

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
} \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS.

MIDNIGHT-MASS IN THE NORTH.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

SANTA CLAUS.

CHRISTMAS IN THE POLAR SEA.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

CHRISTMAS ON LAND AND SEA.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 14, 1878.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

As our readers will at once perceive, we have devoted this whole number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to the pictorial and literary illustration of scenes and episodes connected with the happy Christmas tide. Indeed to such an extent has the material crowded upon us that we have barely space left to fulfil the necessary and agreeable duty of wishing our readers and friends the compliments of the season. Having been in regular communication with one another during the year, and, in most cases, during a succession of years, there has grown a bond of union between readers and writers, and when the happy season comes around in due course, it is with a sentiment of real pleasure that the managers of the journal seize the opportunity afforded them by their columns to wish their patrons the full enjoyment of the holiday season. While circumstances, as none know better than ourselves, have not always allowed us to do all that we intended, or to come up to our ideal in every instance, we have still the consciousness of having done our best to please, and we may confidently announce that, with the beginning of a new year, no efforts will be spared to make the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS more and more worthy of public acceptance. We call upon all our friends to aid us in this, both by continuing their favours and inducing others to lend us a helping hand.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

As all loyal Canadians take an almost personal interest in the Royal Family, it is no exaggeration to say that the demise of Princess ALICE of Hesse will cast a gloom over our Christmas festivities. An additional cause for regret, in our case, is that the melancholy circumstance so intimately affects the fair lady whom we, only a few days ago, were welcoming with patriotic outbursts to her new home in Canada. It is sad to have to remember hereafter that the arrival of the Princess LOUISE among us was overshadowed by the great grief which she must experience at the death of a beloved sister. To her, in especial, and to the Queen and whole Royal Family, we, as a mouthpiece of public opinion, beg to offer the sincerest condolence. The loss is a heavy one in many respects. It is the first break in the large circle of the Royal Children—Her Majesty having enjoyed the rare privilege of seeing her large offspring of nine sons and daughters grown up around her to manhood and womanhood. Furthermore, Princess ALICE was endeared to the Royal household, as having been the favourite of her father, whom she nursed on his death bed, and the companion of her mother, during the first dismal years of her widowhood. Another painful circumstance is that, by an exceptional coincidence, she died on the

same day of the week and the same day of the month—Saturday, December 14—as the lamented Prince CONSORT, so that this anniversary will henceforth be doubly mournful in the Royal household.

Princess ALICE Maud MARY was the second daughter and third child of Her Majesty, and was born on the 25th of April, 1843. In July, 1862, she was married to Prince LOUIS of Hesse-Darmstadt. Seven children were born of this union—two sons and five daughters, but of these one died in 1873, and another, MARIE, only four years of age, preceded her mother by a few weeks. In fifteen years of her married life, Princess ALICE resided a great deal in England, as it was only on the 13th of June, 1877, that her husband succeeded his uncle, Ludwig the Third, in the government of the Grand Duchy.

We should have liked to accompany this brief memoir by a portrait of Her Royal Highness, but neither in this city nor in Ottawa could we find a likeness that did not date back several years. Rather than present an unfaithful picture, we preferred to wait a few weeks, when reliable photographs will reach us from England.

HOME MANUFACTURE OF ORDNANCE.

It is not generally known that there has been, during the last four years in the United States, the greatest artillery competition on record. The object of this competition was to determine on the most suitable system of heavy rifled ordnance for the service of the United States. This competition trial was carried out under the superintendence of the officers of the United States Board of Ordnance. The great struggle appears to have been the competition between steel barrels as a lining for heavy guns and coiled wrought iron barrels. The latter have always been advocated by Sir William Palliser, who has ever maintained that two good coiled wrought iron barrels, one inside the other, when oiled and fitted in by hand into a cast iron casing, are certain to defeat steel barrel guns in a heavy competition, owing to the treacherous nature of steel. This law, laid down by Sir W. Palliser, has proved perfectly true in America. The steel barrel guns have broken down, and the fleet and forts of our cousins have been, so far, armed with Palliser guns. Now this fact is of deep interest to us, for although we might find a difficulty in manufacturing steel barrels, there can be none in making coiled wrought iron barrels, and the point raised by this at once suggests itself, why should our Government continue to send large sums of money out of Canada to purchase ordnance and stores which can be made at home? We have reason to believe that it is now in contemplation to secure a number of armour piercing guns for coast defense. The cost of these will be many thousands of pounds, and Canada can ill afford to send this money out of the country. It may be argued that, although the United States makes large Palliser rifled guns with perfect success, we could not do so. In the first place it should be remembered that the United States have no State gun factory. The rifled guns alluded to are made by a private firm, receiving the orders every year from the Board of Ordnance. It would be absurd to maintain that what a private firm can do in America, for the American Government, a private firm could not do in Canada for the Canadian Government. It is true that the manufacture in America is under a certain amount of inspection by officers of the Board of Ordnance, but, without the least disrespect for these scientific officers, we can safely assert that they do not surpass such officers, as Colonel T. Bland Strange, Royal Artillery, in scientific attainments and knowledge of gunnery. Coiled barrels for a 64 pounder rifle are now being forged in Montreal out of Canadian iron by order of Sir W. Palliser, who is anxious that the Canadians should follow the example of the Americans, and adopt his guns. We

