

at the fellow's soldierly rig-out—lovely inlaid pistols, but red with rust and innocent of oil; a gleaming yataghan, which from its fine temper would not have disgraced the hand of Saladin, but in a tattered leather sheath; a beautiful cashmere turban, but full of holes, so that one cannot tell whether the holes or the material are the chief thing! What an admirable picture is there of the land of the Caliphs. How far is it yet to Isakcha?" he added turning towards the cavasse.

The latter turned his head slowly to the speaker. A half-concealed smile was visible upon his mouth through his thick mustache.

"Before nightfall we shall have gone just as far towards Isakcha as we should have done towards the convent!"

"What is your name then, Janissary? We shall have to know it since we are condemned to live some days together."

"Demir Keran Hussein!" answered the cavasse.

"A splendid name, by Jove!" exclaimed the ex-chasseur. "Do you know, gentlemen, what it means? Hussein, who breaks iron. It is an old custom handed down from early times, when each janissary assumed some such name. I wonder if he dates from the time of the war? Tell me Hussein! Did you fight with us against the Russians during the late war?"

The Turk drew himself up proudly.

"By Allah!" said he. "I have served the Sultan as a faithful soldier should!" and, then, as if desirous of turning the conversation, he added, letting his glance fall carelessly upon the Bulgarian. "We should have reached the monastery just as soon if Ilia Michalovich had not been particularly anxious to get to Isakcha."

Ilia cracked his whip and chirruped with his lips to his panting steeds, while a self-satisfied smile beamed from his eyes as if he would have said "That is my affair, and I have indeed succeeded in my object!"

"Where are we to pass the night in the town?" asked the Secretary.

Ilia Michalovich turned round to the speaker.

"I know a house," said he, "where there is plenty of room; at Popovich's!"

"Ha! ha! It is there your little Eurikleia lives, then!" rejoined the Secretary laughing.

"And what if it were?" replied Ilia cracking his whip defiantly.

Whoever had been watching the Turk, at the moment when the name of Popovich was mentioned, would have noticed an angry gleam pass over his eyes; his nervous hand tightened upon the bridle with a sudden jerk, and he pressed his spurs against his horse's flank so that, with a rapid bound, he cleared the pathway.

"Ah! do not get angry with me!" said Werner turning good-naturally towards Ilia. "I am sincerely glad of it for your sake, and I will try to help you all I can."

"To what?" asked Ilia with a sudden vivacity which betrayed itself in a smart lash of the whip, as well as in an unwonted sharpness of tone.

Demir Hussein's emotion had not escaped the observation of the Secretary. Werner was young and his heart was younger even than his years; he was one of those knightly artless men to whom everything savours of romance, and who are capable of supposing one where others are unable to perceive even the shadow of the shade of one. The name of the little Eurikleia sounded sweet and musical in his ear; Ilia Michalovich was handsome; there was something at once strangely defiant and yet sadly beautiful in his nature. "They love one another," thought Werner. "Yonder Turk obtrudes himself like an ill-omened fate between them; I Werner Von Bergen, good Knight-errant, Tuetonic Don Quixote, will help these distressed ones!"

"To what?" he asked softly, leaning over towards Ilia; and he pointed with his finger towards the Turk, who was riding at a sharp trot in front of the wagon, while his sabre clashed against his spurs at every stride of his horse. "If you need a friend, Ilia! you will find me ready at your side!"

Ilia Michalovich was greatly surprised at the proposal; the unexpected readiness of this unknown man appeared as strange to him as an interference with the deepest and holiest feelings of his being; he looked the youth full in the face.

"I thank you!" he murmured after a short pause, "Thou also art no friend to the Turks! What I may have to fear from this man, I know not! But I will remind thee of thy promise, if ever I am in need of help!" and he added softly: "Eurikleia will thank thee!"

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE MONASTERY.

