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A NEW YEAR'S PIPE.

NOTICE.

The present issue of the NEWS has been delayed in consequence of arrangements in progress for the transfer of the copyright and proprietorship to other parties, full particulars of which will be given in a future issue. The change, it may be said, is likely to result in considerable alterations and improvements in the paper itself.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 30, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE short criticism upon the title of the capital of the Russian empire, which appeared in this column last week, has attracted more notice than was originally claimed for it. The *Gazette* reviewer is indignant at the imputation cast—though certainly without intention—upon his geographical knowledge, and comes to the front with no less an authority than Mr. Eugene Schuyler, to deny simply the statement made in this paper, and to endeavor to write me down an ass. Nevertheless, be it said, even as the great Homer sometimes sleeps, so is the great Schuyler at times a trifle off the mark, and had I space, I should be glad to entertain the readers of this paper with some extracts from other works of his, principally translations from the Russian, which are both amusing and instructive in view of his alleged omniscience.

But to Mr. George Murray, who writes in the *Star* of last Saturday on the subject, I owe a debt of gratitude for the extract from *Notes and Queries*, which seems to settle the question as far as the original name of the city is concerned, a point upon which I am glad to be corrected.

Nevertheless, any one who spoke of our own city as *Ville Marie*, would hardly be able to persuade the inhabitants of Montreal that this title, though the original, was the correct name of the city in question, and the fact remains that "Petersburg," so called, is the appellation by which the Russian metropolis is known amongst its own inhabitants, as, indeed, Mr. Murray himself admits. That this is a fact, I can vouch for upon my own authority, and lest the *Gazette* should prefer Mr. Schuyler, I will add the following passage from a recently-published sketch of life in Russia, "The Tsar's Window," which I opened at random a few days since. It will be found on p. 24 of the No Name Series edition—if perchance another there be:

"Last week there was a grand review of all the troops about Petersburg (Russians drop the 'Saint')."

It may be worth while adding as a remarkable coincidence, that I had never seen the passage in *Notes and Queries* until I read it in the *Star*, while the question therein propounded criticizes the supposed sanctity of Peter the Great in almost the same words as I unwittingly employed.

[Since writing the above, I have been reading "Tit for Tat," a story of Russian life, in the last number of *Harper*, by Charles Reade, a writer who, whatever his faults, is generally most accurate in the local color of his sketches. Throughout this story, the city, which is often referred to, is invariably called *Petersburg*.—Ed.]

THE appointment of an Archbishop of Canterbury in place of the late Dr. Tait, whose portrait appears on another page of this paper, is in any case an important event for the Church of England, especially in the position in which its relations with the State are now placed, and naturally the eyes of all parties in the Church have been eagerly turned upon Mr. Gladstone, to whom they have each looked for the consideration of their peculiar claims. That in the appointment of Dr. Benson no political purpose has been followed is evident, for the new Archbishop is not only a staunch Conservative, but was the nominee of the late Lord Beaconsfield for the See of Truro. This significant fact makes the victory of the High Church party all the more marked, and when to the Archbishop's well-known principles is added the fact that he is a comparatively young, and a remarkably energetic man, it must be evident that his in-

fluence upon the future of the Church must be very great.

THE present writer may be allowed, perhaps, a sort of personal interest in the appointment, inasmuch as for eight years he was at Wellington College under Dr. (then Mr.) Benson, and for more than half that time under his personal teaching in the sixth form. As a head master, he was one of the most successful of his time. He came to Wellington, then a new school, founded in memory of the great Duke, at the suggestion, and under the supervision of the Prince Consort, numbering some sixty or seventy boys, with all its future before it, and that future almost entirely dependent on the character and conduct of its head. He left it fifteen years later, with a role of nearly four hundred, and applications for admission so numerous that it now takes several years to gain admission for a pupil; and with a claim to rank amongst the great public schools, which no one can question, and a good reputation not only at the Universities and Woolwich, but in the playing fields and at Princes. A better record than this no head master can have.

As a class teacher Benson was remarkably successful. His range of general knowledge was very extensive, and, what is more unusual, remarkably accurate. It was scarcely possible, either in the class room (or at the dinner table in later days) to propound any subject to which he was unable to contribute some facts, often garnished with copious quotations, and invariably correct so far as they went. His lessons were filled with miscellaneous illustrations, and but for an occasional loss of temper, when some unfortunate was likely to suffer, were fascinating in the extreme. Those who read with him in those days will never forget the way in which he piled up chairs and tables, dictionaries and canes, in illustration of the siege of Plataea, nor how he scrambled along the rocks with Ulysses, or pranced in imitation of the young horse in the Georgics. But he was more than an amusing teacher. His scholarship was very ripe and wonderfully accurate, and in his hatred of a false quantity, he forgot occasionally the Christian precept of loving the sinner in spite of his sin. *Eheu! fugaces*—We can see his good qualities now more clearly than perhaps we saw them then. But the moral of all this tale perhaps more than any other, is his *thoroughness* as master, as chancellor, as bishop, and now, we doubt not, as Primate of England. He had, more than any man I can remember, that essential attribute of success—backbone. And the Church of England will yet, I believe, see how stiff it is.

INDEPENDENCE.

There are two important feelings at present dimly striving in the Canadian mind. The description of these two feelings must be brief.

On the one hand we look backward to our issue from the victorious mother of nations,—the just, the noble, the enlightened leader of the world. We look homeward to those islands the blood of whose races—and along that history the blood of whose heroes—flows in ourselves. We cast glances over the globe upon empires and territories the extent of which no other conquest could ever boast—upon Australia, India, South Africa, this Dominion, and the host of isles and dependencies, cities, strongholds, stations and protectorates scattered thickly through every region. We behold an invincible navy prepared to assert our rights and power at every spot and juncture where they can be called in question or defied. From bullying and war we rest secured by the silent power of our mother, whose interference for our safety we cannot for a moment doubt. We appropriate the victories, the history, the scientific and literary prestige of those brilliant islands and while we set foot upon "the empire on which the sun never sets," are proud to repeat of them all "Civis Romanus sum." A strong current of affection intermingles with this spirit of triumph. Our hearts are bound to the ancient, stable forms and institutions of Britain

..... "Slowly broadening down
From precedent to precedent,"
to the cheerful customs of our fathers and their forefathers, and to the kindness, truth and

courage of the social atmosphere which pervades their literature. We acknowledge the vigor and generosity of England's aid to us in early stages of government and existence when we were weak and often querulous, however staunchly loyal. It was, and continues to be, the relation of mother and sons; we went out for her, and she has done her duty by us. It is with true sympathetic brotherhood that we regard the thoughtful emulation of the statesmen in their strivings towards the mean of Progress and Stability. We are one family and long may we remain so. This is the interpretation of the feeling which utters prayer for Queen and Empire, and whose ideal is Imperial Federation.

The other desire is that for distinct national existence. It is a simple and reasonable result of natural causes acting upon natural human minds and hearts, and unless acknowledged as such with liberality, is not truly understood. It is neither self-conceit nor mere impatience of salutary restraint, but precisely what personal independence is to the individual man—the most admirable and respected component in character—and rises from the position and prospects of our country as naturally as its landscapes reveal themselves when looked at. First of all, we become attached to the objects with which the pleasures of life have been long associated, such as our homes, sports and customs, the hillsides down which we have tobogganed, the lake where in summer we fish and hunt, the forest, the inspiring dash of rapids and flow of St. Lawrence.

This is in fact our native land and it is impossible to regard any other with the same emotions. Then there is the bond of social interest. Canada has attained a population of four millions and a half, a large commerce and commercial marine, great and fine cities, general comfort, a high average of education, reputation for enterprise, facilities for nearly every taste or pursuit. The land is so extensive, fertile, and mighty in features and resources that its progress in the past is an unending earnest of a wonderful future. We see our young nation lifting its hopeful eyes and preparing to run the common race towards perfect social good, and we cry "God bless her." We feel that this race must be run alone to a great extent—that she must not be hampered by the special gait and handicaps of the Matron. And she must feel no restraint, but distinctly that she is free. In other words Canadian manhood demands that it shall be its own absolute master to work out its own problems; and this is the unqualified position of the "Independence" party.

Now the great mistake made by nearly every one is that these two feelings are not compatible. Whereas they are compatible. And the difficulties only reside in the plans which a man elaborates after he has seen only one side of the truth and espoused that side. I see no reason why we should not simply analyze what we want, and do not want, from both points of view and then construct a plan preserving the advantages of both. Independence need not mean separation. Honor and relationship and governmental bonds arranged in a convenient and expressive system, growing out of the old relations and institutions, are more than possible in such a case as the British Colonial Question presents.

It may be a surprise to consider that of all the things the Separationist objects to, every one can be remedied with comparatively little disturbance—which is a great relief to most of us, I am sure, convinced of the impossibility of former schemes of Federation, and of the reasonableness and attractions of true Independence, yet loth to relinquish our loyalty to the Crown and the greatness and security of the Empire.

The principal difficulty is constitutional. Detractors can always quote to us the accepted maxim that whatever power the Home Government confers it has the power to revoke; and say that our privileges have that derivation and in emergency are subject to the maxim; and adduce such evidence as the 18th section of the British North America Act, restricting the "privileges, immunities and powers" of our Parliament to equivalents of "those at the passing of this Act held, enjoyed and exercised" by the Parliament at home. This objection is well taken. The principle of "subjection to subjects" is bad and contrary to the instinct of the situation and will most certainly train large

consequences,—for nations have lives of such length that events are sure to happen during them which might be improbable for short periods. Now English statesmen have always acted fairly to us and would be willing, I am sure, to acquiesce in the enunciation of Independence as a new constitutional principle emanating from our own Act. We ought to commit some such act, and do it by arrangement with the Home Government; but without renunciation or alteration of our allegiance to the Crown as our head. The Downing Street connection should silently disappear. The Empire can be thrown into a flexible form by simple provisions, such as that for separate diplomatic representatives where necessary, as at Paris, and joint, or merely English, representatives at places of lesser intercourse with us. Then the time is come too when we should contribute to the defences on which we depend, and have something of a definite compact respecting them; and this again would be matter of convenience and so forth. The essential point is that Imperial relationship can and should be definitely flexible. Not intending to multiply words but rather to offer a serious proposition, I need not make further detail.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

MIRACLES.

It is generally assumed by those who antagonize with Christianity that miracles are irreconcilable with the uniformity of Nature's operation. Their advocates are reminded that the universe is governed by law, that law reigns everywhere, that its course is never interrupted, and that it never could have been set aside. While this claim for supremacy may be conceded without debate, yet it is questionable whether all that is said regarding its inviolability is susceptible of proof, or is even logically involved in the premise. To an atheist, who not only denies the existence of a personal God, but the freedom of man's will, and who reduces the universe to the level of a dead machine, it is evident that what he calls law can never be set aside or held in abeyance, for to him there is no being anywhere to attempt such an undertaking. The atheistic conception of the universe necessarily excludes the possibility of miracles, and it renders them superfluous. But where this conception is rejected, and its opposite is firmly held, it cannot be shown that occasional deviations from the ordinary action of law are prejudicial or derogatory to its uniformity. If there is a God, he must be above the law that he administers and he would cease to be God were he so bound by it that under no circumstances he could subordinate it to his infinite will. As Schlegel has said, it must be "in the Divine power to suspend the laws of nature, to interfere directly with them, and, as it were, to intercalate among them some higher and immediate operation of his power, as an exception to their uniform development. For, as in the social frame of civil life, the author and giver of the laws may occasionally set them aside, or, in their administration, allow certain special cases of exception, even so it is with Nature's Lawgiver." Following this illustration, is it not clear that, as the exemptions alluded to in civil government do not in reality derange its order or unsettle its course, so those which occur in a wider plan and the Divine administration cannot be fairly charged with any such evil consequences? It may likewise be said to those who would make the Almighty a slave to his own enactments, that as there are laws, such as those of electricity, which could not be discovered or brought into play by man until he had attained his present degree of enlightenment, so there may be laws which regulate these events called "miracles," which cannot be known or brought into requisition by any being whose intelligence and power are short of Divine. If this is admissible, then it follows that miracles are not even a deviation from the laws of nature, but only an application of laws which lie exclusively within the scope of the Almighty, and that their operation no more disturbs the harmony of the universe than the electric light is likely to derange the solar system. An English writer finds a crude exemplification of this thought in the famous Strasburg clock. He stood one day and watched it steadily marking the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week, and phases of the moon, when suddenly the figure of an angel turned up his hour-glass, another struck four times, and death struck twelve times with metal marrow-bones to indicate noon; various figures passed in and out of the door ways, the twelve apostles marched one by one before the figure of their Master, and a brass cock three times flapped its wings, threw back his head, and crowed. "All this," says the scientist, "was as much a part of the designer's plan as the ordinary marking of time," and he had provided for it in advance, and the machinery for its execution was so arranged as to come into play at a definite moment. So God may have prepared the universe from the beginning with a view to miracles, may have ordered its laws in such a manner that at the predetermined hour in his providence these wonderful phenomena should appear, and bear convincing testimony to his own power and greatness.

A DYING POET.

Back o'er the wastes of life, on years that perished,
As without root,
Flowers that had faded, fed with tears and cherished,
And gorgeous blooms that hid no bud, or flourished,
To hide a bitter fruit.

Jays that were joyless, visions that in dreaming
Were passing fair,
As courtly pageant, and with stately seeming,
That came, that fled, their phantom glories gleaming
Through cloud upon the air—

On these, and such as these, with eyes that dying
Held subtler light,
He looked, and knew his breath had spent with sigh-
ing,
Had breathed with words whereunto none replying
Were found—and now, the night!

Himself prepared the sacrifice—unhooded
The voice within,
His strength had spurred the imploring soil, nor
weeded,
The deadly herbs thereof, but wrought and seeded
With fulfurness and sin.

Scorn, love, alas! pleasure, the scheme of glory
Conceived, undone,
As wave on wave, as hand upraised and gory,
Sweet, beckoned, as though each would show its story
Bright—signaled in the sun.

Beset with storm, 'gainst clouds of darkness striving,
But o'er the grave
Bright, brighter than of old, thrice blessed in giving
All to mankind, light rose unto the living—
Light from the life he gave—

Swift words of fire no tyrant hand may scatter,
O! No sons make dim
While man shall teach, while children's lips shall
utter,
Or slave creep forth beneath the stars to matter
The consecrated hymn.

C. LEVINGHOPE.

LOUISE MICHEL AT HOME.

France has been frightened out of her seven senses lately by the Anarchists, who are really no more than our old friends the Nihilists under another name. They put in a first appearance at Monceau-les-Mines, and, after blowing up a church and nearly blowing up a *café*, they have acquired *droit de cité* in revolutionary Europe. They have an ingenious theory, which has simplicity for its chief recommendation—to clear everything off the face of the earth. This time not only are laws and learning, arts and commerce, to die, but with them, unfortunately, even that old nobility that an earlier dreamer suffered to survive the wreck. The Anarchists expressly invite their adherents to put the torch to everything that contains a record of property, and especially to the lawyers' offices and to the book of the great debt. Most people thought it a bad joke, until the bomb went off in the *café* at Lyons, and nearly blew the place to pieces, and killed a man. With that bomb the Anarchists drew their first blood; it was their baptism of dynamite; they are now regularly installed among the political scares of the time. Their chief leader in Paris is a woman, Louise Michel. She appears at meetings dressed in black from head to foot, and delivers long monotonous tirades against property and the *bourgeoisie*, which are terribly effective just because of their monotony. She has no logic to speak of; she is as incapable of a definition as Isaiah; her voice is low and sweet; her manner is the manner of a Sister of Mercy, while the matter is that of one of the thirstiest bloodhounds of the Convention. She sings, siren-wise, a soft revolutionary song of hate and pillage and massacre. Half the time she seems to be performing to herself; her eyes are half closed; she is *en tête-à-tête* with her *démon*. Other orators make the mistake of being a great deal too wide awake; they are precise and declamatory and statistical about the wickedness of capital. This woman is simply mystical; and the difference between them is that they can hardly get a hearing without her aid.

Her history is simple: she has been slightly mad about the Revolution with a big R all her life. She is now quite middle-aged. This is a matter of inference, inasmuch as she was old enough to have plotted the murder of Napoleon III., in imitation of Charlotte Corday. She only did not murder him because the war came to remove him quite as effectively in another way. She thought of murdering Mr. Thiers, but was dissuaded by a friend. She only will not murder Mr. Gambetta because it is of no use. There is no vapouring in all this; she would do it, beyond a doubt. She was a schoolmistress at one time, but she taught the little boys and girls a catechism of her own, until they shocked the good priests by their awful questions and answers, and Louise had to go. The Commune, of course, claimed her as its own, and she saw it all—fighting, nursing the sick, starving, trying to get killed. She missed that, but she got transported. She was sent to New Caledonia, and nearly perished on the voyage through walking the deck in cold weather in bare feet, to protest against the brutality of an order depriving another convict of her shoes. There has never been any whisper against her good name but one, when a wicked slanderer dared to say that she had been seen listening devoutly to the church service; but she explained herself at once to the satisfaction of every candid mind. When she came back from the penal convent under the amnesty, all revolutionary Paris flocked to meet her, with Rochefort at its head. There was a banquet ready, but she could not stay; she hurried off in a cab to see the old mother she had left behind in France. That mother has been the bane of Louise Michel's public life, and perhaps for that reason the salvation of the other. She is old and bed-ridden, and she

does not care about the Revolution a fig; she thinks it is some peculiar kind of madness possessing Louise, and that she must get well of it if people would only leave her alone. The anxiety of looking after the mother and of looking after the big R at the same time has made Louise Michel what she is.

