

the sun smiles only through a cloud of tears ; while I will betake myself to a region whose golden sands are washed by the ripples of wealth ; and there will I bury myself in the lap of indolence, and of luxury, and of ease."

These were truly cheering words to me, feeling as I did, very gloomy and depressed ; consequently, I was very glad to accept the offer, and forthwith we took a room situated in by no means the most fashionable quarter of the old city. For the first few days, the time passed miserably enough. I noticed, however, that Caleb Yorston—especially in the evening—became morose and reserved. He would sit in the only arm-chair which our modest apartment possessed, lost in gloomy reflection for an hour at a time. If I spoke, he replied very briefly to my questions. Occasionally he would relate some of the experiences of his travels. He was thoroughly conversant with the important events of modern times, and was intimately acquainted with the ancient history of the East. But when I mentioned India, his whole countenance would suddenly light up with astonishing animation, and he never tired telling me of his life and adventures in that wonderful land."

"India," he would exclaim, "is the land of riches, of luxury, and of secrecy. The skies are ever blue, and the morning sun clothes the everlasting hills with a garment that is woven with gold. Jewellery is the only wealth which we possess, and no man can boast of a fortune whose eyes do not reflect the glitter of his own gems. India ! my beloved India ! when again shall I recline under the shades of thy stately palm ?"

One evening, about six o'clock, we sat talking together, and both were more solemn than usual. Our funds were getting very low indeed ; we counted our cash, and discovered that three pounds and a few shillings were all we possessed.

"What are we to do ?" I exclaimed in despair. "I have done all in my power to procure some sort of occupation, without success. In a day or two we shall both be penniless."

Yorston did not reply for a few moments ; then he rose from his chair, and

walked across the room to his trunk ; this he opened, and took out some article which I could not see as his back was turned towards me. Whatever it was he put it in his pocket.

"Keep up your courage," he said as he rose from his knees ; "I have not wandered over this city to no purpose ; for, like the gold-digger, I only go forth in search of fortune"—then, taking out his watch, he added : "I have an engagement at eight o'clock this evening—go to bed, my friend, dispel your gloomy thoughts, and await my return ; you are restless and sleepless. Here, take a bit of this *hasheesh* ; it will do you good ; I often indulge in it when my nerves are unstrung"—and he handed me a small piece of a brown, resinous-looking substance.

Almost unconsciously I took it in my hand and swallowed it. Then I bid him good night, and went off to bed.

It was late in the morning when I woke up. My companion was quietly sleeping in bed.

"I wonder what success he met with last night," I queried to myself dreamily, for I felt unusually drowsy. "It is strange that I did not hear him return—it was probably due to the drug I took, for never man dreamt such dreams as I did last night." So, I lay in my bed, and dozed for another hour. Finally, I rose, dressed myself, and, observing that my companion was still slumbering, slipped out from the house, and took a stroll along the Plains of Abraham.

How beautiful, how calm, and how serene was the bosom of the great St. Lawrence ! The morning sun danced and glittered upon its broad, expansive surface. The crisp, sharp, air invigorated me, and I began to feel the want of a good substantial breakfast. I therefore adjourned to an eating-house close at hand, where Yorston and myself were in the habit of taking our meals, and I can assure you that I did full justice to the good fare provided ; still I must say I sighed heavily when I thought of the financial outlay which such a luxury necessitated.

Just as I had finished my meal, I happened to catch sight of a newspaper lying on the table. I took it up listlessly, and opened it. I glanced at