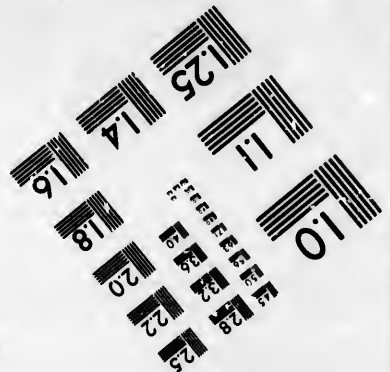
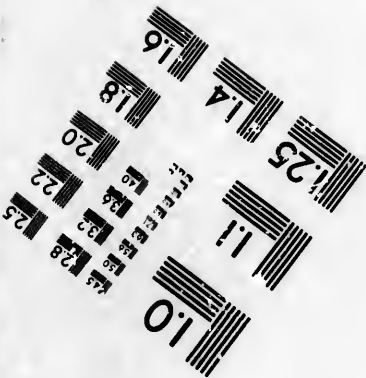
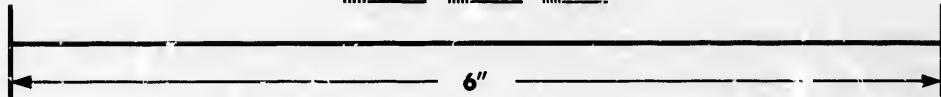
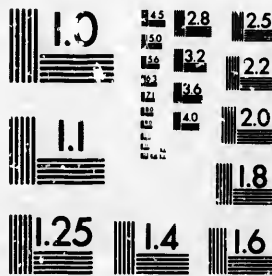


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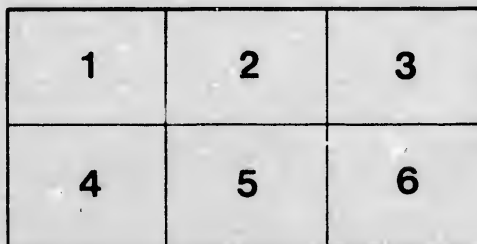
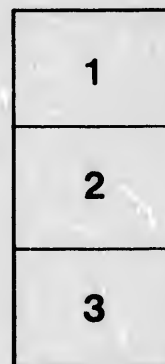
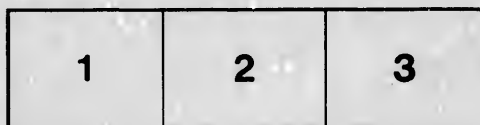
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Harvey Pierré
"Stamigan," Willow Park,
Halifax, N.S.
September 24th 1896.

A SERAPH ON THE SEA;

—OR—

THE FALL AND RESCUE

—OF—

A HIGHLAND DRUMMER BOY.



—BY—

T. B. SMITH, M. P. P.,

Author of "Young Lion of the Woods," "Rose Carney."

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

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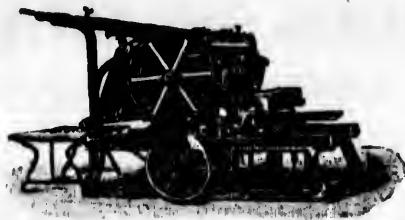
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September 24th 1896.

A SERAPH ON THE SEA;

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OR,

THE CAREER

OF A

HIGHLAND DRUMMER BOY.

BY

^{Homes}
^{Barlow}
T. B. SMITH, M. P. P..

Author of "Young Lion of the Woods," "Rose Carney."

WINDSOR, N. S. :

JAS. J. ANSLOW, BOOK, NEWSPAPER, AND GENERAL JOB PRINTER,
1891.

*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
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Dedication.

The simple story told in the following pages is related substantially as it was received from an authentic source, and is dedicated by the writer to that class of his fellow beings who have been unfortunate in their lives, and who, by strenuous exertion, have escaped from a Torrid Sea to a Temperate Zone, and who, by noble example, rather than by immoderate and fanatical precept, have determined to do all in their power to attract others from situations of misery and distress.

Windsor, N. S., 1891.

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A SERAPH ON THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG HERO.

ON the day that the headquarters of the 8—
regiment left Edinburgh in 1854, under command of
Lieutenant-Colonel R——, a young drummer-boy
presented himself to him, and requested to be allowed
to go with the regiment, instead of remaining with the
depot. The Colonel told him it was too late; the boy,
who was but twelve years of age, replied, "I wish to
go," then turned and walked slowly away; afterwards,
when the train had proceeded twenty-five miles on its
way south, the young drummer-boy was found to have
concealed himself on board. He was brought before the
Colonel, who asked him what could have induced him
to do such a thing, when the lad replied, "Oh, sir, I
want to go to battle with you." The Colonel, who
looked all over the true soldier that he was, replied in
presence of some of his men, "My young hero, you shall
come with us."

The brave lad was much gratified on being told that he might accompany the regiment. A few minutes later he took up the kettle-drum, placed it in position, and beat a lively air to the accompaniment of a cornet, at the conclusion of which he took off his cap and calmly said, "Now, men, three cheers for Lieutenant-Colonel R——. I will beat you all to victory." The men gave three hearty cheers, then several of them caught up the little hero in their arms and said, "We are glad you go with us to the war."

Near the close of the campaign in the Crimea, and after Sebastopol had fallen, an American lady visited many of the places which had recently been scenes of terrible fighting, suffering and death.

One fine afternoon, in company with her little daughter, she visited the ruins of the Malakoff; their escort was a Frenchman. It was late when the party returned to the deserted city, the moon appeared to throw its rays in solemn light over the fields and ruined battlements, and as deep blue clouds silently passed beneath its face, momentary shadows rested over the homes of the slain. The evening was quite cold, and the roadway was strewn with shot and the remains of exploded shells.

A short time after they had left the Malakoff and were wandering about in its vicinity, the French guide, who was loaded down with relics gathered from the ruins, remarked :

"We had better quicken our pace, as there is a risk ; stray shots and shells have been occasionally falling about here all day."

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The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when whiz in the air above their heads flew a shell, and in a moment they heard a tremendous explosion, which occurred between themselves and the ruins of the Malakoff. The explosion made the solid ground all around tremble. They quickened their pace, but at this moment another shell burst about two hundred and fifty yards in advance of them, and quite near their pathway. They halted for a moment, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. The guide was of the opinion that it was better to advance than retreat: His advice was followed. On they walked, near the city recently evacuated by the Russians, realizing that at any moment they might be blown to pieces, and there was but a step between life and death.

They had not proceeded far, when they came near two youthful forms lying side by side near the pathway. The guide turned off a few steps to see who the two were, the lady, holding the hand of her trembling child, followed. At this moment a shell burst over their heads high in the air, when one of the forms moved and raised itself to a sitting posture. The guide spoke, and was answered in French. After conversing for a minute or two, the guide turned to the lady and said :

"It is a wounded vivandiere who has been roaming over the field searching for any wounded French. The other is a boy badly wounded in the right leg, the same shell that wounded the French girl also struck the British soldier boy. The vivandiere is not dangerously hurt, her wound is a scalp one, a splinter of the shell

striking her on the side of the head and knocking her insensible. She says she saw us approaching, having regained consciousness a few moments before we appeared in sight."

After the guide had finished speaking to the American lady, the vivandiere took from her skirt pocket a bandage, and, with the assistance of the guide, bound up the wound of the English soldier boy.

The American lady and her daughter had arrived at Sebastopol on the previous day from Kamiesch. As the lady stooped down to view more closely the pale face of the vivandiere, she noticed crimson drops following each other down the long, loose black hair of the wounded girl. She said to the soldier lass, "Does your head feel badly? The wound is long, but does not appear deep. Will you remain beside this young soldier boy until I go with my little girl and guide into the city and send out my conveyance to take you and the lad in?"

She replied in her own language, which the guide translated, that she would not leave the British boy alone on the field; that the shot that had wounded him had hurt her, they being but a few yards apart at the time, and the boy had crawled to her side, where she found him, weak and exhausted, as she opened her eyes.

The lady, accompanied by her daughter and the guide, hastened into Sebastopol, and, arriving there, sent out her driver, who was a Pole, with her team and French guide.

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diere were brought in to the city. The lady had them conveyed to a room in the house at which she had apartments. The room in which the lad was placed presented a sad sight. Several things lay about in confusion that told of a once happy home. Near a window, on a small stand, stood a vase of withered flowers, above it hung a cage inside of which lay still and stiff in death a canary. On the floor were several volumes of novels, also a few copies of Russian, German and English newspapers; beneath a lounge lay a thin wounded spaniel, dying with starvation, around its neck was a costly leather collar, fastened with a small silver lock; all around the collar was a circlet of silver links; on the top was a silver plate, upon which was engraved the words "Catherina Leprandi." A handsome clock, with ebon case, trimmed with silver, stood upon a marble shelf in a recess; its hands were still, one pointing to X, the other to V, (ter. minutes to five). A painting of the battle of Boridino stood on the floor against the opposite wall, over which, in a recess, was a bust in Parian marble of Peter the Great. On the wall opposite the picture was a splendid piece of workmanship,—it was enclosed in a plate glass case four and a half feet square,—it was made to represent an ice palace. The material used in its construction resembled mother of pearl. The little blocks looked like ice. It must have cost quite a sum of money.

The lady had the French girl cared for in the room which she and her daughter occupied, and after a surgeon of the British forces had been summoned to dress the boy's wounded limb, the lady arranged with the

French guide to nurse him. The surgeon, after he had attended to the boy, stitched up and dressed the cut in the head of the French lass, who remained in the room with the lady during the night. In the morning the vivandiere stepped into the room where lay the wounded soldier boy. Not many minutes later the American lady also went to the room to see the young lad. That day the lady had arranged to leave Sebastopol. She told the boy she hoped he would soon recover and be about again, took him by the hand and bade him good-bye. He asked the vivandiere to hand him his cap. She at once did so. He put his hand inside the cap and drew from its lining a small jewelled gold cross.

"I took that," he said, as he handed the cross to the lady, "from the breast of a dead Russian officer lying near the ruins of the Redan. I have had it about two weeks: now, lady, take it, it is all a poor drummer-boy has to give you for your kindness to him."

She did not wish to take the gift from the lad, but he insisted upon her doing so. She thanked him, leaned over him and kissed his white forehead, and calling her little daughter, asked her to do likewise, and then said, as she looked toward the vivandiere, who stood quite near:

"I do trust when this war is completely ended and you two young people return to your own homes, that honor will be done by the French Emperor and English Queen to all alike,—that some may not be greeted like the stars of a theatre, while others, with equally stout and brave hearts, may be neglected,—and all in the English and French armies shall receive the honors and

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The lady, with her daughter, then left the room the French girl, clad in her half-military costume, alone remaining with the drummer-boy.

When the lady had reached her own apartment, she at once prepared to depart from the city. They left the place of desolation, and arriving at the front door, found their conveyance already in waiting. A few minutes later they were on their way back to Kamiesch, being driven thither by the Pole, who was well acquainted with the road.

In the conveyance were many relics found upon the fields of blood and death, of victory and defeat. One of these was a cigar case made of the finest Russian leather. On one side, worked in gold threads, was a cannon crossed by two swords; on the other a Cossack officer on horseback; inside the case were four cigars, one of which was cut in two by a bullet which had passed through the case just over the Cossack's head.

After a tiresome ride in the stiff, jolty old vehicle, and without any serious accident, the mother and daughter arrived at their destination, glad to be relieved of the jabbering of the Pole, and the mist which thickened during the journey until it at last became difficult to see the horse's head.

CHAPTER II.

A CAPTURED COSSACK.

Two days after the arrival of the American lady and her daughter at Kamiesch, they left for their home in the United States. The woman was the wife of a wealthy Pennsylvania ship-owner and broker. She had left her home in company with her twelve-year-old child in one of her husband's ships to recruit their health.

The vessel arrived at London, and mother and daughter were much benefitted by the sea voyage. They left London and sailed up the Mediterranean, landing at several points on their way, till at length they arrived at Constantinople in September, 1855. From the latter place they went to visit the scenes of the terrible struggle in the Crimea between the allied forces and the Russians. Her husband met them in London, he having crossed the Atlantic by the Cunard line. He accompanied them as far as Constantinople; but there he parted from them, having to return to London on urgent business. His wife, being of a liter-

ary turn of mind, and fond of travelling, had set her heart upon visiting the locality of the great war. Before returning to her home, she visited many places which at the present day are of great historic interest.

Shortly after the Russians had evacuated Sebastopol, a party of Zouaves had penetrated the interior to see all that was to be seen in the city of destruction, and possibly to carry off any trophy of the victory—anything they took a fancy to.

They found a living trophy—a pretty, lively little Muscovite, dressed up in true military fashion, (a Cossack in miniature). The little fellow was found sitting at the entrance of a deserted dwelling, and, without any show of resistance, surrendered to his conquerors, and seemed highly delighted with them—as pleased as they with him.

The little boy was petted and grew in favour with all in the camp. His tiny uniform, great coat, long boots and Cossack cap was a far pleasanter sight to the soldiers than many whom they had been called upon to face in deadly conflict. The little fellow was about ten years old, and handsome. From his appearance the Zouaves supposed that he belonged to a well-to-do family, and had been left behind or lost in the retreat. He was afterward placed under the charge of the vivandiere (Josie E. Metmain), who was found on the field beside the wounded drummer lad. Up to the final evacuation of Sebastopol by the allied army the vivandiere had kept charge of the little Russian, looking after his comfort and teaching him to talk in her own tongue.

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After the American woman had left Sebastopol, the vivandiere took a deep interest in the welfare of the boy who had been found on the field beside her. She frequently visited him during his illness; and when he was able to get about, they often met, sometimes accidentally, and sometimes by arrangement, until, before sailing for their native lands, a warm attachment had sprung up between them. Josie Metmain was several years the boy's senior, she being in her eighteenth year.

The vivandieres were in very high repute, both with the French and English soldiers, and no one was allowed to insult them with impunity. As a rule, these girls were gay, light-hearted, and tender-hearted as well. They were not all as young as Josie Metmain, neither were they all as pretty; but they were general favourites. They helped to keep alive the spirit of chivalry in the breast of many a rugged soldier. During the war they exerted themselves in a spirit worthy of respect and admiration, to render that help which was so essentially necessary for the wounded and dying men. Their bright eyes and their neat figures, in half-military costume, and their bravery and coolness in the midst of danger and death, were enough to make a hero of any coward. When one of these girls was killed or wounded by the enemy, the Zouaves swore vengeance upon the whole Russian host.

Josie Metmain was said to have been the prettiest vivandiere in the Crimea. She was lithe, active, and as bright as the morning star; she was brave, witty, cheerful and generous, and never seemed to complain

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or tire in her mission of love. In her half-military uniform she looked beautiful and graceful. Her hair was magnificently black; her skin was beautifully fair, and her face presented a delicate bloom of youth; her eyelashes were long and silky, and her eyebrows were beautifully formed; her forehead was of medium height, and the manner in which she at times allowed her hair to loosely flow beneath her jaunty cap, gave the top of her forehead much the appearance of an obtuse angle; her neck was rather short and stout. In her sparkling black eye, with all its fire, there was at times a sort of dreaminess; and at such times one could imagine that he could discern that divine charm of purity and intelligence, so noticeable in the cultivated and Christian women of England. Her limbs were shapely and attractive; they were round, with a gradually increasing circumference.

An English officer walking along a street near the quay one fine autumn morning in Sebastopol, met Josie Metmain; on one side of her was the little Muscovite in his Cossack uniform, and on the other the drummer-boy jimping along on two sticks. He stopped and spoke to the vivandiere, and he was so charmed with her voice, manner, expression of her eyes and her beauty and tasty attire, that he told a fellow officer afterwards, that among all the beauties he had seen, in Italy, France or Spain, he had never seen a girl so generally attractive as Josie Metmain, the vivandiere. "If she is not a born Princess," continued he, "in style, form and features she is far, far superior to very many who can boast of royal birth or of royal connections."

Her hands and feet were delicately formed; and, perhaps, after all has been said, nothing was more attractive about her than her pretty step and graceful carriage. She appeared to move only from the hips downward, and step as to the tune of a perfect march, with head erect, shoulders well set back, and her full breast beating with fiery animation.

With Josie Metmain no time had been spent in her youthful years for accomplishments, yet she possessed many natural qualities that could never be attained with money or high social position. She had spent most of her time in preparing for a most useful and practical life. One accomplishment she, however, did possess,—she was an excellent rider on horseback; she could sit a horse like a French lancer, and ride equally well on a side-saddle.

Josie Metmain had once before during the war been severely wounded, and was laid aside from her duties for several weeks,—a stray shot had struck her down as she was going over the field after an engagement, assisting the wounded. She was rescued by a party of Zouaves, who came upon her lying faint from loss of blood. One of the soldiers raised her up and steadied her, as she reclined in his arms. She looked calm and brave, in her half-military jacket, buttoned well over toward her right shoulder, and her baggy dress, or pants, folded in just below the knee, while her close-fitting leggings and gaiter boots, and Zouave cap, gave her a real military appearance.

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Muscovite shot down one of these gay, light-hearted
vivandieres,—whose merry laugh made such melodious
music, and whose pretty forms flitted like fairies over
the field,—the rage and vengeance of the French sol-
liers knew no bounds.

It has been truly said that the magnanimity of the
soldier has, in many instances, arisen from the influence
of the other sex; they have carried with them to the
camp, and to the field of battle, precious recollections
of happy hours spent with the beloved ones, and have
been cheered with bright prospects of happier hours
yet to come.

Throughout the war in the Crimea, the influence of
a woman was most benevolently and successfully exerted.
At Scutari—where the weeping cypress marks the last
resting-place of so many a gallant soldier—the efforts
of female benevolence produced the most beneficial
effects on the condition of the wounded men; and ex-
piring heroes passed away beneath the tender touch
of loving hands; and it has been—and well it may be
—the proud boast of England, that her noblest daugh-
ters heroically devoted themselves to the care of their
suffering fellow-countrymen; that they were never
afraid or ashamed to serve those who so gallantly
served their country and Queen. And while these
noble English women had been thus engaged, the
Sisters of Mercy—brave women of France—came forth
on their mission of love, and exerted themselves in a
spirit worthy of respect and admiration, to render that
assistance which was so essentially necessary for the
wounded and dying men. The deeds of such heroines

will be remembered, and their names cherished to the latest posterity. In Christian love they volunteered for a post where suffering appeared in its most excruciating form, and, in faithful adherence to their duty, many of them laid down their lives, crowned with unfading glory. Their acts were great—their hearts were greater.

“Oh, great heart! worn and pale,
 Good Florence Nightingale,
 Thanks, lovely thanks, for thy large work and will!
 England is glad of thee—
 Christ for thy charity
 Take thee to joy when head and heart are still.”

When the army returned to France, Josie Metmain returned with it, taking with her the little Cossack. No owner could be found for him, and he was placed under the charge of the vivandiere. She had become deeply attached to the boy, and to part with him she said would cause her deep sorrow to the end of her days. The little Cossack also became equally attached to her. He seemed to forget all about his past life, and when Josie Metmain had taught him to talk a little French, he proved to those about him by his questions and conversation, that he was a bright and promising lad. All that could be learned from him respecting his parents, was that they had resided in Sebastopol, and he got astray from them among a big crowd of people, one very dark night, and never saw them afterward. This was a day or two before the fall of the place.

After the army had arrived at home, Miss Metmain placed her charge under the care of an uncle and aunt whose home was childless. The little Russian was sent

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school, and at the age of sixteen entered a mercantile establishment in an eastern town of the Empire. His inclination led him into business pursuits. A few years later he was considered one of the best accountants in the town; and at that time many men of the place consulted him in matters of business and speculation. He commanded a fair salary. He was frank, honourable, and deeply respected by all who came in contact with him.

Miss Metmain retired from the position she had occupied in connection with the French army shortly after she had returned to her own country, and went to Paris to reside with an only brother, who was a jeweller in that city. Occasionally she visited her uncle, and on several occasions brought back with her to her brother's the Russian lad. During his school-days the little fellow invariably spent his vacations in Paris.

As the youthful Cossack grew in years and education, he was more and more admired by the fair sex. He grew to be a man of medium height and rather stout, and was also noted for his quiet and unobtrusive manner. He was persevering and moderately quick to pick up his lessons at school. He was steady in his habits, and possessed a quiet pride and rather strong ambition. In many respects, his was a character worthy of imitation. Nothing could swerve him from his course of life, and he steadily forged ahead as a business man.

CHAPTER III.

RETURNS TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

WHEN Josie Metmain left the Crimea with the French army, she requested permission to take home with her the picture she had seen in the room where the American lady had lodged. Many times she and the drummer-boy had admired it. She had taken it into the room where the boy lay wounded, and there it remained. No one turning up to claim the things in the house, she was allowed to take the painting along with her to her native country.

As she was preparing the picture for shipment, she picked up several trinkets that were lying about the place, also an ink-bottle made from a horse's hoof, resting on a silver plate, a pair of gold-mounted spurs and a large double-barrelled silver-mounted pistol found in a drawer of the table upon which stood the vase of withered flowers. These articles she also carried away with her as mementos of the siege.

The young Cossack, after he had resided in France about eleven years, and had accumulated about four

ousand francs, was met one afternoon, while visiting for a few days in Paris, by an ex-Russian officer. The meeting took place in John Metmain's jewelry store. The ex-officer, who was having his watch regulated, on being the Cossack, said :

"Sir, I believe you are a countryman of mine?"

