

GLORIOUS DEATH, OR VICTORY.

Canadian Brothers! clouds are gathering
Thick and dark, our country round;
Fierce and deadly strife is threatening,
War's portentous signs abound.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

On our border there is trouble,
There is care on many a brow;
Now, Canada's sons, assemble—
Bravest hearts are needed now.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

In our midst are foes and traitors;
Danger lurks on every side;
But with trust in God to bless us,
We will meet what'er betide.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

In our homes fond hearts are beating—
Shall they not in safety dwell?
All around bright eyes are beaming—
Oh! who would not guard them well?

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

To arms! to arms! our country's welfare
Trembling in the balance lies,
With our best beloved treasures,
And our priceless liberties.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

To her sons a nation's looking—
Let her foes your valour know;
Onward, ever onward, pressing,
Sons of freedom, onward go.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

When war's rude alarms shall cease,
And Jesus reigns in every heart;
When the nations dwell in peace,
And sorrow, sin, and death depart—
May our bravest warriors be
Shouting "life and victory."

GEORGE ADAMS.

Belleville, Canada West, June 4, 1866.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.

Continued from page 225.

"In our arid deserts"—murmured he—"I have seen the wounded lion crawling on the sand, leaving the track of his blood along his path—until he reached a fountain of pure cold water; and ever as he crawled, his panting sides, his drooping mane and his hoarse groanings denoted his near approach to death. But as soon as the pure cold water touched his lips, he rose—shook his mane—lashed his sides—and roared like a conqueror. Maiden, I am of the desert, like the lion. The remedies of Europe are not made for me; give me some pure cold water."

Ingeburge listened to him, overcome by a bizarre interest that she could not define. She threw the cordial out of the cup and filled it with pure water.

Mahmoud, like the wounded lion, seemed to recover himself all at once; he raised his energetic head, and a proud light seemed to illumine his dark eye.

"Thank you, young girl," said he, in a voice which made Ingeburge tremble as though she had heard the voice of another man.

He gave her back the empty cup, and shifted the lamp in such a manner that the light should not fall too directly on his features.

He was about to enter upon a contest and was trying to secure every advantage.

"Thou art kind, and succored me, young girl—the All-powerful always rewards mercy and goodness. For a glass of water, the sacred poets tell us that the Prophet gave the rich dates of Aroen to Sidda, wife of Moses. I am Jean Cadour, the image-cutter, to whom even princes speak with respect. The high priests of Paris will pay for my stone statue by its weight in gold. If thou wilt accept it, young girl, I will share with thee the price of my statue."

Ingeburge made no reply—not that she was offended by the words of the sick man—but because that name, Jean Cadour, awakened in her a vague fear that she could not explain.

She had a confused recollection that that name had been pronounced by her sister, Eve, in the

long tale she had related to her, and in which so many different names occurred.

The memory of Ingeburge wandered over the details of Eve's story, but she could call to mind no particular incident connected with the name of Jean Cadour.

"Hast thou no desire to be rich?" asked Mahmoud, whose eyes were endeavouring to pierce the queen's veil.

The queen was but a woman after all—and had a woman's curiosity; adventures which begin like a romance always take the daughters of Eve on their weak side: the queen was curious to know more, and replied—"Oh! yes, my brother, I should indeed like to be very rich."

Mahmoud thought to himself he had asked too much, when he asked messire Amaury for one hour.

"Riches," resumed he, softening his voice as much as he could, "are like the brilliant varnish that painters spread upon their canvass, to heighten the effect of their colors. Riches give the decoration, which embellishes even beauty!"

"With riches, my brother, one may heal wounds and soften the sufferings of the sick."

Mahmoud was about to continue his illustrations of the theme he had chosen—but he stopped suddenly—and there seemed to be some shade of respect in his hesitation.

Respect for the simple and pure young girl—who had sanctified, by one word, the expression of her simple desires.

Still Mahmoud had as yet no suspicion of the success of his attack. Poor human nature is sometimes carried away by good as well as by bad sentiments—it is only a question of knowing how to put on the bait and how to present it *apropos*.

"There are so many suffering around us, are there not my daughter?" continued the Syrian, shifting his battery, "misery is so cruel in this great Paris. God he praised, my gifts would not be bestowed on vain and foolish prodigalities. Instead of decorating thy beautiful brow with jewels and pearls—thou wouldst decorate thy soul with good deeds."

