

the roast, but while they were yet racking their brains for a contrivance which should answer the purpose of a spit, some good genius sent aid to them in a manner they little expected. Edmund was vainly trying to warm his hands at the flickering and uncertain blaze; Johannes was trying almost as vainly to disencumber the defunct owl of its feathers; both of the poor wayfarers looking miserable enough, when they were aroused from their melancholy employments by a loud peal of laughter, which rung out clear and distinct through the little aperture that served as a window. A pair of dark eyes were gleaming there, and a merry young face looked in, which they had once before seen that day.

"Kirior!" cried Johannes; but when he reached the door the kirior was gone. Another half hour elapsed, and then the door creaked on its hinges, and the fair young Greek, whom Edmund had saved that day from the lightning came in heavily laden, and deposited a basket on the rough earthen floor, from which she took cold meat and Indian corn cakes, wine and fruit, and lastly, a couple of warm coverlids. "Eliodore!" exclaimed Johannes; but the maiden put her finger to her lip, and, before he could ask any further question, she had disappeared.

"Do you know who she is, Johannes?" inquired the young subaltern.

"I know the kirior," replied the man; "but excuse me, Effendi, I am too hungry to talk now." Edmund was hungry too, so they both sat down and enjoyed the good things thus spread for them in the wilderness; and throwing their coverlids by the fire, they slept the dreamless sleep of the weary.

III.

Poor Edmund Gray! a weary foot and a fierce headache formed but a small part of the penalty he was destined to pay for his day of wandering through the wild woods. Pleasant as it may be, and romantic as it may seem to sleep the night away in a little lone church embosomed in an olive grove, these same olive groves are sadly infected with malaria, thus forming one of many proofs, that romance and comfort do seldom travel hand in hand about this round globe of ours. In less than a week after the adventure we noted erewhile, our young friend was laid upon a couch of sickness; fever on his brow, and pain in every limb. So the doctor visited him, and looked solemn, and medicine came in abundantly, and the mantle-shelf was decorated with a goodly row of empty phials, yet still the fever was on Edmund's brow, and the pains would not depart. Alas! there was no woman's hand to smooth the poor soldier's pillow,—no woman's voice to soothe him with whisperings of hope; his mother was in the grave, and his sisters were revelling in hall and bower, for he had left them in the spring-time of youth, to seek after glory and fame.

Poor Edmund Gray! Again the M. D. came and shook his solemn head, told him he was none better; pronounced the fever infectious, and sent the patient away for change of air to the other side of the island, to that place where there is now a hospital built to Paolo Castrizza.

A weary journey it was; but the weather was mild and the air refreshing. None of his gay friends came to say farewell, for the fever was infectious; but his commanding officer gave him a month's leave of absence, and Miss Blondell sent him the last new novel she had received from England, with compliments and wishes for his speedy recovery.

On the summit of a lofty rock of red stone, rudely shaped, as though it had once been the fortress home of the stern Phœaciens, with the wild sea foam ever tossing and murmuring about its base, making sweet enough music to the well in health and light of heart, but a sad lullaby to the sick and sleepless,—stood the little hut,—it scarcely merited a better name,—in which poor Edmund was sentenced to regain his health and vivacity. So far from the city, it was impossible for the doctor to visit him often; one short visit on every alternate day was all he could possibly effect. Alas! for Mr. Gray, if he had depended only on his countrymen and friends! but he did not depend only on them. Johannes forgot now his own wants and wishes; he grumbled not at the country bread, and did not make many wry faces at the crassi; these minor grievances were forgotten in his anxiety for his master's comfort. Tender and affectionate, the untutored Albanian laid aside every thought of self, and while Edmund's friends and equals were dancing at the palace, flirting at the opera, or talking nonsense on the esplanade, Johannes passed sleepless nights by his master's couch, and subduing his voice and step to the softness of womanhood, became friend, and nurse and comforter. It was not until nature was fairly exhausted, that he thought of procuring help;—and then did he go to the city for it? Ah! no.

One sunshiny morning he had drawn his master's couch to the open window, and had spread a veil before it, that the sea-breeze might not visit his fevered cheek too roughly, and Edmund thanked him, and said with a smile, "Now, good Johannes, go below, will you, and quiet those clamorous waves,—I cannot rest for them;" "I will sing them to sleep," said Johannes, as he went out of the room.