The young Cossack replied, "I may be one of your countrymen; I came to France from Sebastopol with the Zouaves."

The ex-officer said, "Is not your name Gurkiff?"

The Cossack replied that he did not know his Russian name, that he was only nine years of age when he came from the Crimea, and he had forgotten all about his home and name; but the name he had mentioned might be his proper one. He told the ex-officer the story of his career.

The ex-officer, who gave his name as Colonel Suwandoff, said, "I am persuaded that your mother is living in Odessa; you very much resemble her. She lost one of her children during the retreat from one part of Sebastopol to another; and since that time she has never heard of her boy, and has long ago given up all hope of ever seeing him again. If you are really the lost boy, I can assure you that if you return to your mother you will find a splendid home. Your father was an officer in the Russian army, and has been dead about nine years."

The manner of the ex-Russian officer seemed to convey the impression that he was speaking honestly, and that he recognized in the looks of the young Cossack those of the latter's mother. He invited young Gurkiff,

as he called him, to accompany him to Odessa, but Josie Metmain would not consent to this proposal till the ex-officer proved to her entire satisfaction that he was all he professed to be. This he did beyond doubt. He promised to return with the young Cossack inside of three months. Josie then gave her assent though reluctantly. In a few days the Cossack and Suwandoff were on their way to Odessa.

Within the limits of the appointed time the Cossack returned. Colonel Suwandoff did not return with him. Alexander Gurkiff (for such was the young Cossack's name) had met his mother after nearly twelve years separation from her. She recognized her son as soon as he entered the room, and to fully prove the lad was her long lost boy, she asked him to bare his arm and show a mark (star shaped) half-way between the wrist and elbow. He replied, "Mother, I am he whom you seek, at the same time pulling up his shirt and continuing "here is the star as perfect as ever."

He bore such a striking resemblance to his mother that any one who ever saw the two together could scarcely doubt that they were mother and son.

Before Alexander Gurkiff returned to France, his mother made him promise to come back and live with her. This he did, promising to return within three months. He informed his mother that he would probably return with a wife. He frankly told her that for two years past he had been engaged to a French girl, who had been to him as a mother, sister, friend from the day he became a captive in the hands of the Zouaves at Sebastopol.

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The mother replied, "You have my consent to marry her, and I shall love her for your sake; and when I see her I may also love her for her personal charms and splendid character. I may see and admire these latter as you, my dear son, see them and admire them."

After Alexander Gurkiff had arrived in France, he consulted with the woman who was soon to become his wife, and finding her agreed to his mother's proposal, he solicited immediate marriage.

Three weeks after his arrival in France, Alexander was united in marriage to Josie Metmain. They were married at the home of Josie's uncle, and at once proceeded on their journey to Odessa. Alexander had given Josie only a partial account of his visit to his mother, and kept her completely in ignorance of the princely style in which his mother lived. He, however, had informed Josie that Colonel Suwandoff was his mother's youngest brother.

A few hours after the marriage, Josie said to her husband, "We now are about to strike out on life's journey; our means are quite limited, and in the land whither we go to settle, we may possibly find more difficulties in the way than in my own country, where you have been, on a small scale, successful."

Josie was brave, full of hope, active and persevering. Her experience in the Crimea had taught her to be venturesome and determined in facing difficulties. She was excellently suited to a man of Alexander's temperament. He was cautious,—it may be said that he was timid until thoroughly roused, then he appeared enterprising and full of life. He was what is called a safe

man. He had periodical days of gloom. His wife never.

When Alexander and his wife arrived at Odessa they were met by Alexander's mother and Colonel Suwandoff, and were at once driven to the residence of Mrs. Gurkiff. Josie was amazed as she was driven by domes, columns, steeples and spires. One huge dome was blue, topped by a gilt cupola; another bright green, surmounted by a golden star. Here was a Greek temple, there a Tartaresque mosque and a Byzantine church, &c. Their route lay along a broad esplanade, or boulevard, lined with trees toward the sea-shore; in the rear was a background of stately mansions, worthy of the best rows in the finest European cities. There were magnificent public buildings and splendid residences with pillared porticos and ornamental peristyles. At one of the former the carriage stopped.

Mrs. Gurkiff, Senr., turning to Josie as they alighted, said, "Now, my dear daughter, I welcome you to a comfortable home."

Josie was so surprised at the situation and the beauty all about the Queen of the Euxine, that she felt all must be a dream, all had turned out so differently from what she had expected. All she could reply was, "My dear mother, you do."

The day after their arrival Alexander and his bride drove out to see the city. Before they had risen in the morning, Josie said to her husband:

"My dear, I could not sleep last night, it was so difficult while lying here to bring my mind to accept all this change as reality. Everything seems so vastly

om. His wife
fferent from what I anticipated, I feel as one lost.
ife now appears as a pleasant dream."

They were driven from one end of the city to the
ther. First they went through the districts where
the poorer sort of people lived. This district is situ-
ted at the extreme right of the city. From there they
rove to the extreme left, a district surrounded by
woods and bestudded with the houses of Princes and
Counts.

In the afternoon they went to view the harbour
in company with Mrs. Gurkiff, Senr., and Colonels
Keprandi and Suwandoff. The Queen of the Euxine
stands on the curve of a high sea-shore, with descend-
ing terraces and broad flights of steps to the beach.
Along these terraces, and down and up these steps they
wandered and rested until the daylight was fast giving
place to the evening shades.

In the morning they had arranged to view the city
from the sea. The same party at ten o'clock next
morning—a lovely September day—were sailing over
the bosom of the beautiful bay in a magnificent yacht
named "Cajeta," that fairly flew over the water. Col.
Suwandoff and Josie entered in earnest conversation as
the yacht was running back toward the city. Their
talk was about battles and battle-fields.

Said the Colonel, "There are many persons who
have never seen a battle or battle-field, and some who
have never seen a soldier, who like, yea, love to talk
and read of battles,—battles on sea and battles on
land."

Josie replied, "When my husband and I were on

our journey here, we remained over a day or two at a pretty Italian town. At the hotel where we lodged were several English students. One of these entered into conversation with my husband, whom he took to be a German. The young student looked as though it would be difficult for him to properly digest half-a-dozen light-weight oysters, yet he possessed a military air, and seemed to have perfect confidence in his own powers and in the ability of his countrymen to perform as brave and valiant deeds now as ever. He said, 'I am not a soldier, but I believe I have the qualities of a good soldier; I love to hear of war, read of battles; I am an Englishman. Why,' he went on to say, 'Forty years of peace did not subdue the British spirit, and Russia, when she trusted in her mighty fortress, proved when it crumbled to the ground. Our army in the Crimea, though numerically small, astonished the world by the greatness of its strength. Our common soldiers proved themselves heroes in the trenches and on the field of battle, and if England at that time did not possess a General equal to the greatness of the emergency, all the more praise be given those gallant men, who fought so well notwithstanding.'

"That student, Colonel," said Josie, "did not look as though he had strength to steady a rifle, yet his decided look and military manner gave me an assurance that the young fellow would make a true soldier. He was largely spirit, for his body would not weigh much over one hundred pounds. He was one of those sort of ethereal beings, who go about acting in the spirit while dragging along a corporeal nature. And, Colonel,

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And, Colonel,

his spirit of the student is what makes the English soldier, who not only, as I believe, from what I have seen of him, loves to fight, but also loves a hard fight."

The Colonel here pulled a paper out of his pocket; it was a well-worn newspaper. He said, "In support of what you say, I shall, with your permission, read from this paper of Dec. 15th, 1855, a very few lines." He read as follows:—

"With deep regret we learn that gallant General Williams and his noble band have been forced at length to succumb to a stronger foe than the Russians. Famine has effected what the fiercest onslaughts of the Czar's best troops, in overwhelming numbers, failed to accomplish. Literally starved out, the garrison has been obliged to capitulate."

"Now, I was among the Czar's troops at Kars, and no better or braver men ever laid siege to a place. And the gallantry which distinguished General Williams' defence of Kars has not been overrated by the remark in another part of this paper, 'that the admiration of all Europe was vividly excited at the wonderful defence of Kars, at the almost superhuman valour which hurled back, for seven hours of incessant attack, and incredible slaughter, a brave and well-disciplined army.' I often feel that we forget that the men who accomplished these prodigies were mortal and destructible. If nature could have fed these men, and intrepidity supplied them with drink, General Mouraviff would never have taken Kars.

"In all consideration for the bravery of your countrymen,—and yours is a brave nation,—I must admit that my countrymen have never met as stubborn and determined a foe as the English. Their determination

to conquer seems to grow stronger as difficulties increase around them. That young English student you speak of possessed, doubtless, a fair specimen of the spirit of the race.

“I could, if time permitted, and it did not weary you, tell you of many cases of individual heroism during the siege of Kars. Russia, as well as France and England, admires such heroism; but no nations have ever honoured it more than France and England. The order of the Legion of Honour is, I believe, strictly Buonapartist. The first Revolution shattered all the forms, and orders, and honours, and titles of the old régime; but forms, and orders, and honours, and titles were not to be banished from an Empire, if they were from a Republic; and when architects were busy restoring the Palace of St. Cloud, (the favourite palace of Napoleon the First), and everything was preparing the way for the Imperial crown, Buonaparte resolved on a new and distinguishing order—an order which should include all ranks—an order of merit—a Legion of Honour.

“When the Queen of England was in Paris, during the great war, she witnessed the presentation of the order; and the occasion was as singular as it was interesting. As the Royal and Imperial party were walking in the gardens of the palace, a Voltigeur of the Guard, who had lost his leg before Sebastopol, and who saved the life of one of his officers, while wounded, was sent for by the Emperor. He came, and Napoleon hastened forward, and greeting him cordially, took from his own breast the cross of the Legion and pinned

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on that of the crippled hero. There may have been grander and more splendid scenes, but I think never the more simple, more touching, or more interesting. The donation was worthy of the man who gave, and the recipient was worthy of such honour."

At this moment the "Cajeta" touched the quay. The Colonel rose and said :

"There must be a truce to our conversation, or, rather, my talk on deeds connected with the greatest war of modern times."

The party stepped on shore, climbed up the steps, and as Josie turned round to view the bay over which they had sailed, she took her husband's arm and said :

"Alexander, we are once more safe on the throne of the Queen of the Euxine. Colonels Suwandoff and Keprandi are fine gentlemen ; I begin to feel at home."

CHAPTER IV.

A PAINTING OF BORODINO.

THE residence of Mrs. Gurkiff was a lovely one, situated in one of the most aristocratic and beautiful portions of the city; here her son and his bride lived. Colonel Keprandi became a regular visitor at their home. He had always been a firm friend of Mrs. Gurkiff, Senr., and lived for some years in the same quarter of the city that she did.

Alexander, who had been trained in France to an active business life, soon became tired of visiting, driving and yachting, and thought seriously of engaging in mercantile pursuits. Soon a partnership was formed with the Colonel, and business operations commenced. The name of the firm was "Gurkiff and Keprandi." The firm started business operations early in the spring of 1867, Gurkiff being the principal business manager. His mother, who was quite wealthy, supplied him with funds, and the Colonel supplied his own. The firm dealt largely in grain, provisions, &c., and in three years was one of the most prosperous in the city.

Alexander and his wife continued to live at his mother's; in fact Josie would listen to no separation from her new home. In 1868 Mrs. Gurkiff, Jr., gave birth to a daughter, and if ever a grand-parent was fond of a child, Mrs. Gurkiff, Senr., was fond of little Lily Gurkiff; she fairly idolized the child.

Considerable money was made by the firm in 1872. In that year a railway was opened connecting Odessa with the provinces north and east of Kherson. The firm speculated in land, which was sold at greatly enhanced value.

To give the reader an idea how easy it was for a prudent business firm to make money in the Queen City, a statement of the business of the place is here given. In 1869 the estimated value of the various quantities of grain, wool, hides, tallow and other articles of export for the year was £465,000. In 1871, or only two years later, the estimated value of the above enumerated articles exported reached the enormous amount of £7,110,000. The increase was principally due to the railway.

In the month of August, 1872, a vessel arrived from the United States of America consigned to Gurkiff & Keprandi. One day, when the barque was nearly discharged, Captain Cardrick sent his second officer, Jack McKelvin, to the office of Gurkiff & Keprandi with a message asking the firm to remove the landed articles more quickly and not detain the ship in discharging. The message was to be delivered to the members of the firm only. Neither being in, the chief clerk asked him to take a seat in the office, saying that one or

other of the firm would soon be in. Jack did as he was bid, and was soon comfortably seated in a large office chair. There was only one other person in the office—an assistant accountant.

After a few minutes Jack began to inspect the furniture and decorations of the room, and turning around in the swivel chair, his eyes rested on a picture which seemed to rivet his attention. The painting was hanging against the wall opposite the clerk's desk. Jack left his seat and walked a step or two toward the picture, and there he stood statue-like for some time, never taking his eyes from the painting, on which the sun was shining through a window at the end of the office.

The clerk, seeing how intently the sailor-lad looked at the picture, said to him, "You appear to be greatly interested in that work of art."

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, "that one looks to me very much the same as a painting I saw at Sebastopol nearly seventeen years ago."

"You have been in Sebastopol?" said the clerk.

"Oh, yes," answered Jack, "I was there when the city was captured. I was conveyed into the forsaken city while wounded, and placed in a deserted room by the kindness of a lady who had that day been visiting the ruined Malakoff, and a day or two later a vivandiere, as she was called,—I called her a French lass,—brought a picture, exactly like this one, into the room where I lay. This one is called the 'Battle of Borodino,' the one I saw there was called the same."

As Jack was finishing speaking, Alexander Gurkii

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entered the office. The clerk told him that the sailor had a message from Captain Cardrick, but had orders to deliver it to no one but the firm. Jack at once delivered the message, and taking up his hat, departed for his ship.

Shortly after the sailor had left, the clerk told his employer how deeply interested the second officer had been in looking at the painting "Battle of Borodino." "He told me," continued the clerk, "that he thought it to be a picture he saw within the ruins of Sebastopol seventeen years ago."

Alexander Gurkiff looked serious as he asked his clerk if the lad had said he was there during the Crimean war.

The clerk replied, "Yes, he said that he was there and saw that picture, or one exactly like it.

Gurkiff said nothing more, and the conversation dropped. He immediately sat down at his desk, penned a note, called in an errand boy, and sent him with it to Captain Cardrick's vessel. The note read as follows:

Captain Cardrick:—

Please send your second officer to my office to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, I desire to speak with him for a short time. I shall not delay him long.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER GURKIFF,
of the firm of Gurkiff & Keprandi.

At the appointed hour Jack McKelvin walked into the office of Gurkiff & Keprandi, and, to his utter astonishment, he saw sitting there a handsome lady dressed in fashionable attire. Alexander Gurkiff shook the lad's hand and asked him to be seated. Jack won-

dered what was up. Without further ado the proprietor said :

"Mr. McKelvin, I have been told by my accountant that you were in the war in these parts some seventeen years ago."

"I was, sir," replied McKelvin. He faltered in his speech as his eyes caught those of the woman, who was sitting directly opposite him.

"You think you have seen that painting representing the 'Battle of Borodino'?" said Gurkiff, as he pointed with his hand toward the picture on the wall.

"Yes," replied the sailor, "I have either seen the one before yesterday, or one so much like it that I could not tell them apart."

"You think then you saw this one in Sebastopol at the close of the siege there?" said Gurkiff.

"Yes, sir," answered Jack, "when I was a lad in the Queen's army I was wounded by a splinter from a shell, while roaming over the field not very far from the city, and was conveyed with a French lass, who was also wounded, to a deserted house within the town walls, and in that house I saw a painting very like the one."

Said Gurkiff, "Do you think that you would know the French lass if you should see her now?"

Jack smiled, as he replied, "Well, seventeen years is a long time, and it makes considerable change in people's appearance. She may be dead or married now; but wherever she is, she has never been forgotten by me. I never go through a storm at sea but I think of the evening I lay on the cold field side by

do the propriet side with the French lass. I often think of her as she appeared in her half-soldier dress. Why should I not remember her? that memory is sweet, and it will never lose its sweetness while I live. She was the first to bind up my wounded limb with a bandage she drew from her own pocket. The dear lass, as she was then, with a large scalp wound, probably now, if she is living, carries with her the scar upon the right side of her head."

Josie Gurkiff had quietly sat, attentively listening, but when Jack mentioned the wound and scar, she rose from her seat, took off her bonnet, laid it upon the desk, stepped across the floor to where the sailor sat, and said :

"Does that scar remind you of the wound you saw on the head of the French girl?"

Jack fairly trembled as he looked at the scar, and it was some minutes before he could speak. At length he overcame his feelings and replied :

Your forehead and head are very much like those of the lass I was speaking about."

Josie Gurkiff replied, "I am she who was the French lass in half-military costume, who was wounded with you near Sebastopol."

Jack looked astonished, and leaned against the office wall ; there he stood, unable to move or speak. After a time he said :

"I believe you are the real person ; I used to call you Josie."

Josie Metmain, when a girl, possessed many charms ; years had not bent or otherwise told upon her fine form.

Her hair was as black and her eyes as bright as when she followed the French army in the Crimean war.

"Will you pardon me, Madame, if I make a remark," said John McKelvin.

"Yes," she said, "most certainly ; speak away."

"Time, Madame, has not traced a line of any other shade among your flowing locks ; your eyelashes, which contributed greatly to the beauty of your sparkling eyes, are as long and luxuriant as ever. I now recognize you by your hair and eyelashes ; and all the looks of your girlhood appear to be gradually showing themselves in your face."

Josie Gurkiff's eyelashes imparted a soft and pleasing expression to her face. Her eyebrows cannot be described in words : they appeared to have a great influence on the character of her face, and to be the interpreter of her feelings. Her eyes announced an impassioned and ardent temperament and a great degree of sincerity ; they seemed to express the feelings of a noble, loving nature, and betrayed every shade of feeling, courage, benevolence, joy and pity, at a glance.

Alexander Gurkiff invited Jack, as he was about leaving the office to go on board his ship, to spend the next day at his home. At first Jack demurred about accepting the invitation, but the soft, winning manner of Josie Gurkiff was such that McKelvin could not muster up courage to decline, and he stepped out, after a hearty shake of hands all round.

At ten a. m. next day a carriage and pair stood quite near the ship, and a message was delivered

Jack by the errand-boy. McKelvin was all ready, and stepped on shore with more of a military than nautical air. He accompanied the boy to the carriage, and both settled themselves in the softly cushioned vehicle, Jack looking sideways at the boy and saying:

"My lad, if you had not come here in this carriage, nothing would have persuaded me to enter it."

"Oh," said the boy, "I have orders to go to Mr. Gurkiff's residence with you." And off went the team.

Jack said, as they were driven along, "My lad, I have been in many cities of the world, some much larger than this, (Odessa at that time had a population of about 150,000), but I never set foot in one so beautiful in every way."

Arriving at the residence, McKelvin was received by Mrs. Gurkiff, Jr., in the most affable manner, and Mrs. Gurkiff, Senr., received him as a mother would her son. In a short time Jack felt quite at home. He had not much time to feel awkward in presence of the ladies, for they kept him on the move, taking him from one department of the house to another, showing him the pictures, statuettes, library, and last, but not least, a small fortress about eighteen inches in diameter, said to have been made after the style of a fortress built by the Russians in the year 1793 on the site of one captured from the Turks in 1789. Two years later houses were built about this fortress, and the place received the name Odessa. After he had been shown through the palatial residence, he was given in charge of a groom, who conducted him through the stables.

After lunch Jack was taken for a drive, accompanied by the three Gurkiffs. He was shown through the entire city, and everything of historical interest pointed out to him. Late in the afternoon the party spent two hours viewing the magnificent harbour and promenade along the face of the cliff, this spot being a favourite resort of the inhabitants.

Jack, with his friends, lingered for some time near the monument of the Duc de Richelieu, to whose ability and energy, it is said, the town is in a great part indebted for its prosperity. At last, as evening began to throw its shades about, they sat down to rest. Alexander entertained his mother, and Josie Gurkiff and Jack McKelvin sat together conversing of former days, and tracing, for the information of each other, their careers to that hour.

"Mr. McKelvin," said Josie, "you see how comfortably I am settled. I never expected, when flying over Crimean fields and attending to sick and wounded men, that my lot in life would attain this happiness I now enjoy. I have a husband who lives for great objects and whose spirit is so firmly knit, that it is not difficult for him to encounter the storms of life, when he is roused to do so."

"If your energy and disposition are the same now, Madame," replied Jack, "as they were when I first met you in Sebastopol, (and allow me to say they seem the same), why should not your husband live for great objects, when he has such a wife as you at his side, whose depth and warmth of feeling resemble the current of

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that beautiful bay, and not the bubbles and ripples on its surface, as we sailors say?"

"My husband," replied Josie, "was once a little Muscovite picked up in Sebastopol, while dressed in true Cossack style, and I have often walked along the river front in Sebastopol with him holding my hand on one side and you on the other, limping from your wound."

"Well, well," replied the sailor, "strange things occur in some people's lives; but no stranger circumstance ever happened to a man since Flora McDonald and bonnie Prince Charlie parted, than has happened to me, a poor sailor lad. What brought me here? A vessel, you will say. Yes, but what directed me to that vessel? I had shipped in two others,—one was seized for debt when she was about to sail, and I did not turn up in time to board the other. I had no desire to come here, and do not know that I ever heard of the place till the day I shipped. Some spirit, or something, had determined that we three should meet again, and met we have. I must step over and strongly shake the hand of your husband."