A visit to her is instructive, as showing how some revolutionists live. They do not all fare sumptuously on the wages of agitation. Louise Michel is herself the great sublime of misery and squalor which she draws with such terrible effect at public meetings. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the gloom and discomfort of her rooms on the Boulevard Ornano. To begin with, the Boulevard Ornano is quite out of the world, and this lodging is almost quite out of the Boulevard Ornano, for it is situated near the extreme end. It is on the fourth floor; it is reached by a dirty staircase, through an antechamber of dirt, and it is dirty throughout. There is but one white thing in the place—a head of Charlotte Corlay—and that is only because the plaster is new. The books on the trestled table look as if they had been tumbled out there for sale in a job-lot; it is the scholar's carelessness doubled with the unthrift of poverty. Louise Michel is voluntarily poor; she gives away every penny not required for her immediate needs, and she saves as little as she can, from the secret conviction that taking individual wage in any fashion is a sort of crime. Some time ago she announced that she would sell interviews with herself for ten francs an hour, the proceeds to go to some "brethren" who were in durance for trying to blow society into the air. A reporter of the *Figaro* called upon her, had two hours' talk by the clock, and gravely handed her twenty francs. Nothing seems in its place amid that dreadful litter of old papers, old dresses, dog-eared volumes, pamphlets, and pads of butter. The heroine—when it is not go-to-meeting time—is dreadfully unkempt. It is all very well for Mr. Gambetta to deny that there is a social question; but there must be one, if any considerable number of persons live like that, either through their own fault or through ill-luck. Every unlovely association, one would think, must form itself freely in that dismal home. Yet, amidst it all, Louise sits, with the calm of her perfect absorption in proletarian work. She seems simply unaware of it; she must have a shelter, and this place has a roof. At any hour of the day or night, apparently, she is ready to talk about the cause, and outside of that she sees simply nothing in Nature—it is a clear possession of the mind.

But there is one other clean object in the apartment beside the medallion of Charlotte Corday, the aged mother carefully tucked up in white sheets in the small bedroom. Her form of *dementia*, like the daughter's, is the Revolution, but hers is a *dementia* of horror; she hates the very name of the thing. She does not understand it one bit as a matter of definition; but as a matter of fact she knows that it tends to rob a poor old woman of many little comforts she would otherwise enjoy. If Louise would only settle down and keep school again! As it is, with these wild people from all parts of the world ringing at the bell, there is never a moment's peace. One day Louise starts for Belgium; on two or three nights a week, when in Paris, she is on oratorical duty in some obscure little hall in the Faubourg St. Antoine, from which, for all the mother knows, she may never come back alive. She is certainly going to London, and now a new terror is added to the poor old creature's life by a rumour that her daughter will soon sail for America to preach the Revolution there. So, as the easiest way out of her embarrassments, she systematically insults every one who comes to the house by hinting that he is either a speculating Barnum trying to "run" her Louise as a curiosity, or a police spy.

This peculiar form of viewiness on the part of the estimable old person tends to make the task of the courteous visitor difficult when he calls on Louise. On entering the hall, finding himself confronted by the prophetess herself, who has opened the door, he naturally enters into some explanation of the object of his intrusion; but he will be rather disconcerted to find himself cut short in the middle of it by a querulous voice from the inner room, "Qu'est-ce que c'est, Louise!" "Un monsieur," is the answer from this model daughter, who shows an affectionate sweetness in dealing with the touchy old invalid. Our courteous visitor will next, perhaps, proceed to state that he would be glad of some enlightenment as to Anarchist principles, and Louise, ever ready to talk on that theme at half a second's notice, will motion him to a chair, and begin. But she will not have gone far in her exposition before the querulous voice from the next room will again interrupt, "I don't want you to go to America. Who is that man who wants to take you away?" "Be quiet, mother," cries the poor prophetess, making a desperate attempt to resume the thread of her discourse. This is followed by a kind of suppressed moan of resignation from the next room, and Louise, who knows how to seize her opportunity, at once goes into the points of the Anarchist creed, or negation of a creed. "We want to do away with all Government, because we find that Government is a corrupting influence. Our own people could not resist temptation if they were up there. We must have anarchy before we can have order and peace." "But, madame, what would you put in place of it? Any arrangement that followed would simply be government under another name," Louise. "Yes; but government without the gendarme—a spontaneous association of people who are free to withdraw the

moment it suits them—a family tie." "Yet there is as much government in families as anywhere else," Louise. "Only a government of love." (Voice from the next room: "Mind what you are talking about. How do you know who he is?") "Tais-toi donc, mère. I am only repeating what I have said a dozen times over at the meetings." (Another moan of resignation from the lusty invalid, and silence for a space.) "We want to try honesty and self-denial in public affairs; everything else has been tried except that—ambition, glory, eloquence; you must admit that they have had a fair chance; and what have they made of human life? How do the poor live! It breaks my heart." (Voice from the next room, "I want to look at him. I am sure he is a spy.") At this juncture, perhaps, the courteous visitor, relying on his courtesy as the snake-charmer relies on his spell, will advance to the doorway between the two chambers, and address the recumbent figure in words intended to be words of conciliation. "Let me assure you, madame, that I am neither an American speculator trying to tempt your daughter with a starring engagement nor a policeman in plain clothes. I am simply one who has always admired her transparent sincerity, and who has long wished to have an opportunity of hearing from her own lips a fuller exposition—" (The voice: "Get out!")

A STRANGE PLAYER.

When the Paris cabmen are not insolent they are too amiable. This is quite as dangerous for the travellers, and sometimes also for the drivers themselves.

A lady relates her adventure thus: "I had stayed at a friend's house till two o'clock in the morning, and I was leaving, after losing at cards almost all the money I had with me. The host accompanied me to the door of the house, called a cabman, and told me at the moment when I was getting in the vehicle: 'Ah! while I think of it, we ruined you to-night: I hope you have not been so unlucky at cards as not to have enough to pay for your fare.' 'Reassure yourself I said laughingly, 'I always keep, at least, the price of the cab-fare.' Then I gave my address to the cabman, and we started. When we arrived in the middle of the Champ de Mars the cab stopped, and the driver came down from his box. I thought that some accident had happened to the horse; but what was my surprise when the door of the hackney was opened, and the cabman appeared, holding in his hand one of the carriage lanterns, and saying to me with the utmost politeness: 'Madame, I have heard by chance that you had played at cards. I am passionately fond of play, and I have always cards with me; here they are. In saying this he drew a pack of cards from his pocket, got into the carriage, sat opposite to me, and said to me 'A little bezique? Whose deal shall it be?' He offered me the cards for me to take one. I was so surprised that I did not know what to say; I asked myself if that man was not mad, or drunk? 'You have lost all you had,' he said, 'I shall not ask you to play heavy stakes; let us play for the fare at 1,200 of bezique.' What was I to do, in the Champ de Mars at 2-30 in the morning! There was no policeman that I could call to help; the easiest thing was to accept the game. Besides, I was so struck by this ludicrous adventure that I laughed heartily. I won the fare: the coachman then said 'All right, I'll drive you for nothing.' He sat on his box, and we set out, while I was bursting with laughter. When we arrived, I wanted to pay the fare, as I had no idea of having played seriously with my cabman. He refused to receive anything, however, saying I owed him nothing, for he had lost the game. I left off laughing then, and told him seriously that if he would not take my money I should throw it into his cab. Then the man began to abuse me, saying he was as good as I any day; that I had won, and I offended him by wishing to pay him."

HEARTH AND HOME.

It is one of the most promising traits of human nature that heroic unselfishness always enkindles the enthusiasm of mankind.

OLD age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than the day.

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself thus.

THE things which constitute the true charm of a home cannot be bought or secured by the labour of hirelings. It is only the mistress of the house, the wife and mother, through her love and union of interest with her husband and children, who, guided by her affection, will labour to bring that charm about her household which springs from systematic labour, scrupulous neatness and economy, a finely-appointed table, with food daintily prepared and served with exquisite taste.

THE more deep and thorough our knowledge on any subject, the more humble is our estimate of that knowledge. We then see heights to which we have not attained and depths that we have not fathomed. Compared with these, our actual knowledge seems small and shallow. But, when we merely skim the surface of a subject, we have no such measure to gauge ourselves by,

and our small attainments loom up to our view in most exaggerated dimensions.

FILIAL LOVE.—There is not on earth a more lovely sight than the unwearied care and attention of children to their parents. Where filial love is found in the heart we will answer for all the other virtues. No young man or woman will ever turn out basely, we sincerely believe, who has parents respected and beloved. A child affectionate and dutiful will never bring the gray hairs of his parents to the grave. It is seldom the case that a dutiful son is found in the ranks of vice, among the wretched and degraded. Filial love will keep men from sin and crime. There never will come a time, while their parents live, when their children will not be under obligations to them. The older they grow, the more need will there be for assiduous care and attention to their wants. The venerable brow and frosty hair speak loudly to the love and compassion of the child. If sickness and infirmity make them at times fretful, the younger folk should bear with them patiently, not forgetting that time ere long may bring them to need the same care and attention. Filial love will never go unrewarded.

THE KEKIP-SESOATORS OR ANCIENT SACRIFICIAL STONE OF N. W. T., CANADA.

BY JEAN L'HEUREUX, M. A.

Ethnological studies, tradition, language and architectural remains furnish data by which to trace the migration of ancient peoples. It is now an established fact admitted by most eminent Ethnologists of America that the Hue hus Tlapalan or the primitive habitation of the ancient Toltecs was situated in the far West and that the whole of the Nahua tribes were one of the primitive race that once peopled the Northwest at a remote period.

It is not improbable that the Nahua of old while few in number, arrived at our North western coast, where they found a home until they became a tribe of considerable proportion. Thousands of their newly explored tumuli in Oregon and British Columbia speak more of a permanent sojourn than of a migratory residence. Crossing the watershed between the sources of the Columbia and Missouri rivers, a large portion of the tribe probably found its way to the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, where under the name of mound-building people they laid the foundation of a wide-spread empire. The remainder of the Nahua instead of crossing the mountain, migrated southward into Utah, establishing a civilization, the remains of which are seen all over the San Juan valley in the cliff-dwellers which abound in that region.

An ancient site of the western branch of the mound-builders appears to have been the headwaters of Missouri river, whence they spread themselves north as far as the South Saskatchewan and its tributaries, establishing numerous colonies all along the eastern base of the mountains and away south to the headwaters of Rio Grande, by the south pass of the Rockies.

The scattered remains of the mound-builders' works in the North-West Territory are connected by a similar chain of works at James River in Northern Dacotah, with the great artery of the Missouri mounds, and show more of a migratory movement than of a fixed residence.

The most important of those ancient relics of the past are principally found in the Alberta district close to the international boundaries amongst which the more northern works are the defence works of Blackfoot Crossing, the ruins at the Canantzi village, the Omecina pictured rocks, the graded mound of the Third Napa on Bow River, the Tumuli of Red-deer River, the walled city of the dead in the inland Lake of Big Sandy Hill on the south Saskatchewan, and the Sesoators or sacrificial stones of the country to describe one of which is the object of the present paper.

The recorded traditions of the ancient civilized nations of the Pacific States, corroborated to some extent the tradition of the Indian tribes of the North West. The Kamuco, of the Quiché mourn over a portion of their people whom they left in Northern Tulan. The Papol-Vuh speaking of the cultus of the morning star amongst the ancient Toltecs or Nahua, states that they were drawing blood from their own bodies and offering it to their stone god Tohil, whose worship they first received when inhabiting the North. The Napa's tradition says that "In the third sun (Naxose) of the age of the earth, in the day of the Bull of the hill, the third Napa of the Chokitapia, or the plain people, when returning from the great river of the south, caused to be erected in the sacred land of the Napas (Alberta district) upon certain high hills of the country, seven sesoators or sacrificial stones, for religious services among his people."

The religious idea in man whether observed in the darkest heathenism or partially enlightened civilization, has always associated a place of worship with conditions of elevation and separateness. These high places of worship of the Napa's tradition were the ever open sanctuaries of a migratory people at whose shrines the worshipper was himself first victim and sacrifice in the rites and point to the belief of an early age, not entirely forgotten by the remnant of the race whose remains of ancient works seem to sustain the claim of our Indian traditional lore.

A constant tradition of the Chokitapia or Blackfoot Indians, a powerful tribe of remote



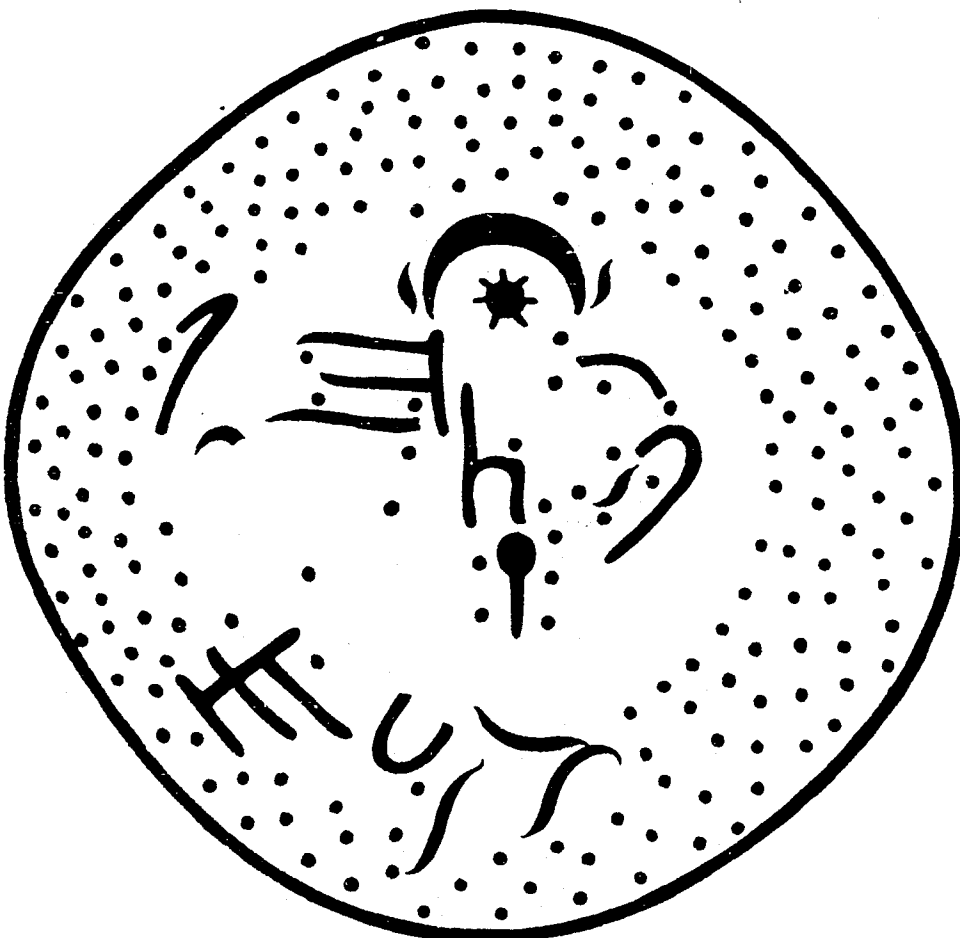
THE MOST REV. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

Nahna parentage inhabiting at the present day the southern part of the North-West Territory of the Dominion of Canada, has always pointed to a high hill, situated on the south side of Red Deer river opposite to Hand hill, two miles east of the Broken-knife ridge, as the site of one of those ancient cities of the bygone days of the primitive race.

Elevated two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain, Kelpip-sesoators, the hill of the Blood Sacrifice stand like a huge pyramidal mound commanding an extensive view of both Reddeer and Bow river valleys. A natural platform of about one hundred feet, crowns its lofty conical summit. At the north end of this platform, resting upon the soil, is the Sesoators, a rough boulder of fine grained quartzose, hemispherical in form and hewn horizontally at the bottom, measuring fifteen inches high and about fourteen in circumference. Upon its surface is sculptured half an inch deep, the crescent figure of the moon, with a shining star over it. Two small concave basins about two inches in diameter are hollowed into the stone, one in the center of the star-like figure, the other about seven inches farther in a straight line with the star figure. Around them are traced strange hieroglyphic signs bearing some likeness to the hieroglyphs of the Davenport tablet and the Copan-altar. Interwoven all over are numerous small circles, which remind one of the sacrificial stone of Mexico.

At times of great private or public necessities when extraordinary blessings are much sought after, such as the successful return of a long-absent war expedition, the cure of inveterate disease, or the absence of game in the hunting grounds of the tribe the altar of the Temple of Nature is thronged by many devoted worshippers the deputies of the family, the clan, the tribe, and in certain emergencies of the whole nation.

