It is there yet," he said, taking off his cap and running his fingers through his fair curls, "it is there all right, the land so well worth fighting for, accord-