He did so, and they conversed freely and feelingly for some time; then the party went home, all having enjoyed the day and evening.

Jack McKelvin was one of those men who gather more from observation and every-day life than from books. He was a Scotchman, practical and business-like, and possessed an ardent temperament; he had more quick fire in his composition than many of his countrymen. During the conversation on the cliff,

Josie Gurkiff found out from Jack that his worst enemy was drink; that all his hard earnings had been swallowed up in whisky. She found him open and manly in his confessions. His very candour deeply touched her heart. In soft tones, and with soothing advice, she pointed him to the future, when she received an assurance from him that he would do his best to reform from his besetting sin.

Two hours after arriving back at the home of the Gurkiffs, McKelvin prepared to depart. His ship was to sail the following day. Josie Gurkiff, who had been instructed in music by the first musicians of Odessa, sat down at the piano and played and sang a few lines. She remembered that Jack, when a drummer lad, had often charmed her with his beautiful voice in singing some Scottish air. First she sang them in French, then in English. But just before she rose from the piano she said:

“Mr. McKelvin, we have sung many songs to-night (Jack had a beautiful tenor voice) and as we are about to part, I’ll sing a few lines that carry with them sound advice. They are for your benefit. A man is a youth at thirty; consider that in appearance you are at least a youth.” She sang:—

“The trembling notes young birds awake
Rise sweetly into tune
As April buds expanding make
The flowery wreath of June;
So love, begun in life’s young day,
Matures with manhood’s prime,
Defies the canker of decay,
And stronger grows with time;
Oh, early quaff love’s nuptial wine,
And all that’s best in life is thine.”

Jack was driven to his vessel, carrying with him the assurance of the Gurkiffs that they would be at the ship to see him off, and possibly accompany him down the bay in their yacht.

The ship sailed; Josie and her husband went down the harbour, taking Jack McKelvin in the yacht with them, and as he was shoved off in a boat to pass over to his barque, he said:

"Mrs. Gurkiff, your last song in the evening has put it into my heart to look up a wife."

The Gurkiffs wished him a safe passage and prosperous future. He wiped his moistened eyes with a well-worn red silk handkerchief, and as he went over the rail of his ship, he stood for a moment, waved his handkerchief over and over his head, and then disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

RESCUED.

IN the autumn of the year 1872 it is reported that fearful gales were experienced on the Atlantic ocean and many fine ships were disabled and wrecked.

On the 20th of December of the above year an American ship arrived at New York having on board the captain and crew of the British barque "Floriatia," which became waterlogged during the latter part of November in lat. 48.21 N., lon. 35.56 W. The crew, eighteen in number, were six days and six nights in the tops, the barque being timber laden from a port in New Brunswick, bound to Falmouth. On the second day after the men took to the tops, the decks were forced up and part of the stern was knocked away and the cargo commenced to float out of the ship. The crew saw the vessel underneath them gradually breaking up, with no idea of the moment the lower masts on the tops of which they were would fall into the sea. They were only able to take with them into the tops a small quantity of biscuit, no water, and were exposed

for six days and nights to the fury of a heavy gale of wind, with rain, during which time two vessels passed them, the sea being too heavy to approach, when, on November 30th, the American ship "Western Star" succeeded, with much difficulty, in rescuing the unfortunate mariners from their perilous position. The American ship had on board two lady passengers, who had been spending several months in the South of France and at Naples. They were now returning to their home in America.

With great difficulty the Captain of the "Western Star" found accommodation for the crew of the disabled "Floriatia." A few were placed in one watch, a few in the other; more found quarters in a store-room, where were sails and gear. The Captain, his two officers and cook were lodged in the cabin.

On board the American ship was a piano, placed in a small room principally constructed for passengers. This room was situated between the main cabin and the Captain's. Scarcely a day passed without vocal and instrumental music, one of the ladies being an accomplished musician and excellent singer. The second officer of the ill-fated "Floriatia" possessed a good tenor voice, and could sing several of the pieces he had heard played and sung by the ladies.

One evening, the fourth after the rescue of the crew, while the mother and daughter were singing

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"

the second officer of the wrecked crew, while sitting in the outer cabin talking with his Captain, unthinkingly chimed in, and before he realized it, was singing with

his whole soul. After the close of the song, the daughter came out where the officer and Captain were sitting and invited them inside, saying, after she had done so "Mother would like you to come to her cabin and sing while I play."

The officer thanked her, and remarked that he was afraid he could not sing correctly enough to keep in tune with such an accomplished player as he and the Captain had just had the pleasure of listening to; that he had never been professionally trained, but had picked up what little he knew of singing, and had learned most of the pieces he sang on shipboard, and at concert halls.

The young lady replied, "There are many professional singers who would give all, and more than all they possess to have such a voice as we have been delighted in listening to just now. Now, won't you please step in and let us hear it once again, at least, before we retire for the night?"

The officer thanking the young lady for her complimentary remarks, rose and followed her to the piano. The Captain preferred to listen where he was sitting. For an hour the whole cabin was filled with music, and, to oblige the ladies, the officer was compelled to sing a solo twice and promise to sing it again the following evening.

The officer went out on deck to breathe in some fresh sea air before turning in for the night. As he went from the main cabin to the deck, he was surprised to find the passage-way blocked with part of the ship's watch and part of his shipwrecked companions; they

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had been drawn thither by the music and singing. The night was clear and cold; a moderate breeze was blowing from N. E.; the ship was reaching quite easily. For the time being, the sailors forgot all their troubles and losses, and if ever they realized the truth of Longfellow's lines, it must have been as they stood listening to the music in the hall-way of the cabin.

"Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer."

The next evening the party assembled in the ladies' cabin, both Captains being present; outside the moon shone in all her glory; there was scarcely any sea, and the ship rode easily; there was just sufficient breeze to fill the sails. Before the music began, the mother asked the Captain of the ship if he would allow the shipwrecked crew to come into the outer cabin for an hour or so, as her daughter was going to sing in company with their second officer. The Captain replied, that it would give him great pleasure to accede to her request.

In a few minutes the cabin was filled with the men, and through the whole performance they were as orderly as though sitting in a church. At times several of those noble-hearted fellows were seen to weep, especially when the second officer, in company with the young lady, sang the following:—

"On battle fields in other lands
 We've wandered near the slain,
 While music from the martial bands
 Came floating through the plain."

And,—

“Say, dost thou spring from earth,
Or from the sea derive thy birth,
Thou bright and dazzling flower.
The wild wave roars around thy throne,
And seems to claim thee for its own,
Thou emperor of an hour!”

There were four Scotch lads among the shipwrecked crew, and two of the ship's crew on duty were Scotchmen. The singing closed with

“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,”

and the refrain was caught up by the men in the cabin and by one as he stood on deck at the cabin door. The man at the wheel (a lad from Aberdeen) told the second officer of the barque next morning that he had all he could do to keep the ship on her course during the singing of the closing song, the words so took hold of his whole nature that his arms trembled and weakened while the ship seemed restless under his charge.

The last song was a midnight one; the clock had finished striking twelve just as the last words, “Wallace bled,” were trembling on the lips of the singers. The wind had increased, and the waters swelled. The ladies went outside to view the sea at midnight; they were accompanied by the commander of the “Western Star.” They sat upon their camp stools on the quarter deck. As the moon in minor majesty seemed to ride in triumph through retreating clouds, showers of soft light appeared to flit in solemn glory all around the ship: white caps rose and settled with every wave of the sea, causing the near waters to appear as covered with plumes of warriors, who were vainly struggling from a nether world in an attempt to march toward the far

west and attack the battlements of an unseen city.

The second officer had now become quite intimate with the two lady passengers. The next afternoon, as the ladies came into the main cabin from the deck, where they had been for an airing, they saw the second officer there, and entered into conversation with him. The afternoon seemed to be an out one for the women: they were dressed in their best.

The mother looked anxiously and earnestly at the officer for fully two minutes, and then asked, "Were you ever a drummer-boy in the Crimea?"

The officer replied, "I was, madame, and was taken into Sebastopol in the conveyance of a most noble-hearted American lady, who, in company with her child, was visiting the scenes of the war, and who, on the evening I was wounded, was returning in company of a French guide from the ruined Malakoff."

The daughter now spoke, and said, "Was any one conveyed from the field with you?"

"Yes," he replied, "a French lass, who was also wounded, was conveyed in with me."

"What is your name?" asked the mother.

"My name, madame, is John McKelvin, and I met the French lass last August in Odessa; she is most respectably married there, and has a princely home. The vessel I was in was consigned to the firm of Gurkiff & Keprandi, and Alexander Gurkiff is now the husband of that French lass. I spent one of the happiest days of my life in their company."

The mother looked at Jack McKelvin, and said, "I was at the Crimea in the year 1855, and left there in

November; this cross you see was presented to me by a small drummer-boy, and in my conveyance that boy was taken, wounded, into Sebastopol. This steel cannon was made from a piece of a broken sword blade picked up by me near the Malakoff, and this little eagle was made from a horse's shoe picked up by my daughter on the field of Inkermann. You may be the very lad who gave me this beautiful jewel. If you are how strange we should thus meet in mid ocean amid the war of the elements. Time has changed you to a full-grown man; it has also placed lines of experience on my brow, and my hair is varied with twilight tints. My daughter has grown to womanhood, and I have been spared to see you again rescued from a most perilous position. We meet again,—not on the field of the slain, but upon the broad waters of an ocean."

Jack hung down his head, and in silent thought wondered how it all could be. He had met the French lass; now he was in company with the mother and daughter who had found him wounded on the field. He had never expected to see them again. He looked up and said:

"Madame, how strange these meetings seem! They are purely accidental—most unexpected. Why is it thus?"

The lady replied, "Just now don't think too much over these meetings; go and rest yourself, you look sad and worn, and come this evening to our room and sing with my daughter."

The mother and daughter went to their room. After being seated, the mother said, "My dear, I can

see something about the man that reminds me of the boy I saw wounded in the Crimea. His story seems true. I will ask him this evening if he remembers how we were dressed, and if he answers correctly, we must consider him the person we saw in the Crimea."

At the appointed hour John McKelvin walked into the ladies' cabin. He was asked to be seated. The mother said to him :

"Mr. McKelvin, I have been thinking over our conversation to-day, and now our meeting seems as strange to me as it does to you. Oh, do you remember how myself and daughter were dressed when you saw us by the light of the morning sun in the room where you lay wounded?"

"Yes," replied McKelvin, "if I correctly remember, you wore a grey skirt, rather short, a short cape or mantle of the same material, and your little girl was similarly attired. You wore a brown felt hat with a black band around it, with a small red feather (bird's wing) at the side, and your little girl wore a kind of grey plaited hood, with long black strings hanging down the back. Am I correct in my description?"

The daughter here interrupted him by saying, "Mother, Mr. McKelvin has described us just as we were. Has he not?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the mother, "he has seen us, and described us as we were." And turning to McKelvin, she said, "You have a good memory ;" and taking Jack by the hand, she continued, "As much as I have always prized this jewelled cross, this evening I prize it more than ever ; because, after seventeen years, I have been

again permitted to meet the donor, and in my ship
is being carried safely from shipwreck, as in my wa
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Now, Jean, (the daughter's name), let us bury t
past, for the present, in singing these four lines."

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

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CHAPTER VI.

ELOPEMENT.

IN due time the "Western Star" arrived at New York. Mr. Telparson arrived the day after the ship came into port. On the Telparsons leaving for their home, Mrs. Telparson received the consent of her husband to extend an invitation to Jack McKelvin to proceed to Philadelphia and call and see them before he shipped on another voyage. McKelvin accepted the invitation, and in a few days proceeded to Philadelphia and put up at a good hotel, Mrs. Telparson promising to pay his expenses, as the poor fellow was without money.

After Jack had arrived and spent a few days in the Quaker City, he received an appointment as an employe in the warehouse of Gistiff & Telparson. The first four months of Jack's employment gave entire satisfaction to his employers, and he was about to be appointed to a higher grade of work; but he unfortunately fell away from grace. During the time he kept his body erect and mind clear, he was frequently in-

vited to Telparson's house, where he spent an hour or two singing with the ladies in the evenings. Occasionally a few friends were invited in to join in the singing.

The Telparson family consisted of the father, mother, a son, and Jean. The son was chief clerk in his father's office.

Almost as suddenly as a blizzard something passed over Jack, and he fell from his high estate. He simply got drunk,—as some kings, emperors, statesmen, merchants, clergymen and others have been doing for generations past. While on a message from the office to the dock, he got intoxicated; he could give no satisfactory explanation why or how he did so. When asked to explain, he gave answer as follows:

"All I know about it is, that I was taken aback by a sudden squall, which I did not see approaching, and did not realize that I had been on my beam ends until I was partly righted."

This would have been a very satisfactory explanation to some people, but it was not so to Mr. Telparson. Jack was severely cautioned, and promised not to do so again.

Jean Telparson had formed an attachment for the sailor lad. She seemed to love him when she first heard him sing on board the "Western Star"; and it was through her solicitation that her mother was persuaded to have him go to Philadelphia.

John McKelvin continued to fill his position with entire satisfaction to his employers. He was a common sense lad, and kept himself respectable, and in good

company. He regularly attended church. Jean grew very fond of his company, and he loved to be near her. There were busybodies in that city as well as in other communities; like sin, they abound everywhere,—and, like gross sin, they blast the lives and prospects of their victims. Some of the biggest tattlers were found among those who worshipped their Creator in the same church which John attended. It was rumoured that the sailor lad and Miss Telparson frequently met in the grove near the home of the latter, and occasionally at the house of one of Jean's friends in M—— street. In a short time there was a feast of scandal and flow of babbling. At length the rumours reached the ears of Mr. Telparson and his son. The father set watchers to report upon his daughter's movements and the sailor lad was quietly dismissed.

A young gentleman, Mr. M——, who was studying for a clergyman, and doubtless attracted by the old man's pocket, had been paying his attentions to Jean for some time. He had several times proposed marriage, but she could not feel that she loved him; and, like a sensible girl, declined his offer. Mrs. Telparson loved her daughter, and wanted to see her marry a man with whom life would be happy and pleasant. It was afterward clearly shown that Jean had never met the sailor lad except at her own house, or on the way home from church, or at her father's business establishment.

However, at last matters came to a crisis. Jack did not leave the city, and Jean and he corresponded and met. Mr. Telparson had his daughter imprisoned in her own room; her meals were passed to her by a

guard secured to watch her. Jean's brother—a mean penurious sort of fellow—fed the old man's passion by telling all he knew of the affair; and also very much more than he knew. Jean loved her parent because he was her father; the son's affection wound itself around the old man's pocket-book. He had no heart for nearness of kin, but a something that pulsated for nearness of gold.

The re-action set in; public sympathy was turning in favour of Jean. At this crisis old Telparson became suddenly alarmed; his severity was severely commented upon. The son, gopher-like, went into his hole. The guard was withdrawn, and Jean allowed more liberty. Several of her most intimate companions were allowed to visit her. They felt deeply for her and the affair was freely talked over and suggestions offered. One of the friends offered to arrange an elopement. Jean was in that state of mind to willingly listen to such a proposal. A council of three young ladies arranged the whole affair. The lovers must meet. A rope-ladder was to be procured. One of the young ladies—a first-class mathematician—measured the distance with her keen, correct eye. She ordered a sailmaker to manufacture the ladder, saying it was a necessary article in case of fire. The three girls had rich fathers, and agreed to pay all expenses and supply funds for the runaways.

At length, all the arrangements being completed, one moonlight night Jean safely descended from her room in the second story of the house, and met Jack and her three lady friends in the grove near by.

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short distance from the latter place a cab was ready and waiting. Jack and Jean were soon seated side by side in the carriage. Laura Cempton—one of the young ladies—was chosen to accompany them. The three were driven to a village a few miles distant, where Jack and Jean, through the services of a well-paid clergyman, were legally made man and wife. The driver was an Irishman named James P. O'Hullehan. He was given a glass of wine by the officiating clergyman. As he put the glass to his lips, he said :

"I dhinks to yer healths ; and as I have found love freshens by an occasional shmile, and takes root and expands in a moist atmosphere, so may it iver be wid ye, me friends."

From the village where the pair were made one they left next morning for New York, and Laura Cempton was driven back to Philadelphia.

Next day Jack and Jean arrived at New York. Jack becomes a little shady. He was seen by one of Telparson's shipping agents, who had been wired to keep a lookout for the runaways. Jembs (the agent) followed Jack to his hotel, treated him, got full particulars from the hotel proprietor, left Jack in a drunken stupor, and immediately after telegraphed full particulars to old Telparson. Next day the father of Jean arrived,—found Jack at the hotel, still under the cloud,—had his daughter arrested, and took her away with him. Jack was shipped while he was intoxicated. He was put on board the barque "Annie Chapman," bound for New Zealand, and never knew where he was until the barque had run out of sight of the American coast.

The second mate of the barque was a Scotchman; he was a man who always managed to take his whisky in moderate doses and at stated intervals. He was of that class of men who manage to keep command of themselves for years—who move about like elephants. Jack, though a Scotchman, was of a different temperament; he was like an Arabian steed; he was all draft and blaze. The other Scotchman was like a banked fire. The latter would, in all probability, punish more fire-water in a year than Jack would in five. Jack was one of those subjects who have brought scores of temperance lecturers into prominence among a certain class. Such lecturers, by their imitations of the noble who have fallen, and their blatherings, have at the same time disgusted another class, and put a brake upon the progress of temperance.

The Scotchman, who was second officer of the barque, always carried a limited stock of whisky with him. Jack was very ill and dispirited. He attempted to close his troubles by going overboard, and resting his weary frame in the bosom of the deep. The Scotchman knew his man, and knew the medicine he needed. Jack was placed in irons. As soon as the second mate could quietly approach Jack, he gave him a stiff drink of cold Scotch, and the following day managed to give him another. The sunlight soon crept into Jack's mind and soul, and in a few hours he was himself again.

At length, after a passage of one hundred and twenty-one days, the "Annie Chapman," in a S. W. gale, ran into port and anchored in Mansford Bay.

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McKelvin was as free and happy a man as one would wish to meet. He was a most intelligent young fellow. The Captain of the barque was a teetotaler. He always had been one. Jack said, one evening when passing the meridian of Cape Leawin, in lat. 43 45 S., "It is very easy for the Captain to talk: he has no pity for a poor fellow who is as apt to burst as a thunder cloud, when all seems calm and peaceful in his life. But there are Cape Leawins in every man's life; some are better fitted to weather the storms of these Capes than others. The best ships have gone ashore on the Cape, while poorer ones have escaped. So is it with mankind. There are the wise of mankind who storm and rant and rage, when anything goes wrong with one of their fellow-beings in whom they have a real or pretended interest. It is just possible that many a poor besotted man is much nearer his God than those who frown upon and treat him as an outcast from society. The man who says, 'Why don't you do as I do? I have made money! I have done this and I have done that! I am respectable! Take my life for an example!' Yes, look at some such ones, and it will be seen that most all they have done has been to gratify a selfish desire. They have been too selfish to waste their money in drink, and too mean to assist a worthy cause, but not too moral to take little and mean advantages of their fellow-men. They may have gathered in their gold and scattered their families in whole or in part toward destruction, because their children found no broad and liberal-minded spirit to guide them. The church, as a rule, has been indiffer-

ent in the rescue of such men as my class, and saints and clergymen have seen no financial benefit in the labour of their reform."

Jack shipped on board a vessel bound for San Francisco. The ship was wrecked on the South American coast. The crew were saved, with their effects; some were landed at New Orleans, and others at Rio Janeiro; but Jack McKelvin became dispirited, and wandering about from place to place on the coast, at last found himself living with a tribe of semi-savages and concluded to remain, feeling that life was no worse for him among the savages than it had been among the saints, and that his reformation was even more possible among the Indians than among the whites.

CHAPTER VII.

—
AMONG SAVAGES.
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IF Jack was never prudent enough to carry a little stimulant with him to ease him down after getting without reach of the creature, he was always thoughtful enough to have among his traps a bottle or two of liniment and a box or two of pills. Ever since he was wounded in the Crimea, his leg at times would become quite stiff and painful. He had been advised, some years afterward, to try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and Ayer's Pills. He tried them, and always found in both sure relief. And ever after, he never went to sea without a bottle or two of the one and a box or two of the other.

The tribe among which, at length, Jack found himself, were called Arancanians. About one month after McKelvin had sojourned among these natives, he one day, while sitting in the hut of one of the upper ten, was watching the females as they were engaged at their various occupations. One of them brought out a dish partly filled with meal, slightly moistened, and a

small earthenware jug, both of which she sat down upon the ground. One of the girls approached, took a handful of meal, and made it into a ball, which she stuffed into her mouth, and with both cheeks distended, she returned to her work. Another followed, and another, until all—from the young children to the toothless old women—were busy munching and chewing, with their faces puffed out like balls, but still managing to keep up a ceaseless jabbering. In a few minutes the first returned, and, lifting up the jug, emptied into it the whole contents of her mouth. She took another mouthful of meal and went off chewing as before. The rest followed in due time, and so it went on until the meal was exhausted, and the jug was full.

Jack, being puzzled to comprehend such singular proceedings, approached one of the women, and pointing to the jug, inquired :

“Chom tua?” (What is that?)

“Mudai,” she answered.

“What! Mudai?”

“Yes,” she answered ; and, laughing at his surprise, added, “Cumi! Cumi!” (Good! Good!)