The sun is disappearing behind the snowy top of the mountains in the west, the shadow of



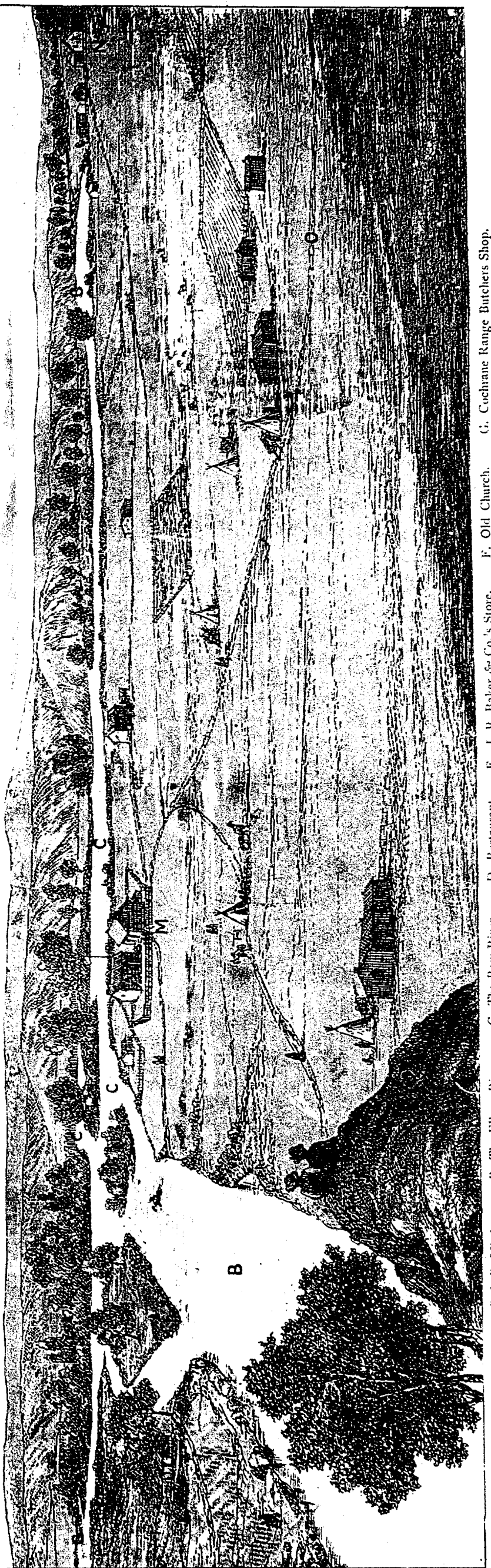
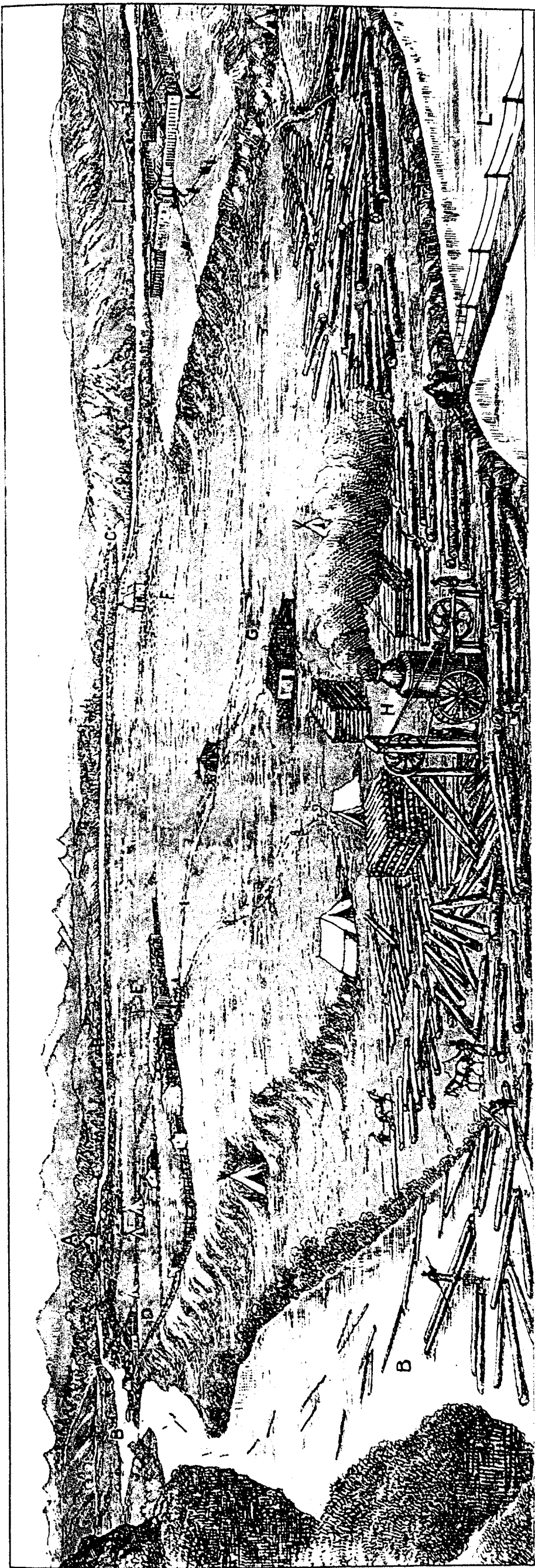
ANCIENT RELIC OF MOUND BUILDERS,
FOUND AT RED DEER RIVER, ALBERTA DISTRICT, N. W. TY., MAY THE 10TH, 1882,
BY JEAN L'HEUREUX, M. A.,
AND PRESENTED BY HIM, JULY THE 20TH, 1882, TO
HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST NOBLE LORD MARQUIS OF LORNE, AND
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LOUISE.

night has already encompassed the Indian village in the eastern valley of the river. Behold! a voluntary victim bearing in his hands the instrument of his own sacrifice, clothed in festive attire, in religious silence is slowly ascending the well-smoothed path of the hill. Building the sacred fire on the top of the platform, the novel Isaac of his race, sits gazing wistfully in the far east, for the coming of the star-god of his ancestors. It is the vigil of the warrior hero. Lo! The first ray of the morning star lights the distant horizon and the faithful watcher has fallen prostrate on the ground doing homage to the war god of the nation. Laying a finger of his left hand on the top of the stone he cuts it off, leaving the blood to flow into the basin. Throwing the sacrificial knife on the ground he with his right hand seizes the severed finger and presents it still bleeding towards the morning star, crying "Hail! O Episora, Lord of the night, hail! Hear me, regard me from above. To Thee, I give of my blood, I give of my flesh. Glorious is thy coming, all-power, full in battle, son of the sun, I worship thee, hear my prayer. Grant me my petition. O Episora!" Putting the severed finger into the basin of the star-like figure the devoted visitor of the shrine of the Napa of old, retraces his stately steps towards the lake at the foot of the hill, where alone he stoically attends to the dressing of his self-inflicted wound. With the return of the sun in the east, the messenger to the god enters his own village, where triumphant honours and well-earned public ovation await him. Amongst the Blackfeet these wounds ranked equal to those received in the battlefield and were always mentioned first in the public recital of the warrior's great deeds in the national feast of Olan. It is the cross of the "legion d'honneur" of our red men.

Indian Reserve, Blackfoot Crossing.

July 25th, 1882.

J. L.



A. Catholic Mission. B. The Elbow River. C. The Bow River. D. Restaurant. E. J. B. Baker & Co.'s Store. F. Old Church. G. Cochrane Range Butchers Shop.
 H. Cochrane Range Team Saw Mill. I. Fogg's Ferry. J. Frazer Hill. K. N. W. Police Fort. L. Boom Bridge. M. Hudson Bay Co. Store.
 N. Capt. Denny's House. O. Road to McLeod.

CALGARY BOTTOM, FROM FRAZER'S HILL, LOOKING WEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL F. B. STRANGE, R.A.

1882.

A PARTING WORD.

What! here again?—the same old tale.
The wrinkled, bearded visage too,
The aged figure, bent and frail,
Art thou the same?—it can't be true;
Art thou the year, the bright young year,
We welcomed in but yesterday?
Ah, no! thy age is feigned, I fear,
Thy garb is false: away! away!

Yet Time declares thy story's true,
Thou art the same, grown old so fast,
Already here to say adieu!
And join the e'er increasing Past.
Ah well! thy faults were many, yet
If in our power we'd bid thee stay,
It seems so short since first we met—
But Time, impatient, cries Away!

And where are now the hopes of yore,
That round thy youthful moments shone?
Thou hast, 'tis true, fulfilled a share,
But many more are shattered, gone,
Hopes buried in the new made graves,
Whose tenants gayly hailed thy birth,
Or 'neath the rolling hungry waves
That rob the dearest homes of earth.

Good-bye, Old Year! thou art, I know,
No worse, no better, than the rest,
With twofold judgment thou wilt go,
By some condemned, by others bless'd.
But Time is calling:—Hark! Adieu!
From bellies fall his trumpets ring,
"Give way, Old Year! Admit the New!
The King is dead! Long live the King!"

The years! the years! how fast they go!
To-day they're new,—to-morrow old,
And in their swift, yet chequered flow,
How brief man's tale of life is told.
A few for childhood's happy reign!
A few for youth to fling away!
A few to wish youth back, in vain!
A few for age, and then—Away!

Quebec, Dec, 1882.

E. A. SUTTON.

A SHOCKING STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

VII.

(Concluded.)

That night, lying awake thinking, I made my first discovery of a great change that had come over me. I can only describe my sensations in the trite phrase—I felt like a new woman.

Never yet had my life been so enjoyable to me as it was now. I was conscious of a delicious lightness of heart. The simplest things pleased me: I was ready to be kind to everybody, and to admire everything. Even the familiar scenery of my rides in the Park developed beauties which I had never noticed before. The enchantments of music affected me to tears. I was absolutely in love with my dogs and my birds—and, as for my maid, I bewildered the girl with presents, and gave her holidays almost before she could ask for them. In a bodily sense, I felt an extraordinary accession of strength and activity. I romped with the dear old General, and actually kissed Lady Catherine, one morning, instead of letting her kiss me as usual. My friends noticed my new outburst of gaiety and spirit—and wondered what had produced it. Is there any limit to the self-deception of which a human being is capable? I can honestly say that I wondered too! Only on that wakeful night which followed our visit to Michael's room, did I feel myself on the way to a clear understanding of the truth. The next morning completed the process of enlightenment. I went out riding as usual. The instant when Michael put his hand under my foot as I sprang into the saddle, his touch flew all over me like a flame. I knew who had made a new woman of me, from that moment.

As to describing the first sense of confusion that overwhelmed me, even if I were a practised writer, I should be incapable of doing it. I pulled down my veil, and rode on in a sort of trance. Fortunately for me, our house looked on the Park, and I had only to cross the road. Otherwise, I should certainly have met with some accident among the passing vehicles. To this day, I don't know where I rode. The horse went his own way quietly—and the groom followed me.

The groom! There is, I suppose, no civilized human creature so free from the hateful and anti-Christian pride of rank as a woman who loves with all her heart and soul, for the first time in her life. I only tell the truth (in however unfavorable light it may please me) when I declare that my confusion was entirely due to the discovery that I was in love. I was not ashamed of myself for being in love with the groom. I had given my heart to the man. What did the accident of his position matter? Put money into his pockets and a title before his name—by another accident: in speech, manners and attainments, he would be a gentleman worthy of his wealth and worthy of his rank. Even the natural dread of what my relations and friends might say, if they discovered my secret, seemed, in the entirely pure and entirely exalted state of my feelings, to be a sensation so unworthy of me and of him, that I looked round, and called to him to speak to me, asked him questions about horses, which kept him riding nearly side by side with me. Ah, how I enjoyed the gentle deference and respect of his manner as he answered me! He was

hardly bold enough to raise his eyes to mine, when I looked at him. Absorbed in the Paradise of my own making, I rode on slowly, and was only aware that friends had passed and recognized me, by seeing him touch his hat. I looked round and discovered the women smiling ironically as they rode by. That one circumstance roused me rudely from my dream. I let Michael fall back again to his proper place, and quickened my horse's pace; angry with myself, angry with the world in general—then suddenly changing, and being fool enough and child enough to feel ready to cry. How long these varying moods lasted, I don't know. On returning, I slipped off my horse without waiting for Michael to help me, and ran into the house without even wishing him "Good day."

VIII.

After taking off my riding-habit, and cooling my hot face with eau-de-cologne and water, I went down to the room which we called the morning room. The piano there was my favorite instrument—and I had the idea of trying what music would do towards helping me to compose myself.

As I sat down before the piano, I heard the opening of the door of the breakfast-room (separated from me by a curtained archway), and the voice of Lady Catherine—a-king if Michael had returned to the stables. On the servant's reply in the affirmative, she desired that he might be sent to her immediately. No doubt, I ought either to have left the morning-room, or to have let my aunt know of my presence there. I did neither the one nor the other. The inveterate dislike that she had taken to Michael had, to all appearances, subsided. She had once or twice actually taken opportunities of speaking to him kindly. I believed this was due to the caprice of the moment. The tone of her voice too suggested, on this occasion, that she had some spiteful object in view, in sending for him. I deliberately waited to hear what passed between them.

Lady Catherine began.
"You were out riding to-day with Miss Mina?"

"Yes, my lady."
"Turn to the light. I wish to see people when I speak to them. You were observed by some friends of mine: your conduct excited remark. Do you know your business as a lady's groom?"

"I have had seven years' experience, my lady."

"Your business is to ride at a certain distance behind your mistress. Has your experience taught you that?"

"Yes, my lady."
"You were not riding behind Miss Mina—your horse was almost side by side with hers. Do you deny it?"

"No, my lady."
"You behaved with the greatest impropriety—you were seen talking to Miss Mina. Do you deny that?"

"No, my lady."
"Leave the room. No! come back. Have you any excuse to make?"

"None, my lady."
"Your insolence is intolerable! I shall speak to the General."

The sound of the closing door followed. I knew now what the smiles meant on the false faces of those women-friends of mine who had met me in the Park. An ordinary man, in Michael's place, would have mentioned my own encouragement of him as a sufficient excuse. He, with the inbred delicacy and reticence of a gentleman, had taken all the blame on himself. Indignant and ashamed, I advanced to the breakfast-room, bent on instantly justifying him. Drawing aside the curtain, I was startled by a sound as of a person sobbing. I cautiously looked in. Lady Catherine was prostrate on the sofa, hiding her face in her hands, in a passion of tears.

I withdrew, completely bewildered. The extraordinary contradictions in my aunt's conduct were not at an end yet. Later in the day, I went to my uncle, resolved to set Michael right in his estimation, and to leave him to speak to Lady Catherine. The General was in the lowest spirits; he shook his head ominously the moment I mentioned the groom's name. "I dare say the man meant no harm—but the thing has been observed. I can't have you made the subject of scandal, Mins. Lady Catherine makes a point of it—Michael must go."

"You don't mean to say that my aunt has insisted on your sending Michael away?"
Before he could answer me, a footman appeared with a message. "My lady wishes to see you, sir."

The General rose directly. My curiosity had got, by this time, beyond all restraint. I was actually indelicate enough to ask if I might go with him! He stared at me, as well he might. I persisted; I said I particularly wished to see Lady Catherine. My uncle's punctilious good breeding still resisted me. "Your aunt may wish to speak to me in private," he said. "Wait a moment, and I will send for you." My obstinacy was something superhuman; the bare idea that Michael might lose his place, through my fault, made me desperate, I suppose. "I won't trouble you to send for me," I persisted; "I will go with you at once as far as the door, and wait to hear if I may come in." The footman was still present, holding the door open; the General gave way. I kept so close behind him, that my aunt saw me as her husband entered the room.

"Come in, Mins," she said, speaking and looking like the charming Lady Catherine of every-day life. Was this the woman I had seen crying her heart out on the sofa hardly an hour ago!

"On second thoughts," she continued, turning to the General, "I fear I may have been a little hasty. Pardon me for troubling you about it again—have you spoken to Michael yet? No! Then let us err on the side of kindness; let us look over his misconduct this time."

My uncle was evidently relieved. I seized the opportunity of making my confession, and taking the whole blame on myself. Lady Catherine stopped me with the perfect grace of which she was mistress.

"My good child, don't distress yourself! don't make mountains out of molehills!" She patted me on the cheek with two plump white fingers which felt deadly cold. "I was not always prudent, Mins, when I was your age. Besides, your curiosity was naturally excited about a servant who is—what shall I call him!—a foundling."

She paused and fixed her eyes on me attentively. "Is it a very romantic story?" she asked.

The General began to fidget in his chair. If I had kept my attention on him, I should have seen a warning to me to be silent. But my interest at the moment was absorbed in my aunt. Encouraged by her amiable reception, I was not merely unsuspecting of the trap that she had set for me—I was actually foolish enough to think that I could improve Michael's position in her estimation (remember that I was in love with him!) by telling his story exactly as I have already told it in these pages. I spoke with fervor. Will you believe it!—her humor positively changed again! She flew into a passion with me for the first time in her life.

"Lies!" she cried. "Impudent lies on the face of them—invented to appeal to your interest. How dare you repeat them! General! if Mina had not brought it on herself, this man's audacity would justify you in instantly dismissing him. Don't you agree with me?"

The General's sense of fair play roused him for once into openly opposing his wife. "You are completely mistaken," he said. "Mina and I have both have had the shawl and the letter in our hands—and (what was there besides?)—ah, yes, the very linen the child was wrapped in."

What there was in those words to check Lady Catherine's anger in its full flow, I was quite unable to understand. If the General had put a pistol to her head, he could hardly have silenced her more effectually. She did not appear to be frightened, or ashamed of her outburst of rage—she sat vacant and speechless, with her eyes on her husband and her hands crossed on her lap. After waiting a moment (wondering as I did what it meant) the General rose with his customary resignation and left her. I followed the General. He was unusually silent and thoughtful; not a word passed between us. I afterwards discovered that he was beginning to fear, poor man, that his wife's mind must be affected in some way, and was meditating a consultation with the physician who helped us in cases of need.

As for myself, I was either too stupid or too innocent to feel any forewarnings of the truth, so far. Before the day was over, the first vague suspicions began to find their way into my mind.

The events which I have been relating happened (it may be necessary to remind you) in the first part of the day. After luncheon, while I was alone in the conservatory, my maid came to me from Michael, asking if I had any commands for him in the afternoon. I thought this rather odd; but it occurred to me that he might want some hours to himself. I made the inquiry. To my astonishment, the maid announced that Lady Catherine had employed Michael to go on an errand for her. The nature of the errand was to take a letter to her bookseller, and to bring back the books which she had ordered. With three idle footmen in the house, whose business it was to perform such service as this, why had she taken the groom away from his work? The question obtained such complete possession of my mind—so worried me, in the ordinary phrase—that I actually summoned courage enough to go to my aunt, and ask if she saw any objection to sending one of the three indoor servants for her books in Michael's place.

She received me with a strange hard stare, and answered with an obstinate self-possession, "I wish Michael to go." No explanation followed. If I had planned to take a drive in my pony-carriage, Michael could easily deliver her letter later in the day. With reason or without it, agreeable to me or not agreeable to me, she wished the groom to go.

As she repeated those words I felt my first suspicion of something wrong. I begged her pardon for interfering, and replied that I had not planned to drive out that day. She made no further remark. I left the room, determined to watch her. There is no defence for my conduct; it was mean and unbecoming, no doubt. I was drawn on, by some force in me which I could not even attempt to resist. Indeed, indeed I am not a mean woman by nature!