further understand that should our Government adopt his system, he will not accept any pecuniary reward or commission. Such generosity is seldom met with, and as he will guarantee the guns, we really think Government should seriously consider this most important question. We have reason to believe that Sir Edward Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G., is greatly in favour of Canada setting to work in earnest to arm herself. He has never ceased to advocate this most important point. We think it can be best attained by setting to work to make the armaments ourselves. A small sum voted every year, which surely finds its way back into the pockets of the people, is better than sending over \$100,000 at a time to Woolwich, not a penny of which ever returns to us.

We have now a good many Palliser 64 pounder rifled guns, purchased from Woolwich. There can be no reason why we should not make more of these and even 120 pounders. We show a section of a Palliser 120 pounder 7 inch gun, with its two coiled wrought iron barrels, and also a section of the Woolwich 7 inch gun. The first gun is made on the new principle of great length of bore to consume a large charge of mild powder. By following these rules Sir W. Armstrong has attained extraordinary results lately with very small pressure on the bore of the gun. The Woolwich gun is the old fashioned dumpey gun still in vogue which gives a low velocity owing to its length being too short to consume the whole of the powder charge; it is moreover more expensive than the Palliser gun.

LA GAZZA LADRA.

AN OPERATIC REMINISCENCE.

One of the most charming of French writers, and a musical critic of renown, M. A. de Pontmartin, has just published a work entitled *Souvenirs d'un Vieux Mélomane*, in which he relates an amusing incident connected with the representation at Paris of *La Gazza Ladra*, one of the most melodious of Rossini's lesser operas. As I have had frequent occasion in these columns to publish remarkable episodes relating to that favourite art which is a main beautifier and solace of life, I trust that the following will be found sufficiently pleasant to bear reproduction.

About thirty years ago, young de Pontmartin was engaged on the staff of *L'Opinion Publique*, one of the Legitimist journals of the day. His companions were a half dozen of youths who later made names for themselves in the literary world, and a few "volunteers" who daily lounged in the editorial rooms to read the papers and furnish the gossip of the boulevards for the "city items," or *faits divers*. Chief among these was a former Government official Madiere-Montjau. He was of gigantic size—six feet at least—lean as a skeleton, pale as a sepulchre, but his eyes glared with fire and his gesticulation was always animated unto exaggeration. His speciality was to express, in and out of season, his repentance for the part he had taken in the Revolution of July, damn the Republic, and bring in daily bulletins of the health of the pious Queen of the Belgians, daughter of Louis Philippe and wife of King Leopold. This strange character was a great favourite among the young scribes of *L'Opinion Publique*, and he often accepted an invitation to their modest repast at the restaurant of *la mère Morel*. On such occasions he would toss off his glass of Bordeaux, and rising, as about to propose a toast, exclaim in a stentorian voice: "I beg pardon of God and men for having contributed to the Revolution of July." Then, he would add with emotion; "fortunately we have the best news of the pious Queen of the Belgians." He cared little who overheard him among the guests of the restaurant, as he was fearless and had no human respect. It was this queer individual who distinguished himself one night at the Italiens.

La Gazza Ladra had been announced during several days for the first appearance of Sophie V— in the character of Ninetta. Ronconi, the incomparable baritone, at that time manager of the theatre, had assumed the rôle of Fernando, and the great Lablache was booked as the Podesta. With such a cast, it was no wonder that the opera drew crowds. On the opening night, de Pontmartin and his companions were early at their posts, with Madiere-Montjau among them. They had all dined exceptionally well and were in a proper mood of appreciation. The orchestra attacked the delicious overture, a military march which culminates in an irresistible *crescendo* established on the dominant. The introduction, the pretty couplets of Pippo, the entrance of the imperious farm-wife and the goodman Fabrizio had nicely disposed the public, when came the charming ritornel announcing Ninetta, and the famous cavatina: *Di piacer mi balza il cuore*. Sophie V— sang this to perfection and was rewarded by three salvos of applause. That initial triumph was enhanced