Mudai is made by the natives in the following manner: A bushel or more of wheat is boiled over a slow fire for several hours, at the end of which time the decoction is strained off and set aside to cool. To this a jug full of masticated grain is added, in order to produce a rapid fermentation. When this liquor was ready for use, Jack had his eye and his heart set upon it. His season of late had been a dry one, and he felt

keenly for a sprinkling. He was desperately thirsty, and the very thought of some moisture fairly parched his tongue. To use his own expression, he felt all over as though he could drain a stream. Jack, on being invited to partake, went for the mudai like a steed to the charge, and finally fell headlong into the breach.

He and old Skuktadi, (the chief), at whose hut Jack was at the time sojourning, drank the major part of the brewing. They got badly drunk. The natives felt alarmed. Jack and Skuktadi rolled over and over on the floor of the hut, kissed and hugged each other, and were two of the jolliest companions ever seen by the tribe. One of the women suggested that the mudai be hid in the bush, but on consulting with the household in general, it was decided not to do so, as the chief would be very angry.

Jack and the old chief, heedless of results, kept at the mudai; the stock on hand still consisted of about two gallons. Two days later the last drop of the liquor had passed into the life of the Scotchman and that of the savage. Then came the crisis. The next morning Jack and the savage, feeling very badly, wandered about the woods and by-places, seeking relief—they knew not how or where. Mudai they craved, but mudai they found not; there was not a drop to be found in the locality. It was a dry time among the natives, and the oldest inhabitants said they could not remember a time when some mudai was not to be had in the neighbourhood. It was a season of accidental prohibition, and terrible suffering for Jack and the chief. The night came, and with it the sufferings of the two.

wretched men increased; it was to them a burning thirsty desert; they could not sleep, but ran, howled, swore and tore about the hut all night.

Early in the morning both sots went out and tried to rest in the shade of some trees, near a rippling brook. They drank from the stream, but not a drop of the pure fresh water touched the thirsty, burning, crying spots in the old savage's or Jack's stomach. Then they lay down side by side and fell into a drunkard's sleep; their nerves kept twitching, and now and again either man would give a jump and catch for breath. An hour later the natives in the vicinity were startled by a terrible noise,—hooting, yelling, and frantic shrieks succeeded each other in quick succession. The natives rushed to the spot whence came the unearthly sounds, and, to their surprise and horror, they found old Skuktadi and Jack bareheaded, and running from tree to tree, howling and tossing their arms in great excitement. The native men got hold of Jack, and the women secured old Skuktadi. After their capture they appeared to cool a little, but still they were very boisterous.

After they had got to the hut, Jack stretched himself on the floor, and the old savage tried to explain what had been the matter. He said, while lying asleep they saw the branches of all the trees about them filled with snakes, hanging by their twisted tails to the limbs, with their heads downward and their ten thousand tongues of forked fire spitting sparks, till the whole woods seemed in a blaze. They were so terrified that they jumped up suddenly and thought they were in

the infernal region. All of a sudden the blaze went away, and in place of the serpents ten thousand monkeys appeared to be swinging, jumping, grinning; and their eyes looked like small balls of fire. They were running from tree to tree to drive these monkeys away, when, all of a sudden, the monkeys seemed to skip into the clouds, and thousands of snakes appeared to be forcing their way into the ground all about them.

Next day there was great lamentation and wailing in Skuktadi's hut; the old fellow became fearfully delirious, and it took Jack and several stalwart natives to hold him. Sometimes he would remain for ten minutes as though dead; then a universal wail arose. The dangerous condition of the old savage chief soon became noised through the tribe, and hundreds began to collect about the royal mansion, which might have been improved by an annual State outlay. The tribe would, doubtless, have performed their work honestly, as it would have taken two or more decades to have made any partizan or scientific thieves in that locality.

Jack McKelvin began to realize that if Skuktadi died, he would be a marked man, and held responsible for his death. He used every means to relieve the old fellow, but they all failed. The old man grew worse and weaker, till all that could be seen was an occasional flicker of life.

The women began to look threateningly at Jack, and the men passed him with a savage look and growl. He thought of his liniment and pills, and, as a last resource to try and save the life of the dying chief

he would administer a dose, if the natives would allow him to do so.

The old chief was virtually dead; his feet and hands were cold, his eyes sunken and closed, his forehead was cooling, and his features lengthening; his pulse was not to be found, and his breath seemed gone. All thought him dead, except Jack, who looked up at Skuktadi's eldest daughter and said:

"Not quite over; one foot is still in time, if the other is in eternity."

He had his pills and liniment with him. The daughter gave him permission to treat her father.

At this moment Jack took the bottle from his shirt bosom, and then pulled out the pill box. He swung them three times over his head, holding them in his right hand, and solemnly saying, as he bowed to each word, "Ngi, yà, tumela, kuwe, mfundi, si wami, otandekago, kakulu, kimi, nakubo, bonki, abazalwane, ngi, ti mina, ngi, yà." He opened the stiffened jaws of the old chief, put four Ayer's Pills in his mouth, then gave him about a table-spoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and warm water. He then raised the old savage's head and shook him violently, saying as he did so, "Ngi, yà, tumela, kuwe, mfundi, si wami, otandekago, kukulu, kimi, nakubo, bonki, abazalwane, ngi, ti, mina, ngi, yà."

Every time Jack administered a dose of the liniment or gave his patient a pill, or rubbed his wrists and forehead with the liniment, he repeated the above mysterious words, in the most clerical manner, and with a really reverend voice.

The assembled savages looked as serious as penitents at a revival service.

One hour after Jack had administered the first dose, old Skuktadi began to show signs of animation. Two hours later he was drawn together with a lead feeling below his waist. Jack rubbed him and re-rubbed him. At last the old savage was considerably relieved, and sat up in a very weakened condition. His experience had been a terrible one,—six pills, four doses of liniment, and various rubbings, had left their effect upon him. He had choked, moaned, groaned, rolled over and over and grabbed at his stomach, pressed it with his hands, as he bent forward on several trying occasions, seeking to gain relief. Ten hours later the old chief was up and about, and quite as limber and light as a ship in ballast. Every hour after this he continued to gain strength, and Jack grew in favour with the men and women, some of whom had come many miles to see their dying chief.

Two days later it was noised abroad that Chief Skuktadi was as well as ever. The wife of one of the sub-chiefs living some miles distant, arrived at Skuktadi's hut with her eldest son, a lad some fourteen years old, and requested Jack to tattoo the bottle and box from which he had taken the life-giving medicines on the breast of her boy. She had brought the dyes with her (red and blue). Jack considered for a few minutes, then went to work; but, before commencing, he made the woman and boy kneel down, and with his right hand on the woman's head and left on the boy's, as they (the mother and son) faced toward the setting sun, Jack, in

truly solemn manner, as he looked toward the sky, said: "Umkiwinki, lootooto, katawelo, umvolosi, myrtea, alahaha, kitangi, koodoo, umgaza, yà."

About four hours later the little boy was viewed by a hundred savages, as he stood with bared breast before them, with the bottle in blue, and the letters in red (Johnson's Liniment) on his breast, resting upon a box in red, with the letters in blue (Ayer's Pills). The tattooed bottle and box were two sizes larger than the real ones. The woman, when all was completed, offered Jack McKelvin a handful of trinkets in exchange for the bottle and box, but Jack politely shook his head, and raising his hand toward the sun, said, "Ngi, yà! Ngi, yà!" as he carefully put the box and bottle inside his shirt front.

After this, Jack's time was largely taken up in tattooing bottles and boxes—Johnson and Ayer. He was at this time the most noted character among all the people. Old Skuktadi's eldest daughter was showing strong symptoms of love toward him, and there seemed to be a current in which Jack was setting toward the swarthy beauty; but in his sober times he had great control over his feelings.

One morning, after he had been among the Arancians about six months, he was leaning against the trunk of a large tree, meditating upon his past career and wishing for brandy or mutadi, and also to get away, as life among the savages was becoming very monotonous; he heard footsteps approaching. Very soon he saw the form of Metupo Skuktadi coming out of the woods. She leaned her shoulder against a tree

opposite to the one against which Jack stood, and about twelve feet distant; her long, coarse black hair hung well down her back and lay upon each shoulder; her hands rested in front of her with one laid over the other against her dress, with the backs turned outward; her head bent slightly forward, and her eyes rested on the ground near the toes of Jack's shoes; her body had a slight motion from right to left, and vice versa. She did not speak. After she had stood in this position for fully ten minutes, Jack said, in the native tongue:

"Miss Metupo, you came to me this morning like a fairy of the forest."

A sudden inspiration caused Jack to quickly step over and lean against the tree close beside the forest beauty. As Jack was about to lean against the tree, Metupo threw her arms around it, and said:

"Jakee, Jakee, nice it is to hug a tree."

Said Jack, "Vines wind themselves about trees."

"Well, Jakee; Jakee, I'll be tree and you be vine."

Whether Jack became a vine and Metupo a tree never will be known except to themselves, as nothing could induce Jack to continue the story beyond this point. However, next morning a fresh brewing of mutadi was in operation, and a fortnight later, Jack, in a half-drunken state, wandered away from the land of the Arancanians, and, after many adventures, reached a seaport, where he shipped on board a vessel for Calcutta, at which place he arrived in the latter part of October, 1875.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FLICKER IN THE GLOOM.

BEFORE McKelvin had arrived at Calcutta, old man Telparson had passed beyond the veil. He left his daughter twenty-five thousand dollars, with the provision that, should she again take up with McKelvin and live with him as his wife, the amount should revert to the estate.

On arriving at Calcutta, John McKelvin thought over his situation, and over his whole past career. He wrote to his wife, and in closing the letter, said he hoped that some day fortune would smile upon him and enable him to return a changed man. "I have been this morning," he continued, "seriously thinking of trying to reform my ways of life; but habits of years are like chains. My habits destroy liberty and impede progress. I have been trusting too much to luck, or fortune, as some people call it. I often live under a cloud; and at this time I am living under one. But something seems to be sustaining me to-day; an impression has taken possession of my mind—why, I

cannot say—that my dear mother, now at rest, is about me. I have the same feeling that I used to have when, a little fellow at home, my mother used to train me to repeat a passage of Scripture to the minister when he came the rounds. The conviction has so set upon me that her spirit is about me, trying to guide me, I cannot get clear of it. I feel that, if I am under a cloud, it is well that I should be so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch my heart. The advice of a good woman has always had more effect upon me than that of any man, and had I followed such advice, my lot would have been far different. If the stars have sexes, I must have been born under a female one. In wandering over the world, even among the South American savages, woman has ever been friendly to me, and the actions of these women have ever been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry or hungry, I drank the drink or ate the coarse meal with a double relish. I have not decided what to do, whether to return in the ship or remain here.”

Jean had a secret joy in hearing from her husband, and expressed her gratification to her mother. She said she would not have married John as she did, if her father, by his strenuous and unreasonable opposition, had not driven her to do so. She would continue to love him; and if he ever returned, which she hoped he would, she would willingly forfeit the twenty-five thousand dollars in preference to losing the companionship of him whom she so dearly loved.

She continued to live with her mother, anxiously waiting for the return of her husband. He did

not return to America in the ship; yet she remained true to him with whom, in a moment of distracting love, she had staked her all in life. Such a woman should have the sympathy, pity and respect of an enlightened age.

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CHAPTER IX.

AT THE RUSSIAN OUTPOST.

JOSIE GURKIFF and her husband continued to reside at Odessa. The business of the firm Gurkiff & Keprandi grew in magnitude. In the year 1875 a second child was born to the Gurkiffs, their eldest at that time being seven years of age.

Alexander Gurkiff, though rapidly increasing in wealth, felt the pressure of business on his frame. His health in 1874 began sensibly to decline. He and his wife spent the winter of 1875-6 in France, principally in the South.

After returning to Odessa late in the spring of 1876, his health again gave way. His physicians thought a continued time in the open air would recruit him, and favoured an overland trip to India. Alexander consulted his wife respecting the proposed journey. She agreed to accompany him, though she knew the journey would be a long and tedious one, and perhaps beset with many difficulties. Her husband set to work arranging his business matters.

In the spring of 1877, all being in readiness for the start, they sent their eldest child to France, where she was to remain with Josie's brother, and at the same time pursue her studies until her parents returned.

In the month of June they set out on their long tour, accompanied by a nurse and their little girl. Josie attended exclusively to the packing of everything necessary for the journey. They carried with them but three large trunks, and into one of these Josie put the Crimean spurs and pistol,—the ones she had taken from the drawer in the table upon which stood the vase of withered flowers in the deserted house at Sebastopol, where she also found the picture of Borodino. She remarked :

“ We may, some time, be required to ride on horse-back ; at any rate, I will put these articles in, they will not occupy much space, and may prove useful before our journey is completed.”

The trip overland, they were well aware, would be a long and tedious one, and also at times dreary enough : but they were quite willing to face any obstacles, if health and strength could be gained.

Josie Gurkiff had not been real well for a few months, but she was in fair health, and naturally looked at the bright side of things, while her husband, when affairs went a little wrong, became somewhat dejected in spirit.

The party proceeded as far by water as their yacht could take them. The passage over the Black Sea appeared to improve their health and spirits.

It would probably be uninteresting to follow from

post to post the progress of the travellers after they had left their yacht. They rested at every military station, and also at other stations on their way, and halted in some instances for many days' rest. Very many lonely hours were spent, especially when driving through miles of unsettled and barren country.

After months of weary pilgrimage, the party at length arrived at the most advanced outpost of the Russian soldiers, where they were compelled to rest for months. Trouble was brewing between England and Afghanistan.

The Anglo-Indian Government had for some time been well aware that Shere Ali, who occupied the throne of Afghanistan, had become hostile to England. It had been daily informed of Russia's increasing prestige with the Afghan monarch. The English wanted a British resident at the Court of Cabul. The Ameer refused his permission. But he had lately admitted Russian envoys at his court, and there seemed plenty of evidence of a desire on the part of Russia to have the Ameer not only for a friend, but for an ally; for the Czar had been constantly pushing out his military posts toward the Indian frontier, and the famous Russian General, Kauffman, was already in the neighbourhood.

The British Government, in the face of these facts, thought it time to act. It sent an armed mission and envoy to Cabul with orders that the Ameer could not mistake. Previous to the arrival of the mission at Gumrood, Major Cavagnari, one of its leading members, had ridden forward to Ali Musjid, a station in

Afghan territory, with an escort of Khyberees, in order to ask for a safe passage from the Ameer's officer. He was met at once by a decided and unhesitating refusal, accompanied with threats of resistance, and by a display of armed forces on the surrounding heights.

The general approach of the Russians toward the Indian frontier had long been a source of anxiety to the British Government. At the beginning of the last century their advanced posts were 2,500 miles distant from those of the English. Toward the close of the century the distance was lessened to 2,000 miles, and early in the present century was further reduced to 1,000.

At the time of the Crimean war, when Gurkiff was captured by the Zouaves, the Russians had crept up to within 400 miles of the Indian frontier.

It is, therefore, easy to understand, that in the autumn of 1878, the advent of a Russian mission at Cabul should have been regarded with suspicion by Britain, and that Lord Lytton, at that time Governor-General of India, should have sought to neutralise its influence by endeavouring to open negotiations with the Ameer. Whether Shere Ali's refusal to admit the English envoy to his dominions was the result of Russian intrigue, may never be fully known.

The result of the Ameer's decision not to admit the mission, brought the two countries to war; hence, at the time of the Gurkiffs arrival at the Russian advanced military post, war was imminent, and they were advised by their Russian friends to remain at or near the advanced posts of the Czar's troops, as there would be

great risk in crossing the Afghan country at that time.

While the Gurkiffs were resting on the Russian frontier, their nurse, a handsome girl of eighteen summers, was fallen in love with by a young Russian who occupied a position in the Commissariat of the Russian army.

Everything possible was done by the Gurkiffs and by those who exercised authority over the young Russian to keep the young lovers apart. In this they succeeded for a while; but it was like damming a stream, only to flow with greater force when an outlet was found.

Love runs as deeply in the desert, as it does in the city. The pair met and eloped.

The nurse was a kind of half-breed, her father being an English sailor, and her mother a native of Odessa. Josie Gurkiff said of her nurse, that she was a prize for any man; she was a natural-born housekeeper, and had a strong and lovable character. Though uneducated, she was a gem of a girl, in full possession of all the virtues of her childhood. It being impossible to replace the nurse, Josie Gurkiff took upon herself the entire care of her child.

The overland journey had considerably improved the health of the Gurkiffs, and they were quite cheered on account of restored spirits. They were obliged to remain several months on the frontier; but Alexander received a letter from his partner, telling of a heavy loss by the firm in a large speculation. He decided, in the face of all obstacles, to attempt to cross over to

the Indian frontier, and from there start at once for Odessa.

The attempt required great courage. They left the banks of the Oxus. The Russian Commander procured a pass for the party. After pushing through Khiva, they arrived at Herat, meeting, so far, with no difficulties worth mentioning. Alexander grew dejected, and this was sensibly injuring his health. His wife did all in her power to brace him up; but business trouble, causing sleepless nights and daily worry, which he seemed unable to shake off, were telling fast upon his mind as well as body. Josie hoped from Herat to make a bold and speedy push on to the Queen's dominions, and after a short rest, they pushed on toward Cabul.

CHAPTER X.

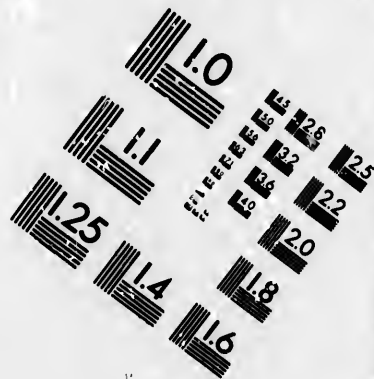
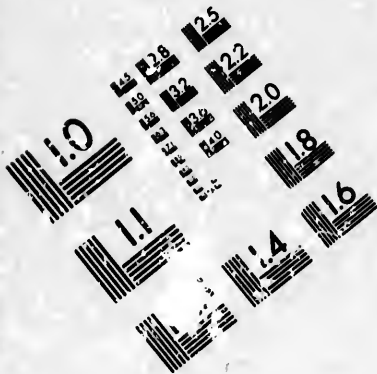
A RACE ACROSS THE LINES.

WHEN Alexander Gurkiff and his wife arrived at Herat, they found Ayoob Khan making preparations to assert, by force of arms, his own claims to the Ameership. They took the opportunity of viewing the forming camp outside the walls of the city, after which they started on their journey toward Cabul. They carried with them a pass, secured for them by the Commander of the Russian troops stationed near the northern frontier of Afghanistan.

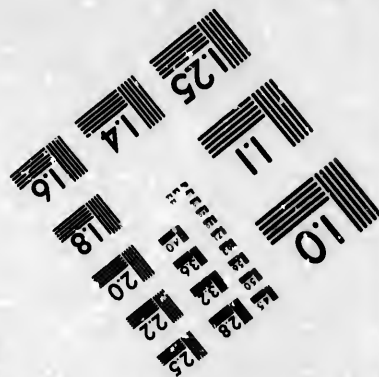
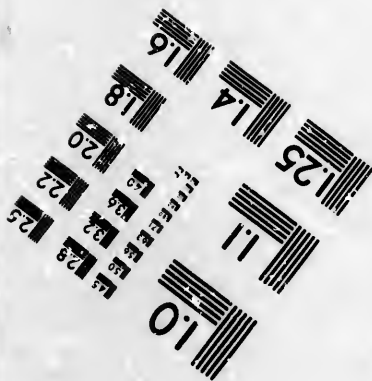
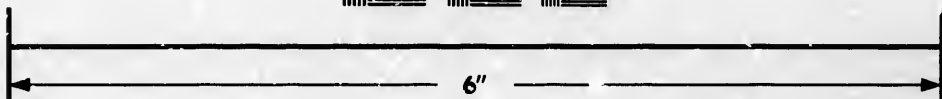
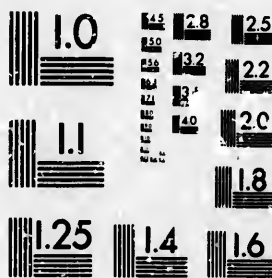
From Cabul, where they left their luggage and team, they proceeded on horseback toward the Indian frontier. It was with great difficulty that they secured fresh horses at Cabul. Their plan was to overtake the rear of General Roberts' advancing army, and hang on to it until they reached the Empress of India's possessions. They had been delayed at Cabul for some weeks, owing to a severe illness with which Alexander had been attacked.

When they had got fairly on the road leading





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toward Kandahar, they found to their dismay that Ayoob Khan was already in advance of them, and had engaged and defeated the British General, Burrows. They were assured that Roberts' army was on the march, but it was impossible for them to get positive information of its whereabouts. For some reason or other they altered their line of march, and struck off toward Quetta. When they had arrived at the latter place, they found out that they had in part been retracing their steps, rather than advancing. At Quetta they rested a few days, and then resumed their journey, heading as straight for Kandahar as possible.