At first, I thought of speaking to Michael; not with any special motive or suspicion, but simply because I felt drawn towards him as the guide and helper in whom my heart trusted at this crisis in my life. A little consideration, however, suggested to me that I might be seen speaking to him, and might so do him an injury. While I was still hesitating, the thought

came to me that Lady Catherine's motive for sending him to her bookseller's was to get him out of her way. Out of her way in the house! No; his place was not in the house. Out of her way in the stables! The next instant the idea flashed across my mind of watching the stable doors.

The best bedrooms, my room included, were all in front of the house. I went up to my maid's room, which looked on the court-yard; ready with my excuse, if she happened to be there. She was not there. I placed myself at the window, in full view of the stables opposite.

An interval elapsed—long or short, I cannot say which; I was too excited to look at my watch. All I know is that I discovered her! She crossed the yard, after waiting to make sure that no one was there to see her; and she entered the stables by the door that led to that part of the building occupied by Michael and by the two horses of which he had the special charge. This time I looked at my watch. Forty minutes passed before I saw her again. And then, instead of appearing at the door, she showed herself at the window of Michael's room; throwing it wide open. I concealed myself behind the window curtain, just in time to escape discovery, as she looked up at the house. She next appeared in the yard, hurrying back. I waited a while, trying to compose myself in case I met anyone on the stairs. There was little danger of a meeting at that hour. The General was at his club; the servants were at their tea. I reached my own room without being seen by anyone, and locked myself in.

What had she been doing for forty minutes in Michael's room? And why had she opened the window?

I spare you my reflections on these perplexing questions. Let me only say that, even yet, I was not experienced enough to guess at the truth. A convenient headache saved me from the ordeal of meeting Lady Catherine at the dinner-table. I passed a miserable and restless night; conscious that I had found my way blindly, as it were, to some terrible secret which might have its influence on my whole future life, and not knowing what to think, or what to do next. Even then, I shrank instinctively from speaking to my uncle. This was not wonderful. But I felt afraid to speak to Michael—and that perplexed and alarmed me. Consideration for Lady Catherine was certainly not the motive that kept me silent, after what I had seen.

The next morning, my pale face abundantly justified the assertion that I was still ill. My aunt, always doing her maternal duty towards me, came herself to inquire after my health before I was out of my room. No certain was she of not having been observed on the previous day—or so prodigious was her power of controlling herself—that she actually advised me to go out riding before lunch, and try what the fresh air and the exercise would do to relieve me! Feeling that I must end in speaking to Michael, it struck me that this would be the one safe way of speaking to him in private. I accepted her advice, and had another approving pat on the cheek from the plump white fingers. They no longer struck cold on my skin; the customary vital warmth had returned to them. Her ladyship's mind had recovered its tranquillity.

IX.

I left the house for my morning ride. Michael was not in his customary spirits. With some difficulty, I induced him to tell me the reason. He had decided on giving notice to leave his situation in the General's employment. As soon as I could command myself, I asked what had happened to justify this incomprehensible proceeding on his part. He silently offered me a letter. It was written by the master whom he had served before he came to us; and it announced that an employment as secretary was offered to him in the house of a gentleman who was "interested in his creditable efforts to improve his position in the world." What it cost me to preserve the outward appearance of composure as I handed back the letter, I am ashamed to tell. I spoke to him with some bitterness.

"Your wishes are gratified," I said. "I don't wonder that you are eager to leave your place."

He reined back his horse, and repeated my words.

"Eager to leave my place! I am heart-broken at leaving it."

I was reckless enough to ask why. His head sank. "I daren't tell you," he said.

I went on from one impudence to another.

"What are you afraid of?" I asked.

He suddenly looked up at me. His eyes answered: "You."

Can you fathom the folly of a woman in love? Can you imagine the enormous importance which the veriest trifles assume in her poor little mind? I was perfectly satisfied—even perfectly happy, after that one look. I rode on briskly for a minute or two—then the forgotten scene at the stable recurred to my memory. I resumed a foot-pace and beckoned to him to speak to me.

"Lady Catherine's bookseller lives in the city, doesn't he?" I began.

"Yes, miss."

"Did you walk both ways?"

"Yes."

"You must have felt tired when you got back?"

I hardly remember what I felt when I got back—I was met by a surprise.
 "May I ask what it was?"
 "Certainly miss. Do you remember a black bag of mine?"
 "Perfectly."
 "When I returned from the city, I found the bag open; and the things I kept in it—the shawl, the linen, and the letter—"
 "Gone!"
 "Gone."

My heart gave one great leap in me, and broke into vehement throbbings, which made it impossible for me to say a word more. I reined up my horse, and fixed my eyes on Michael. He was startled; he asked if I felt faint. I could only sign to him to go on.

"My own belief," he proceeded, "is that some person burnt the things in my absence, and opened the window to prevent any suspicion being excited by the smell. I am certain I shut the window before I left the room. When I closed it on my return, the fresh air had not entirely removed the smell of burning; and, what is more, I found a heap of ashes in the grate. As to the person who has done me this injury, and why it has been done, those are mysteries beyond my fathoming.—I beg your pardon, miss, I am sure you are not well. Might I advise you to return to the house?"

I accepted his advice, and turned back. In the tumult of horror and amazement that filled my mind, I could still feel a faint triumph stirring in me through it all, when I saw how alarmed and how anxious he was about me. Nothing more passed between us on the way back. Confronted by the dreadful discovery that I had made, I was silent and helpless. Of the guilty persons concerned in the concealment of the birth, and in the desertion of the infant, my nobly-born, highly-bred, irreproachable aunt now stood revealed before me as one! An older woman than I was might have been hard put to it to preserve her presence of mind, in such a position as mine. Instinct, not reason, served me in my sore need. Instinct, not reason kept me passively and stupidly silent when I got back to the house. "We will talk about it to-morrow," was all I could say to Michael, when he gently lifted me from my horse.

I excused myself from appearing at the luncheon-table; and I drew down the blinds in my sitting-room, so that my face might not betray me when Lady Catherine's maternal duty brought her upstairs to make inquiries. The same excuse served in both cases—my ride had failed to relieve me of my headache. My aunt's brief visit led to one result which is worth mentioning. The indescribable horror of her that I felt, forced the conviction on my mind that we two could live no longer under the same roof. While I was still trying to face this alternative with the needful composure, my uncle presented himself, in some anxiety about my continued illness. I should certainly have burst out crying, when the kind and dear old man kissed me and consoled with me, if he had not brought news with him which turned back all my thoughts on myself and my aunt. Michael had shown the General his letter, and had given notice to leave. Lady Catherine was present at the time. To her husband's amazement, she abruptly interfered with a personal request to Michael to think better of it, and to remain in his place!

"I should not have troubled you, my dear, on this unpleasant subject," said my uncle, "if Michael had not told me that you were aware of the circumstances under which he feels it his duty to leave us. After your aunt's interference (quite incomprehensible to me), the man hardly knows what to do. Being your groom, he begs me to ask if there is any impropriety in his leaving the difficulty to your decision. I tell you of his request, Miss; but I strongly advise you to decline taking any responsibility on yourself."

I answered mechanically, accepting my uncle's suggestion, while my thoughts were wholly absorbed in this last of the many extraordinary proceedings on Lady Catherine's part since Michael had entered the house. There are limits—out of books and plays—to the innocence of a young unmarried woman. After what I had just heard, the doubts which had thus far perplexed me were suddenly and completely cleared up. I said to my secret self: "She has some human feeling left. Michael Bloomfield is her son!"

From the moment when my mind emerged from the darkness, I recovered the use of such intelligence and courage as I naturally possessed. From this point, you will find that, right or wrong, I saw my way before me, and took it.

To say that I felt for the General with my whole heart, is merely to own that I could be commonly grateful. I sat on his knee, and laid my cheek against his cheek, and thanked him for his long, long years of kindness to me. He stopped me in his simple generous way. "Why, Miss, you talk as if you were going to leave us!" I started up, and went to the window, opening it and complaining of the heat, and so concealing from him that he had unconsciously anticipated the event that was indeed to come. When I returned to my chair, he helped me to recover myself by alluding once more to my aunt. He feared that her health was in some way impaired. In the time when they had first met, she was subject to nervous maladies, having their origin in a 'calamity' which was never mentioned by either of them in later days. She might possibly be suffering again, from some other form of nervous derangement, and he seriously thought of persuading her to send for medical advice.

Under ordinary circumstances, this vague reference to a 'calamity' would not have excited any special interest in me. But my mind was now in a state of morbid suspicion. I knew that my uncle and aunt had been married for twenty-four years; and I remembered Michael had described himself as being twenty-six years old. Baring these circumstances in mind, it struck me that I might be acting wisely (in Michael's interest) if I persuaded the General to speak further of what had happened, at the time when he met the woman an evil destiny had bestowed on him for a wife. Nothing but the consideration of saving the man I loved would have reconciled me to making my own secret use of the recollections which my uncle might innocently confide to me. As it was, I thought the means would, in this case, be for once justified by the end. Before we part, I have little doubt that you will think so too.

I found it an easier task than I had anticipated to turn the talk back again to the days when the General had seen Lady Catherine for the first time. He was proud of the circumstances under which he had won his wife. Ah, how my heart ached for him as I saw his eyes sparkle and the colour mount in his fine rugged face!

This is the substance of what I heard from him. I tell it briefly, because it is painful to me to tell it at all.

My uncle had met Lady Catherine at her father's country house. She had then reappeared in society, after a long period of seclusion, passed partly in England, partly on the Continent. Before the date of her retirement, she had been engaged to marry a French nobleman, equally illustrious by his birth, and by his diplomatic services in the East. Within a few weeks of the wedding-day, he was drowned by the wreck of his yacht. This was the calamity to which my uncle had referred.

Lady Catherine's mind was so seriously affected by the dreadful event, that the doctors refused to answer for the consequences, unless she was at once placed in the strictest retirement. Her mother, and a French maid devotedly attached to her, were the only persons whom it was considered safe for the young lady to see, until time and care had, in some degree, composed her. An after-residence in a quiet Swiss valley slowly completed the restoration of her health. Her return to her friends and admirers was naturally a subject of sincere rejoicing among the guests assembled in her father's house. My uncle's interest in Lady Catherine soon developed into love. They were equals in rank, and well suited to each other in age. The parents raised no obstacles; but they did not conceal from their guest that the disaster which had befallen their daughter was but too likely to discipline her to receive his addresses, or any man's addresses, favourably. To their surprise, they proved to be wrong. The young lady was touched by the simplicity and the delicacy with which her lover urged his suit. She had lived among worldly people. This was a man whose devotion she could believe to be sincere. They were married.

Had no unusual circumstances occurred? Had nothing happened which the General had forgotten? Nothing.

It is surely needless that I should stop here, to draw the plain inferences from the events just related. Any person who remembers that the shawl in which the infant was wrapped came from those Eastern regions which were associated with the French nobleman's diplomatic services—also, that the faults of composition in the letter found on the child were exactly the faults likely to have been committed by the French maid—any person who follows these traces can find his way to the truth as I found mine.

Returning for a moment to the hopes which I had formed of being of some service to Michael, I have only to say that they were at once destroyed, when I heard of the death by drowning of the man to whom the evidence pointed as his father. The prospect looked equally barren when I thought of the miserable mother. That she should openly acknowledge her son in her position, was perhaps not to be expected of any woman. Had she courage enough, or, in plainer words, heart enough to acknowledge him privately?

I called to mind again some of the apparent caprices and contradictions in Lady Catherine's conduct, on the memorable day when Michael had presented himself to fill the vacant place. Look back with me to the record of what she said and did on that occasion, by the light of your present knowledge, and you will see that his likeness to his father must have struck her when he entered the room, and that his statement of his age must have correctly described the age of her son. Recall the actions that followed—the withdrawal to the window to conceal her face; the clutch at the curtain when she felt herself sinking; the cry, not of terror at a cat, but of recognition of the father's nervous infirmity reappearing in the son; the harshness of manner under which she concealed her emotions when she ventured to speak to him; the reiterated inconsistencies and vacillations of conduct that followed, all alike due to the protest of Nature, desperately resisted to the last—and say if I did her injustice when I believed her to be incapable of running the smallest risk of discovery at the prompting of maternal love.

There remained, then, only Michael to think of. I remembered how he had spoken of the unnatural parents whom he neither expected nor cared to discover. Still, I could not reconcile it

to my conscience to accept a chance outbreak of temper as my sufficient justification for keeping him in ignorance of a discovery which so nearly concerned him. It seemed at least to be my duty to make myself acquainted with the true state of his feelings, before I decided to bear the burden of silence with me to my grave.

What I felt it my duty to do in this serious matter, I determined to do at once. Besides, let me honestly own that I felt lonely and desolate, oppressed by the critical situation in which I was placed, and eager for the relief that it would be to me only to hear the sound of Michael's voice. I sent my maid to say that I wished to speak to him immediately. The crisis was already hanging over my head. That one act brought it down.

XI.

He came in, and stood modestly waiting at the door.

After making him take a chair, I began by saying that I had received his message, and that, acting on my uncle's advice, I must abstain from interfering in the question of his leaving, or not leaving, his place. Having in this way established a reason for him, I alluded next to the loss that he had sustained, and asked if he had any prospect of finding out the person who had entered his room in his absence. On his reply in the negative, I spoke of the serious results to him of the act of destruction that had been committed. "Your last chance of discovering your parents," I said, "has been cruelly destroyed."

He smiled sadly. "You know already, Miss, that I never expected to discover them."

I ventured a little nearer to the object I had in view.

"Do you never think of your mother?" I asked. "At your age, she might be still living. Can you give up all hope of finding her, without feeling your heart-ache?"

"If I have done her wrong, in believing that she deserted me," he answered, "the heart-ache is but a poor way of expressing the remorse that I should feel."

I ventured nearer still. "Even if you were right," I began—"even if she did desert you—"

He interrupted me sternly. "I would not cross the street to see her," he said. "A woman who deserts her child is a monster. Forgive me for speaking so, miss. When I see good mothers and their children, it maddens me when I think of what my childhood was."

Hearing those words, and watching him attentively while he spoke, I could see that my silence would be a mercy, not a crime. I hastened to speak of other things. "If you decide to leave us," I said, "when shall you go?"

His eyes softened instantly. Little by little the color faded out of his face as he answered me.

"The General kindly said, when I spoke of leaving my place—" His voice faltered, and he paused to steady it. "My master," he resumed, "said that I need not keep my new employer waiting by providing for the customary month, provided you were willing to dispense with my services."

So far, I had succeeded in controlling myself. At that reply, I felt my resolution failing me. I saw how he suffered; I saw how manfully he struggled to conceal it. All my heart went out to him, in spite of me.

"I am not willing," I said. "I am sorry—very, very sorry to lose you. But I will do anything that is for your good. I can say no more."

He rose suddenly, as if to leave the room; mastered himself; stood for a moment silently looking at me—then looked away again, and said his parting words.

"If I succeed, Miss Mina, in my new employment—if I get on perhaps to higher things—is it—is it presuming too much, to ask if I might, some day—perhaps when you are out riding alone—if I might speak to you—only to ask if you are well and happy—"

He could say no more. I saw the tears in his eyes; saw him shake in the convulsive breathings which break from men in the rare moments when they cry. He forced it back even then. He bowed to me—oh, God, he bowed to me, as if he were only my servant! as if he were too far below me to take my hand, even at that moment! I could have endured anything else; I believe I could still have restrained myself under any other circumstances. It matters little now; my confession must be made, whatever you may think of me. I flew to him like a frenzied creature—I threw my arms round his neck—I said to him, "Oh, Michael, don't you know that I love you?" And then I laid my head on his breast, and held him to me, and said no more.

In that moment of silence, the door of the room was opened. I started, and looked up. Lady Catherine was standing on the threshold.

I saw in her face that she had been listening—she must have followed him when he was on his way to my room. That conviction steadied me. I took his hand in mine, and stood side by side with him, waiting for her to speak first. She looked at Michael, not at me. She advanced a step or two, and addressed him in these words: "It is just possible that you have some sense of decency left. Leave the room."

That deliberate insult was all I wanted to make me completely mistress of myself. I told Michael to wait a moment, and opened my writing-desk. I wrote on an envelope the address in London of a faithful old servant who had attended my mother in her last moments. I gave it to Michael. "Call there to-morrow morning," I said. "You will find me waiting for you."

He looked at Lady Catherine, evidently unwilling to leave me alone with her. "Fear nothing," I said; "I am old enough to take care of myself. I have only a word to say to this lady before I leave the house." With that, I took his arm, and walked with him to the door, and said good-bye almost as composedly as if we had been husband and wife already.

Lady Catherine's eyes followed me as I shut the door again, and crossed the room to a second door which led into my bed-chamber. She suddenly stepped up to me, just as I was entering the room, and laid her hand on my arm.

"What do I see in your face!" she asked, as much of herself as of me—with her eyes fixed in keen inquiry on mine.

"You shall know directly," I answered.

"Let me get my bonnet and cloak first."

"Do you mean to leave the house?"

"I do."

She rang the bell. I quietly dressed myself, to go out.—The servant answered the bell, as I returned to the sitting-room.

"Tell your master I wish to see him instantly," said Lady Catherine.

"My master has gone out, my lady."

"To his club?"

"I believe so, my lady."

"I will send you with a letter to him. Come back when I ring again." She turned to me as the man withdrew. "Do you refuse to stay here until the General returns?"

"I shall be happy to see the General, if you will enclose my address in your letter to him."

Replying in those terms, I wrote the address for the second time. Lady Catherine knew perfectly well, when I gave it to her, that I was going to a respectable house kept by a woman who had nursed me when I was a child.

"One last question," she said. "Am I to tell the General that it is your intention to marry your groom?"

Her tone stung me into making an answer which I regretted the moment it had passed my lips.

"You can put it more plainly, if you like," I said. "You can tell the General that it is my intention to marry your son."

She was near the door, on the point of leaving me. As I spoke, she turned with a ghastly stare of horror—felt about her with her hands as if she was groping in darkness—and dropped senseless on the floor.