when, immediately after, Ronconi stepped upon the scene. This great artist was not always sure of his intonation during the first measures, but, in his good days, he always rose to the sublime. His rich voice, his tragical expression, his terrible gesture, the incredible art with which he coloured his phrases and made them pass through a thousand gradations of energy, tenderness, wrath and sweetness—all these qualities electrified his audience. The duet with Ninetta was executed in an inimitable style. Encouraged by her wonderful partner, Sophie V— surpassed herself, and the *strette* was covered with bravos. But silence! Here comes Lablache. He had but one fault in the character of the Bailiff. He was too handsome, too grandiose, too Olympian. An eagle in place of an osprey. Never was the celebrated air, *Il mio piano è preparato* delivered with such an admirable blending of senile fatuity, clandestine libertinism and magisterial authority. That guttural tocsin, softened by science, or rather by genius, accommodated itself without an effort to all the *fortissimo* which abound in this piece. To convert success into ovation, and enthusiasm into delirium, only a spark was needed, and that spark flashed from the immortal trio, *O Nunc Benefico*. In the magnificent adagio, the fresh voice of the prima donna responded like a melodious echo to the singing basses, which rivalled with each other in expression, flexibility and power. A handkerchief might have been heard to drop in the vast theatre. The drama was progressing grandly. The Podesta, fancying himself alone with Ninetta, had just unmasked his odious designs. At that moment, Fernando, forgetting his own peril through solicitude for his daughter, advanced upon him, superb in his thrilling indignation, and hurled at him the cry of paternal wrath, *Un maturo! un magistrato!* These words were uttered with such tragic fury that the audience was completely cowed and quite unable to applaud. There was a supreme moment of dramatic and musical ecstasy, when all at once a gigantic figure was seen rising to its full height from one of the orchestra seats, and lifting two long arms to the chandelier above. This fantastic, spectral figure had a large mouth, and from the large mouth came these words, uttered in a voice that drowned the sound of the instruments:

"I beg pardon of God and men for having taken part in the Revolution of July. Happily, the news from Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians is better."

Fancy the result! The house reechoed with cries of rage, mingled with shouts of laughter. On the stage, Lablache and Ronconi, artists of the heroic age, did not even wince, but poor Sophie V— went off in a swoon, falling into the arms of the Podesta, who was much astonished at his good luck. Down went the curtain, but not fast enough to hide the sight of a big cat, which passed majestically in front of the prompter's box, as if to enhance the catastrophe. Ten minutes later, the curtain rose again, and the manager came forward to announce that the prima donna, having recovered from her terror, would continue her part, but entreated all the indulgence of the audience. And she sadly needed it. The rest of the opera went off very poorly indeed.

In justice to our eccentric enthusiast, it must be added that he was desperate, and tore out the few grey hairs that were left him, as he repeated: "Poor Ninetta! If I were rich, I would give her everything to compensate for this misfortune. But I beg pardon of God and men for having taken part in the Revolution of July!"

JNO. LESPERANCE.

HUMOROUS.

EVERY editor has his shear ally.

THE individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

A MAN'S good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

THE man who goes to church simply because he has nothing else to do, may not be a heathen, but he is certainly an idle worshipper.

"WE'VE got to economize, or the country is ruined," was the soliloquy of a husband as he kindled the fire with his wife's bustle.

THE small boy who bade good-bye to Sunday-school just after the picnic is now making a desperate effort to regain his standing in time for the coming Christmas tree.

THE natives of Lord Howe's Island, in the South Pacific, petitioned for four schoolmasters and some iron pots. The gentle aborigines evidently contemplate giving a party.

A WESTERN poet who had expressed a wish to die "amidst the grand solitude of the eternal mountain-tops," was killed by the explosion of a pint of cheap kerosene.

"SARE," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-morrow?" "Yes, sare," was the equally bombastic reply—"yes, sare, it vas."

A schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense, he lends in the conditional mood, keeps you in the objective, and ruins you in the future!"

A PREACHER who arrived at the kirk wet through asked an old Scotchwoman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

THE other day a Detroitter, who has a good record of army service, took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots, the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction the shooter's small boy inquired: "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose so, my son." After a long pause the boy continued: "Then you must have got near enough to hit 'em with an axe, didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.

MY CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

See her standing with crown and with sceptre.
Little queen of Love's kingdom to-night;
Every heart will adore and accept her.
For love is her right.

A little head crowned with berries;
A little brow clouded with doubt;
Little lips that are redder than cherries.
Too pretty to pout.

A little fay dressed for the fairies;
A little court waiting without;
A court where no sin and no care is.
Your kingdom, no doubt.

Do you think of the part you are playing,
As you stand with that fair drooping head—
What thoughts through your little brain straying,
Will live there unsaid?

The wild wind is sweeping through cloudland;
The firelight glows fervent and red;
The white snow is weaving a shroud-band
For hours that are dead.

The joy-bells ring out through the night-air;
The old King of Winter draws near;
In the glow and the gleam of the light there
His welcome you hear.

O lips that are sweeter than laughter,
Smile too at the Christmas King's birth;
Let the shadows and sorrows come after
Our season of mirth.

Throw off those grave thoughts, little fairy;
Give kisses and smiles for to-night;
Or if of cares you're chary,
Look on with delight.

There are hearts that may ache some hereafter
For the lustre that lives in your eyes,
And the red lips that break into laughter,
Or tremble with sighs.

But the spell of the young years that bind you,
Is sacred and holy and sure;
As we leave you, I would we might find you,
So gentle and pure.

RITA.