Their horses became tired, principally for the want of proper food and care. They decided to head for Ghanzi, and arriving there, they rested for a few days. When they left this post, they were soon made aware that they were in the rear of the British army. They determined to press forward at all hazards, and press they did; but delays here and there made their advance slow. The energy they exhibited in order to reach the rear of General Roberts' army seemed almost superhuman. The pace told greatly upon their horses and themselves. A sudden calamity befel them; Alexander's horse dropped dead from sheer fatigue. They were now obliged to take turns in riding the remaining animal, either parent carrying the child on horseback. Not many hours later their only remaining horse dropped, and was left dying in the roadway. Their situation was deplorable in the extreme. They found it utterly impossible to procure a horse or conveyance of any kind. Weary, worn, sad and footsore, they trudged

along as best they could. Their little four-year-old child, the most cheery and lively of the trio, was hourly becoming more burdensome, and Alexander was fast succumbing to the climate and heavy tramp. The wife and mother was only kept up by her indomitable pluck and energy.

First to fall by the way was the husband and father. He dropped, finishing the journey of life about eight miles from Kandahar. He breathed out his life on a small mound quite near the roadside, and about sixty feet from where he had fallen. His last words, accompanied by a sigh, were—"Get me within the British lines, but hold fast to my dear child." She kissed his sunburnt cheek, watched on the mound beside his still form for two hours, then, with her little child, resumed the march toward Kandahar.

The next morning she came up with the rear guard of Ayoub Khan's forces, and was greatly distressed and disappointed to find she had missed the British. Together with her child, she entered the village of Mazra, and on a piece of sloping ground leading from a cottage, they sat down to rest. She was at a loss how to proceed. She knew not what to do or whither to flee. She wished to die. Her child was completely exhausted.

After resting undisturbed for two hours, flickering hope returned. She rose, taking her child in her arms, and staggering and plunging along like an ocean tramp in a storm, she entered a village filled with Afghan troops moving to action.

Soon after this she heard the report of artillery,

and then shells began to fly into the village. She feared a fight had commenced. She crawled into a deserted house. In one of the rooms a table was set, and upon it was a substantial meal. She and her little one ate the food prepared for others. They were very hungry, for no food had entered their lips for two days. When they had eaten and rested for a short time in the lonely house, she took her child and went out. The battle seemed to be at its height.

After she had walked a hundred yards or so, she retraced her steps, and once more entered the vacant house.

Shot was ploughing the ground, and shells were whizzing by and bursting all about the house. A riderless steed galloped by the door in which she was sitting. She put her hand into her small black silk bag that hung at her side, and pulled out the Crimean spurs and pistol. She adjusted the spurs to the heels of her well-worn boots. The pistol was loaded in its two barrels. She put the pistol back into the bag, took her child in her arms and left the house.

As she proceeded up the roadway, she saw Afghan soldiers running hither and thither in great confusion. They seemed indifferent to her approach. She feared the Afghans were beginning to retreat, and in the rush she and her child might be overborne and killed. While stopping a moment to consider what was best for her to do, she saw a horse coming down the way at full speed; its rider had fallen, and was being dragged along at a terrific pace. She placed her child at her side, and holding it by one hand, she stepped out to try

and check the steed. With her other hand she waved her white handkerchief over her head.

As the horse approached, he bolted and jumped over a wall into a kind of enclosure or garden. She followed the beast as quickly as she could, leaving her child without the wall. With difficulty she caught the bridle of the prancing, trembling steed, as he jumped from side to side against the wall. The fallen rider was a young Afghan officer. He was dead; his left arm and shoulder had been shot away, and his head and face presented a terrible appearance from being bruised and beaten as he was dragged along the ground.

After she had succeeded in clearing the horse of his load of death, she drew up the stirrups; then she led him out into the road. The sun was high in the heavens, and shining brightly and powerfully; now and again a shell would burst in the air or on the ground in front, in rear, or on either flank; with all her strength she could scarcely keep the restless steed from bolting from her grasp. With great difficulty she led him back to the vacant house, where she completely wrapped her child in her skirt, which she had taken off, and wound the bundle round and round with a strong black silken cord she had seen in the room on her first visit; she put the bundle on the horse's shoulders, close against the saddle; holding to the bridle and bundle with both hands, she at last, after many unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in mounting the fiery steed.

Sprang from the ground the winds to part,
And ride the fighting lines athwart.

She sat on the saddle like a true warrior, her short inside skirt just covering her knees. She drove the bright spurs into the horse's flanks; he jumped to the side of the road and went off at a bound. Again and again she pressed the spurs to his sides. In a few moments she was passing through the broken ranks of some retreating Afghans, while holding to the bundle with one hand, and tightly grasping the bridle with the other. She knew the horse was running away. The retreating soldiers gave him as wide a berth as possible. As the animal struck the crest of a hill, and was going over it like a huge bird, its rider caught a glimpse of the front of the Afghans retreating up the slope in good order. She also saw the scarlet uniforms of the advancing Britons. As she passed like the wind through the front lines of the Afghans, many bullets went whizzing by her head and body; one of these struck the racing steed in the neck, and spots from the crimson stream sprinkled the garments of the rider.

On, on, she flew, and the charger, running close by an officer of Ayooob's army who was rushing along on horseback, the Afghan lifted his sword and made a desperate stroke at her neck; quick as a flash, she threw her head forward and downward, pressing the weight of her body firmly on the bundle, and glancing to her left, she pointed the pistol with her right hand over the horse's neck and fired; the officer reeled in his saddle, threw up his arms, and fell from his horse.

Her hair had broken loose as she dodged her head from the sabre, the point of which touched the living threads; all at once they shot out in heavy black folds,

and waved in the wind, shining like a raven's wing beneath the noonday sun. She appeared as a fleeing spirit, leapt aloft, flapping his dusky wing, as the dark charger was carrying her full upon the British line.

No bold rider of the plain ever looked more resolute than Josie Gurkiff, as two of the 92nd Highlanders stepped to the rear and let the racing charger through the scarlet line.

The sunlight danced upon her ebon hair,
And longed to rest, yet could but sparkle there ;
Her cheeks were deathly pale, her lips compressed,
As through the bleeding ranks she quickly pressed.

She flew by as an arrow from a bow ; the men fell in again and closed the gap. Passing through the line, she drew a white handkerchief from her waist, and fastened one of its corners firmly between her teeth. This signal, as a flag of truce, flapping in the breeze close beside her sparkling black locks, gave her the appearance of a plumed warrior riding on the border lands of life and death.

The blood in crimson streams was flowing from the horse's neck and nostrils. He was running unsteadily ; his limbs seemed to shake and his sides flap and quiver. His rider grasped the bridle with her other hand, as she pillowed her breast upon her child. The horse reeled ; the bundle fell. She steadied the beast by a strong and sudden pull upon the bits. The weakening charger was covering the ground won by the 92nd. On, on, he ran, trembling in every nerve and sweating at every pore.

A half-mile separated the horse and its rider from

the Gaelic Rocks. The charger reeled, stumbled, fell; wounded and exhausted he lay dying on the victor's field, along with the noble slain, after he had carried his brave rider triumphantly through the lines of the defeated and victorious. Unconscious beside the dead charger lay its rider, her right arm around its neck, and her pale cheek close beside its head.

The end came, and to the earth they fell, side by side,
Thus closed the daring, dashing, dangerous ride.

There lay the dark horse and his rider,
The one ne'er to race o'er a plain,
The other, no friend near to guide her,
Nor help, from the field of the slain.

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CHAPTER XI.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

ON the field that day was that gallant body of men, H. M's P. W. O. Goorkhas ; with them was the brave and good Major Beecher, who, with his wing of little Goorkhas, fought their way side by side with Major White and his sturdy Highlanders.

After victory around Pier Paimal, and when some of the troops were returning over the ground they had won, they saw in the bright moonlight a bundle lying on the ground. It was found near the place where the Highland lads stepped aside to let the dark horse through.

When the men had untied and unwound the cord, they found, neatly wrapped in a dark skirt, a pretty little child three or four years old. The child opened its eyes, looked up, and began to cry lustily. Major Beecher, on coming up, made the child over to a Highland soldier. As the soldier took it in his arms, it became terribly excited, and called out in a language little understood by the soldiers, but they felt, from its

piteous tone, that it was calling for its mother. The scene touched deeply the heart of every man who stood around the rescued child. The man in whose arms it had been placed nursed the delicate little thing, and tried to soothe her terrors all in Gaelic.

After marching about half a mile further over the field, the Scotchmen came upon the dead charger and its rider lying side by side. They saw the form of a woman with the right arm around the neck of the horse, and in the right hand a pistol was lying with the barrels on the ground; the pale cheek of the rider was resting close against the charger's jaw. A short, dark skirt reached to the top of the woman's stockings. The spurs on the boots shone brightly in the moonlight. A Highlander removed the arm from the animal's neck, and in lifting the woman's head from the ground, her long black hair was found to be covered and matted with blood. A large wound, almost from the centre of her neck to her right ear, began to bleed afresh as she was moved. She breathed most faintly. The shock from the fall, and loss of blood from the wound, had all but released the spirit from its earthly tenement.

The Highland lads found that they had just arrived in time to save the woman's life; a little later and the vital spark must have flown. A lad who had gone for some water arrived. Major Beecher at this moment was passing along on horseback. He stopped to see what was going on among the men. He dismounted and bathed with his own hand the woman's neck and forehead. The wounded rider soon began to

revive. The Major tried to make her speak, but all his efforts were in vain. One of the Highland lads took off his coat, folded it into a pillow, and put her head upon it. As she lay on her back, with the light of the moon streaming full upon her face, Major Beecher turned to one of the men, and said :

“How beautiful ; yet how sad. It is really a picture of the shadow of death.”

She began to breathe more strongly ; then the Highlanders cheered, for the man with the child came up and said :

“I have her child. That is the bold rider who, in the full noonday sun, shot through our ranks as an eagle across a mountain peak !”

The lads cheered and cheered again ; then, to their joy and satisfaction, the fallen rider opened her eyes and wildly looked about, and then closed them again. All at once the little child turned itself in the arms of the stalwart soldier, and looking on its mother’s face, cried in an unknown tongue. The men stood silent, each one appearing to feel as though he stood beside a dying mother. The little girl almost squirmed out of the soldier’s arms, and reached out its tiny hands toward its mother, when the Highlander stooped down, and placing the child within a few inches of its parent, while still holding it in his hands, it put its small arms about its mother’s cheeks and kissed her pale lips, and cried as though its little heart would break.

The Major could stand the scene no longer, his trembling voice ordered the men to get a litter and convey the wounded lady to the rear ; he then mounted

his horse and galloped off. As the Major left, one man looked toward the other, all seeming riveted to the ground on which they stood. These men, flushed with victory, and fresh from the field of death and blood,—able to endure all trials and hardships, and resolutely face death for their Queen and country, were so deeply touched that scores of tears rolled down their sunburnt cheeks and baptized the ground around the prostrate form of the fallen heroine. The eyes of the mother again opened. Slowly and surely she was recovering, yet she was still too weak to move a limb—too weak to speak. She was lifted to a sitting position by two lads of the heather, who supported her weakened frame. She was placed upon a litter and conveyed to a tent in the rear. A surgeon, sent by Major Beecher, met them on the way thither, and returned with them. He ordered a watch to guard the tent, and through the silent watches of the night—after he had examined his patient and dressed her wounds—he sat, till the morning light played around the little canvas home.

Toward morning the wounded rider became conscious, and conversed with the surgeon, who told her that her condition had been critical, principally through loss of blood; but in a few days, with quiet and care, she would be herself again.

The Highlander who had charge of the child on the field, made it a bed in his lap, where it quietly rested during the night. In the morning he was relieved by a comrade.

Little Joie cried often for the man who had carried

her over the battlefield, and in whose arms she had slept all night.

At noon the surgeon called in to see how the lady was doing. He found her in a fair state of recovery, but told her to remain quietly inside, at least until the following day. As the surgeon was leaving the camp, little Joie caught hold of his hand and tried to make him understand what she wanted; failing to do this, she led him over to where her mother lay, and got her mother to explain. The mother told the surgeon her little girl's wish: it was to see the Highland soldier who had carried her over the field, and who had cared for and watched over her during the night. The good man replied:

"My dear little Joie, I will see that your soldier is sent to you as soon as I can; no doubt he is resting this morning." Turning to the mother, he said, "Madame, I will speak to the Major, to have the man she has so taken to sent to your tent this afternoon."

He said good-morning to his patient, took his hat and left. At four o'clock p. m. the Highlander stepped inside the tent. The little girl knew him at a glance; she ran to his side, took hold of his hand. She spoke in French, looking up into the man's face:

"You are the dear man who picked little Joie up and took her to mamma!"

The Highlander understood about as much, what the little girl was saying, as little Joie did the evening before when he was trying to comfort her by talking to her in Gaelic.

Josie Gurkiff quickly and quietly went off into an

apparent deep sleep. For an hour or more her rest was that grand rest which refreshes and strengthens. She breathed regularly and deeply; returning strength was coming to her by leaps and bounds. The soldier took Joie in his arms, went outside, and sat in the shadow of the tent. He had not been there many minutes, when he thought he heard some one talking inside. He went in. It was the wounded rider talking in her sleep; he listened, presently his ear caught the following words,—“Alexander, dear, you have come to see me. I knew you would come back; and John McKeivin, the Crimean drummer lad, was here this morning. Won't you ask him to sail down the harbour in the yacht with us this afternoon?”

The surgeon came in just as she commenced speaking, and translated to the soldier what she was saying, for she spoke in French. The surgeon remained beside her for an hour. She moved, to rest on her side, and as she did so, opened her eyes, looked up at the doctor, and said:

“Oh! I thought I saw my dear husband and John McKelvin.”

The surgeon, who knew the soldier's name, replied:

“Madame, the man who holds your little girl is called Jack McKelvin by his companions-in-arms.”

The wounded woman looked at the man as he held her child near where she was lying, and after a few moments silence, said:

“My dear man, were you ever on any other battle-field but this?”

“Yes, Madame, I have been,” he replied.

"Were you ever a drummer lad in the Crimea?" she asked.

"You are right, Madame; I was," said the soldier.

"How long, then, is it since John McKelvin left the sea and re-joined the British army?" she asked.

The Highlander was so surprised at such a question, that for a few seconds he hesitated in his reply. At last he said:

"I ask your pardon, Madame, for hesitating to reply to your question; but when you asked me such a question, I hardly knew whether I was on land or sea, or where. But I have been in the 92nd about three years."

She then said, "Did you follow the sea from the time you left Odessa till you joined the British army?"

"The soldier looked so surprised at this question, that the surgeon said:

"John, my lad, she is cornering you nicely."

The Highlander smiled, and replied, "Madame, I am beginning to think that you were a spirit riding through the lines yesterday."

"Oh, no!" she answered. "I was no more of a spirit then than I am now, nor was when I saw you looking earnestly at a painting of Borodino, in the port of Odessa, some years ago. You were then second officer of a vessel consigned to Gurkiff & Keprandi."

The Scotchman looked bewildered, and the surgeon enjoyed the conversation. He listened with increasing interest. The Highlander seemed restless. He commenced to pace from side to side of the tent, occasionally kissing little Joie, as her little fingers caught at his

mustache. The wounded lady, seeing his difficulty, said :

“My dear man, as my child and myself were conveyed last night in the moonlight from a victorious battle-field, so were you and I, many years ago, conveyed by the light of the same moon, as it threw its brightness over the blood-stained fields in the Crimea, to a captured city. You were then Jack McKelvin, the drummer-boy, and I, Josie Metman, the vivandiere.”

The soldier did not reply ; he looked upon the ground, then at the surgeon, then at the lady. Had he been in the presence of a real spirit, he could not have felt more strangely unnerved. His head appeared to be a vacuum, and his tongue seemed to lose its power of speech.

The surgeon said, “Jack, be a true soldier ! Stand to your guns !” This appeared to move him. He advanced a step toward the camp bed, and said :

“Madame, are you lady Gurkiff, whom I saw at Odessa in 1872 in your husband’s office ?”

“I am the woman ; step here and give me your hand, and I offer to you and your gallant comrades my heart-felt thanks for your great kindness to me and mine last evening.”

Just as she released John McKelvin’s hand (for the Highland soldier was no other than Jack McKelvin, the drummer-boy and sailor lad), a Highland officer entered the little field hospital. Jack turned, saluted his officer, politely bowed to Mrs. Gurkiff, and left the tent, carrying Joie in his arms.

CHAPTER XII.

PRAISES THE GALLANT 92ND.

AFTER Private Jack McKelvin had gone out, the 92nd Highland officer said :

“Madame, we are all deeply sorry to know of your misfortune, and I am greatly pleased to hear from the surgeon that you are rapidly recovering.”

She replied, “Yes, Captain, I feel much better, thanks to your good surgeon, and I am deeply indebted to the British officers and soldiers. Had it not been for some noble Highland lads I should have died on the field. These lads found my dear little girl wrapped in my skirt, as she was when she fell from my charger. I could no more hold in the horse at the time, than I could check the earth from revolving. Shortly after picking up the child they came upon me. I was in a dying state beside my dead charger,—the noble animal that carried me through the Afghan and British lines. I ran through a hail of bullets and escaped untouched; but when the steed had run his course, he fell dying through exhaustion and loss of

blood, and carried me to the earth with him, my head violently striking the ground. I caught the dying charger around the neck, which probably saved me from instant death."

The officer congratulated her upon her escape, and replied :

"Your own good horsemanship and undaunted courage, steady nerve, and cool bearing, were to you as guardian angels. As you struck through the enemy's lines and came rushing through ours, we thought you to be some ethereal being, dropped from a star."

The officer then asked her if she wished for anything ; that anything in the camp would be sent to her.

"Captain," she replied, "I have but one request to make. I have always admired the British army, and this is not the first time I have been on a field where the English troops have won a victory. My dear husband lies dead about eight miles from here, he dropped by my side as we were trying to get in advance of Ayoob Khan's forces, without knowing they had long been in advance of us. We wanted to strike the rear of the British army before it met the Afghan leader. I covered my husband's remains with my cloak, and laid his body at the foot of a small hill near the roadway. Would you, my dear sir, be kind enough to have his remains brought in and decently buried at Kandahar?"

The officer replied, "I will at once see Major Beecher and consult him about the matter ; but comfort yourself with the assurance, that if your husband's body can be found, it will be brought in."

Mrs. Gurkiff thanked the Captain, as he took his cap and was about to leave, and said :

"Before you leave the tent, Captain, may I ask you, when my husband's remains are sent for, if you would be so kind as to see that John McKelvin, of the 92nd Highlanders, is appointed one of the party that goes to procure it?"

The officer replied, "Madame, I shall see that Private Jack McKelvin goes with the party. Good-day." And then he left, the surgeon retiring at the same time.

As soon as the Captain and surgeon had left, John McKelvin came into the tent, little Joie walking beside him, and holding to his hand.

An hour later Jack McKelvin was on his way out, in search of Alexander Gurkiff's body. He had secured full information from Mrs. Gurkiff as to the spot where she had laid it. The searching party consisted of Jack and a Serjeant, of the 92nd, and a Private of the 2nd P. W. O. Goorkhas. The party, with but slight search, found the remains. They wrapped the body in a portion of an old canvas tent; this being wound around in many folds, made it possible for the men to carry it back with them to Kandahar. All that was mortal of Alexander Gurkiff was then buried at Kandahar, near the graves of some British heroes. The Major accompanied Josie Gurkiff to witness the last sad rites performed at her husband's grave.

Late that afternoon Major Beecher went, in company with an officer, to pay a visit to the widowed lady. She thanked the Major for his great kindness toward her. He replied :

"Madame, I always endeavour to do my duty as a man, as well as a soldier; and he who, seeing a lady situated as you are, would not do his utmost to assist her in her extreme difficulty, would neither deserve the name of a man nor that of a soldier. I deeply sympathize with you in your misfortune,—for a misfortune it is indeed,—and the sterling qualities you exhibit in your great affliction, only reveal to me the excellence of your character."

The two officers were about to depart, when Mrs. Gurkiff said:

"Major, allow me one minute more of your company. I have a last request to ask of you. You may not be able to grant it; yet I feel that I should ask it. It is this: If you can do anything in securing the release of John McKelvin from the regiment, will you do so?"

"I will remember your request, and do what I can to serve you," replied the Major, as he and the officer stepped across the tent to depart.

The day previous to Josie Gurkiff leaving the British forces for Calcutta, she asked Major Beecher if he would allow John McKelvin to accompany her to the spot where her husband slept. John was allowed to go. They went, and as they started to return, Mrs. Gurkiff placed her hand upon her breast and sighed deeply, then pulled her thin veil over her moistened eyes, and walked slowly down the hill, and over the field where men had faced each other in deadly conflict. At last she spoke. They were nearing the tent.

"John McKelvin," she said, "you will return, after having followed the Red Cross of England against her

enemy. Victory and glory crown again your regiment. With others whose glory equals yours, you will return to your native land, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home; but I will return thinking of one who, exhausted, discouraged, and faint in our march, fell at my side; and all—all that remains on earth of the one, once so near and always so dear to me, now lies there in the distance with Britain's noble dead."

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Next morning she took little Joie by the hand and walked without the camp. In the night it had rained, and in the early morn a slight mist hung about the tent. A little brook, in which the water trickled down the hillside, attracted her attention. She led her child to it, and in it they bathed their hands. While doing so, Major Beecher approached unseen. When she turned from the brook, she saw the kind face of the Major smiling upon her. She said, as he bowed:

"My dear sir, the sparkling waters of that little brook, as they toss and dance in the sunlight, seem to be decorated with gold and pearls, in honour of your victory, and to greet your approach."

At her words he appeared to forget the triumph of the British arms, and looked steadily and silently upon the rippling stream.