Presently a deep rich voice came swelling on the breeze,—deep

and rich, yet soft as an infant's murmuring, and the words, though breathed in the rough Romaic tongue felt sweetly and soothingly on the soldier's spirit, for they were of home—of distant home, of a mother's watchful tenderness, of a sister's gentle love, and of reunion after absence. These words were words of holy power—the soldier slept, and his dreams were blest, and when he awoke and met Johannes' anxious gaze, he forgot for a moment where he was, for the first words he uttered were, "Marian, sister Marian!"

IV.

"And so," said the young Greek, "in return for all I have done for you, watching, and waiting, and singing, and nursing, you, unreasonable as the rest of your nation, wish me to undertake new tasks. This book!" she said, somewhat contemptuously, "why, Effendi, I would rather, to please you, go shooting in the pine woods all day, and return at last with nothing but a grey owl in my basket for supper, then learn the name of one of those crooked figures; I never had the slightest inclination for abstruse studies."

"But, Eliodore! In my country it is counted a shameful thing for any one, even a woman, not to know how to read; nay, almost every body there can write also!"

"It may be so, Caro; I love that pretty soft Italian word, the only good thing you ever taught me; but what are they the better for it? Can they talk to you faster, or sing to you more willingly, or nurse you more carefully than I have done?" And the glorious large black eyes were languidly raised with a reproachful expression, which said more than any words could say.

"No, no, Eliodore! they could not, they would not; why, indeed, should I seek to cloud your pure ingenuous mind with our crabbed learning? It would but make you cold-hearted and deceptive, and selfish as we are; no, no, Eliodore, remain as you are, the sweetest little wild flower that ever looked laughingly up to the sun, or drank the free mountain-breeze;—only this hideous wrapping veil and these frightful silver clasps,—they would be better exchanged for—"

"I know, I know," answered the laughing maiden; "tomorrow, to-morrow, you shall see—but now it is growing chill; you must leave the verandah, and I must hasten home to my father—come, Johannes!"

The next morning when Eliodore came, accompanied by her young brother to visit the hermit dwelling on the rock, she had changed her costume—none knew how, or where she had procured her new attire, but so it was—the cumbrous shoes with enormous silver buckles were exchanged for slight Italian slippers; her pretty figure was no longer disguised by large saucer-like clasps of carved silver; nay, even the bells had disappeared from her bodice, and her dress was confined only by a broad embroidered scarf tied round the waist; her thick linen veil, for one of smaller size and lighter texture, which shaded her features without hiding even the pomegranate blossoms with which she had wreathed her dark hair.

It was pleasant to Edmund Gray, the man of intellect, the man of refinement, the man of the world, to enter into the innermost recesses of this young creature's mind, and thinking her pure thoughts, and sharing her childlike simplicity, live over again his own early and happy days.

She knew nothing, absolutely nothing of the world and its inhabitants; she had never heard of ambition; she had never dreamed of love; those two dangerous and specious deities, which sway the world with an omnipotent sceptre, offering rose-wreaths to their votaries, which rose-wreaths turn ever to links of iron, that bind the heart and destroy the spirit. She loved her father,—he was the syndic of the neighbouring village, and the greatest person she had ever encountered, for all the villagers did his bidding;—she loved her little brother, for he was motherless, and clung to her for support and for protection; but of other love she had never thought; she had ever considered, as she so frankly confessed to Edmund, the science of reading to be something far beyond her powers of mind, an occupation fit only for priests and old women; but who that had heard her young and liquid voice pouring forth its deep Ave to the Virgin at night, or ringing in peals of light laughter, from rock to rock, as she chased the wild kids along the ledges, would have ever wished it to be made audible in any other manner? She never wanted occupation. She had her birds to tame—her bees to tend—her kids to sport with—her dear father to wait upon—her young brother to caress; but when, sick, and sad, and suffering, Edmund Gray came to dwell in the desolate hut, that crowned the frowning rock of Paolo Castrizza, and claimed a stranger's boon at the hands of the kind-hearted maiden,—when she knew that he was not quite a stranger, but the same young Englishman who had perilled his life to save her and her brother, then she joyfully gave up every other pursuit for that of sharing the cares and anxieties of poor Johannes. Her birds followed their own wild wills,—her bees turned vagrants,—her kids grew venerable,—her father bruised his grapes, and hung his tobacco to dry alone, while poor little Dinoo wished with his whole soul that the Englishman was gone.