Seven Christmas Eves.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

We had a handsome as well as a happy home in Scotland; pictures of my forefathers for three hundred years back embellished the walls of the dining-room; while our sideboard was loaded with gold and silver plate, heir-loom in the family, which our richer neighbours could not boast of, and of which they envied us the possession.

I was fourteen years old when a sad change came over all this; my father had engaged in some speculation, a railway or some such spend-money which turned out a failure for the first who undertook the business, and made the fortunes of more fortunate or perhaps clearer-headed men who took their place. Woe for us, we had to leave our happy home with its pleasant parlours, opening into conservatories bright with many-hued flowers, or gardens, with their broad green walks. The forest trees, under whose shade we had played from childhood, whose very trunks and swaying green branches were home to us, we were to know no more forever.

My father and mother could not brook the pity of some, the averted look of others who a year previous considered themselves honoured by an invitation to our house. And so it was decided that we should cross the wide Atlantic and seek a home where the poor from east, north and south all go and find "bread and to spare," among the energetic men and kindly women of Canada.

My mother must have had more command over herself than most women possess. I never heard her utter a word of regret as the shores of her native land faded from her sight; or give an impatient look or gesture while she, who had been accustomed to be waited on from her childhood, cared for and attended four little ones, under six years of age, unaided except by such assistance as I, a girl of fourteen, and a brother, two years my elder, could give.

My father entertained the most sanguine hopes of retrieving his fortune in the western world. He had before leaving Scotland secured a situation in a large mercantile house in Montreal; and, as each day brought us nearer our destination, used to express his impatience to be at work again. The last evening we were on board he called to my mother who was putting her little ones to bed; "leave the children, Agnes, Archie will stay with them, come out and enjoy the glorious sunset."

My mother and I joined him on deck to see the sun setting with a radiance which in our cloudy northern home we had never dreamed of.

"There is a harbinger of our success," said my father, pointing to the setting sun. "As the glory of that sunset we now look on, is to what we have ever seen before, so will the fortune I shall make here, be to what we have lost."

"Dear George, you are my fortune," replied my mother clasping one of his hands in both her own. "Where you are, to me, is perfect happiness. I would rather be a slave in bondage by your side, than wanting you, share in all this world hath power to give."

"Dearest; you have been to me light and blessing. I have known no real sorrow since I brought you as my bride to Marsden; although you have allowed no sigh of regret to pass your lips, or shade of sadness to cross your brow, I know too well what your woman's heart must have suffered in leaving the home so hedged round with pleasant memories—the birthplace

of our children." As my father spoke he raised the hand still clasped in his own to his lips, and looking fondly down into her eyes said, "fear not, darling, you will yet return to Marsden and be the richest lady that ever lived within the old walls."

Prophetic words! How fulfilled! It was the evening of the next day ere we arrived at our destination. Never shall I forget the scene of wonder the wharf with its busy life presented to my untutored eye, as we disembarked; the crowds hurrying to and fro among the things wonderful the stranger from the small quiet cities of Scotland sees in Montreal.

My brother, the three eldest children, together with an energetic girl named Catherine, whom my mother engaged on board ship, were placed in a conveyance and sent off to the boarding house in St. Catherine street, where rooms had been engaged for us by a friend.

My father placed mamma, myself and the baby in another conveyance, his foot was on the step ready to take his place beside us when something startled the horses of a carriage close by, and in their fright they rushed against the one we were seated in, causing the horses to rear and the carriage to sway heavily to one side. My father jumped down and the door closed with a bang as the coachman got his horses to resume a natural position; a shrieking noise as of several voices calling in horror struck on my ear; I put my head out through the open window. Oh God! Oh God! My father's head and breast were under the stamping feet of two terrified horses his life blood dabbled the ground. A splash of something warm on my face; merciful heaven it is my father's blood!

We lived in that pretty wooden cottage at the corner of Willow street, Longueuil, where the street door entered into our parlour. During the first two years my mother existed, we could scarcely call her living, she neither smiled nor sighed; spoke only in answer to questions and then it was yes, or no; in all these two years no other word ever passed her lips. Her hair as she sat for two days and two nights by my father's mutilated body was rich auburn which shone like burnished gold when the sunshine fell on it; it was now "white as the snow on Salmon." Her eyes had all their old blue with its depth of softness, but they knew no change, ever intently gazing out on the quiet street, whether in daylight or darkness.

Catherine Simpson, the girl my mother hired on board ship, was the angel of our household; she was nurse, cook, and chamber-maid to us all, and in her own quiet, loving way, mother to the little ones.

She had an idea that I was quite a musician because I could play by ear the wild mountain airs by which she lulled the children to sleep, and so she kept me practicing and studying my old lesson books in hopes that when Archie made a fortune, which she had full faith in his ability to do, I would be an accomplished young lady. Save the mark! poor humble me an accomplished lady! How I toiled for that distinction during these two long years.

