

good as he--
a wanderer.
meeting, but of
ther they ever

THE SEQUEL.

THE curtain of our theatre has fallen, and the last act of our play has terminated.

Is there of the story, kindest reader, anything about which you seek further information? If so, we shall willingly give it you here behind the scenes.

We think we hear you ask, "What became of that Professor who was always so long a-coming, and of him who was so fond of music?"

In the first place, the former remained for about a year in France. During that time, his old friend Mrs. Fitz Maurice tried hard to make him a Catholic. What was the result? He always said, "Time enough, Mary!"

In the second place, he returned to Scotland, where, true to his profession, as every one should be, he sat in the lecturer's chair at his own dear "Alma Mater." In this position he continued for five years, when he died regretted by all who knew him. How did he die? Even as he lived—promising himself every day to become some kind of a Christian, but never performing. His bonnet hung upon no particular rack. So went our poor old friend.

And now about the other.

For a whole year he continued to send to his uncle fan-