Returning health is at all times a delightful feeling; Edmund

Gray had experienced it before, but never had it come to him so delightfully as now. He was far from his fellows, and he loved such loneliness. His thoughts were habitually too lofty, too ideal for this rough and common-place world; he cared not for the things which men usually care for, and those beautiful dreamings, and dim visions of unearthly excellence, and shadowy remembrances of the past, which he shrined in his inmost heart, the world despised and laughed at. So he shut himself up in his own fairy creation, and seldom spoke of his hidden treasures to those who crossed his path. His companions called him an idle visionary, but Edmund despised and disliked his companions, and loved to be alone. And now he was alone, unfettered, for the time being, by calls to duty, unworried by what was, in his estimation, far more disagreeable, calls to amusement. Alone with the glory and magnificence of nature, when he was able to go out beyond his verandah, he asked for, he wished for no further happiness. Johannes supported his yet feeble steps, and Eliodore bounded onwards like a young wood nymph, beckoning them to follow. Although Eliodore knew not the source of the hidden fount within, and had never heard the name or praise of sweet Poesy, she loved a bright sky, and a fair scene as well as any poet could desire. She would sit untired for hours, with Edmund, in a little grassy nook, about half way down the rock, listening to the monotonous music of the ever-beating surge; she would stand with rapt eye at eventime, on the sands, watching the last faint glow of the retiring sun; she would look out over the deep waters till, unobserved, the breaking surf rolled on and covered her with a shower of white spray.

Nature, beautiful Nature, beneficent Nature, consoler and friend! thou hast a voice for every mood of the human mind, a balm for every sorrow of the stricken heart! When man has betrayed, and friend has departed, to thee we come for consolation, and we come never in vain. Beautiful Nature! thou hast yet another wonderful power: thou dost stamp thine own impress with unerring hand upon thy votaries. Be they deeply versed in the lore of the world, or be they utterly untaught, save by thine own gentle teaching, it is but to look upon the eye when it rests on sun-touched landscape, around on the eternal sea below, on the star-gemmed glory above—it is but to mark that eye kindle, and to see that cheek glow with the hidden fire within, and straightway we exclaim "And thou, too, art in Arcady."

Concluded next week.

VOLTAIRE AGAINST WAR.

VOLTAIRE, though a bold and bitter enemy of that gospel on which alone we can rely for the entire abolition of war, has nevertheless filled his writings with strong denunciations of this custom. "Famine, the plague, and war," he says, "are the three most famous ingredients in the misery of this lower world. Under famine may be classed all the noxious kinds of food which want compels us to use, thus shortening our life while we hope to support it. In the plague are included all contagious distempers; and these are not less than two or three thousand. These two evils we receive from Providence; but war, in which all these evils are concentrated, we owe to the fancy of two or three hundred persons scattered over the globe under the name of princes and ministers. The most hardened flatterer will allow, that war is ever attended with plague and famine, especially if he has seen the military hospitals of Germany, or passed through villages where some notable feat of arms has been performed."

"When a sovereign wishes to embark in war, he picks up a multitude of men who have nothing to do, and nothing to lose, clothes them with coarse blue cloth, puts on them hats bound with coarse white worsted, makes them turn to the right and left, and thus marches them away to glory! Other princes, on this armament, take part in it to the best of their ability, and soon cover a small extent of country with more hireling murderers than Jenghiz-Khan, Tamerlane and Bajazet had at their heels. People at no small distance, on hearing that fighting is afoot, and that if they would join, there are five or six sous a day for them, immediately divide into two bands like reapers, and go and sell their services to the first bidder. These multitudes furiously butcher one another not only without having any concern in the quarrel, but without so much as knowing what it is about."

"An odd circumstance in this infernal business is, that every chief of those ruffians has his colors consecrated, and solemnly prays to God, before he goes to destroy his neighbour. If the slain in battle do not exceed two or three thousand, the fortunate commander does not think it worth thanking God for; but if, besides killing ten or twelve thousand men, he has been so far favored of Heaven as totally to destroy some remarkable place, then a verbose hymn is sung."

"All courtiers pay a certain number of orators to celebrate these sanguinary achievements. They are all very long-winded in their harangues; but in not one of all these discourses have they the spirit to animadvert on war, that scourge and crime which includes all others. Put together all the vices of all ages and places; and never will they come up to the mischiefs and enormities of one campaign."