Christmas eve was a great festival with us in Scotland perhaps the more so with us as a family, because it was on Yule day that Sir Humphrey Denholm was knighted, and the ring he wore three hundred years ago with the quaint old legend engraved inside, was always put in the great Yule Bannock after it was baked, the happy one to whose share that piece of cake fell being sure of success and happiness until Yule night came again.

The first Christmas eve after our arrival in America passed unheeded, it was the first Christmas that alas, alas! Archie had a right to his title of Sir Archibald.

Before we left Scotland my father had resolved to preserve a strict silence on the subject of his title, and the more to favour this my mother's name and his own were entered on the ship's passenger list as Mr. and Mrs. Denholm.

Our second Christmas eve was like unto the first, but that Catherine of her own accord treated us that day to plum pudding and Christmas goose. No one noticed the dinner in words, but when twilight came with its shadows, Archie and I sat apart with clasped hands, and in hushed whispers spoke of the great Christmas log that used to burn in the old hall at Marsden, and as we looked up at the old household clock which we had brought across the sea, and heard it strike amid the gloom and silence of our quiet room 1—2—3—4—5—6, the dinner hour at Marsden, where with fifty invited guests the evening time sped on amid light and song, our heads drooped close together and hot tears fell on our clasped hands.

The third Christmas came as Christmas will come to the end of time—to one in sorrow, to another in joy. Archie had trusted me in the morning with the secret that he was to receive a Christmas present of fifty dollars from his employers, and in order to make a little pleasure for us all he was to spend it in Christmas presents, one of which was to be a huge cake, he having determined to put mamma to give us Sir Humphrey's ring to ask in it.

Christmas eve came round and the old clock pointed to half-past five as Archie arrived laden with his presents. The boys were loud in their demonstrations of joy over a joint-stock rocking horse, while Mabel's blue eyes drooped with almost motherly love on the beautiful face of her wax doll, baby crowing with delight over a musical rattle. There were also nine-pins, drums, trumpets, I can scarcely remember all;

our little parlour seemed to have been turned into a toy shop; there was a ring for me, a dress for Catherine who deserved it so well, and a beautiful Bible bound in white and gold for mamma.

As Archie presented mamma with her present, he showed her the Christmas cake, begging her to put Sir Humphrey's ring into it. She took the Bible from his hand and pressed her lips to his cheek in token of thanks; but from the cake she turned away, lifting and waving her hand as if she fain would banish it from her sight.

A few minutes afterwards Mabel came and whispered, "Mamma is crying." Blessed tidings! happy tears! The fountain of her tears had been sealed since the day on which my father's dead body met her gaze. This was better than Sir Humphrey's ring a hundred fold. This was the first Christmas eve we had a semblance of happiness in Canada. Ere Christmas Day dawned, Archie, our bread-winner, was stretched on a fever bed from which for six long weeks he never rose.

What was to be done! The money we brought with us from Scotland was nearly all gone; it was by the exercise of the utmost economy it had lasted so long. I looked at my idle hands and asked myself "Is there nothing I can do? I am strong and willing, surely I can work too."

That evening an advertisement caught my eye. Edmonston and Fornam wanted a proof-reader.

I took Catherine into my confidence. At first she showed all a Scotchwoman's prejudice against a lady, the daughter of a titled gentleman, working for her bread. But at last when I explained to her how low our finances were, and that the doctor had said it might be months before Archie would again be able to work, her mind took a practical view of the case.

I went that day to Edmonston and Fornam's and asked to see the foreman as the advertisement desired. He asked a few questions—my answer seemed to impress him favourably, and bidding me follow him I was in a few minutes ushered into a small room where an old gentleman sat writing.

"There is a young lady, Mr. Edmonston, who I think will make a good proof-reader in Miss Wilson's place," said the foreman. The gentleman thus addressed asked a few questions as to my ability to write and spell, ending by requesting me to write to his dictation. I did so for upwards of five minutes. My work was, he said, "wonderfully good, considering it was my first attempt," and at once desired that I should be engaged at a salary of four dollars a week. I worked in that office nearly five years a happy girl. Dear Montreal, the dearest place in all the world. Your green, grassy squares, with their sparkling fountains; your poplars and maples hold more romance for me than all the trees of the forest.

CHAPTER II.

"The darkness is always greatest before dawn." My dear brother was two months on a bed of sickness, twice in that time his life was despaired of; but this new trial aroused our mother from the lethargy of grief she had been under for two years. She alone nursed him, watched by his pillow day and night, and, at last, when he was able to walk by her side on the soft green grass under the trees on the Chambly road, she took up her harp of rejoicing, praising the Lord in joyfulness of soul.

The gentleman who engaged me was Mr. Edmonston's eldest son, at that time a young man of twenty-five years of age. He was the best and kindest; upright and true. He was almost worshipped by every man and woman who served his father.

To me he was a dream of heaven from the time when, as a girl of sixteen years of age, I entered his father's employment. I never thought of him as a lover; I would as soon have thought of falling in love with the angel Gabriel. But that I might deserve and win the praise he never failed to give to all, even to the poor scrubbing woman, if she did her work well, I strove with all my heart, and strength, and spirit to do everything as he would have it done,—to be perfect, to copy him.

