

like the morning, the great old-fashioned clock in Mrs. Bartlett's little parlour loudly and monotonously ticking off the moments until the daylight was almost gone. It was close upon six o'clock, and still no sign from the forest. Surely the searchers would soon return now, as of course they could see nothing in the darkness. Shortly Mrs. Bartlett raised her grief-stricken face from her hands, in which attitude she had passed the greater part of the day, and appeared more sensible of what was going on around her than she had been for hours past. After a few moments she rose and walked to the window, out of which a view of the great forest could be obtained. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation, and without another word she pointed eagerly out of the window. Every one in the room hurried to her side, expecting to find some of the searchers returning, perhaps with Roddy. But to their surprise they could perceive nothing; no one was stirring to the very verge of the forest. What could she mean? Her excitement was very obvious. Her eyes seemed to be bulging out of her head, and every nerve in her body was quivering. Her countenance assumed a rapt expression. Every one was watching her with startled curiosity. They evidently thought the strain and distress had overbalanced her mind. What new phase would her mood take? A moment passed in dead silence; then deliberately the old clock broke upon their ears with a whirring sound of turning wheel-work, and then lazily began striking. One—two—three—four—five—six; and stopped. Before the sound of the last stroke died away, Mrs. Bartlett had turned, and clasping Bessie Martin closely in her arms, burst into a tempest of sobs. "They've found him," she brokenly murmured, "I saw them lifting him out of the snow, and placing him on a horse. But too late;" she sobbed. "Too late." The neighbours stood and stared at one another with bewildered faces. What did it all mean? Nothing had occurred within their sight that could justify her words. Had she better eyes than they? Or was her mind unhinged? It was now with strangely mingled feelings of awe and curiosity that most of the party awaited the return of the rescuers.

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By whatever explanation the curious student may seek to account for the fact, at precisely six o'clock the rescuing party were raising Roddy's inanimate and half-frozen form from the snow where they had found it by accident on their way back to the settlement, after they had relinquished the search for the day. They first perceived the young teacher's riderless horse complacently cropping the tender shoots of some thickets, close by the trail. Judging that Roddy himself would be close by, they at once commenced a close search, which resulted in a few moments in disclosing a peculiar looking mound entirely covered with snow, not far from a large prostrate tree, under which, and protected from the extreme cold by the fleecy covering, they found the insensible figure of the widow's son. He was to all appearance dead; but of course every effort was made to resuscitate him. Restoratives were poured down his throat; a rude stretcher was hastily improvised upon which Roddy was placed, and between two horses he was quickly conveyed to the settlement which was only four or five miles distant. The hot spirits poured into his stomach, and the rapid jolting of the horses over the rough track, together, tended to restore the almost congealed blood in his veins into languid circulation, and so when they laid his body on a bed in his mother's house, to their joy and surprise, they discovered some signs of animation. It was only, however, after the most incessant and prolonged efforts on the part of the doctor, that he was coaxed back to life. He lay long on the brink of the dark abyss, given up indeed by everybody except his mother. Finally his strong constitution prevailed, and he revived.

The part Mrs. Bartlett had taken in the whole affair naturally excited much wonder and conjecture in the village. The story spread much farther than the village. She was known afterwards with, or without, reason, as "the woman of the second sight." She never tried to explain the occurrence, nor would she allow herself to be questioned on the subject; her mind evidently shrinking from any reflection upon the painful ordeal it had passed through.

Several months after Roddy's recovery, which was considerably

protracted, on a beautiful autumn morning a happy wedding party emerged from the little village church, just as Roddy imagined he saw it a few moments before he sank insensible on that wild night in the hemlock swamp. In these later years Roddy and his wife sometimes tell the story to their descendants. They regard the episode as the darkest hour of their lives—the hour which precedes the dawn of golden day.

R. W. DOUGLAS.

### AN ARAB CAMP BY NIGHT.

THE outlines of the hills had vanished, the path had led us up from the bed of the torrent, so we no longer had that to guide us. To attempt to descend it would have been madness as we might have fallen over a precipice in the darkness; indeed, we were afraid to move except with extreme caution in any direction. We had a compass and watches and knew that by keeping due south we might if no accident befell us and the rocks permitted a passage, ultimately reach the plateau, but we also knew that the direction of our night quarters was due east, but here we ran the greater risk of tumbling into unknown traverse gorges with precipitous cliffs. We cautiously worked south but our progress soon became barred by thorny brushwood and we had to face the alternative of a night out of doors without water or anything to drink and a very limited supply of food.

We were just bracing ourselves to this unpleasant prospect when in a southwesterly direction we suddenly saw a gleam of light; it lasted for a moment then seemed to go out. But that one ray was one of hope and we steered cautiously for it. We had been scrambling by compass in the dark for about half an hour, and were just beginning to despair when the bark of a distant dog put new energy into us, and not long after around the shoulder of a hill we came upon an encampment and were greeted by the furious yells of a mob of noisy curs which infest the tents of the Bedouins. It was a startling apparition to burst upon these nomads in their remote retreat—horsemen of a type they had never seen before, and an armed soldier. Such children as were awake set up a dismal squalling, the women covered tremblingly over their camp-fires under the pent roof of black camel's hair. Meanwhile the men had gathered round us, half timidly, half threateningly. The presence of the soldier suggested fear and suspicion while the smallness of our party encouraged the bolder ones to look defiant. As far as I could make out in the darkness there were about a dozen tents here in all—apparently the fag end of an insignificant tribe whose name I forget. It was at first impossible to induce any one at that late hour to act as guide. Even abundant offers of backshish failed to shake their suspicion, which was to the effect that we wished to decoy one into durance to act as a hostage until some arrears of taxes which they owed the government should be paid up.

The other alternative was that we should take up our quarters in the sheik's tent, whether he liked it or not, which with a piercing wind blowing, accompanied by sleet was not a very pleasant prospect. He seemed to relish it as little as we did and finally consented to be our guide as we made some silver gleam in the firelight. As he seized his eighteen-foot lance and mounted his ragged steed he looked like some Arab Don Quixote, and as the camp-fire threw its ruddy glow upon a group of wild-looking women, with dishevelled hair and tattooed chins crooning over a pot like the witches in "Macbeth," and upon barelegged men as they fitted to and fro between the black tents I thought I had seldom gazed upon a more weird and unreal-looking scene.

How our guide could find his way up the rocky hillside and across the prairie remained a mystery during the long two hours that we followed him. Of this I feel sure, that we scrambled up places in the dark that we never should have thought of facing by daylight. The very horses seemed to have become desperate and to have abandoned themselves to their fate. At last we dismounted and scaled the rocks like goats, everyone, man or beast, doing the best he could for himself on his own account, and so at last, wearied and half starved, for we had fasted for about ten hours, we reached the goal of our endeavour, too tired to see what an utterly miserable hole it was.—*Lawrence Oliphant, in Haifa.*