THE following extract is taken from the recently published volume of essays by Miss Cleveland, sister of the United States President:—
The mediæval monastery has passed away. It will not return. But monachism remains and will remain while human nature bides its time. Over and over again will a wretched phantasy of conscience bid the conscience-stricken turn his back on homely, present duty in unhallowed life, and make the same old experiment of self-salvation in unhallowed renunciation. The spirit of monachism has survived the mediæval monastery. Its profitless experiments, its unavailing renunciations, are not now confined to convent walls. Not among those luminous figures which emerge from the modern convent to carry the comfort of the cross to battle-field and prison-cell and hospital cot, do we find the painfulest examples of its sad misleading; but in the selfish segregations of fashionable cliques, the complacent hypocrisy of social ostracisms, of scientific unbelief, of sated, soulless culture, of morbid research, of wretched

introspection, of indolent abstraction from the practicabilities of life. The mediæval man fled into the monastery; the modern man flees into himself, and all unconsciously in manifold ways repeats the old, vain folly of selfish subjectivity.

Hundreds of years before Antony of Egypt laid the corner stone of the mediæval monastery a young man sat on an Eastern throne, ruler over countless myriads of servile subjects, owner of all the wealth of India. Yet, though swaying so potent a sceptre, seated on so towering a throne, wearing so glittering a crown, the soul within this youthful monarch tortured him to a strange sacrifice for its sake. He abandons all—throne, subjects, wealth, pleasure, power, and searching out the meanest and most abject slave in his realm, takes from him his tattered, filthy robe, and puts it on his own royal form, and thus disguised goes forth from all humanity to be alone. In trackless forest and in barren desert, in cave of beast, and rock of eagle, he serves out his self-appointed term of penance and probation; and when this is accomplished he returns, another being from another world, and lays before his subjects, among whom is none so poor as he, the true wealth he has found, the secret of existence, the *summum bonum* of human life, the knowledge how to lose existence, how to submerge human life, how to annihilate the individual.

Behold in Buddhism the genius of the monastery, behold in Gautama the prototype of Antony. But midway between Antony and Gautama, behold the Nazarene, the young carpenter, the Evangelist, the Son, the Brother, the Man of Bethlehem, behold him entering into all the joys and sorrows of the manhood which he dignified, wearing graciously to its last humiliation the garb of human flesh to which he has ever joined in honourable wedlock the unassailable human soul—behold him, from his manger-cradle to his death-bed cross, pre-eminently the Man of men, fullest of humanity, whose whole burden of mission to us lies epitomized in his own statement: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

THE VOICE OF THE RAIN.

AND who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,
Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely formed, altogether changed, and yet the same,
I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn,
And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own origin, and make pure and
beautify it;
(For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfilment, wandering,
Recked or unrecked, duly with love returns).

—Walt Whitman, in *Outing for August*.

WHIFFS.

AT Havana, when a distinguished stranger visits the tobacco factory of Senor Cabana or Partagas, the custom is to offer him an "obsequio," by fashioning a new brand of cigars in his honour. To this we owe the excellent cigars known as the "Serrano," and the "Henry Clay"; and had the great leaders of the Conservative and the Liberal Parties visited Havana, Senores Anselmo del Valle and Partagas would soon have consigned "Gladstones" or "Juventus Mundis," "Disraelis" or "Lothairs" to the European market. The London tobacco manufacturers elected to pay Charles Dickens the Cuban compliment. A neat little cigar, costing only a penny, was devised, and christened the "Pickwick"; which still retains its popularity. Such an ingenious stretch of courtesy has not been equalled, save by the patriotic coach-builder who constructed a four-wheeled cab of a novel shape, and dubbed it a "Brougham."

HONEST men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like, but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation, no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner. The cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American-Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected; in fact, dear Bob—I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home, I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which, I own, is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cement of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure.—Thackeray.—*From Tobacco Talk*.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the well-known Boston firm, Oliver Ditson and Company, for an assorted parcel of pianoforte and vocal music. "Suite" is a stately polka, with pleasing melody, composed by Charles Wels; "See-Saw March," by A. G. Crowe, would have won popularity through its title, even had it not been pretty, which it is; an arrangement of the ever-popular "Ehren on the Rhine" for voice and guitar; "Whatever is, is Best," W. F. Sudd's, beautiful interpretation of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's sweet words; the favourite song, from "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," known as "My Love, Farewell"; F. Paolo Tosti's charming melody, "It Came with the Merry May, Love," words by Whyte Melville; and "Haven," words by William Winter, music by A. J. Shaw. —Messrs. Suckling, of Toronto, also send a very pretty fantasia on "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," arranged by Thomas R. Watts, and called "The Bard of Erin," and a quaint caprice for the piano entitled "Recollections of the South," which when played *a la* banjo has a very catchy effect.