I had set myself a high standard. He was the friend of all, his heart a kindly fountain with perpetual flow, knowing better than any one I ever met how to call forth the highest feelings of the heart, those traits which give a brighter glow to things of earth, and each of us possess more or less.

He had all the higher impulses which decorate our nature, and yet he pitied where others less pure and noble would blame; his soul rose unconfined from our lower paths up to God. He sought the confidence of all, the meanest as well as the foremost man and woman who served his father; and he gained not only their confidence, but their reverence and love. The establishment was one of the largest in Montreal. Magazines, newspapers, and books of all kinds were published there, and Walter Edmonston, his name now ranking as one of the first in the literature of his land, was the one who had the general superintendence of all literary work belonging to the private office. All original matter passed through his hands.

I had another strong motive to make my work such as would please my employers, and one which pressed on me every day. I knew that if Archie's illness ended fatally (and for twelve long months he never won a dollar), my mother and the children must eat the bread I could win and no other.

For this I tried with a will and force which even to myself seemed supernatural, to improve my handwriting, that it might be without mistake, and so even as to be read with the same ease as printed matter. I knew that I would be paid in the exact ratio that my work deserved.

I had been in their employment a little more than three months, when one day the senior partner came into the room where I worked along with several girls and two gentlemen, all correctors of the press or copyists of manuscript. He walked slowly round, looking over the work of each as he passed behind our chairs, and, like his son, giving a word of encouragement, praise or advice, as it seemed needful. I felt his breath on my neck as he stooped over my chair, evidently bending down that he might the better inspect my work. My heart was palpitating so that I could feel every beat against the arm on which I leaned.

"Aye," said he, after inspecting my work at least a minute, "this is something we do not meet always. Walter, look here."

His son came up to where Mr. Edmonston stood behind my chair, and, excusing himself, lifted the manuscript I was writing from before me, saying, in an undertone, "This is the young lady of whom I spoke."

"Capital! as good as print!" was the reply, in a hearty voice.

"And of such work twenty pages and over a day," said his son.

"Well, Walter, you'll look to that on the first."

On the first of the month, which was the day we received our salary, I was paid six dollars a week, instead of four.

A few weeks after this, while we were at tea one night, Archie had a fit of coughing, which ended in his spitting up and at last vomiting a quantity of blood.

I immediately ran for the nearest doctor, but he, on seeing my brother, advised that the physician regularly attending him should be sent for at once, as it might be very serious or otherwise, according to the nature of the case, of which no one could judge so well as the medical man who had attended him all along, adding, "He had better be sent for without delay."

It was now nearly eight o'clock, and I dared not go to Montreal at so late an hour alone. Taking Catherine with me, we proceeded to St. Catherine street, where Dr. Turnbull lived.

Arrived there, we were told that Archie was then attending a wedding party, and one of the villas above Sherbrooke street, and might not be at home until far in the night.

I at once resolved to go for him, so, obtaining the address, we took a cab to convey us to the house. The place we sought was a handsome villa residence, surrounded by more than ordinary extent of pleasure grounds, embellished with great old trees, whose long drooping branches swept the green sward. The grounds were lit up by a profusion of Chinese lanterns, some of them little tiny things, emitting only a sparkle of light; others, great globes, blazing in gold and purple and crimson, making the trees they hung on look like trees from fairy-land. The little plots of flowers amid the closely-shaven green, mossy sward, showing by the light of the lanterns a radiance of glorious colour they never knew by day.

The house was a handsome gothic cottage; the light streaming from the windows throwing one set of pillars into deep shadow, while others stood out in bright relief, capital and base seen as distinctly as by daylight. The air would have been oppressive on that mild September night but for the numerous fountains throwing up great jets of water in all grotesque ways. Over all, the broad hunter's moon sailing in her quiet beauty high up in the cloudless sky, shed a grace and radiance all her own.

Catherine left the carriage to find the doctor and deliver her message to him, while I sat entranced gazing into a handsomer room than any I had seen since I left Marsden, where elegantly-dressed fair women and their partners were dancing or walking in couples. The windows reaching from floor to ceiling must have been made so as to slide into panels behind the gothic pillars, which alone separated them, as the whole front of the room, forming a semicircle, was wide open to the lawn.

A lady and gentleman came out on the lawn, so near the carriage, where I sat hidden by the shadow of the great trees, that I could with ease distinguish their features and even hear each word they spoke.

The lady was attired in the pure white satin robe and gauzy flowing veil of a bride, only, instead of orange blossoms, she wore blue forget-me-nots. She was a woman of rare beauty, her whole face and figure expressing dignity and grace; her beautifully-formed head seemed to carry itself with a hauteur which, like "Vashti the beautiful," would ignore the admiration of all save he to whom she had given her heart.

The lady so entranced me, that it was only when her companion spoke some words in reply that, struck by the voice, I looked and beheld Walter Edmonston!