I instantly summoned help. The women-servants carried her to my bed. While they were restoring her to herself, I wrote a few lines telling the miserable woman how I had discovered her secret.

"Your husband's tranquility," I added, "is as precious to me as my own. As for your son, you know what he thinks of the parents who deserted him. Your secret is safe in my keeping—safe from your husband, safe from your son, to the end of my life."

I sealed up those words, and gave them to her with my own hand when she had come to herself again. I never heard from her in reply. I have never seen her from that time to this. She knows she can trust me.

And what did my good uncle say, when we next met? I would rather report what he did, when he got the better of his first feelings of anger and surprise on hearing of my contemplated marriage. He kissed me on my wedding-day; and he gave my husband the appointment which places us both in an independent position for life.

This is my shocking story, Madam. This is how I disgraced myself by marrying my groom.

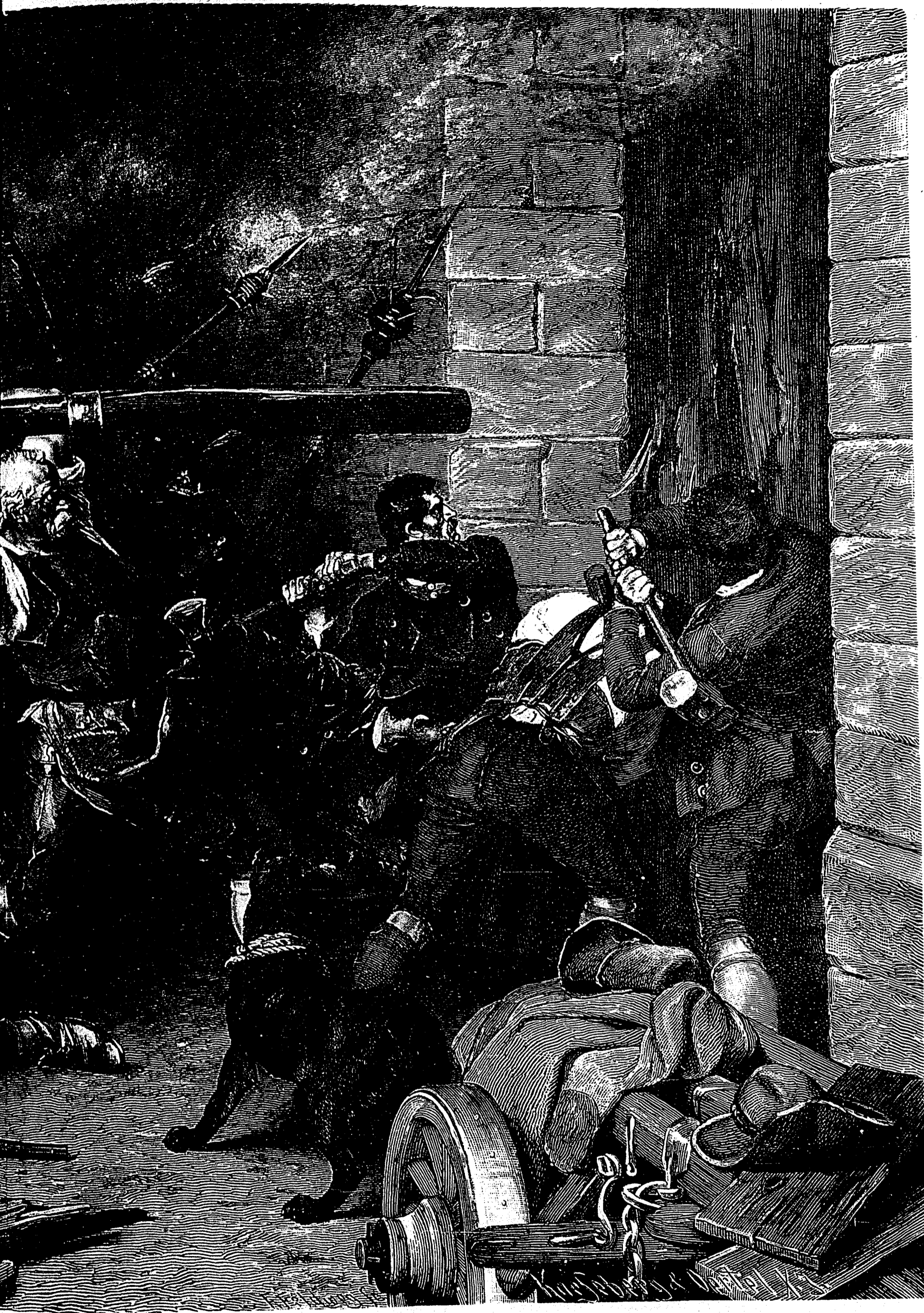
NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY.

Colonel W. K. Stuart tells the following story of a Scotch subaltern at Gibraltar: The latter was one day on guard with another officer who, unfortunately, fell down a precipice 400 feet, and was killed. Non-military readers should understand that in the guard reports there is a small addeudum, viz., "N.B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting," the meaning of which is that, in case anything particular should occur, the officer commanding the guard is bound to mention it. Our friend, however, said nothing about the accident that had occurred to his brother officer, and, some hours after, the brigade major came to his quarters, on the part of the officer commanding, with the report in his hand, to demand an explanation. The brigade major, addressing him, said: "You say, sir, in your report, 'N.B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when your brother officer, on duty with you, has fallen down a precipice 400 feet and been killed." "Well, sir," replied B—, "I dinna think there's onything extraordinary in it ava; if he'd faun doon a precipice 400 feet and no been killed, I should hae thought it very extraordinary indeed, and wad hae put it doon in my report."

EXPERIENCE.—To do the same thing over and over again for years without heart or improvement may indeed be called experience: but it is a profitless one. Some people who are proudest of boasting of their experience have the least reason to be proud of it. To have spent ten or twenty years in the same pursuit does not, of itself, entitle a man to respect and honour; but to have spent as many months in steadfast progress, to have brought to bear upon his employment all his past training, to have put into it fresh thought and renewed vigour, to have made experiments, studied methods, and planned improvements—that is an experience we justly esteem.



THE STORMING OF THE RED TOWER IN MUNICH BY
FROM THE PICTURE



THE SMITH VON KOCHEL, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1705.

BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

In a blue cloud,
Breathed out from lips accustomed
To puff the weed nicotine,
My fancy takes a dreamy pathway
Through the atmospheric ocean,
And lightly rests upon the bowly furnace,
Where is concocted subtly, the potion, care repelling,
Which frees me of unwelcome thoughts
That in us seek a dwelling.
The cloudless feathery,
Rise to the gentle wooing of the heights aerial,
To attain realms sympathetic,
And there outspread and form a crown imperial,
Alien currents
Tinged with jealousy unkind,
Some restless flakes of azure cloud seduce,
They'd fain the calm companionship reduce,
But from their solace fount,
Continuously,
Other new-born fairy masses mount,
And approach their weakened sisters sinuously:
Thus ever reinforced, the spreading crown
Permeates the resisting, but yet yielding element,
Till o'er me floats a fleecy canopy,
Nurtured and strengthened by the slender filament,
Waxy and odorless, issuing from the bowl:
Perfect contentment gently soothes the soul.
Care's troublings did long since completely cease,
Can't wonder I am wedded to my loving pipe of
peace.

MUSKOSH.

MY NEW YEAR'S EVE AMONG THE MUMMIES.

BY J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON.

I have been a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth for a good many years now, and I have certainly had some odd adventures in my time; but I can assure you, I never spent twenty-four queerer hours than those which I passed some twelve months since in the great unopened Pyramid of Abu Yilla.

The way I got there was itself a very strange one. I had come to Egypt for a winter tour with the Fitz-Simkinses, to whose daughter Editha I was at that precise moment engaged. You will probably remember that old Fitz-Simkins belonged originally to the wealthy firm of Simkinson & Stokoe, worshipful vintners; but when the senior partner retired from the business and got his knighthood, the College of Heralds opportunely discovered that his ancestors had changed their fine old Norman name for its English equivalent some time about the reign of King Richard I.; and they immediately authorized the old gentleman to resume the patronymic and the armorial bearings of his distinguished forefathers. It's really quite astonishing how often these curious coincidences crop up at the College of Heralds.

Of course it was a great catch for a landless and briefless barrister like myself—dependent on a small fortune in South American securities, and my precarious earnings as a writer of burlesque—to secure such a valuable property as Editha Fitz-Simkins. To be sure, the girl was undeniably plain; but I have known plainer girls than she was, whom forty thousand pounds converted into My Ladies; and if Editha hadn't really fallen over head and ears in love with me, I suppose old Fitz-Simkins would never have consented to such a match. As it was, however, we had flirted so openly and so desperately during the Scarborough season, that it would have been difficult for Sir Peter to break it off; and so I had come to Egypt on a tour of insurance to secure my prize, following in the wake of my future mother-in-law, whose lungs were supposed to require a genial climate though in my private opinion they were really as creditable a pair of pulmonary appendages as ever drew breath.

Nevertheless, the course of our true love did not run so smoothly as might have been expected. Editha found me less ardent than a devoted squire should be; and on the very last night of the old year she got up a regulation lovers' quarrel, because I had sneaked away from the boat that afternoon, under the guidance of our dragoon, to witness the seductive performances of some fair Ghawazi, the dancing girl of a neighboring town. How she found it out heaven only knows, for I gave that rascal Dimitri five piastres to hold his tongue; but she did find it out somehow, and chose to regard it as an offence of the first magnitude: a mortal sin only to be expiated by three days of penance and humiliation.

I went to bed that night, in my hammock on deck, with feelings far from satisfactory. We were moored against the bank at Abu Yilla, the most pestiferous hole between the cataracts and the Delta. The mosquitoes were worse than the ordinary mosquitoes of Egypt, and that is saying a great deal. The heat was oppressive even at night, and the malaria from the lotus beds rose like a palpable mist before my eyes. Above all, I was getting doubtful whether Editha Fitz-Simkins might not slip between my fingers. I felt wretched and feverish; and yet I had delightful interlusive recollections, in between, of that lovely little Ghaziyah, who danced that exquisite, marvellous, entrancing, delicious, and awfully oriental dance that I saw in the afternoon.

By Jove, she was a beautiful creature. Eyes like two full moons; hair like Milton's Penseroso; movements like a poem of Swinburne's set to action. If Editha were only a faint picture of that girl now! Upon my word I was falling in love with a Ghaziyah!

Then the mosquitoes came again. Buzz—buzz—buzz. I make a lunge at the loudest and biggest, a sort of prima donna in their infernal opera. I killed the prima donna, but ten more shrill performers come in its place. The frogs croak dimly in the reedy shallows. The

night grows hotter and hotter still. At last, I can stand it no longer. I rise up, dress myself lightly, and jump ashore to find some way of passing the time.

Yonder, across the flat, lies the great unopened Pyramid of Abu Yilla. We are going to-morrow to climb to the top; but I would take a turn to reconnoitre in that direction now. I walk across the moonlit fields, my soul still divided between Editha and the Ghaziyah, and approach the solemn mass of huge, antiquated granite blocks standing out so grimly against the pale horizon. I feel half awake, half asleep, and altogether feverish; but I poke about the base in an aimless sort of way, with a vague idea that I may perhaps discover by chance the secret of its sealed entrance, which has ere now baffled so many pertinacious explorers and learned Egyptologists.

As I walk along the base, I remember old Herodotus's story, like a page from the "Arabian Nights," of how King Rhampsinitus built himself a treasury, wherein one stone turned on a pivot like a door; and how the builder availed himself of this his cunning device to steal gold from the king's storehouse. Suppose the entrance to the unopened Pyramid should be by such a door. It would be curious if I should chance to light upon the very spot.

I stood in the broad moonlight, near the north-east angle of the great pile, at the twelfth stone from the corner. A random fancy struck me, that I might turn this stone by pushing it inward on the left side. I leant against it with all my weight, and tried to move it on the imaginary pivot. Did it give way a fraction of an inch? No, it must have been mere fancy. Let me try again. Surely it is yielding! Gracious Osiris, it has moved an inch or more! My heart beats fast, either with fever or excitement, and I try a third time. The rust of centuries on the pivot wears slowly off, and the stone turns ponderously round, giving access to a low dark passage.

It must have been madness which led me to enter the forgotten corridor, alone, without torch or match, at that hour of the evening; but at any rate, I entered. The passage was tall enough for a man to walk erect, and I could feel, as I groped slowly along, that the wall was composed of smooth polished granite, while the floor sloped away downward with a slight but regular descent. I walked with trembling heart and faltering feet for some forty or fifty yards down the mysterious vestibule; and then I felt myself brought suddenly to a standstill by a block of stone placed right across the pathway. I had had nearly enough for one evening, and I was prepared to return to the boat, agog with my new discovery, when my attention was suddenly arrested by an incredible, a perfectly miraculous fact.

The block of stone which barred the passage was faintly visible as a square, by means of a struggling belt of light streaming through the seams. There must be a lamp or other flame burning within. What if this were a door like the outer one, leading into a chamber perhaps inhabited by some dangerous band of outcasts? The light was a sure evidence of human occupation; and yet the outer door swung rustily on its pivot as though it had never been opened for ages. I paused a moment in fear before I ventured to try the stone: and then, urged on once more by some insane impulse, I turned the massive block with all my might to the left. It gave way slowly like its neighbour, and finally opened into the central hall.

Never as long as I live shall I forget the ecstasy of terror, astonishment, and blank dismay which seized upon me when I stepped into that seemingly enchanted chamber. A blaze of light first burst upon my eyes, from jets of gas arranged in regular rows tier above tier, upon the columns and walls of the vast apartment. Huge pillars, richly painted with red, yellow, blue, and green decorations, stretched in endless succession down the dazzling aisles. A floor of polished sycamore reflected the splendour of the lamps, and afforded a base for red granite sphinxes and dark purple images in porphyry of the cat-faced goddess Pasht, whose form I knew so well at the Louvre and the British Museum. But I had no eyes for any of these lesser marvels, being wholly absorbed in the greatest marvel of all: for there, in royal state and with mitred head, a living Egyptian king, surrounded by his coiffured court, was banqueting in the flesh upon a real throne, before a table laden with Memphian delicacies!

I stood transfixed with awe and amazement, my tongue and my feet alike forgetting their office, and my brain whirling round and round, as I remember it used to whirl when my health broke down utterly at Cambridge after the Classical Tripos. I gazed fixedly at the strange picture before me, taking in all its details in a confused way, yet quite incapable of understanding or realizing any part of its true import. I saw the king in the centre of the hall, raised on a throne of granite inlaid with gold and ivory; his head crowned with the peaked cap of Ramesses, and his curled hair flowing down his shoulders in a set and formal frizz. I saw priests and warriors on either side, dressed in the costumes which I had often carefully noted in our great collections; while bronze-skinned maids, with light garments round their waists, and limbs displayed in graceful picturesqueness, waited upon them, half nude, as in the wall paintings which we had lately examined at Karnak and Syene. I saw the ladies, clothed from head to foot in dyed linen garments, sitting apart in the back ground, banqueting by themselves at a separate table; while dancing

girls, like older representatives of my yesterday friends, the Ghawazi, tumbled before them in strange attitudes, to the music of four-stringed harps and long straight pipes. In short, I beheld as in a dream the whole drama of everyday Egyptian royal life, playing itself out anew under my eyes, in its real original properties and personages.

Gradually, as I looked, I became aware that my hosts were no less surprised at the appearance of their anachronistic guest than was the guest himself at the strange living panorama which met his eyes. In a moment music and dancing ceased; the banquet paused in its course, and the king and his nobles stood up in undisguised astonishment to survey the strange intruder.

Some minutes passed before anyone moved forward on either side. At last a young girl of royal appearance, yet strangely resembling the Ghaziyah of Abu Yilla, and recalling in part the laughing maiden in the foreground of Mr. Long's great canvas at the previous Academy, stepped out before the throng.

"May I ask you," she said in Ancient Egyptian, "who you are, and why you come hither to disturb us?"

I was never aware before that I spoke or understood the language of the hieroglyphics; yet I found I had not the slightest difficulty in comprehending or answering her question. To say the truth, Ancient Egyptian, though an extremely tough tongue to decipher in its written form, becomes as easy as love-making when spoken by a pair of lips like that Pharaonic princess's. It is really very much the same as English, pronounced in a rapid and somewhat indefinite whisper, and with all the vowels left out.

"I beg ten thousand pardons for my intrusion," I answered apologetically; "but I did not know that this Pyramid was inhabited, or I should not have entered your residence so rudely. As for the points you wish to know, I am an English tourist, and you will find my name upon this card," saying which I handed her one from the case which I had fortunately put into my pocket, with conciliatory politeness. The princess examined it closely, but evidently did not understand its import.

"In return," I continued, "may I ask you in what august presence I now find myself by accident?"

A court official stood forth from the throng, and answered in a set heraldic tone: "In the presence of the illustrious monarch, Brother of the Sun, Thothmes the Twenty-seventh, king of the Eighteenth Dynasty."

"Salute the Lord of the World," put in another official in the same regulation drone.

I bowed low to his Majesty, and stepped out into the hall. Apparently my obeisance did not come up to Egyptian standards of courtesy, for a suppressed titter broke audibly from the ranks of bronze-skinned waiting women. But the king graciously smiled at my attempt, and turning to the nearest nobleman observed in a voice of great sweetness and self-contained majesty: "This stranger, Ombos, is certainly a very curious person. His appearance does not at all resemble that of an Ethiopian or other savage, nor does he look like the pale faced sailors who come to us from the Achaian land beyond the sea. His features, to be sure, are not very different from theirs; but his extraordinary and singularly inartistic dress shows him to belong to some other barbaric race."

I glanced down at my waistcoat, and saw that I was wearing my tourist's check suit, of grey and mud color, with which a Bond street tailor had supplied me just before leaving town, as the latest thing out in fancy tweeds. Evidently these Egyptians must have a very curious standard of taste not to admire our pretty and graceful style of male attire.