"Dear to me," said he, "is the home of my childhood; in manhood I have defended it. The men of

Britain and of India have won glories for themselves ; but if the waters dance and sport in honour of our victories, they are not able to wash from my memory the thought of the brave slain and the miseries and horrors of war."

"Oh! sir," she replied, "what I have found in Britain's soldiers while here in my misery, I have always found among them. Yes; years ago, in one of the most terrible conflicts of modern times, I proved them men in noble deeds. And, dear to me as is the home of my childhood, and the traditions and history of France, I would not, if I could, dim the glory won in that war by the British soldiers as they fought side by side with those of France. In that conflict the splendour of their achievements has never been surpassed by any race of men. The same race of men have now won fresh laurels for their brows and new victories for their banners, and through the calm, after the storm, the sun is marching majestically in the heavens, and streaming in golden showers, glory upon your camp."

Tears came to his eyes as he listened to the noble and exalted language as it fell from the lips of a woman whose heart was deeply stricken with grief. He could make no reply, but bowed in acknowledgment of the tribute paid to the noble dead and living, turned and walked toward his quarters, after which the widowed lady and her little girl went into the silent tent.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRUE HEROISM.

TWO OR THREE days after Josie Gurkiff, with her child, had stood by the little brook in rear of the tent, she left the field of Kandahar for Calcutta, taking her child with her.

While at the latter place, she received word that her proposition to buy John McKelvin out of the regiment would be favourably considered, if peace continued on the Indian frontier.

She employed an agent at Calcutta to transact her business there, and also engaged a beautiful young lady as a kind of companion and governess. She arranged with her agent to keep her instructed respecting the affairs of McKelvin. She said she intended to give him permanent employment,—probably command of her yacht at Odessa. She set apart sixty pounds toward paying the Highlander's expenses to the latter place, and directed her agent to inform her when McKelvin was about ready to sail.

The morning she left the vicinity of Kandahar for

Calcutta, Major Beecher saw her off, and from him she received full instructions for her journey. As she grasped his hand for the last time, she said to him :

“Major,” as she pointed to where the dead sleep, “every hill and valley near that resting-place is to me sacred ; my husband lies there among the noble band who sleep in deathless glory.”

“Yes,” replied the Major, “the cause for which those noble men suffered, and for which they gave their lives, I believe, was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than that of Queens, Empresses, Governors-General or Parliaments. The Omniscient God was over all ; guided by Him, we swept the would-be invader back. And by His wisdom, not grasped by mortal minds, your dear husband sleeps with the glorious and victorious dead who ennoble their regiments with their heroic blood. Through the inscrutable wisdom of God your purposes may have been crossed, and your kind, good husband taken, while you are left. It is for you now, (and I give the advice kindly), not for an hour or a day to sit down in deep despair, for surely that God, who has taken from you your all in all of earth, will inspire you with courage to face the world alone. May He bless you to the end ! Adieu.”

It may be of interest to the reader here to remark that Major—afterward Colonel—Beecher was a worthy son of a well-known Indian family. And when, in 1886, the cholera entered the barracks at Derha Dun, every possible effort was made to protect the men. Colonel Beecher had many hundreds of lives entrusted to his care. Nor was he an exception. He had only

one anxiety, and that was for the men. For weeks he was unable to take sufficient food, or even sleep: he became worn and exhausted by the continual strain. His brother officers became anxious. They urged that the epidemic was ceasing, and that he should seek at least temporary respite at Mussoorie. But their endeavours were too long in vain. At last he rode up hill reluctantly, cheery and uncomplaining, it is said, and with a look in which coming disaster might easily be read: in fact, he was saturated with cholera.

Only forty-eight hours after his arrival at Mussoorie came the seizure; and thirty-one hours later he was no more. Warm-hearted and unselfish,—a gentleman in every act, a staunch friend and a generous antagonist,—he died in the prime of life, and as truly in the execution of a soldier's duty as if he had fallen in earning the Victoria Cross.

Josie Gurkiff found in Major Beecher a friend when in need, and in him she found a friend in deed. The world, in each of its great departments of religion, of politics, of commerce, and of society, requires more men of such a stamp. Men like Colonel Beecher possess patriotic and loving spirits, which stir the blood of the reader, as well as that of their comrades-in-arms, to noble actions. The lives of such men are infused with those vital qualities of goodness that deeply touch the hearts of others, because there is a sincere feeling behind all their words and acts.

In describing to the agent at Calcutta the many acts of kindness shown to her, Josie Gurkiff said, "I want you to think of me as almost ragged, half-starved

and heavy-hearted, weak by want and wounds, having escaped as a stricken deer with its young to the bosom of its friends. My wounds were bound up and my saddened spirit cheered, till my sufferings almost seemed pleasant. The chief of friends I found in Major Beecher. May England and India always possess in their armies many more such as he."

Josie Gurkiff, with her daughter and maid, left Calcutta, after a few weeks' stay there, for her home in Odessa. Her maid's name was Annie E. Clephane. Her father was a Scotchman, who had married a beautiful girl in the Island of Guernsey, and a few years afterward settled in India, having gone there to represent some English capitalists. Both her parents had died in India. Annie had been well educated, partly in Scotland and partly in India. She was earning her own living in Calcutta, being a governess in an English family, when she engaged with Mrs. Gurkiff. She was but twenty years of age—quite handsome in form and feature. In her nature she possessed all the fire of the French and stability of the Scotch. Josie Gurkiff could not have found a better companion for herself and a better instructor for her child, if she had sailed the world around in search of one.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK IN DIFFICULTY.

SOME TIME after Josie Gurkiff had arrived at Odessa, she received a letter from her agent in Calcutta, in which it was stated that he hoped to inform her soon of John McKelvin's release from the 92nd regiment.

At length Jack McKelvin received his discharge and arrived at Calcutta, and called upon the agent, as directed by Mrs. Gurkiff in her last letter of instructions to him just before her departure from India. The agent, as instructed, gave Jack ten pounds for ordinary expenses, such as buying clothes, &c., and promised to secure him a passage by the first out-going steamer to Suez.

The next day Jack turned up at the agent's office in a dilapidated, dirty, drunken condition; his face was cut and bruised, and his right arm in a sling. He could give no intelligent account of himself—where he had been or what he had been doing. The agent ordered a cab, and went with Jack to Spence's hotel,

where, after much difficulty, he procured good quarters for his man, promising to call in the morning and look after his charge.

Jack was watched and kindly treated at the hotel. The house was one of the most respectable in the Eastern Hemisphere, and Jack would never have received an apartment there if Mrs. Carkiff's agent had not been known to the proprietor as one of the most respectable men of Calcutta.

The agent fulfilled his promise by calling next morning to look after Jack's interest. It was quite late when he arrived, but the ex-soldier had not turned out. He was shown to his room. Jack, upon hearing the agent's voice at the door, asked him to please wait a moment till he put on some clothes. Then the agent was admitted. He found the poor Highlander in a desperately nervous state. Said the agent to him :

"Jack, you are in one of the worst possible shapes to sit for a photograph."

Jack was dejected ; he had lost all his money, and knew nothing of its whereabouts ; he was also sick at heart, weak and faint, with a desperately throbbing head and jumping pulse—twitching in every nerve ; his stomach agitated, and his words fell trembling from his lips.

He related, with catching breath, a sad story to the agent,—a man who sympathized with the fallen, and a man of common-sense and liberal views. The agent saw the complete distress of the Highlander. He said to him :

"My dear fellow, sit on the bed for a few minutes, till I return; you want a 'back-stay.'"

Jack was very obedient, and sat, trembling, waiting, burning, twitching, praying for some liquid relief to loosen his parched tongue and set the machinery of his body in working order.

In less than ten minutes the agent re-appeared, followed by a waiter holding a tray on which was a stiff glass of cold Scotch. The sight of the moving liquid appeared to put fire in Jack's eyes, and new life in his frame. He rose from the bed and reached for the glass before he was invited to do so.

"Hold!" said the agent; but before the word was out from his lips, Jack caught him around the neck, took him by the hand, patted him on the shoulder, and showered him over with "God bless you!" Then the agent said:

"John McKelvin, I give you this to set you up, not that I want to see you drink it; now, take it and be a good man!"

Jack fairly darted for it, like an eagle for its prey, and in almost an instant it was gone. It almost disappeared at a swallow; but it suddenly brought brightness and moisture to his eyes, his hands became steady, and his legs regained their usual activity. The future at once looked bright, which, a few minutes before, looked as dark as a prison cell. The Scotch spirit rode through his blood, distributing comfort and quietness, and animating every nerve. The agent understood his man, and knew what his necessity required.

Is it not true, that many, very many men, who,

designedly or accidentally, get on a spree, and finding themselves without money, and consequently without friends the next morning to cheer them up with a dose of "liquid glory," go about as wild beasts, seeking something to devour to quench the gnawing of an inward human hell, and are obliged for hours, and it may be days, to suffer the pangs of an eternal torment in the body?

It has been so, and will be so, while men drink to dissipation, and intemperate temperance cranks exist. The motto to be followed in such cases should be—"Take a stiff dose for your present distress, and be a total abstainer for the future." Men of great will power and nerve need not be included, they are able to suffer, overcome, and be strong; but such are like gold in quantity to the quartz surrounding it.

The Highlander's story was as follows:—He had put the ten pounds handed him by the agent into his wallet, and was quietly walking down toward the river, when he met several seafaring men, one of whom—a Scotchman—inquired of him if he could inform them where they would find a good boarding-house. Jack, not being acquainted with the localities of the city, replied he did not. Gradually he became acquainted with his countryman, and found out from him that he had also been a soldier of his Queen, (a Sergeant in the 8th Hussars). They became friends. Soon all hands stepped into a place,—being invited by the ex-Sergeant of the Hussars. They were asked to charge. They all did so. Jack and the Hussar man talked of old army days, and wet their conversation at

quick intervals. Jack, feeling quite rich, generally led in the treating.

They all left the saloon, feeling pretty good as they did so. They soon arrived outside another place where spirits were sold, when Jack invited all hands in, saying:

“Boys, we are charged; let us step inside and ram home!”

Once inside, the party tarried long. The sailors and soldiers became very familiar. The party was composed of two Norwegians, one Irishman, two Scotchmen, one Englishman (a sort of sea-lawyer), and one American. Their meeting together was on St. Patrick's day. The Irishman proposed the health of St. Patrick, who, he was glad to say, was a native of Dublin, the city of his own birth. McKelvin interrupted him by saying:

“I drink to St. Patrick, who was a Scotchman and born in Edinburgh, my native city!”

As Jack McKelvin finished, the American said:

“Boys, you are both astray; St. Patrick was born at Philadelphia (the city of my childhood) the year before William Penn died. His name was Adams, and great-grandfather of the late John Quincy.”

The Norwegians looked at each other, not appearing to know anything about the saint.

The sea-lawyer then put in his say, by telling the men that none of them were posted on the subject. Said he:

“History tells us that St. Patrick was a woman, and her proper name was Julia Cæsar, who cut the fleet adrift from Rome after it had received the blessing of a saintly woman called Arm-Ada, when Libby

the Second sat upon the throne of her father, Peter the Great shipbuilder of England, who licked Charley Duce when he was King of Norway, the country where these lads come from," pointing, as he spoke, to the Norwegian sailors.

Jack, by this time feeling quite warm, said :

"You are a lot of stupid fellows! Don't you all know that the Irishmen have always claimed the great Saint who founded the Kirk in Edinburgh in company with Johnny Knox?"

This expression brought the Irish sailor to his full height—six feet three and a half inches. He put himself in attitude, and said :

"There was niver a Scotchman as could knock one of the childer of the dare Irish Saint!" and that he could split the bag-pipes of any chap who wore petticoats.

"Be careful," replied Jack, "and don't draw the strings of your harp too tight, or you might have them busted!"

John McKelvin at once received a blow from the ponderous fist of the Irishman, and was instantly floored; and as the Irishman stood over him saying, "Now give us Bonny Doon through your split pipes," McKelvin got up slowly, but was soon again knocked down. But just as the Irishman stood over his opponent, and was saying, "Now still is the music, and quiet the pipes," Jack McKelvin began to move upward, when the Irishman waited and manœuvred to catch the Scotchman once more as he was rising. At this juncture the Irishman sang out:

"Is it Irish or Scotch you say?"

"Scotch!" sang out Jack; and, dodging, came up under the Irishman's terrific lunge, and catching him on the point of the chin with his right hand, sent him to rest.

"Finely done, as Tommy Sayers ever did it with his 'Auctioneer'!" said the Englishman.

After the Irishman had recovered—and it took him full ten minutes to do so—the dispute was settled over the flowing bowl. A draw was declared.

After a few rounds more with the fire-water, Jack McKelvin became stupefied; he was picked up by a policeman, and next morning taken by that official to the office of Josie Gurkiff's agent.

Two days later Jack sailed *via* Suez for Odessa, the agent presenting him with five pounds to pay current expenses on board the ship.

Before parting from the agent, the Highlander wished to give him something as an acknowledgment of the kindness he had received. Jack put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and pulled out a copper coin. On one side of the coin was a face representing the sun throwing out its rays, surrounded by the words "Republica Oriental, Uruguay, 1869." On the reverse side was the figure two (2), over which, in a semicircle, was the word "Centisimos," both being surrounded by a scroll. Jack said, as he handed the coin to the agent:

"This coin was given to me by Chief Skuktadi, of the tribe of Arancanians, South America, in commemoration of my service in saving his life, and with it may luck follow in your footsteps."

The agent, as he took the coin, said :

“I will keep it in remembrance of our acquaintance and of my patron saint, trusting, while I possess it, that you never again will get in trouble over his birthplace, for I assure you he was an Irishman, as my father was one. I thank you for this little gift, and may continued luck to you and me follow. Louis Napoleon had firm reliance on a certain ‘lucky penny’ given to him by a Norwood gipsy, representing herself as the granddaughter of that Zingara who foretold that Josephine would be an Empress. Describing his acquisition of that enchanted coin one day, shortly after his escape from Ham, when a very disconsolate-looking man about that town, and being asked what he thought would become of him, he replied he had not the smallest doubt the prediction of the fortune-teller would be fulfilled, that he should become Emperor of the French, and the arbiter of Europe.”

“Well, sir,” replied Jack, “may it be to you as a guiding star of honoured destiny !”

They parted, and not long afterward the ex-Highland soldier was steaming down the Bay of Bengal.

Notwithstanding McKelvin’s faults, the agent had become deeply impressed in his favour; he admired his open, manly heart, and thorough common sense. He saw in the man something beside the drunkard.

CHAPTER XV.

A SERAPH ON THE SEA.

ON the passage Jack became acquainted with a couple of passengers of like temperament to his own.

One beautiful evening, when the moon was shining in all her force and beauty through a cloudless sky, and the ship was steaming majestically through the Red Sea, Jack McKelvin became terribly excited. For two or three days the three chums had been quite moist, and the moisture had turned into a very high pressure of steam. Something had to give way, and Jack's machinery was first to crack and explode.

A lady passenger who had been watching the movements of the three men for the last few days, prevailed upon one of McKelvin's friends to fasten an inflated rubber pillow to Jack's shoulders; he had already made an attempt to go overboard. The lady carried this pillow with her when travelling. It was very light, and she said, as she handed it to Jack's companion:

"It is so light the man will scarcely know it is

fastened to him. With it I once saved a passenger's life."

Groups of passengers were sitting here and there upon the ship's deck, chatting, smoking, and lounging, when, all of a sudden, a man ran among them shouting:

"Ah! oh! ou! catch them!"

Two stalwart passengers caught hold of the man, and—being immediately assisted by several others—the frantic individual was secured.

As the passengers gathered round to see what was going on, they beheld a group of persons standing about a man who was trembling like a secured "run-away" steed; the perspiration ran down his face from every pore, he breathed quick and short, and his eyes were bright and wild.

"Look! look!" he shouted, "See them!"—as he pointed his hand toward the sea, his arm trembling like a branch shaken in the wind—"They are the spirits of the ancient Egyptians coming to the surface! See the chariots of fire driving and rattling around the ship!"

He made a bound as the passengers were off their guard, and, like a frightened charger, bolted into the sea. A boat was made ready, and was soon launched; the ship had been steaming fifteen knots, and the man could not be seen when the boat pulled off from the ship. As the boat was rowed along, the man on the look-out at the bow sang out:

"I see him! Pull hearty boys!"

He was rescued, but did not speak. His sudden baptism had somewhat sobered him, yet he was very

limp and weak. He was taken to his state-room, where the ship's surgeon attended him and gave him a stiff dose of stimulant, and next morning repeated the medicine. The patient became quite himself. He then began to eat his regular meals, regain his strength, and also feel ashamed of his conduct, as it was revealed to him by one and another on board.

He quietly related his experience to his two moist chums after he had recovered. He said he thought he saw ten thousand stars dart out of the skies and fall into the sea all about the ship, and these, as they struck the water, turned it to blood. Then a thousand chariots and horsemen seemed to rise out of the deep. The wheels of the chariots, as they revolved around the ship, appeared to emit a whizzing flame, and the drivers seemed to be lashing their black, shining steeds through a sea of blood. Then the ship appeared wrapped in a blaze. As the flames neared the group of people where he was standing, he made a desperate bound to jump into them.

After Jack got around, a clergyman on board thought it his duty to remind Jack of his awful sin—the sin of drink.

He approached the man of sin with sacred step, and words of rumbling, solemn sound. His countenance was angular, and his manners were of the most sanctified class.

“Young man,” he said, “do you believe in a God?”

“I was taught, sir, to believe in one,” replied Jack.

“Then,” said the divine, “Why do you disobey His word and commit sin?”

"Well, sir," replied the Highlander, "I did it when I was not thinking of His word."

"Ah! young man, your case is deplorable indeed!" said the clergyman. "You should go to your room at once, and pray for forgiveness; it may be that your case is beyond the reach of mercy."

"Well, sir," said Jack, "if that be so, it will be useless for me to go to my room and ask forgiveness."

"Ah! young man, your indifference and carelessness about things sacred, almost compels me to number you with those predestined to evil!" replied the man of God.

"And, please sir, who are these persons?" inquired the Highlander.

With lengthening jaw and increasing solemnity, the divine said, in trembling but measured tones:

"They are those who are, by God, in His inscrutable wisdom, condemned already to eternal misery."

"Well, sir," answered Jack, "if I be one of this class, I might as well drink as pray."

"No, no!" replied the clergyman; "all must strive, but few are chosen; and you, possibly, may be among the few."

"Well, sir, if what you say is true," replied Jack, "God has laid out a way toward a better world by which one is carried along without much difficulty, and sure to safely land; another toils and struggles to advance, but is unable to do so. If your theory is true, one class of men must be created angels, the other made devils,—and the two classes never could have come from the one Adam.

"No, sir!" continued Jack, getting warmed, "your

theology is false! I was once a better man, and had I continued in a good path, instead of turning into an evil one, I might have, by this time, got a glimpse of angels, instead, as I did the other night, of demons. Yes, sir! I might have now been communing, through a strong trust in the goodness and glory of my God and your God, (the world's God), with a sainted mother at rest among spirits made perfect,—as far as perfection is to be obtained in the flesh,—and whose influence in life, though counteracted and dimmed by my sin, has never left me: and to-day, as a medium between my God and myself, is striving to draw me, silently and unseen, though felt in a way that my tongue is unable to express. Call this deception, or, in other words, say I am deceived—call it what you may—yet I cherish it, and believe, fully believe it, to be the influence of my Creator—indirect though it may be—striving, through her spirit, to turn me into a right path, which, if I yield, will help me on to a better state and better future—a better and brighter world.

“If your doctrine be true, you are a useless man in the hands of your God. Your calling useless, my drinking harmless, for nothing that I do, or you do, can alter the eternal decree. Who, sir, are the lost? Are they the elect? If not, who are they? If they are not the elect, they must be the non-elect. Then my Saviour came to save me, a sinner. It would be useless for Him to die to save those already safe by an eternal decree. It would be giving his life to accomplish nothing. Certainly! certainly! sir, you have a more exalted opinion of ‘the Saviour of the World.’ Among men your doc-

trine must be considered nonsense. What must it be considered by God? Through a trust in the Atonement of Christ, men become elect, and through a non-trust they become non-elect. Therefore, men with Christ make the elect, and men without Christ the non-elect. Men, therefore, make their own election or probationary punishment.

"Go, sir, bury your doctrine, it is an insult to your Creator, and a hindrance to His cause on earth. It is fast being effaced by the broadening, brightening light of the age. I have, sir, within me, a better guide than you. My conscience tells me of my wrong, and often prompts me to good. With all my evil habits, the germ of love lingers there, and if this germ cannot die in time, it cannot die in eternity."

Jack, who had been looking over the side of the ship, casting his eyes over the vast waters as he spoke the last few sentences, now looked about him, and, to his astonishment, found the seat of the divine vacant; he had quietly slipped away, and the Highlander saw nothing of him again until next afternoon.

A few hours before Jack's conversation with the divine, a lady (the one who had asked to have her rubber pillow fastened to the intoxicated man) met Jack on the deck. She said to him:

"My dear man, how is your health to-day?"

"Quite well, Madame," replied Jack, as he touched his hat in true military style.

She looked at him, and asked:

"Are you aware that I was the means of saving your life an evening or two since?"

"I am quite aware of it, Madame, and kindly thank you for what you have done," said Jack.