The lady's bracelet came unfastened and fell on the ground at her feet. He picked it up, replaced it on the white wrist, and then, putting his arm round her waist, kissed her cheek.

In that moment I knew that "Vashti, the beautiful," was Walter Edmonston's bride. They turned and again entered the room among the dancers. I felt as if my heart was turned to stone—as if every pulse had ceased to beat. I could not then ask myself why their great happiness seemed as it were the death knell of



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



ST. NICHOLAS AND HIS ESCORT.

mine. I was not jealous of that beautiful lady, it would have seemed sin in me to be so; I knew that Walter Edmonston and I were as far apart as if the wide Atlantic flowed between us. I had never entertained one feeling of earthly love for him; but I had thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night, until he became a part of my very being: an idol which I could no more tear from my heart than I could forget my hope of heaven; and I could not bear the thought that another should love him as well as I did. Poor child of seventeen years! I believed with a faith that knew no change nor wavering since I first beheld him; that heaven could hold no joy for me were Walter Edmonston not there.

Dr. Turnbull accompanied us home; Archie must be kept quiet; there was no danger; the blood came from some small vessel in the throat.

Christmas eve, the fourth, came with more of happiness than we had known since we crossed the sea. Archie was so well that he had the doctor's permission to resume his labours in the New Year, and his employer was eager for his return, promising him an advance in salary.

My mother was herself again; the spring round which all in the household moved, as she used to be in our old Scottish home.

We had a nice cake baked at home and iced all over, set on one of our old silver salvers adorned with a wreath of scarlet geraniums and green leaves cut from our own house plants.

The old pictures we had brought from Scotland, covering almost every available space of our humble walls were ornamented with scarlet berries, branches of dark green fir and cedar. The sideboard looked quite grand with the old plate, and to do honour to the night we were all dressed in our best—the two little girls and myself in white muslin, each with a little sprig of scarlet geranium in our hair. The cake was cut, and, behold, Sir Humphrey's ring was mine! I was reading the legend "Kind heart be true, and ye shall never rue," amid shouts of merry laughter from my brothers, when the door opened, and a well-known voice thrilled through my heart.

"Excuse me, Madam, I knocked twice, and I fancy the laughter of your pretty children prevented my being heard. I am in search of a family of the name of Denholm, where there is a sick boy; they live in this vicinity, and I have mistaken the number of the house; perhaps you could direct me where to find them?"

All this time I had remained standing with my back to the speaker. I now turned round and said smilingly, "Do you wish to find our house, Mr. Walter?"

At first he was evidently so taken back, that he remained for a second without answering, but, quickly recovering himself, he replied with his usual suavity, removing his hat as he spoke:

"It is indeed your house I am seeking; will you introduce me, Miss Denholm?"

I did so, and my mother requested him to be seated, with more coldness and hauteur of voice than I could have wished, had the power of modulating her tones been mine.

Walter Edmonston sat only a few minutes, but in that time gained a little in my mother's good graces by praising her beautiful children, and offering to send from his library any book Archie might wish to read.

I felt quite sure the books were mentioned merely as an excuse for a visit, the true motive for which I was yet to learn.

A few days after this visit I met on the Longueuil ferry boat two girls who worked as compositors in Edmonston and Fornam's, and lived almost opposite our cottage. Although we passed over each morning to work in the same establishment, we rarely met, as I regularly gave myself half an hour in advance of the others.

"How do you do, Miss Denholm?" said the older of the two; "you had a visit from Mr. Walter Edmonston on Christmas eve; I saw him going into your house."

"Yes, we had the pleasure of seeing him for a few minutes."

"I hope he gave your mother a nice present."

"What?" said I, with a feeling of painful surprise my face must have betrayed.

"I hope he gave your mother a nice present of cake and fruit and something, and your brother some wine."

"No, certainly," replied I, my blood running hot and quick as I spoke. "I am sure he never thought of such a thing."

"Well, then, it is a real shame," answered the girl, who, occupied by her own view of the case, never for a moment fancied that his doing so could occasion any other feeling but that of satisfaction.

"He asked me in the morning," continued she, "where you lived, and I told him you had a sick brother and everything I thought could do you good; and to think of him going himself and not giving you anything, when he sent a large cake and lots of fruit to us; it's a real shame!"

How thankful I was that our little home had been more than usually bright and gay that Christmas eve.

Several months after this conversation, I was engaged on work which it was impossible for me to finish in time unless I went to the office early in the morning. With this view, I left home at six o'clock. It was the first time I had put on a coloured dress since my father's death; long as the time had been we kept on our black dresses, as expressive of the feelings of sorrow, which, although weakened by time, still kept its hold on our hearts.

My dress was a light grey merino, with a hat and shawl of the same colour, and very careful I was lest anything, in coming or leaving the ferry

boat, should put the smallest stain on my new attire.