The queen's mind was still seeking to discover what it was that her sister Eve had told her about Jean Cadour—who seemed so good and was yet so ignorant of all Christian things; at the same time she listened to him attentively, to see if she could catch a word to assist her memory.

"Didst thou think, then, my brother," asked she with simplicity, "to find in this holy place women delivered over to worldly vanities?"

They had laid Mahmoud already dressed upon the bed—finding that the conversation was not tending toward his desired object, and that the young maiden's replies thwarted his diplomacy too easily—he felt that it was necessary, without further delay, to produce more efficacious arguments—he therefore drew from the breast of his surcoat a long silk purse marvellously embroidered, and full of gold. In spite of the pious words of his young nurse he expected to surprise her into some expression of coveting this magnificent purse—but Ingeburge was too deep in her own reflections, and the purse seemed to make no impression upon her. Mahmoud thought he had gained one point, for he believed that his pretty companion was dissimulating—and in a game of this kind he who expects to cheat has lost beforehand.

"I have heard say," said he, proceeding with more confidence "that the first wife of Phillip Augustus is confined in this convent; have they not deceived me, my young girl?"

"They have not deceived thee, my brother," replied Ingeburge, redoubling her attention.

"Perhaps you know her?"

"I do know her."

"And perhaps you love her?"

"I love her," said Ingeburge, trembling and hesitating.

The queen's voice trembled, because her memory had suddenly given to the name of Jean Cadour a terrible signification, and she felt herself threatened with some fearful danger.

She recoiled as though the purse with which the Syrian was playing had been a poisoned poignard.

"You have another name?" she stammered suddenly.

"Yes," replied Jean Cadour, without exhibiting any emotion.

The queen's knees bent under her. "Oh Lord, my God!" she inwardly prayed, "if this is to be my last hour have pity on me and receive my sinful soul into your mercy!" for she had at once recalled the name of Mahmoud-el-Reis, who had come to France to kill the queen.

In her confusion she had attributed to Mahmoud the design of Amaury. But, alas! it was not the thought of death which most cruelly tortured her.

By a strange chance Mahmoud at this moment said to her—

"I will give thee this purse, young girl—and this purse contains a fortune—if thou wilt assist me to speak to the queen."

Hot tears filled the eyes of the poor young wife, and the dreadful pain which wrung her heart might be traced in these few words.

"And you were admitted here in the name of the king."

She knew well that she was an obstacle, and she concluded that the king had at last determined to put that obstacle out of his way. At this moment of supreme distress, all that Eve had told her seemed now unravelled. This man was the executioner sent by the king, charged to accomplish a mysterious execution, which no one should be able to reveal.

She was the more confirmed in this idea because she adored the king; and the sufferings that she endured from not being loved again disposed her to see in everything new proofs of his hatred. We believe that which we fear much more readily than that which we hope.

Mahmoud had no idea of what was passing in the mind of his nurse, prevented as he was from reading her impressions on her features, he could therefore only judge at random; and as almost always happens to the sportsman, in such cases, he missed his mark.

"Yes," replied he, expecting to advance his business at one stroke, "I am here by the king's orders."

"And was it the king who gave you that purse?"

"It was the king."

The voice of Angel died away upon her lips. She, however, managed to get out—"To tempt some one to betray the queen into your hands?"

She waited for that reply as for her final sentence. Jean Cadour replied—

"You have guessed it."

The queen uttered a feeble cry and fell like one dead.

Mahmoud-el-Reis was kneeling over the queen, contemplating her, as though plunged into a sort of ecstacy. He raised her veil. The light of the lamp struck full on the noble features of Ingeburge, whose marvellous beauty had the paleness of death.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the Syrian, he passed his hands over his eyes as though to assure himself that he was not under the influence of an ecstatic dream.

"Dilah!" murmured he, in that melodious and tender voice in which he always pronounced that idolized name. "Dilah! it is her dear and supple figure! the divine sweetness of her features—the same pride on her brow—the sadness of her lips. Dilah—such as the pale sun of these climes would have made her—with the azure of the sky in her eyes, and the tints of gold in her hair!"

He bent slowly and placed a respectful kiss upon the icy forehead of the queen.

"Dilah! that kiss to thee," said the Syrian, "I will love this woman, for she is thy soul's sister!"

CHAPTER III.

Under the narrow window, which gave light and air to the cell, where Mahmoud-el-Reis was alone with the queen of France, the immense garden of the abbey began to come out of the darkness—the rays of the moon pierced through the leafless branches of the trees, vaguely designing the contours of massive and fabulous monsters on the parterres.