"Yes," she said, "through my thoughtfulness you were kept from going down forever beneath the surface of the waters, where the whole sea would have been your grave, and your last resting-place unknown to your relatives and friends. Now, my dear man, I am your sister, and for you I bear a sister's love. You have a mother or a sister in glory,—or at least I feel that you have,—for after you were rescued and brought on board the ship, and as I stood at the side of the vessel, something, I do not know what it was, but a feeling quickly passed through my mind that a mother or sister of yours stood near me; and not the words, but the impression, "Well done," fixed itself securely within my soul. This is why I approach you now. And could I but do something that would be the means of rescuing you for all future time from your besetting sin, I would give my life to do so."

As the woman spoke these last words Jack leaned over the rail of the ship; his hands rested upon it, and large tears rolled from his eyes into the sea that had all but embraced him in death. She continued:

"I, my dear man, am a willing worker in the 'Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the World,' and I feel at this moment, that the spirit of your sainted mother or sister is pressing me to do all I can to win you from your conquering habit."

As the woman spoke these words, Jack looked earnestly and thoughtfully at her. She saw determination in his looks, and said:

“My dear man, now do come over on my side, and when this voyage is over and we part, I shall have faith in you, as a soldier who honours his word and sticks closely to his duty.”

He quietly and decidedly put out his hand, and said :

“I will not refuse the invitation of so kind and true a lady as you appear to be. I am now sober and in my right mind. I am with you—will be with you ; and as we sail down life’s journey, may the great Captain of our Salvation help this new recruit to become a worthy soldier, and march under the banner which you bear, from this victory to another, and on, on, till by-and-by I may have overcome all the battlements of sin and march triumphant under the banner of the cross to attain a peaceful camping-ground beneath a sky unceasingly bright with the glory of God.”

She took a pledge from her satchel, read it to him, and invited him to the cabin, where he signed it, and as she folded it together, she said :

“I shall open this pledge each morning of my life when I kneel at my devotions, and ask our common Captain to help John McKelvin (my brother) to be as true a soldier under the standard of peace, as he was under the standard of his country.

A few days more and the voyage was over. Jack left the ship at Suez, and the lady continued her journey home, leaving with the Highland soldier her card and address, and a few days later John McKelvin arrived at Odessa, keeping strictly to his duty.

On John McKelvin’s arrival at Odessa, he found

that Mrs. Gurkiff, with her child and the governess, had gone on a visit to France.

Josie Gurkiff had arranged with the firm of Gurkiff & Keprandi to give employment to Jack until she returned from her native country. When McKelvin settled down, he found many temptations in his way, but he steadily adhered to his pledge and marched under the banner of sobriety. He soon gained the confidence of his employers. In his leisure hours he would read tracts, pamphlets, and also two most interesting books, presented to him by the woman who had bidden him good-bye at Suez. The tracts and pamphlets were principally temperance and religious literature. One of the books was "Scenery in the Highlands." She had written on the fly-leaf—

"TO JOHN MCKELVIN,

"From a fellow-passenger over life's waves. May we never leave the bridge till the voyage of life is over.

"MARY CORTESI MACANDIE.

"Suez, April 26th, 1880."

At Suez the lady also presented Jack with a letter, sealed with her initialed ring. The letter bore the following address :—

"MR. JOHN MCKELVIN.

"The seal to be broken at Odessa."

Jack had told the lady all about his conversation with the divine. When the Highlander arrived at Odessa he broke the seal and read the contents of the paper, which he found contained some wholesome instruction. It was headed—

“THE STAR OF COMMON SENSE.”

“*First.*—Never waste your time over the words of thoughtless parrots, who have no true notion of the meaning of Scripture.

“*Second.*—Clergymen are but human, like yourself. Some are taught the doctrines of their fathers, rather than the religion of Christ. They study, or, rather, read Scripture in the letter more than in the spirit.

“*Third.*—You now know that you are free, because you have thrown off a shackle—the strongest that bound you. This is to you a moral conversion; it is a step toward a happier life—a broad, high step.

“*Fourth.*—The same dauntless spirit within you that sprang determinedly and thoughtfully into action and caused you to mount the bridge upon which I firmly stand, and upon which you now stand, (and if you determine to continue on your course, holding to the bridge, which God grant you may), will bear you up. And you will be guided by an intermediate influence, and a direct influence, passing about you and within you, as it comes from beyond the mortal boundaries. Yielding to such influences is progression; slow it may be at times, but sure. Follow onward and upward, step by step,—never turn back, and your broad nature, large heart and liberal mind in the end will attain for you earthly perfection, which is similar, though dimly similar, to the heavenly:

“*Fifthly.*—If you continue to grow sound, and falter not as you stand upon the bridge when the storms and darkness of life beat and lower around you, your soul will be filled with the consciousness of a growing power.

And as you stand, upright and strong, looking out upon the ocean of time, you will feel happy in doing your duty.

“Lastly.—Listen not to doctrines nor dogmas, but take the Scriptures, read them, study them, search them. Your mind is broad, and you will be able to drink in the ever-flowing stream, as it sparkles all along its course with drops of pearl and nuggets of gold. You will grow in grace and in a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, and you will continually overcome evil with good.

“With this advice to you, I shall continually back it with my prayers. Pray also for yourself, and by noble effort and noble living your example will be a daily sermon,—the most profitable of sermons to those who know you.”

Just as the last rays of the declining sun were withdrawing, and the mantle of evening was unfolding itself over the Queen of the Euxine, Jack McKelvin finished reading the letter of advice (“The Star of Common Sense”). He said aloud :

“I would sooner have one grain of that dear woman’s religion, than a mountain of the divine’s. From beneath the teachings of the letter I could never rise. With the teachings of that good woman—that Seraph on the Sea—a clear pathway is opened. Now, to my temperance I can add all other virtues. Give me, ever after this hour, neither dogma nor doctrine, but a right and understanding mind, and pure living, and the broad world for a church.

“Hereafter I shall pray that the time may speedily

come, when every passenger ship that crosses the ocean or runs the circuit of the world, may have one or more such women among their passengers as that dear one whose letter of simple instructions lies before me. It could then truly be said, 'there are many bright and shining lights upon the sea to lighten and brighten the pathway of benighted travellers. Election darkens and debars. Love lightens and invites. Give me, oh ! give me love !'

"Dewdrop that weapest on the sharp barbed thorn,
Why didst thou fall from day's golden chalice?
My tears bathed the thorn, said the dewdrop,
To nourish the bloom of the rose."

CHAPTER XVI.

VISITS AMERICA.

JOHN MCKELVIN remained in Odessa for six years, and gradually rose to a responsible position in the firm of Gurkiff & Keprandi. He became greatly respected as a business man and as a citizen. He had kept up a correspondence with his wife, promising to return to her when he had saved money enough, the interest of which would give them a comfortable living. He had arranged with Mrs. Mary Cortesi Macandie to meet that lady in America in the spring of 1886. Mrs. Macandie at the time was resting at her home in the island of Guernsey.

He arrived in Liverpool, England, the first week in April, and at once took passage by a Cunard liner for New York, where, in a few days, he was landed. He went from New York to Philadelphia, and there met Mrs. Macandie. He related to that lady the circumstances of his marriage.

In company with Mrs. Macandie he went to see his wife. He found her at the point of death. The interview was touching indeed. She died while he was in Philadelphia, and left him, by will, twenty-five thousand dollars. She had not again lived with him, and was free to dispose of her money as she pleased. Her act displeased her brother, who threatened legal proceedings, but soon found any proceedings would be in vain. He reluctantly let the matter drop.

John McKelvin, during his six years in Odessa, had wonderfully improved his mind by reading and study, and was, at Mrs. Gurkiff's request, carefully instructed by the governess.

John was invited while in Philadelphia to address a large gathering of Temperance workers and others. In his opening remarks, he said he owed his life to woman, and he had been carefully instructed by womanly advice. God forever bless them! He had mounted the bridge above the flood, while on the Arabian sea. Previously he had for years wandered in a most torrid zone, but for six years he had been sailing over life's journey on a pure crystal stream, which, peacefully meandering between the golden lines of a temperate zone, carried him along in erect manhood, as gentle breezes played in refreshing circlets around his brow. "Here! here!" he exclaimed "have I found steadiness of nerve, vigour of body, expansion of mind and liberty of soul!

He concluded his touching address with the following beautiful lines:—

“Hail Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course
Without, or energy or force.
Here felt, enjoyed, adored, she springs,
Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
Fresh blooming from this western earth!
With pride and joy she owns her birth,
Derived from you, and in return
Bids in your breasts her glory burn!
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that spirit die
Which makes death more than victory.
Then hail the women on whose tongue
Reform among the masses rung,
Whilst they the sacred cause maintained
And one by one the uplifted trained,
Who spread, when other methods failed,
Christ’s peaceful banner and prevailed,
Their deeds shall live, and each fair name
Recorded in the book of fame
Founded on honour’s basis fast
As the round earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath!
Virtues like these live after death.”

A few days later he left Philadelphia for New York en route to Scotland.

While in Scotland he purchased a few acres of land in a sequestered spot of peculiar beauty. This place he intended for a home for Mrs. Cortesi Macandie.* There was a snug cottage on the property, and from the hillside on which it stood was scenery of excessive

*Mrs. Cortesi Macandie was a wealthy lady, born at Grenville, France, and married to a gentleman of an old Scotch family when quite young. Her husband was swept from the deck of a steamship during a hurricane at sea, a few months after they were married. She accepted the place in Scotland only upon the condition, that, when opportunity offered, a sum equal to its cost be given by her to aid some rescue work. In November, 1890, after carefully reading “In Darkest England,” she decided to give a sum equal to the value of the property toward furthering General Booth’s great rescue scheme.

loveliness. Below was a glen, and a perfectly level tract for about three miles, covered with the richest herbage, through which ran a small meandering river flowing into a lake. The place has many natural attractions. All around the glen is encompassed by steep mountains, with well wooded faces. McKelvin named the place "Seraph's Rest."

A land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.

From Scotland he went over to the Island of Guernsey, where he met Mrs. Cortesi Macandie on her return from America.

He delivered an address before leaving, on Moral Reform, and sixty-two persons joined the teetotal ranks in the presence of one of the largest audiences that ever assembled on the Island.

A few days afterward he left for Odessa.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE ON THE CAJETA.

FROM the time McKelvin went into the employ of Gurkiff & Keprandi, till his visit to America, he received instruction in English, French, Russian and Mathematics, under the care of one of the ablest teachers in Odessa. Two hours a day were devoted to instruction in the above branches. Mrs. Gurkiff secured for him the time and paid all the expenses. In the evenings he was frequently instructed by the governess in music and elocution. At the conclusion of five years he was a first-rate scholar, with a cultivated mind. He became quite a reader of history and fiction, and was a good conversationalist and public speaker. He had also become, through his industry, a fair reporter of speeches, and proceedings at public meetings.

After his return from America, the governess visited Scotland. She had some relatives there whom she wished to see. Mary Cortesi Macandie had sent by McKelvin a very pressing invitation to Annie E. Clephane to become a guest at "The Seraph's Rest"

when she came to the land of her fathers. In July, 1887, she arrived in Scotland, having been granted six month's leave, with all her expenses paid by Mrs. Gurkiff. This was the first real vacation she had had since she engaged with Mrs. Gurkiff in India.

In August the agent left India for England. At the time it was said he was the bearer of important despatches from the Indian to the British Government. The Ghilzai rebellion had just collapsed, and it was reported that the principal rebel leaders were fleeing to Lohana, north of the Zhob valley, while the Ameer's troops were marching back to Cabul and Kandahar.

Following close on the settlement, for the time being, of the Afghan Boundary dispute, the close of the Ghilzai rebellion, it was thought, would very materially simplify the British position on their North-West frontier. But if the defeated rebels continued to take refuge in large numbers in British territory, there seemed danger of troublesome complications with the Ameer. It was thought that Abdul Rahman would not approve of England or India affording shelter to his rebel subjects. It was hinted that the agent's visit to England was to place fully before the English Ministry the real situation in Afghanistan consequent upon the rebellion. Whatever may have been the agent's real business to Britain, whether on an important mission, or for pleasure, matters little; it is enough for our purpose to know that he arrived in England late in the summer of 1887.

Early in November, after having visited some friends in Ireland, he left for Scotland to spend a

few days with a brother and sister living in Glasgow.

One fine afternoon, when walking with his sister, he met Annie E. Clephane, in company with Mrs. Macandie. He recognized the governess at a glance, turned short and spoke to her. In a moment after she recognized the agent. He and his sister walked back a short distance. The agent promised to call at "The Seraph's Rest" the last of the week. The governess walked beside him, while the other ladies walked on in front. She said :

"I would like to see you before you return to India; I wish to send a very small parcel to a friend in that country."

On the following Saturday the agent called at the "Rest," and wishing to see the locality, he proposed a short walk. The ladies agreed to accompany him. Occasional showers had fallen during the afternoon, and the air was quite cool. The ladies were wrapped in their long, closely-buttoned cloaks, and their heads and faces were well protected by a kind of regulation head-dress. After walking some distance, they passed over a river spanned by a finely constructed bridge. The scenery all about was varied and beautiful. On the roadside little flowers were blooming. Mrs. Macandie said :

"How strange to see those little flowers blooming this time of the year."

The agent stepped to the roadside, gathered a few, and asked Mrs. Macandie to accept of them. She thanked him and took them. He then stepped aside, gathered a few more, and as he walked beside the

governess, slipped them quietly into her hand. She smiled and bowed in acknowledgment of his kindness.

The party soon after retraced their steps toward the "Rest," where, after bidding the two ladies good-day, the agent said:

"I should be much pleased to come and see you again before leaving the country."

Mrs. Macandie replied:

"The invitation I gave you I considered an open one, to come in whenever you feel inclined as long as you remain at T——. You know you are quite near us. Won't you remain and spend the evening? Your company will be most acceptable to me, and I am sure to Annie also."

Annie politely assented to what Mrs. Macandie had said, by saying:

"Most certainly."

He went in. After the ladies had disrobed themselves of their out-door apparel, Mrs. Macandie went to look after the tea, asking to be excused for a short time. Annie sat down at the piano and played a lively air. After she was done, the agent stepped over to her side and asked her if she had ever seen some lines he handed her set to music. She looked at them, and remained silent. The agent watched every feature of her face. She looked thoughtful, and was a perfect master of her feelings. He at once admired her nature. He loved her. He said in a whisper:

"I cannot but tell you that I love you, and those lines express my feelings, which were stirred to love, when I touched your pretty, tender hand. I loved

you in India when we first met. I have never since forgotten you, although circumstances over which I had no control have kept us apart."

The lines he placed in her hand read as follows :

"I walked beside a loving hand,
And placed within some flowers,
Plucked blooming from your native land,
In chill November showers.

"A Hand! A maiden angel's hand.
Oh! could that hand be mine,
In hut or hall, on any strand,
What joys of life with thine."

The agent remained in Scotland four days, and was a constant visitor at "The Rest." He became so fond of Annie's company that he felt life would be weary and uninteresting without her. He was suddenly summoned to London, and the governess was to leave in a few days for Odessa. Although the agent and Annie had not become betrothed, they arranged to meet again at the latter city.

Two weeks later the governess, accompanied by Mrs. Macandie, set out for Odessa, where they arrived in due time. A week later, the agent, who had in the meantime received an important appointment under the British Government, arrived at the same place. Mrs. Gurkiff gave him a reception becoming his station, and did all in her power to make his visit a pleasant one. He was delighted to meet McKelvin, and expressed his great satisfaction at finding him so well advanced socially and intellectually. John McKelvin replied :

"My dear sir, I owe my present happiness to that

dear lady, Mrs. Cortesi Macandie. And much of the information I now possess is due to the kindness of Mrs. Gurkiff, and the fair lady, Miss Clephane."

One beautiful evening while sailing down the bay a few miles from Odessa, with McKelvin in charge of the "Cajeta," the agent, Annie, Mrs. Gurkiff, Mrs. Macandie and several other friends composing the party, the agent said to Annie, as she sat beside Mrs. Macandie :

"There are the masts of a vessel."

She turned her head slightly to look in the direction where the agent pointed. He watched every feature of her beautiful face intently, as he said :

"You do not see the spars."

She quickly and mildly replied :

"I do."

He thought he detected a very slight cast in her lovely blue eye, which seemed not to be looking in the exact direction of the ship. Her massive light brown hair lay loosely beneath her bonnet, and in places hung in short curly pendants over her prettily formed forehead. A something divinely pure seemed to enter his soul and gently coil itself about his being. He imagined he felt the blending of a purer nature with his own. He was almost tempted to clasp her gently to his breast, but wisdom at length triumphed. He reflected for a moment, and quick as the lightning's flash the thought entered his mind:—Has my spirit laid itself as quickly and gently and with such sweetly soothing power about her life? Does she feel as I do? Can she enjoy such ecstasy of soul? If so, surely we

two have not met to part again, but to enjoy unfading, undying happiness in time, and time cannot limit its duration.

The "Cajeta" was now nearing the city. The sun was silently disappearing, and there moved in the west, in almost unnoticeable motion, banks of clouds of deepest orange and pink, merging in their uppermost borders into purple; at the horizon lay banks of brightest gold, with here and there open spaces looking like small calm seas of cerulean blue. The agent pointed toward the west, and said:

"Miss Clephane, what a beautiful sunset crowns the pleasures of this delightful day."

She replied not. He took hold of her hand and led her to a seat in the forward part of the yacht. She sat down, and, kneeling beside her, he read to her some words from a small sheet of paper he took from his pocket. Tears started from his eyes as they looked first at her face and then upon her bright dress. She said:

"Destroy that paper!"

He did so. She was calm and loving in her manner. To him she appeared more beautiful than ever. He felt all at once that she loved him as he loved her. He caught another glance of her thoughtful eye, wet with living, loving drops, that rolled in little pearls on either side of her shapely nose. Her small mouth, tightly compressed, kept within the emotions of her soul. He whispered:

"Annie!"

She replied not. He whispered again:

"Annie!" as he took hold of her hand. "Do the quiet breezes make you sleep?"

She answered not a word. He then said:

"Oh, dearest to me of all on earth; may zephyr breezes ever play in downy circlets about thy lovely brow, and sunlight, purer than that of a May morning, pour continued melody into thy soul, and dew-drops, as they well up from a pure heart, refresh thy life, and unspoken thoughts, filled with purest desires, flash from thine eyes and lift into ecstasy the heart thou hast taken. A pen plucked from an eagle's wing and dipped in a sea of gold, could not trace in words my love. Together at the streams of the valley or by the torrents on the mountain's side,—together on the restless ocean or on the placid main, a temporal heaven must be ours, scarcely alloyed by the mortal about us. Shall it be so, Annie?"

"Yes," she whispered, and gently pressed his hand.

Two weeks later they were married.

Mrs. Cortesi Macandie, to whom John McKelvin imparted many things he told to no other friend, used her influence with the governess to persuade the agent to take McKelvin to India with him, and secure for him a position under the Government, or in some other good department.

Next to Mrs. Macandie, there was no woman living that John had more respect for, and thought more of, than Mrs. Gurkiff; but he and Colonel Keprandi were not on the best terms. He could not get along smoothly with the Colonel, and had informed Mrs. Gurkiff on several occasions of his inclination to leave the employ

and return to his native land. It was only through the solicitations of Mrs. Gurkiff that he was still in the employ. He was doing quite well, receiving a salary of about two hundred pounds per year.

Mrs. Macandie was quite a young widow,—being in her thirty-second year,—and full of fire and determination in doing good. She wished to see McKelvin fully happy and continually rise in the world. At length she approached the agent, saying:

“I have but one request to make; it is in the interest of my friend, Mr. McKelvin, and I believe you will grant it. I make it not at his desire, neither has he ever mentioned the matter to me. It is, my dear sir, that you would use your influence to secure for him an appointment in India or elsewhere. I want to see him rise step by step in the world.”

The agent replied:

“My dear Mrs. Macandie, I shall never forget your kindness to me at ‘The Rest’; and was it not there I met Miss Annie, and in your company? I met her only to love her. I have loved other women, but not with love like this, it is with love eternal, immortal, unchangeable that I love her. No other words will apply to such love as I bear for her. Your request shall be granted, it is in accord with that of Annie E. Clephane. John must go with us; he shall be my private secretary, at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum.”

Mrs. Gurkiff, when approached concerning the affair, utterly refused to consent to John’s going away. But, after weighing the matter well, she at last con-

sented. Josie and Colonel Keprandi were to be married during the year, and she felt that perhaps, after all, the retention of John might cause some dissatisfaction; and now, as McKelvin had an opportunity of getting a good situation, it might be best to let him accept it.

The day that John McKelvin retired from his situation, the firm presented him with a cheque for five hundred pounds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARRIED.

THE agent and Annie were privately married at Odessa, and at once left for India, John McKelvin going with them. A month later, Mrs. Cortesi Macandie returned to Scotland, and four months afterward Col. Keprandi and Josie Gurkiff were united as man and wife. The establishment of Gurkiff & Keprandi was sold to other parties, and the newly-married couple retired from business, to spend the remainder of their lives on an income of £2,500 per year.