"If the dust beneath your Majesty's feet may venture upon a suggestion," put in the officer whom the king addressed, "I would hint that this young man is probably a stray visitor from the utterly uncivilized lands of the North. The headgear which he carries in his hand obviously betrays an Arctic habitat."

I had instinctively taken off my round felt in the first moment of surprise, when I found myself in the midst of this strange throng, and I was standing now in a somewhat embarrassed posture, holding it awkwardly before me like a shield to protect my chest.

"Let the stranger cover himself," said the king.

"Barbarian intruder, cover yourself," cried the herald. I noticed throughout that the king never directly addressed anybody save the higher officials around him.

I put on my hat as desired. "A most uncomfortable and silly form of tiara indeed," said the great Thothmes.

"Very unlike your noble and awe-inspiring mitre, Lion of Egypt," answered Ombos.

"Ask the stranger his name," the king continued.

It was useless to offer another card, so I mentioned it in a clear voice.

"An uncouth and almost unpronounceable designation truly," commented his Majesty to the Grand Chamberlain beside him. "These savages speak strange languages, widely different from the flowing tongue of Memnon and Sesostris."

The chamberlain bowed his assent with three low genuflections. I began to feel a little abashed at these personal remarks, and I almost think (though I shouldn't like it to be mentioned in the Temple) that a blush rose to my cheek.

The beautiful princess, who had been standing near me meanwhile in an attitude of statuesque repose, now appeared anxious to change the current of the conversation. "Dear father," she said with a respectful inclination, "surely the stranger, barbarian though he be, cannot relish such pointed allusions to his person and costume. We must let him feel the grace and delicacy of Egyptian refinement. Then he may perhaps carry back with him some faint echo of its cultured beauty to his northern wilds."

"Nonsense, Hatason," replied Thothmes XXVII. testily. "Savages have no feelings, and they are as incapable of appreciating Egyptian sensibility as the chattering crow is incapable of attaining the dignified reserve of the sacred crocodile."

"Your Majesty is mistaken," I said, recovering my self-possession gradually and realizing my position as a free-born Englishman before the court of a foreign despot—though I must allow that I felt rather less confident than usual, owing to the fact that we were represented in the Pyramid by a British Consul—"I am an English tourist, a visitor from a modern land whose civilization far surpasses the rude culture of early Egypt; and I am accustomed to respectful treatment from all other nationalities, as becomes a citizen of the First Naval Power in the World."

My answer created a profound impression. "He has spoken to the Brother of the Sun," cried Ombos in evident perturbation. "He must be of the Blood Royal in his own tribe, or he would never have dared to do so!"

"Otherwise," added a person whose dress I recognized as that of a priest, "he must be offered up in expiation to Amon-Ra immediately."

As a rule I am a decently truthful person, but under these alarming circumstances I ventured to tell a slight fib with an air of nonchalant boldness. "I am a younger brother of our reigning king," I said without a moment's hesitation; for there was nobody present to gawp at me, and I tried to save my conscience by reflecting that at any rate I was only claiming consanguinity with an imaginary personage.

"In that case," said King Thothmes, with more geniality in his tone, "there can be no impropriety in my addressing you personally. Will you take a place at our table next to myself, and we can converse together without interrupting a banquet which must be brief enough in any circumstances? Hatason, my dear, you may seat yourself next to the barbarian prince."

I felt a visible swelling to the proper dimension of a Royal Highness as I sat down by the king's right hand. The nobles resumed their places, the bronze-skinned waitresses left off staiding like soldiers in a row and staring straight at my humble self, the goblets went round once more, and a comely maid soon brought meat, bread, fruits, and date wine.

All this time I was naturally burning with curiosity to inquire who my strange hosts might be, and how they had preserved their existence for so many centuries in this undiscovered hall; but I was obliged to wait until I had satisfied his Majesty of my own nationality, the means by which I had entered the pyramid, the general state of affairs throughout the world at the present moment, and fifty thousand other matters of a similar sort. Thothmes utterly refused to believe my reiterated assertion that our existing civilization was far superior to the Egyptian; "because," said he, "I see from your dress that your nation is utterly devoid of taste or invention;" but he listened with great interest to my account of modern society, the steam engine, the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, the telegraph, the House of Commons, Home Rule, and other blessings of our advanced era, as well as to a brief resumé of European history from the rise of the Greek culture to the Russo-Turkish war. At last his questions were nearly exhausted, and I got a chance of making a few counter inquiries on my own account.

"And now," I said, turning to the charming Hatason, whom I thought a more pleasant informant than her august papa, "I should like to know who you are."

"What, don't you know?" she cried with unaffected surprise. "Why, we're mummies."

She made this astounding statement with just the same quiet unconsciousness as if she had said, "we're French," or "we're Americans." I glanced round the walls, and observed behind the columns, what I had not noticed till then—a large number of empty mummy-cases, with their lids placed carelessly by their sides.

"But what are you doing here?" I asked in a bewildered way.

"Is it possible," said Hatason, "that you don't really know the object of embalming? Though your manners show you to be an agreeable and well-bred young man, you must excuse my saying that you are shockingly ignorant. We are made into mummies in order to preserve our immortality. Once in every thousand years we wake up for twenty-four hours, recover our flesh and blood, and banquet once more upon the mummied dishes and other good things laid by for us in the Pyramid. To-day is the first day of a millennium, and so we have waked up for the sixth time since we were first embalmed."

"The sixth time?" I inquired incredulously. "Then you must have been dead six thousand years."

"Exactly so."

"But the world has not yet existed so long," I cried, in a fervour of orthodox horror.

"Excuse me, barbarian prince. This is the first day of the three hundred and twenty-seven thousandth millennium."

My orthodox received a severe shock. However I had been accustomed to geological calculations, and was somewhat inclined to accept the antiquity of man; so I swallowed the statement without more ado. Besides, if such a charming girl as Hatasou had asked me at that moment to turn Mohammedan, or to worship Osiris, I believe I should incontinently have done so. "You wake up only for a single day and night, then," I said.

"Only for a single day and night. After that, we go to sleep for another millennium."

"Unless you are meanwhile burned as fuel on the Cairo Railway," I added mentally. "But how," I continued aloud, "do you get these lights?"

"The Pyramid is built above a spring of inflammable gas. We have a reservoir in one of the side chambers in which it collects during the thousand years. As soon as we awake, we turn it on at once from the tap, and light it with a lucifer match."

"Upon my word," I interposed, "I had no notion you Ancient Egyptians were acquainted with the use of matches."

"Very likely not. There are more things in heaven and earth, Cephreus, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," as the bard of Philæ puts it.

Further inquiries brought out all the secrets of that strange tomb-house, and kept me fully interested till the close of the banquet. Then the chief priest solemnly rose, offered a small fragment of meat to a deified crocodile, who sat in a meditative manner by the side of his deserted mummy-case, and declared the feast concluded for the night. All rose from their places, wandered away into the long corridors or side-aisles, and formed little groups of talkers under the brilliant gas-lamps.

For my part, I strolled off with Hatasou down the least illuminated of the colonnades, and took my seat beside a marble fountain, where several fish (gods of great sanctity, Hatasou assured me) were disporting themselves in a porphyry basin. How long we sat there I cannot tell, but I know that we talked a good deal about fish, and gods, and Egyptian habits, and Egyptian philosophy, and, above all, Egyptian love-making. The last-named subject we found very interesting, and when once we got fully started upon it, no diversion afterwards occurred to break the even tenor of the conversation. Hatasou was a lovely figure, tall, queenly, with smooth dark arms and neck of polished bronze; her big black eyes full of tenderness, and her long hair bound up into a bright Egyptian headdress, that harmonized to a tone with her complexion and her robe. The more we talked, the more desperately did I fall in love, and the more utterly oblivious did I become of my duty to Editha Fitz-Simkins. The mere ugly daughter of a rich and vulgar brand-new knight, forsooth, to show off her airs before me, when here was a Princess of the Blood Royal of Egypt, obviously sensible to the attentions which I was paying her, and not unwilling to receive them with a coy and modest grace.

Well, I went on saying pretty things to Hatasou, and Hatasou went on deprecating them in a pretty little way, as who should say, "I don't mean what I pretend to mean one bit," until at last I may confess that we were both evidently as far gone in the disease of the heart called love as it is possible for two young people on first acquaintance to become. Therefore, when Hatasou pulled forth her watch—another piece of mechanism with which antiquaries used never to credit the Egyptian people—and declared that she had only three hours more to live, at least for the next thousand years, I fairly broke down, took out my handkerchief, and began to sob like a child of five years old.

Hatasou was deeply moved. Decorum forbade that she should console me with too much expression; but she ventured to remove the handkerchief gently from my face, and suggested that there was yet one course open by which we might enjoy a little more of one another's society. "Suppose," she said quietly, "you were to become a mummy. You would then wake up, as we do, every thousand years; and after you have tried it once, you will find it just as natural to sleep for a millennium as for eight hours. Of course," she added, with a slight blush, "during the next three or four solar cycles there would be plenty of time to conclude any other arrangements you might possibly contemplate, before the occurrence of another glacial epoch."

This mode of regarding time was certainly novel and somewhat bewildering to people who ordinarily reckon its lapse by weeks and months; and I had a vague consciousness that my relations with Editha imposed upon me a moral necessity of returning to the outer world, instead of becoming a millennial mummy. Besides, there was the awkward chance of being converted into fuel and dissipated into space before the arrival of the next waking day. But I took one look at Hatasou, whose eyes were filling in turn with sympathetic tears, and that look decided me. I flung Editha, life, and duty to the dogs, and resolved at once to become a mummy.

There was no time to be lost. Only three hours remained to us, and the process of embalming, even in the most hasty manner, would take up fully two. We rushed off to the chief priest, who had charge of the particular department in question. He at once acceded to my wishes, and briefly explained the mode in which they usually treated the corpse.

That word suddenly aroused me. "The corpse!" I cried; "but I am alive. You can't embalm me, living."

"We can," replied the priest, "under chloro-

form!" I echoed, growing more and more astonished; "I had no idea you Egyptians knew anything about it."

"Ignorant barbarian!" he answered with a curl of the lip; "you imagine yourself much wiser than the teachers of the world. If you were versed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, you would know that chloroform is one of our simplest and commonest anesthetics."

I put myself at once under the hands of the priest. He brought out the chloroform, and placed it beneath my nostrils, as I lay on a soft couch under the central court. Hatasou held my hand in hers, and watched my breathing with an anxious eye. I saw the priest leaning over me, with a clouded phial in his hand, and I experienced a vague sensation of smelling myrrh and spikenard. Next, I lost myself for a few moments, and when I again recovered my senses in a temporary break, the priest was holding a small greenstone knife, dabbled with blood, and I felt that a gash had been made across my breast. Then they applied the chloroform once more; I felt Hatasou give my hand a gentle squeeze; the whole panorama faded finally from my view; and I went to sleep for a seemingly endless time.

When I awoke again, my first impression led me to believe that the thousand years were over, and that my former life once more to feast with Hatasou and Thothmes in the Pyramid of Abu Yilla. But second thoughts, combined with closer observation of the surroundings, convinced me that I was really lying in a bedroom of Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo. An hospital nurse leaned over me, instead of a chief priest; and I noticed no tokens of Editha Fitz-Simkins' presence. But when I endeavored to make inquiries upon the subject of my whereabouts, I was peremptorily informed that I mustn't speak, as I was only just recovering from a severe fever, and might endanger my life by talking.

Some weeks later I learned the sequel of my night's adventure. The Fitz-Simkinses, missing me from the boat in the morning, at first imagined that I might have gone ashore for an early stroll. But after breakfast time, lunch time, and dinner time had gone past, they began to grow alarmed, and sent to look for me in all directions. One of their scouts, happening to pass the Pyramid, noticed that one of the stones near the north-east angle had been displaced, so as to give access to a dark passage, hitherto unknown. Calling several of his friends, for he was afraid to venture in alone, he passed down the corridor, and through a second gateway into the central hall. There the Fellahin found me, lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from a wound on the breast, and in an advanced stage of malarious fever. They brought me back to the boat, and the Fitz-Simkinses conveyed me at once to Cairo, for medical attendance and proper nursing.

When I returned to London and proposed to lay this account before the Society of Antiquaries, all my friends dissuaded me on the ground of its apparent incredibility. They declare that I must have gone to the Pyramid already in a state of delirium, discovered the entrance by accident, and sunk exhausted when I reached the inner chamber. In answer, I would point out three facts. In the first place, I undoubtedly found my way into the unknown passage—for which achievement I afterwards received the gold medal of the Société Khédiviale, and of which I retain a clear recollection, differing in no way from my recollection of the subsequent events. In the second place, I had in my pocket, when found, a ring of Hatasou's, which I drew from my finger just before I took the chloroform, and put into my pocket as a keepsake. And in the third place, I had on my breast the wound which I saw the priest inflict with a knife of greenstone, and the scar may be seen on the spot to the present day. The absurd hypothesis of my medical friends, that I was wounded by falling against a sharp edge of rock, I must at once reject as unworthy a moment's consideration.

My own theory is either that the priest had not time to complete the operation, or else that the arrival of the Fitz-Simkins' scouts frightened back the mummies to their case an hour or so too soon. At any rate, there they all were, ranged around the walls undisturbed, the moment the Fellahin entered.

Unfortunately, the truth of my account cannot be tested for another thousand years. But as a copy of this C. I. N. will be preserved for the benefit of posterity in the British Museum, I hereby solemnly call upon Collective Humanity to try the veracity of this history by sending a deputation of archeologists to the Pyramid of Abu Yilla, on the last day of December. Two thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven. If they do not then find Thothmes and Hatasou feasting in the central hall exactly as I have described, I shall willingly admit that the story of my New Year's Eve among the Mummies is a vain hallucination, unworthy of credence at the hands of the scientific world.

WHEN we are studying and pursuing excellence, we are ensuring durability; and the more thoroughly the idea of durability enters into our work and guides our lives, the more valuable will be the one and the nobler and happier will be the other.

THE BRAVE GIRL OF GLENBARR.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

I.

OLD DONALD'S DECISION.

"If Mary Morrison will wed wi' me, I'll wed no other!" This was young Donald's decision. And the handsome, stalwart young Highlander looked as though he intended to carry into effect those few words that he had spoken to his father in Gaelic.

Donald Macbane was his father's only child; and, as his mother had died within a few days of his birth, he had never known any other parent than his stern father. A hard man was the elder Donald, ruling those about him with an iron will, and intent only upon improving his small farm to its utmost capability, so that he might leave it to his son as a goodly heritage. By its aid, young Donald might, in time, be so raised above the humble surroundings of his early days, that he might also pass as a laird. But that this scheme might be fully carried out, it was needful that his son should be married to a girl who had money or land of her own, and who would not come to him empty-handed and without a dowry. "A tocherless lass" was not to be thought of; and the future owner of the small farm on the hillside in the Barr Glen must be mated with a maiden who was similarly circumstanced as regarded property.

And such a girl was to be found within a mile or two. For, on the opposite side of the glen, on the opposite side of the Barr river, where it tripped down its rocky staircase to join the great Atlantic, there lived a girl, named Janet Baillie, who was the only survivor of the once large family of old Hugh Baillie, and who would inherit his farmstead, which was a place called Clachanaigs, and was about as large as old Donald Macbane's farm at Glenbarr. The two families had always been intimate and on good terms; and Janet had ever a sweet smile and a pleasant word for young Donald whenever they met, whether it were at home, or at kirk or market; and there seemed to old Donald no possible reason why these two young people should not make a match of it. There was no discrepancy either in years or position; and there was no obstacle in their way; for Donald Macbane had sounded Hugh Baillie on the subject, and found the old man quite agreeable to the match. They were "a fine stand-up couple," as old Donald often told himself; and there could not be a more appropriate proceeding than to marry them to each other, and look forward to the time when the two farmsteads of Glenbarr and Clachanaigs should belong to one proprietor. Old Donald had dwelt so much on the idea, that he considered it as good as settled. He was so much accustomed to have his own will carried out, that he did not anticipate the disagreeable novelty of any opposition coming from his son; especially when so favorable an arrangement was made for him, and such a nice girl as Janet Baillie was (as he supposed) ready to make him her husband. And now, to his surprise, when he had spoken to his son on the subject, and had suggested to him he might go to Janet, and ask her to name the day for the wedding, young Donald had replied to him with those astounding words: "If Mary Morrison will wed wi' me, I'll wed no other!"

Now, this Mary Morrison was the girl who lived at the farm, and whose daily work was about the house and its surroundings; and all her earthly riches were the wages that old Donald paid her. Therefore, it was an utterly upsetting notion to him, that his son should ruin his prospects by throwing himself away on a mere farm-servant, when he might have the heiress of Clachanaigs for the asking. The old man could not understand it; he could not comprehend that his son and heir should take up, as he phrased it, with a girl who was not worth a single sou—a sou being an extent of hill-pasture that would be sufficient to keep a cow or ten sheep. He could not imagine how such a thing could be. And yet, he had to confess to himself that such a thing would have to be; for he knew that his son followed his father in having a determined will of his own; and that when he had made that resolution regarding Mary Morrison, he would most assuredly abide by it, and carry it into effect. Yes, it would have to be, and all his dearly loved plans would be thwarted, unless he could devise some scheme to get the girl out of the way.

He had much talk with his son on the subject; he pleaded the cause of Janet Baillie, and sang the praises of Clachanaigs; but he found, as he had expected, that all his talk and all his pleadings led to no further result than making young Donald the more resolved in his intentions to wed no other than Mary Morrison. "We are plighted to each other," he said in Gaelic; "and we are only waiting till next May, when her time of service will be over. We shall then be married; and, if you do not like us to live here and help you on the farm, we shall turn our backs on Glenbarr, and go away to a home of our own. We are strong and healthy, and we love one another; and, please God, we can earn our livelihood quite as well together as if we were apart. I have nothing to say against Janet Baillie. She is a good girl, and I hope will get a good man for her husband; but she is not Mary Morrison." Then

old Donald said no more; but he hardened his heart against his servant, and he was determined, by fair means or foul, to prevent her from marrying his son. There was at least six months for him wherein to plot and plan, and something might occur, in that interval, to favor his wishes. Until next May, Mary Morrison would be his servant, and she could not leave her situation without his consent.

The long evenings of winter had now come on, and the year was hastening to its close. The range of hills that stretched their length to Beinn-au-Tuire was covered with snow, and it lay deeply down in the hollows of the glen. In the last week of the year the younger Donald had left Glenbarr to go to a great cattle fair that was to be held in the northern part of the county, which fair lasted over the two last days of the old year and the first day of the new year, which day went by the name of Hogmanay, and was celebrated with much rejoicing and many old-world customs, including those of the "first foot," the wassail bowl, and the guizards. Donald's attendance at this Hogmanay Fair necessitated his absence from Glenbarr during several days, and was one of the few important events of the twelve months that made a change in the ordinary monotony of their every-day life. He had said good-bye to Mary, promising to bring her a Hogmanay fairing, and hoping that his next gift to her would take the form of a plain gold ring.

On the last evening of the old year, old Donald was sitting by the peat-fire on the hearth, in front of which Louth, his faithful collie, had stretched himself in luxurious ease. On the other side, seated on a low stool, was Mary Morrison, busily engaged in knitting. The wind was howling outside, and the drifting snow was clogging the doorways. Old Donald broke the silence that had been long reigning between them by making some remarks about his son's absence at the cattle fair—a theme which had its full interest for his servant. They spoke in Gaelic; for the English language was but little used by the natives, except when they went to a market town, and even there many people could be met with who had "got no English."

"My son seems bent upon making you his wife," at length said old Donald; "but I don't like to give my consent, unless I am quite sure that he is going to be married to a brave girl."

"But," pleaded Mary, "I think that I am a brave girl, Mr. Macbane."

"If you think so," said the old man, "are you ready to prove it by your actions?"

"If it is anything that a girl may do, Mr. Macbane, I am ready to do it for the love that I bear to your son."

"It is nothing more than to walk to the old church at Saddell." Old Donald referred to the ruins of Saddell Monastery.

"Oh, I can easily do that, Mr. Macbane. You know that I have often walked there, in the summer or spring. It is not more than six miles as the crow flies."

"Yes; but the road is a bad one, and is made longer by the high hills and the deep glens. And there is snow on the ground."

"But it may be clear to-morrow, or the next day."

"If you want to win my son by proving yourself to be a brave girl, you must not wait for a fair-weather walk that could be taken by Janet Baillie, or any other girl in the glen; but you must do something out of the common way."

"I am ready to do it for Donald's sake. Whatever Janet Baillie may do, I will try and do more."

"I shall require you to go to the old church at Saddell this very night, and to be back here by breakfast time in the morning."

"I think Janet Baillie would not do that; but I will do it, or try to do it; though it is a wild night for such a walk and to such a place."

"That is not all," said the stern old man, though his voice trembled somewhat, as he made known to her his resolve. "I must have full and certain evidence that you have been to the old church; and though I never knew you to tell me a falsehood, yet, in this case, I must have further proof than your mere word. There is an old tomb inside the church; it is at the further end from the door, on the right-hand side, and stands under an arch. It is the great Macdonald's tomb; and on it there is a skull—the skull, they say of a murderer."

"Yes! I have seen it," she said, with a shudder.

"Are you brave enough to make your way alone, and through the snow, to that church, this very night; and, in proof that you have been there, to bring me back from thence the skull?"

"And what if I do so?"

"In that case I will withdraw my opposition to your marriage with my son; and I will not only give my free consent, but I will also make over to him the half of all that I have, so that he marry you in comfort, and before May-day, if he chooses to do so."

"That will be grand news for him when he comes home from the fair."

"Yes! if you have performed your part of the bargain; but it will take a brave girl to do what I have set you."

"And am I not a brave girl, Mr. Macbane?"

"That will depend upon your own showing. I shall certainly consider you to be very brave, and deserving of my son, if you will do as I propose, and go to Saddell Church this night, and show me, by breakfast time to-morrow, the



AFTER THE REVIEW.—WATERLOO AND TEL-EL-KEBIR.—A SKETCH ON THE CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.



CHRISTMAS FLIRTATION.

skull that you have brought from there. In that case, your bravery shall have its reward."

"Then I will do it! at least, I will try my best; for I know that I bring Donald no dowry, except a pair of willing hands and a loving heart; and I should be loth to wed him without his father's blessing. So I will do your bidding, Mr. Macbane, though it is a wild, fearsome night to go on such a strange errand."

Mary Morrison put aside her knitting, wrapped a plaid about her head and shoulders, and, with a silent prayer for safe guidance on her perilous path, went out into the wild winter's night. Louth, the collie, would have gone with her, and she would have been deeply thankful for his company and protection; but old Donald called him back into the house, and barred the door. Then the stern man listened to the howling of the wind, and thought: "She will not return. On a night like this the way is too perilous for safety, and one false step may send her to her death. If it is a wrong deed of mine, it was wrong of her to win my boy's love. If I do evil, I do it that good may come. Once rid of her daily presence, Donald will forget his fancy for her; and my darling wish of marrying him to Janet Baillie may be carried out."

But although he tried to reconcile his conduct to his conscience, he could not do so. As he sat over the fire, and placed more peats upon it, he endeavored to lull to rest his unquiet fancies with such specious arguments as these: She has gone of her own free will. She might have stayed here, if she chose. She is well acquainted with the road, and she can turn back if the storm is too strong, or the snow too deep for her. If she persists in going on, and comes to any harm, it will be through her own folly. It is a madcap adventure; but it is her own doing—not mine—no, not mine.

Yet old Donald, notwithstanding these arguments and special pleadings, could not lay that ghost of terror that was beginning to alarm him; and as he lay on the upper shelf of the wooden cupboard that is known as a box-bed, and huddled the bed-clothes around him, he could not shut out the visions that took possession of his mind and drove away sleep. The wind whistled shrilly through the ill-fitting door, and whirled sparks from the slumbering peats on the hearth; their flickering light came and went on the platters and jugs that were ranged on the old dresser, and which Mary Morrison always set out so well, and tended so carefully; and the old oaken kist and ambry, and the other scanty furniture of the dwelling-room, gleamed in the uncertain light. The snow could be seen clogging the small window panes, and whirling down the hole in the heather-thatched roof that did duty for a chimney. As it fell spluttering in the peat ashes, Louth, the collie, who had been uneasy for some time past, lifted up his head and howled: a howl that was long and piercing. In vain did stern old Donald, from the recesses of his box-bed, tell Louth to whisht, and called him a "camstary bree-yute!" in vain did he add stronger expletives in Gaelic; Louth howled on; and old Donald, restless and wakeful, ill at ease both in mind and body, told himself that Louth's howling boded no good. What would he now give, were it the New Year's morning, and the brave girl safe at home again at Glenbarr!

II.

A DARING DEED.

Although Mary Morrison well knew the way that led over the hills from Glenbarr to Saddell, yet it was difficult to find it on that wild night. It was not dark, however, for the snow that was lying all around her made a kind of misty moonlight; and the hills and glens were dimly visible for some distance. This helped her to note certain familiar landmarks, and to keep her in the right path.

"May the good God protect me," she murmured, in her simple piety, "and bring me safe back with what the master has bidden me fetch." She shrank so much from the thought of that murderer's skull, that she could not even name it to herself. But she confided herself to God's care, and passed bravely on her way, blown by the wind, and trudging heavily through the deep snow, but upborne by the thought that she was doing this to win her lover.

Of course she was a firm believer in the "little folk;" but she had no fear of them, for all their deeds were of kindness to those who were themselves kind; and they helped those who did their duty simply and bravely, as she was now doing, upborne by a true maiden's love. But neither green-coated fairy nor frolicsome brownie crossed her path; nor did any fearsome gragach, or creature, waylay her on her lonely road. Not a soul did she see, nor at that time of night did she expect to see. Here and there a few kyloes, huddled together under any slight shelter that offered itself, looked up at her with their mild wondering eyes, as though in astonishment at her apparition. There were black-faced sheep, too, whose wool looked dark brown against the pure snow, who tossed their twisted horns as she plodded past them. If the faithful Louth had been permitted to accompany her, she would not have felt so utterly desolate as she did now, on this last night of the old year.

The range of hills over which she had to pass formed the backbone of the long peninsula of Cantire, and was upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic, the hoarse

thunder of whose mighty rollers she could hear even amid the wild gusts of the storm. She had to cross over the southern side of Beinn-an-Tuire, the Wild Boar's Mountain, in the forests of which, according to her country's legend, Diarmid, the Fingalian Achilles, slew the terrible wild boar that was the scourge of the district, and met his own death when one of the boar's bristles pricked his heel. The mountain rose to the left of her path, but its summit of 2170 feet was now concealed by the drifting snow and misty vapours. Here she had to cross the river Barr, near to its source in the lonely Loch Arnicle. A slight stone bridge spanned the stream, with a low parapet on either side, barely high enough in the snow to prevent her from making a false step into the stream below. The river was now in spate; and it rushed and roared, and flung itself among the rough boulders in a torrent of peat-stained water, its furious headlong dash and boiling spray contrasting strangely with the stillness of the dark tarn, from the tall reeds of which the herons and wild geese and wild swans would take their clanging flight.

Amid the banks of snow-covered heather were many morasses, with their tumps of rushes and bog-cotton, to whose white feathery down Ossian likened the snowy breasts of "the high-bosomed Strina Dona." No less fair than Strina Dona herself was the brave and bonnie Mary Morrison, as she gallantly faced the storm of wind and snow, and carefully picked her way amid the lichened rocks and bracken. And if not less fair than Strina Dona, no less daring and devoted was she than the beautiful Graina, beloved of Diarmid, who risked her life to bring him aid in his last extremity, the while she courageously hid the wandering arrow that had pierced her fair breast, and died with him here upon this mountain, Beinn-an-Tuire, while the onlookers with glistening eyes murmured, "The fondest lovers must part at last." Brave as the beautiful and devoted Graina, Mary Morrison hoped that she had only parted with her own fond lover for a few hours, and that this night's work would bring them many days of happiness.

On she went, and never faltered or paused, save but for a few moments to enable her to regain her spent breath, or to note the bearings of her path. Here and there, a noble Scotch fir, whose ruddy-brown trunk was planted firmly in the cleft of a crag, raised on high its twisted arms for the table of snow that had bespread its massive dark foliage. These firs, and the groups of graceful birch and larch, and the scattered rowan-trees, served her as landmarks in the snowy landscape. By carefully noting them and their bearings, she paced steadily on to her destination down into the solemn depths of the deep glen—leaping over the burnie rushing seawards, climbing the steep brae, and then away over another rolling hill, again to encounter a similar repetition of hill and glen. Yet she held on her way, and never missed it beyond a few yards, her set purpose and her deep love upbearing her through the perils and trials of this wild last night of the old year, and enabling her to brave the dangers of the solitary road. It was not the first fierce storm of wind and snow in which she had wandered abroad, sometimes to herd the straggling sheep, and sometimes to fetch up the kyloes, or to bring the milking cows to the byre. But now she had a higher motive to sustain her, and to nerve her for the task that she had undertaken; and with her plaid wrapped tightly over her head and shoulders, she pressed dauntlessly on through the bleak weather, the very picture of a brave Highland maiden.

Though the snow whirled in her face so as to wellnigh blind her, and though it clogged her feet and muffled her path, she struggled on to her destination, and at length, to her great joy, found herself descending into Saddell Glen, and heard the dash of its river. She entered the plantation of ash and elm trees, and soon after stood among the memorial stones that were thickly scattered in the graveyard round the ruins of what was once a grand old monastery. Now it was fallen from its former high estate, and was a deserted ruin, used only occasionally for the purposes of burial. Many a gallant Macdonald and Lord of the Isles lay around her; yet there was not one of those heroes of old who had been called upon to perform a deed demanding greater courage and endurance than that which now taxed the powers of the brave girl of Glenbarr. Reginald, the son of the mighty Somerled, who had built this monastery for the Cistercian monks, and was here buried in the year 1163, had adopted the Scandinavian custom; and for the space of three years had lived without entering a house wherein a fire had been kindled, in order that he might accustom himself to privation and hardship. Yet any hardship that he had undergone in his wild and stormy career, as Thane of Argyle, and Lord of Cantire and the Isles, would hardly have surpassed that which Mary Morrison was now voluntarily undergoing for true love's sake.

This building at Saddell, which she had at length reached, was now a complete ruin. Its stones, erected on consecrated dust that had been brought from Rome, had been barbarously dealt with, and a large number of them had been carted away by a proprietor, to build dykes and offices, which he paved with tombstones of abbots and warriors. Mary Morrison well knew the local legend, how that this man had been punished for his sacrilege by soon after meeting his death by a trivial accident; and that the estate had then passed to another family. Yet at the time of her visit a certain portion of the building, commonly called "the old church," or

kirk, still remained standing, and was cared for after a certain fashion, for its outer walls still stood intact, and at the western end there was an oaken door to shut out intruders. The snow and the rain could not be shut out, for the greater portion of the roof had fallen, and the building was, in consequence, open to the sky. Ornate sculpture still remained on the walls and on some tombs, especially on one, a memorial of some Lord of the Isles, probably of Reginald himself, the founder of the church. It was recessed in the south wall towards the east end, and was covered with a pointed arch. On the top of the slab of this tomb was laid a human skull, which was protected by the covering arch from any downpour of rain or fall of snow. This was the skull that the brave girl had pledged her word to take from its resting-place, and carry back to her stern old master at Glenbarr.

It may merely have been an ordinary skull, turned up by the sexton when digging a fresh grave, and not replaced by him in the soil, but removed by someone to the slab of the founder's tomb. The skull, however, was invested with its own particular legend in that land of legends. It was said to be the skull of the grim Macdonald, surnamed Righ Fiongal, who, besides murdering at the rate of one daily the chieftains of the clan M'Lean, who had come to Saddell to make peace with him, had also murdered by slow starvation in the dungeons of his castle the husband of a woman whom he had seized and borne off from Ireland; and it was said that when he pointed out to her, from the summit of the castle's square massive tower, the body of her husband being carried out for burial, she suddenly leaped from the battlements, and fell dead by the side of the corpse. The legend went that, when this cruel Macdonald died, the dogs scratched up his body from the grave, and devoured the flesh, even as that wretched man, whom he had starved to death in his dungeon, had been found to have gnawed his own hand and arm in his agony to prolong life. The bones of this once dreaded powerful Lord of the Isles were discovered clean picked by the dogs and carrion crows; but no one could be found to give them a fresh burial in the graveyard, and the skull was placed, in a sort of mockery, on the slab of his great ancestor's tomb. It was looked upon with superstitious awe, and no one dared to touch or meddle with it.

This, then, was the grim memorial of a wicked murderer that Mary Morrison had pledged herself to take from its place, in the dead of that wild winter's night, and to carry it back on her perilous journey all the way to Glenbarr. She had often seen the skull, and well knew the legend that belonged to it; and she had never dared to lay a finger upon it. But now she had to nerve herself to do this, and to carry the ghastly burden for many miles. "It is for Donald!" she murmured; "may the good God protect and help me!" And she approached the building through the graveyard crowded with its memorials to the departed.

When she had reached the enclosed portion of the old monastery, she found that its door, which was ordinarily closed, was standing ajar, burst open probably by the violence of the storm. She crossed the threshold deep in snow. Although the greater portion of the roof had fallen in, and the building, for the most part, was open to the sky, yet the place was very dark; the tall trees that grew so closely to the building, and in such profusion, making a deep shade there, even at noonday. But she knew the exact spot where she should find the skull, and she began to grope her way to it in the dark. As she did so she heard a peculiar noise, made up, as it seemed to her, of low moans from many creatures. The sighing of the wind through the trees did not account for these sounds; though it made it impossible for her to listen attentively to them, or to conjecture what they could be, but they appeared to proceed from something within the walls of the old church. Then there was a trampling of light feet over the broken pavement, and she was conscious that certain forms were rushing past her in the darkness. Then there was a momentary cessation of the peculiar sounds; then they were succeeded by the mysterious plaintive moanings.

"I felt my heart give a great jump into my throat!" she afterwards said; "but I was not going to have my walk for nothing, so I made for the skull."

She did not tell of the effort that it cost her, terrified though not disheartened, to grope to the Macdonald's tomb, and then to stretch out her hands under its dark canopy, until she felt them touch the murderer's skull. She did not say how she kept her purpose bravely and steadily in view; and though she loathed to feel the clammy remains of the wicked man, whose skull had grinned there so ghastly for so many years, and had rarely been touched by any fingers, how she seized the skull with both hands, and though she felt its teeth rattling in their sockets, turned back hastily to make good her escape from the old church. As she did so the trampling of feet and the moans continued; and she felt that the mysterious forms were pursuing her. Grasping the skull she safely gained the door, and pulled it to after her. As she did so she heard a rush against it from the inner side, but without looking behind her she turned her back upon the building, and fled through the graveyard and up the glen.

It was past midnight now; the old year was laid to rest under its winding-sheet of snow; and the new year had entered upon its stormy life. She too, this brave girl of Glenbarr, was passing from her old life of dependence and ser-

vitute, and was about to enter, it may be, upon a new life of married happiness, if only she could successfully accomplish the hard task that her stern old master had set her. The long weary way back to Glenbarr had now to be retraced. Happily, the feathery snow had not fallen so fast or so deep as to quite obliterate the track of her foot-marks; and these somewhat helped her to keep to the right path. She had also turned her back upon the wind, and could see more clearly before her, and although, if she had followed the dictates of her nature, she would have willingly flung the skull into one of the roaring torrents that she was compelled to cross, she bore it bravely on as the guerdon of her victory, the visible token that she had fulfilled the vow that she had made for love.