On arriving in India a reception by the Ripon Club was given to the agent, Sir Jamstjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., C. S. I., presiding. After drinking the health of the Queen Empress, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal Family, Mr. Cowasjee Jehangeer gave that of His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

Then came the toast "Our Guests." The agent, in rising to respond, said, after thanking the members of the club for the honour done to him:

“Her Majesty’s representative in India, to whom you have paid in your remarks such glowing tributes, will doubtless be as honoured and useful as he was in that young but great and growing Dominion of the West,—Canada, I mean. (Great Cheers.) In that country, I, some years since, spent a few of the happiest months of my life. The people there are among the foremost of British subjects in their loyalty to the English Crown. It has been my lot to visit, and, in some instances, remain in several British-Colonial possessions, but I have yet to see a people who more glory in their Queen and country than the Canadians. That people recollect with pride the spirit and achievements of their ancestors, and they seem determined to continually emulate that spirit by achievements far in advance of any performed by their forefathers. Yes! a people proud of a noble ancestry, and loving their country as they love the land of their fathers, can never fail in their progress, nor in their attachment to the British Throne.

“It has been said that the Swiss peasants, for five hundred years after the establishment of their independence, assembled on the fields of Morgarten and Laupen, and spread garlands over the graves of the fallen warriors and prayed for the souls of those who had died for their country’s freedom. And with equal gratitude are those Canadians, in a somewhat different manner, continually remembering the spirit, the deeds and the sufferings of those who endured in laying the foundations of a New England, under the shadow of the British Throne. That people, in developing, in

enriching, in extending and beautifying their country under a common constitution, are yearly building an everlasting monument to the virtues of their fathers. Differing in some respects from the Mother Country in its social customs, it has no aristocracy of birth or descent, but its commercial and industrial population is the true aristocracy of the land. In a word, it is worth there instead of birth. And the records of ancient, medieval or modern times, will be searched in vain to find a country of equal age and population, that has produced more eminent statesmen. India and Canada are bright jewels in the British Crown. The nobleness of the Canadian people, the triumphs of their inter-communication and commerce, are the pioneers of greater glories yet to come. A similar feeling seems indissolubly wound up with the progress of the Anglo-Colonial race; it is spreading over Australia, invading Africa, and expanding under the star of India, and must continue to expand with the growth of a Colonial Empire which encircles the earth." Cheers.

CHAPTER XIX.

CITY OF ROSES.

AFTER a few days' rest, the agent and his bride paid a short visit to a few places of interest in the country. They were accompanied by the private secretary. The first station at which they remained they held a reception, and the elite of the district came to welcome them. Among those that paid their respects to the wedded lovers were C. R. G. D. Bhugratsingee, Desai Heerikrushna, Erachjee Cowasjee, Mahomedate Vullebhoy, Salshunker Javerilal, &c.

The day following the reception, the party left the station, and as the train was about to leave, Mrs. Cowasjee Salshunker decorated the bride with a garland of beautiful flowers. Then Ras Adumjee Bahadoor, who had been a most intimate friend of the bride's father, stepped forward and presented her with a lovely bouquet fastened with a band of pure gold set with precious stones.

After a few weeks of travelling, the wedded pair arrived at the City of Roses (Lucknow); thirty

years before a city of desolation and despair; now a place of 300,000 inhabitants, and sometimes called the city of magnificent distances, so widely spread are the European dwellings all around it. As they visited the ruins of the Residency, Annie said:

"James," (her husband's name), "the spirit of Brigadier Inglis, that gallant commander, seems to rise before me from the ashes of the ruins. I visited this place fifteen years after it was relieved, in company with my dear father, when he took me all about the city and pointed out every spot of historic interest, including Phillips' house and the spot where the brave MacNeil was shot. I also walked with him over General Havelock's line of march from Alum Bagh to Char Bridge, and along the canal. The day was a beautiful one, and my father's heart was light. He was then at the height of prosperity; trouble and sorrow had not weighed him down. He was wealthy—he was talented—he was kind. A year or two later he was unfortunate in speculation. One by one his many friends drew from him; he had not the magnetic influence of gold to attract their cold, selfish hearts. James, how much at a discount is worth in this world? and at how much of a premium is material thrift? Yet I see the light advancing; wisdom and goodness are crowding out ignorance and selfishness. What twin angels are Honesty and Poverty, compared with the twin demons—Rascality and Riches. The former are often companions, the latter frequently so."

"Yes," replied James, "wealth brings power to many inferior men, but the power and popularity is

usually as uncertain as riches. I tell you, Annie, that the estate of a Rothschild could not have made a hero of Inglis, nor the wealth of an Astor commanders of Outram and Havelock. They were composed of material that gold can never bring to man. And their names will go down through history, as unfading as the Assyrian purple, while those of the former will dim as the common prints."

"This visit," replied Annie, "brings thoughts pleasant as well as sad. I think with pleasure of the sterling character of my countrymen, who here bore the brunt of the conflict so gloriously, and of the survivors, when they returned, how they were rewarded by their grateful and admiring countrymen as a band of heroes whose actions were unsurpassed in the annals of war."

"Those brave men," replied James, "set the star of India firmly in the crown of our Queen, and last year when the Sudars went from this country as delegates to England in connection with the great Jubilee, they laid their swords at the feet of the Queen, as a token that their ruler was a loyal and tributary sovereign of Her Majesty."

As James and Annie prepared to leave the spot, Annie lingered a minute after James had risen from his seat. She wrote in her note-book:—

"AT LUCKNOW.

"We rest where gallant Inglis fought
And Britons nobly died;
We rest in solemn, silent thought,
Of names long glorified."

She handed her book to James, who, as they silently walked away, said:

“Annie, to-day I have more fully noticed the sterling qualities by which you are distinguished among women; your earnestness of purpose, your straightforwardness, your kindness and your warm love—your keen perception—make me cherish your companionship even more, if that be possible, as we are leaving these ruins, than when we approached them.”

The wedded pair walked hand in hand, and time passed so sweetly away, they scarcely noticed the fleeting hours till they stood on the bank of the Coomtee river. As Annie looked into the stream, a bouquet of flowers fell from her breast and floated gently away on the waters. The circumstance suggested to her husband's mind the couplet:—

“And the Nelumbo bud that floats forever
With Indian Cupid down the river.”

He immediately repeated the lines, then said:

“My dear Annie,” as he placed her beautiful white hand in his own, “perhaps you do not know that it is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these buds down the river Ganges, brightly sparkling in the sunlight, and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

“The passage of that little bunch of flowers on the waters,” he continued, “may be a sort of message to us, that you and I shall go smoothly down the stream of time beneath ever-brightening skies, our lives filled with pure and lofty desires, and our love ever as fresh and sweet as it is at this moment in the cradle of its existence.”

There on the bank of the river, beneath an Indian

sun, they each signed a pledge placed in their hands by Mary Cortesi Macandie, as she bade them farewell at Odessa.

"To-day," said Annie, "we make a surrender as an example to the fallen. Let us be true, and in the position we are about to fill, we may attract by our example one or more obscured by deep darkness, to increasing light and liberty. What has been done for John McKelvin, we may do for others; and may heaven's blessing rest upon our joint resolution."

James replied, "So may it be."

They then left the bank of the Coomtee and wended their way back by the Residency to the heart of the city. As they passed this historic spot, Annie said :

"James, with all the happiness I enjoy, I came here feeling sad, and I pass by in sorrow; but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead. Yes, the glorious dead to whom I should like 'To bear the Goddess' song in odors up to Heaven.'"

For a moment they stood in silence, in reverence of the place hallowed by British blood. Then they passed along to meet their secretary coming with a carriage to take them to lunch.

Before retiring for the night, they talked over their future, and as they did so, Annie said to her husband :

"James, we have made to-day a noble resolve; let us, ere we retire, complete our duty."

He took her right hand in his and played with her fingers. He looked earnestly into her lovely eyes, and said :

"Your face is flushed, yet your pretty hand is quite

cool. Your hand reminds me of the Clytia, which covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds, which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day."

"My hands, dear James," she replied, "are not a correct index of my whole feelings. My nature at times partakes of severest passions, and I often think that women, as a rule, do not make sufficient allowance for those dear, young, but untrained and misguided girls, who fall from purity and virtue while in the first bloom, or, rather, bud of womanhood. Oh, that such had hands and heads over them to guide them. I, at least, pity them in their misfortune. They have never been trained to subdue their passions, but let them rise in careless moments, like the island mentioned by Seneca, which in a moment arose from the sea. I intend to begin life in India by doing all in my power to educate girls, natives and others, to become useful wives and citizens."

"One duty we will fulfil," said James, "by contributing to those institutions which are a blessing to the land. I shall send to-morrow a subscription of fifty pounds to the 'Duchess of Connaught Life-boat Fund,' and will hand you a like sum to be forwarded to the 'Lady Dufferin Fund,'—most noble women, the remembrance of whose lives in this country will be everlasting.

"And when we begin life in our new position, I shall place a liberal sum at your command to start a fund to assist in educating young girls against the common customs of the day, which often lead to

positive vice, and against association with men who sneer at virtue, and who, through the passionate excitement of wine, are dangerous to the morals of any community."

She thanked her husband, and said :

"What a happy day for the world when 'Unguided love hath ceased to fall 'mid tears of perfect moan.'"

James was the youngest son of a gentleman whose title and character gave him a splendid social position. He added lustre to his name during the mutiny. He was well acquainted with the history of India for the last three hundred years, and there was scarcely a public act during the career of the three great men, Clive, Hastings and Lawrence, whose names stand out so boldly in the history of that country, with which he was not well acquainted.

A day later James, Annie and their secretary left Lucknow, intending to proceed at once to S—.

On their way thither they were detained at a military station.

They were entertained by some officers, and the evening before leaving they were present at a fancy-dress ball given for their pleasure. The affair was a grand one. The bungalow and the surrounding gardens and approaches were brilliantly lighted with Chinese lanterns and coloured lamps, festooned among the trees and roadways. The elite of the place were present, and the dresses of the ladies were most recherché and picturesque. There were but three persons at the assemblage who declined to take any class of wine at lunch. But two persons present remarked on the

conduct of the three guests; both were ladies. One said:

“Why, Lady Annie, how is it you do not take wine?” And then, with a haughty smile playing over her vain features, she continued,—“Why, Lady Annie, you would splendidly fill a position in the Women’s Temperance Society, the Methodist Church or Salvation Army.”

“Yes,” replied Lady Annie, “I have frequently been impressed with the feeling that God had destined me to fill one or more of those most honourable and exalted positions in life. I feel deeply without being reminded of it, that my time is being wasted amid vain and ostentatious display. Many of us women want more practical education and much less vanity and pride. What have we to say against the dance-room and its adjoining bar, when we women countenance the same principle on a higher platform and in a more expensive and elegant manner? The dark, black facts so often recorded in the closing years of the nineteenth century, go to show that character is no less in danger in some portions of high-toned society than in that strata where immorality is paraded and virtue marketed.”

The lady looked bewildered, and turned to the private secretary, who was seated at her side, and said: “Do you, sir, see any harm in a glass of wine?”

“Not the least, Madame,” he replied, “if it is left alone.”

The lady asked no further questions on the subject, and the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER XX.

STILL TRUE AND RISING.

A WEEK later, James, Annie and the secretary arrived at the post where they were to remain.

An "at home" was given a few days after all arrangements were completed. On the cards of invitation was printed:—"Dancing to commence at nine o'clock. Supper at 12.30. Wines and cards excluded." Seventy per cent. of the invited guests considered the invitations an insult. They had never heard of such a thing in the whole district. Thirty per cent. reluctantly accepted the invitations.

Many uncharitable remarks reached the ears of Lady Annie, but she remained firm. She said to her husband:

"I will set an example here that will be healthy and lasting in its results. I now have a much wider field in which to work than has been my lot in the past. I shall make my influence for good felt, and in the end my views and acts will be sanctioned, my firmness respected and memory cherished. I intend, James," she continued, "to continually live above the fickleness and folly of the world, and when storms of indignation or prejudice arise, because of my social reforms, true moral courage, wise counsel, full faith in my Redeemer, a kind yet dignified nature, will bear me through."

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James replied, "Yes, Annie, your wise and cool head, loving nature, easy manner, and majestic bearing, will stay you in beauty above all clamour, as the lovely Valisnerian lily found in the Rhone preserves its head above water in the swellings of the river."

After James had entered fully upon his duties, and McKelvin had proved to the entire satisfaction of his employer how completely he would fill his new position, Annie wrote to Mrs. Gurkiff a letter concluding as follows:—

"It will be pleasant to you to see your dear friend (our secretary) rising higher and higher in the sphere of usefulness. Depend upon it, that he may be trusted to do his duty here with credit to himself, and with advantage to us. May he long live to enjoy this honour and other higher honours, that, from this early promise, we may we! augur are still in store for him.

"After what I have seen in the life of Mrs. Cortesi Macandie, and in the conversion of Mr. McKelvin, and the scores rescued in Scotland by his 'Seraph on the Sea' while I was her guest there, thoughts pleasant as well as sad come to my mind,—pleasure and pain,—pleasure because I am determined to use what of life remains to me in rescuing and relieving the fallen and distressed, and pain and sadness at being hourly reminded of a long vista of opportunities neglected, of energies wasted, of many a failing and many a weakness, and at finding how very little it is I have done, compared to what should have been done for those I might have assisted out of the darkness, and who now might have been rising in the world with Mr. McKelvin; but rest assured I shall make up in my present station what I have neglected in the past. My dear husband is heart and soul with me in every good work, and our secretary has formed a society for the restoration and elevation of young men, which promises a splendid future.

"I have been studying the methods of a class of people known as Salvationists, who are doing a mighty work in some portions of this empire, and have come to the conclusion, that when some of their methods and energy take deep hold of the churches in England,

Scotland and America, drunkenness and crime will largely decrease, and the uplifting of the masses be broad and effectual."

On the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Gurkiff, who had become Mrs. Keprandi, remitted £500 stg. to her former governess toward the fund for educating girls, natives and others, and £100 to McKelvin towards his laudable scheme. Mrs. Keprandi belonged to the Greek church, her heart was cosmopolitan and sympathies deep.

Soon after this Mrs. Cortesi Macandie sent £2,700 to the same grand objects, money she had collected in Great Britain.

How far-reaching one kind act may be, none of us can tell. As these lines were being penned, a slip of paper was put into the writer's hand upon which was printed the following:—

"A Methodist minister, telling how his father, fresh from Ireland, one day found his way to church and received a hearty shake of the hand, says the man who thus welcomed him shook whole generations into the Methodist Church and thousands of dollars into its treasury."

Who will attempt to forecast the results of such an act of love as that of Mrs. Mary Cortesi Macandie in rescuing John McKelvin,—an act that will go on, widening and deepening and blessing through time, the full and glorious effects to be revealed only in the eternal world.

"Trust me," says Rev. F. W. Robertson, "a noble woman laying on herself the duties of her sex,—while fit for higher things,—the world has nothing to show more like the Son of Man than that."

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The higher things those noble women are fit for they are now beginning earnestly and faithfully to perform. They will soon have the entire sympathy and complete support of every Christian and moral worker.

IN THIS LAND.

In Canada we see their growing strength, their wisdom and moderation in council, their energy in action. In the Church, in their Unions, in all classes of society, they are doing an angel's work. They go down into the shadowed and darkened haunts of ignorance, vice and crime, and often leave delight, tears of gratitude and reformation there. They stand at the prison door to take the released to a home of rescue. They visit the labourer's home where the husband has grown savage with domestic troubles, poverty, &c., and for burying his misery in drunkenness has been locked up in prison. They visit the prison and secure his release, pour in sunshine and lighten the load of life to a human heart. Their work is broad, deep, grand,—supported by Goodness, Duty and Love. They are the most united and determined band of workers of this age. Their combined action is continually adding a word to a Prohibitory Liquor Act, which will at no very distant time adorn the Statute Book of this Dominion.

While the people of a nation allow intoxicating liquors to be manufactured, and to be imported into the country, they stain their national progress with the blood and crimes caused by sanctioned iniquity. But when a people tax such intoxicating liquor to cur-

tail its use, they are rearing a nation, in part, with the clothes and bread of hundreds of thousands of children, and on the broken hearts and poverty of ten thousand mothers in the land, and large public edifices rise from the ruins of thousands of wretched homes. The people of the country are responsible for all this misery and crime.

We hear a constant clamour among a certain class of politicians about taxing some of the necessaries of life, but scarcely any stir or noise about the unnecessaries of life or the taxing of such. Whatever may be our opinion of the former tax, we all know the latter one is a revenue from misery, poverty and death, and if ever the saying, "Taxed to Death," were true, it is true respecting the tax on spirituous liquors.

We can scarcely blame people for selling intoxicating liquors, and men for drinking intoxicating liquors, when peoples and governments and parliaments tempt them to do so. The men of every locality are as much to blame for the degradation and poverty and crime of the districts, and even more so, than the proprietors of saloons. We blame the liquor sellers; let us blame ourselves; and, seeing our indifference and wrong, let us rise in our might—all Christians of every creed, all good people—and unite with the women, and with all other societies, for the reformation of the land, and hasten the bringing in of a golden era.

There are thousands of McKelvins among the mechanics, artizans and others of this fair land whose lives are blighted and prospects blackened by the curse of drink, men who would to-day have been an

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honour to themselves and their country if the baneful influence of moderate and social drinking had years ago become a thing of the past, and the degrading influence of the saloon had come to an end. Such persons would have been bright stars in the pulpit, in commerce, in politics, in the church, in the workshop, in the trades and other various professions, if clouds of misery and despair had never obscured their lives, and allowed in every section of the land many lesser lights to appear with a brilliancy that otherwise would have seemed flickering and twinkling indeed.

What has been wanted in the long past, and is now being made by noble spirits of both sexes, is to rouse by example and precept the consciences of many who make no effort at all to reform and elevate their fellow-beings; and to improve and enlarge the attempts already made; and to strengthen the whole by the powerful principle of mutual association. The weakness of the temperance cause in Canada, as well as in the United States, has been the jealousies existing among temperance societies and the unwise and abortive attempts to form new political parties.

The time is at hand when men will not be required to state what their views are on this and the other questions of the day, unless there is a suspicion as to the soundness of their national honour; they will be left free to be guided by the dictates of their consciences as to which of the two great political parties they will ally themselves, but they will be required to show a pure private temperance career, one that will command the support, respect and confidence for all

time of enlightened, united and determined temperance constituents. And such trust, if once betrayed, will meet with positive censure and condemnation, and the betrayers will be forever swept from public life, as they will well deserve to be.

There are thousands of Mary Cortesi Macandies in Canada at this hour, marching on bearing the Olive Branch (the emblem of peace and fruitfulness), which will never wither nor fade, while watered with the tears of ten thousand fallen and distressed ones. The noble and good in all the churches and in society are moving up to swell the great army, which will one day bring light to every darkened home, liberty to every enslaved citizen, peace and joy to every sorrowing heart, and untold mercies to coming generations. Glory will crown their victory here, and greater glory beyond.

Along the border-land, on the shore of a sea of silver, may stand columns of gold, erected by those redeemed from the stream of destruction. Stones of onyx, beryl and sapphire may adorn these columns, and from their summits jasper figures of Seraphim and Cherubim may look down upon letters inscribed by angel hands, recording the deeds and virtues of those who have guided ten thousand times ten thousand spirits into the realm of King Jesus. And round and above may meet spirits redeemed from blackest life and darkest homes. And many of the happiest on that shore will be such as John McKelvin and Mary Macandie, who, through obloquy, derision and mortal opposition, rescued, then pointed and directed their trophies through the darkness to the skies, and to-

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DARKNESS AND DAWN.

THE late John Bright, in a speech delivered on the Crimean war, said:—"The Angel of Death has been abroad in the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of these classes I make this solemn appeal."

There is in every land a blighting, withering, destroying angel. He follows the tracks of numberless ships that run the courses of the seas. In almost every city and town and village and hamlet, the rustling of his wings may be heard. He settles over and loots all classes of homes, leaving misery, destruction and death in his train. He is abroad in Canada. Already he has blighted the homes, blackened the characters and ruined the usefulness of hundreds of thousands of our countrymen.

Yet we believe a brighter, a happier day is beginning to dawn. Angels of Mercy and Peace and Love are stirring; we begin to hear the moving of their wings. There are Macandies abroad in the land. Their solemn appeals are going out in behalf of all classes, and especially in behalf of the poor and lowly. Like their Divine Master, they are going about doing

good; and, like Him, they are drawing the sailor, the fisherman, the artizan into their service by their work of faith and labour of love. They know of the thousands who, if only rescued and redeemed, would be found worthy brothers of the heroic John McKelvin, and worthy to fill some of the most honourable and exalted positions in the world.

Let us all, as men, extend to these Angels of Mercy and Peace, the right that we enjoy,—the right of the ballot,—they ask for nothing more. Then we shall soon see the dark wings of the destroying angel powerless in the land, and the arm of the black torrid sea dammed at its source,—a sea which takes its rise in Hell and empties itself into Perdition. Its course is filled and strewn with wreckage and ruin. Yet on, on it moves, in never ceaseless flow, bearing on its troubled, restless bosom myriads of our countrymen, who are tossing and plunging and sinking in its eddying and whirlpools amid groans of despair and the delirium of the lost. Any one who has been drawn into this deep, dismal, burning current, and who for years has been vainly striving, with weakening will and nerve,—almost despairing in any attempt to extricate himself,—with hope as flickering as the dying embers of a camp fire,—will whisper from his soul:

“O, I defy thee, Hell, to show,
On beds of fire that burn below,
A sadder heart—a deeper woe.”

In the caverns of its depths are numberless unknown and unhonoured graves. May God, in his infinite goodness and wisdom and mercy, hasten the day when Canada will be saved from the indescribable calamities of intemperance. Then from the lips of thousands of John McKelvins and others, shall rise as incense to heaven the words, “Home, Sweet Home.”

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