The wild storm through which she had battled was now beginning to abate, and as she struggled on, weary in body but light of heart, the morning began to dawn, and mighty Beinn-an-Tuire lifted his huge shoulders through the floating snowy vapours. The dense mist was drifting over the dark waters of Loch Arnicle in ghostly shrouds, and she saw a golden eagle poised over Lochnaralach, while the storm that had swept over the hills towards Glenacardoch sobbed itself to rest on the bosom of the Atlantic. As she wearily descended the last hill towards Glenbarr, the light was broadening in early morning of New Year's Day; the islands of Cars and Gigha, with their snow coverings, looked like jewels amid the dark waves, and beyond them Jura's Paps were faintly seen against the dull grey sky.

III.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Old Donald was at his door anxiously looking out in the direction of Saddell. During those long hours, while Mary Morrison had been away, and while the old year was passing into the new, he had tossed to and fro, but could not sleep. Nor could Louth, for he had gone restlessly backwards and forwards, from the hearth to the door, and had whined and howled through every one of those weary, anxious hours. His master had ceased his endeavors to keep the dog quiet; the collie's feelings were in harmony with his own. If only Mary Morrison would return, thought old Donald, skull or no skull, he would forgive all, and would allow her and his son to go their own ways. Up to now, he had not realized the gravity of his proceedings; he was not a bad man, rather he was a just man, though very stern and self-willed, but he had formed other views for his only son than that he should marry a farm-servant, however brave and bonnie she might be. But in those silent watches of the night, when the year had slipped away in death, even as his own years of life were now drawing to their natural close, it had been revealed to him how very near he had become to a murderer in intention if not in fact; and that, in sending Mary Morrison for the murderer's skull, he was dismissing her to a deed that might bring upon himself a punishment righteously deserving the Macdonald's doom. That night's solitary meditation and anxiety had wrought a good work for old Donald Macbane.

But it was Louth, the faithful Louth, who had first discerned the brave girl, ere yet her old master, with his dimmed-eyes, could view her coming down the snowy hillside, with her plaid wrapped tightly about her. Louth had seen her, and with a joyful bark of recognition, and despite the whistling (and something worse) of old Donald, had dashed forwards into the dim light of the early morning, and with his beautiful silky coat flying in the breeze, and his intelligent head erect, was bounding rapidly on until he had soon covered the ground between himself and Mary Morrison, and had placed his paws lovingly upon her shoulders. There was only one doubtful moment in his affectionate reception of her. He sniffed a ghastly something that she carried under her plaid, and he was suspicious and uneasy in his mind. Nevertheless, by the time that they had reached old Donald's home he had recovered his gaiety of spirits, and was bounding round Mary in a way that betokened effusiveness of delight.

In his own secret heart old Donald was not less pleased to see her—she was alive and well, that was patent to the eye; she was wearied, no doubt, but that could soon be remedied. Had she however, fulfilled her mission? if not, he had a loop-hole of escape, should he desire to make use of such a subterfuge when a few days' calm reflection had enabled him to shake off the gloomy terrors of the past night, and so forbid the marriage of his son to any other maiden than the heiress Janet Baillie. It was, therefore, with an outward demonstration of manner very different from his real inward feeling that he calmly accosted his servant when she came up to him outside his door, amidst the boisterous demonstrations of the faithful collie. "So you have come back, my lass—down, Louth, you camstary fool!"

"Yes, I am back again, master."
 "And have ye walked all the way to Saddell old church—all the way there and back?"
 "Yes, master, all the way there and back."
 "Ye must have had a bad night of it!"
 "A very bad night of it."
 "And—ye got to the old church?"
 "Yes, master; I got to the old church."
 "And did ye find the murderer's skull on the great Macdonald's tomb?"
 "Yes, I found it."
 "And of course ye've brought it back wi' ye, agreeable to your promise!"

"Yes, I have brought it, and of course, master, you'll be agreeable to your promise?" and from underneath the folds of the plaid she brought out the skull.

Old Donald was somewhat taken aback by the sudden sight of it. He had the superstitious fears of his neighbors, and he shrank from looking upon that grinning relic, much less from contaminating himself by laying so much as a finger upon it. "Take it away!" he cried; "take the horrid thing away! I was never too fond of dead men's bones."

She folded it again in the end of her plaid, and as they passed into the house, she dropped wearily upon a seat, spent out by her long night of fatigue and excitement. Old Donald had a passing gleam of kindness and sympathy for the maiden, and said to her: "This is Hogmanay morning, my lass, and you're first foot in the house. It's a pity that you brought nothing better with you than that—that thing that I went you to Suddell for. But it was all my doing your going there, and you've brought what I sent you for: so I ought to take your New Year's gift and be pleased with it. And you must have been wearied with the getting of it, and you must be almost worn out, my lass, with your long walk; and you'd better taste a drop of whisky." Old Donald Macbane must have been in a charitable mood thus to offer a sup of his precious whisky to his servant girl; but Mary refused it, and going to the peat fire, over which a large iron pot, suspended by a great chain, was kept in a state of perpetual simmer, she returned, as it were, to the ordinary duties of her daily life, and made herself a bowl of porridge, with which, and a bannock cake, she refreshed herself after her late fatigue. The intelligent Louth looked on with the greatest delight, and kept her company during this New Year's morning breakfast. Then, when she had finished her meal, and changed her wet clothes for dry ones, she took a couple of hours' sound sleep, and then awoke refreshed, and went about her ordinary household duties.

Meanwhile old Donald had been out of doors seeing to his own work with the beasts, and about the farm buildings, and when he returned to the house his habitual cautiousness seemed to have returned with him. "You had the skull, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes, master. I have put it aside, in a safe place; but I can bring it to you."

"I don't want to see it again. But you're sure it's the same skull, Mary? I'm thinking that it might be one from elsewhere."

"It's the one that you bid me fetch you, Mr. Macbane, and it's from the Macdonald's tomb in the old church at Suddell. I took it from under the arch, and I carried it all the way here." And then she told him the circumstances under which she had obtained it, and the mysterious sounds that she had heard in the old church.

"It's a strange tale," said old Donald. "I'm doubting the facts, Mary."

"If ye'll go there," she replied, "ye'll find all the facts, Mr. Macbane."

Then he said, "I'll take ye at your word, Mary: it's broad daylight now, and the storm is blown over. I thought that Jock MacPhail—this was his farming man—might have been keeping Hogmanay; but he's come to his work, and I'll go away to Suddell, and he shall go with me, for an eyewitness of the facts. And we'll prove your words, Mary Morrison; and we shall see if these are your tracks in the snow right up to the old church; and I'm thinking, my lass, that as likely as not we shall find the true murderer's skull on the great Macdonald's tomb."

"I took the skull from there, Mr. Macbane; and it's all true that I've told you."

"Ay, ay, we'll see, Mary; we'll see!" said old Donald. And soon after she saw him in company with Jock MacPhail, plodding up the hillside, and taking that snowy path to Suddell along which she had so bravely labored during the long hours of the preceding night.

It was afternoon on that New Year's Day before old Donald returned to Glenbarr, for, vigorous though he was, yet the elasticity of youth was past, and he had been compelled to rest several times by the way. Not only did his man Jock MacPhail return with him, but his son Donald also, greatly to Mary's surprise. Her lover soon explained it to her: "I met them, quite accidentally, between here and Suddell. I learnt what they were after, and I went with them to see fair play."

"But, Donald," she said, "you are back from the fair a day earlier than you expected?"

"Yes," he replied, "I sold the beasts, and I did all the business that I wanted. And besides—I had a dream, a bad dream; it was about you, Mary. I thought you had gone down into some dreadful charnel-house, though you were not dead; and I was disturbed that greatly that nothing would pacify me but to hasten back to Glenbarr, and know that you were safe, and that my evil dream was an empty vision."

And then, between those soft nothings that lovers delight in after an absence however brief—and this parting had, for them, been a long one—she told him how very near his dream had been of coming true; and that she, during the night, had been really among the graves and relics of the dead.

Yes, he knew all about it. That casual meeting with his father, so unexpectedly, had led to the needed explanation, and he had retraced his steps with them to the old ruined monastery at Suddell, to be a witness, on his true love's behalf, to what they saw there. "And," continued young Donald, "when we got to the old church, and found the door shut, just as you

had left it, and burst it open, what do you suppose we found there?"

"Not ghosts?" she faltered.

"Well," replied young Donald dubiously, "certainly they may have been called something else than ghosts, for they had hoofs, and not a few of them had horns. Yet, they were not uncanny creatures for all that. They were deer, a number of wild deer, who had evidently pushed their way into the old church to seek shelter from the snow-storm, and then, when they had well frightened you, my poor darling, with their moanings and rushings about, they tried to make their escape; but you effectually stopped them by slamming the door in their faces. There, at any rate, we three found them, and very pleased they seemed when we let them out."

"And did you find that skull on the old tomb?"

"No! we found your footmarks there, and the place where your plaid had swept the snow from the slab; but the skull was gone."

"And here it is," she said triumphantly, as she produced it from the place where she had put it for safety. It's a strange thing for a love-token, Donald, or for a New Year's gift, but I went through all I did to gain it for your dear sake."

Then her lover took her in his arms. "And I have brought a Hogmanay gift for you, dear," and from a dainty little box he produced a cairngorm brooch, with which she might fasten her shawl or plaid when she went to kirk on the Sabbath; and from a still smaller box—which, in her eyes at least, looked far daintier than the other—he showed her a plain gold ring, which just fitted the third finger of her left hand, "for," as he said, "there's no knowing what may happen, and how soon we may want to use it." Then he vowed to her, amid many kisses, that he needed not such a cruel test to have been put upon her affection by his father's stern will; and that, come what might, he would marry her as soon as their bands or spurrings could be put up, without waiting for May-day.

And he did so, she being quite agreeable to the same, and no longer bound to Mr. Macbane as his servant; for the stern old father, taking a lesson by the events of that well-remembered night on the last day of the old year, and thankful for his escape from any evil that, through him, might have befallen Mary Morrison, gave his consent to her marriage with his son, and, with the promise that they would still continue to live with him at the farm, divided his fortune with them. On the wedding-day, Janet Baillie, who was her bride-maid, told Mary, in strict confidence, that it would not be many months before she followed her example, for that she had promised to be married to the young miller at Musselsdale who had been so long paying her attention. And, to add to the events of the happy day, the Laird of Suddell, who had been told of that midnight visit of Mary Morrison to the old church, slaughtered a fine buck that had played his part on that occasion, and sent him over as a gift to Mary, in order that a haunch of venison might grace the wedding-feast of the Brave Girl of Glenbarr.

TRICKS OF PICTURE DEALERS.

Many pictures have been made to acquire the appearance of age, even to a complete deception; and I remember, at the commencement of my collecting, having purchased some. They were offered at a price which induced me to buy; and as the very canvas on which they were lined, to prevent their falling into decay, appeared old, what-yeer uncertainty I might have been in as to their originality, I had none as to their antiquity. I sent for a picture dealer, who made use of spirits of wine; and in a moment that which he worked upon was totally ruined, which made the dealer say those pictures had been in the Westminster oven. He then informed me that there was in Westminster a manufactory, where several persons were employed making copies, which, after being soiled with dust and varnish, were thrown into an oven built on purpose, and moderately warmed; when, in the course of an hour or two, they became cracked, and acquired the appearance of age, and a certain solidity the pictures I had bought did not possess, which made me conclude that they had not been baked long enough. I will venture to assert, that many of our superficial connoisseurs have been caught as I have been with this snare, and have preferred to the best modern productions those of the Westminster oven."

HOW HE SENTENCED HIM.

A good story is told of Judge Kent, the well-known jurist. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole, and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he never actually entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and must, therefore, be discharged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that, if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. He sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head

to imprisonment with hard labour in the State prison for two years, remarking that as to the rest of the man's body he might do with it what he pleased.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

The chessplayers of Canada must have been startled lately by seeing the announcement in one or two of the English papers of the death of Paul Morphy. It was well known that for a long time his mind had been affected, and that the game in which he excelled had become so distasteful to him that he refused to speak of it, but hopes were entertained by those around him that ultimately the cloud would be removed, and that he would again astonish the world with his skill as he had done in days gone by. The news of his death, however, seemed to be the ending of a sorrowful tale. We are now happy to be assured by those who are the best able to give us information, that he is still living among his friends, and that all that kindness can do, is being done, in order to restore him to his former strength of mind and body.

We see from the Glasgow Herald that Mr. Blackburne has been on a visit to the Glasgow Chess Club, the members of which, no doubt, have done their best to win games from the great English player. Of six simultaneous games which he contested with an equal number of the players, he succeeded in winning five, but he lost the one he played with Mr. Crum. Mr. Blackburne, during his stay in Glasgow, gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers as a blindfold player. The public were admitted to this exhibition on the payment of an entrance fee of a quarter of a dollar. As we have remarked on a former occasion, it is a good sign of interest in chess when people will willingly pay to see what a first-rate player can do.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, which takes place on Tuesday, December 20th, will, we feel certain, be interesting to our readers, and we shall not fail to give full particulars in our Column.

The games of the annual tourney will be played during the whole time of the Congress, and as representatives are to be sent from some of the best clubs in Canada, some lively contests may be expected.

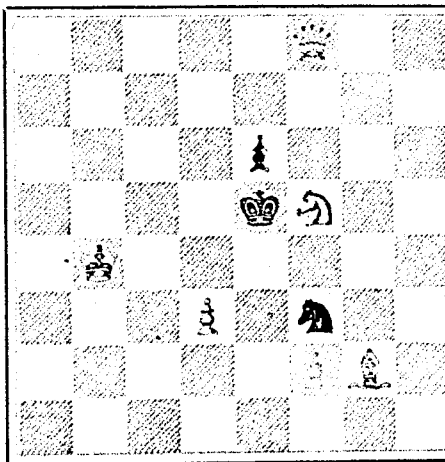
In the second match between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez the former player was again victorious. The match was one of seven games, and the score at the close was Steinitz 3; Martinez 1; and 3 draws.

Mr. Steinitz, besides playing a number of games with others, has played two with Mr. J. D. Thompson, who had the first move in both games. Evans gambits; it is needless to say what the result was. The Philadelphia Times states that the champion has perfected a four weeks' engagement with the New Orleans Club, with \$500 for his expenses. He is also negotiating with other societies, and will probably make a general tour throughout the United States. Two hundred dollars will meet all his expenses in visiting St. Louis. If eight liberal patrons of the game in the city will subscribe \$25 each, the greatest chess-master of the world will spend two weeks among us. Those willing to subscribe can make known their willingness by addressing a note to the chess editor of this paper. Every player here would like to play a game with him, if for no other reason than to say, "I played one game with the champion chess-player of the world—but lost it."

PROBLEM No. 412.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 411.

White. Black.

1 Kt to K B 3. 1 Arb.

2 Mates acc.

GAME 540th.

(From Land and Water.)

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

The following very pretty blindfold game was one of the eight played by Mr. Blackburne at Derby, on October 20th.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. BLACK.

(Mr. Blackburne.) (Mr. J. S. West.)

1 P to K 4. 1 P to Q B 4.
2 Kt to K B 3. 2 P to K Kt 3 (c).
3 P to Q 4. 3 P takes P.
4 Kt takes P. 4 B to Kt 2.
5 P to Q B 3. 5 Kt to K B 3.
6 B to Q 3. 6 P to Q Kt 3 (c).
7 Castles. 7 B to Kt 2.
8 Q to K 2. 8 P to Q 4 (c).
9 P to K 5. 9 K Kt to Q 2.
10 P to K 6. 10 Kt to K 1.
11 B to Kt 5 ch. 11 K to B sq.

12 P to K B 4. 12 Kt to Q B 5.
13 P to B 5. 13 P to B 3.
14 B to B 4. 14 Kt to R 3 (d).
15 P to Q Kt 3. 15 Kt to K 4.
16 Q B takes Kt (c). 16 P takes B.
17 P takes P dis ch. 17 K to Kt sq.
18 Q to B 3. 18 B to B 3.
19 P to Kt 7. 19 P to R 3.
20 Q to R 5 (f). 20 B takes P.
21 R to B 7. 21 R to R 2.
22 Kt to B 5. 22 Kt to B 2.

White mates in four moves (g.)

NOTES.

- (a) Formerly a favorite defence of Mr. W. N. Potter. After being introduced by him, it was taken up by Mr. Blackburne, who adopted it with success at the Vienna International Tournament of 1873. Its demerit is that Black's K B 3 sq becomes a weak spot.
(b) Not advisable until the necessity of developing the Q B in this way becomes evident. Casting, notwithstanding elements of embarrassment, is his best, as it reserves the possibility of beneficently pushing on the centre Pawns two squares in certain cases.
(c) This introduces further discomfort. 3 P to K 4 is a good as anything, notwithstanding its dangers.
(d) Early conceived. Kt to Q 3 is the best resource.
(e) His quarry is the King, and minor victims are left alone.
(f) Very deep and also very sound.
(g) This mate, foreseen by Mr. Blackburne among other things, when declining lesser gains, commences with R takes B ch.

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IS HEREBY given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the Paid-up Capital Stock of the Company, has been declared for the half-year ending 31st Dec. inst., and that the same will be payable at their Offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, on and after

WEDNESDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1883.

The seventh Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's Office on

Wednesday, February 7th, 1883,

at 2.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.

By order of the Board, F. B. DAKIN, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 20th, 1882.

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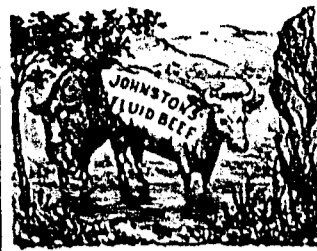
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Prospectus for 1883.

Canadian Magazine

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

Editor—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. Eng. and American Inst. M.E.; Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mech., McGill University.

The Proprietors have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which Prof. Bovey will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveyance of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, &c., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

The First Number will contain, among others, articles on Technical Education by J. CLARK MURRAY, L.L.D., on Cable Traction for Tramsways and Railways, by C. E. FINDLAY, M.A., Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; and on the Transit of Venus by ALEXANDER JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easily to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This Record gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

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