The morning was lovely for the season, and I walked leisurely along, enjoying the fresh, sweet air. As I approached the printing house, I was all at once conscious of a crowd hurrying on towards the street where it stood, while at the same time dense clouds of smoke seemed to be rising in the air from the same direction. I hurried on only to see the back wing of Edmonston and Fornam's printing house one sheet of flame! While such sentences as "God help him!" "He's a dead man!" "They say it's one of the firm!" struck my ear on all sides.

I pressed in among the crowd, and again heard—"No power on earth can save him; they have only old wooden ladders, and they are broken! The escapes are useless; they have gone for others, but he will be burnt to death before they come!"

I still pressed through that dense crowd of human beings, waving to and fro, and could now clearly distinguish Mr. Edmonston's voice calling out in accents of thunder—"ten thousand dollars—twenty thousand to the boy who carries a rope up that ladder!"

By stooping down and pushing myself under the men's arms, I got into the space where the firemen were working. The building presented a scene I shall never forget; the roof had in one part entirely fallen in, and seemed like the crater of a volcano pouring out flame and smoke, while through each place over the entire back of the building where windows had been, came great licking tongues of flame, as if having consumed all inside they sought something else to devour.

My eye took in all this at a glance, and at the same moment I saw Mr. Edmonston attempting to scale a ladder which was placed against the building.

Several of the firemen rushed and by force dragged him away, calling out—"You will break the ladder in pieces; that weakly, broken thing will support nothing heavier than a slight boy."

Guided by the ladder my eyes sought the top of the building. Oh, pitiful heavens, amid the fire and smoke, stood Walter Edmonston!

"What is the boy who climbs the ladder to do?" I asked of the fireman who stood next me.

"To carry this rope to the very topmost ring of the ladder and then throw it to the man up there," pointing to Walter Edmonston. As the man spoke, he eyed me keenly all over. I am sure he knew why I asked the question, and was trying to ascertain if I had courage and strength to climb the ladder.

"Fifty thousand dollars to the boy who will climb that ladder!" Mr. Edmonston shouted in tones of agony.

"A good price," said a man at my side, "only he would never live to claim it."

I threw my shawl to the fireman I had spoken to, at the same time lifting my dress and folding it round my waist, and seizing the rope, I climbed the ladder swiftly and lightly.

Shouts of "Hurrah! hurrah for the brave girl!" mingled with cries of "For shame; take the girl down, she'll be burned to death, she'll be dashed to pieces," were uttered on every side.

I heeded them not; I was light and sure of foot. When I was fourteen years old I could climb any tree in Marsden forest. I was without fear, there was no such thing in the world for me while Walter Edmonston was up there with death amid the fire.

I stopped one moment at the top of the ladder that I might take a steady aim.

CHAPTER III.

I was still a long way from the window by which he held, yet saw by his attitude as he clung to the rail, that he had little if any support for his feet. I threw the rope, and saw him seize and fasten it to a beam at his side.

He was saved! By the time I was again on the ground he was half-way down, the rope and ladder both aiding him. As I descended, my dress unfastened, and, floating out beyond the ladder, attracted one of the many protruding tongues of flame. It did not alarm me. I knew the dress was worsted, and could only become black cinders, incapable of communicating fire to any other part of my clothes. Before I reached the ground, the fireman who held my shawl tore out the burning part of my dress, and, snatching my shawl from him, I rolled it round me, so as to hide my burnt dress, and hurried into the crowd.

Ere I was clear of the crowd, I knew by the loud hurrahs which rent the air that Walter Edmonston had reached the ground. Shouts of "Where is the girl?" came on my ear as I swiftly sped along the way to St. Mary street and Longueuil ferry. I walked so swiftly that, in an hour after I had descended from the ladder, I was showing my burnt dress to mamma and Catherine, and telling them of the burning of Edmonston and Fornam's printing house. Fortunately I was never asked how my dress came to be burned. They were all too thankful to see me back safe to be much concerned about the dress, which was forthwith consigned to the garret along with my shawl and hat, both covered with black soot marks.

All that week the newspapers rang with praises of the girl who had saved Mr. Walter Edmonston's life, and in every daily paper in Montreal there appeared advertisements, signed by Mr. Edmonston, requesting that she would send her address to Edmonston and Fornam, and then, when these were unsuccessful in finding

the girl, others were inserted, naming the banking house, where fifty thousand dollars were placed for the young lady who produced the rest of the burnt dress, and matching it with the piece torn away by the fireman, could prove her identity with the one who risked her life to save Walter Edmonston.

CHAPTER IV.

Time sped on; Archie's salary was a large one but the children were growing into big girls and boys, and there were school fees to be paid as well as double the money in rent we at first gave for the same cottage.

My own work had changed wonderfully, ere our sixth Christmas Eve came round. Instead of correcting the proofs, I now wrote for the weekly paper printed in the establishment, and I was well paid for my work; but if I had not been I would as soon have thought of living amid the wastes of snow in Siberia as of leaving Edmonston and Fornam's; my resolution was formed long ago—I would live and die working for Walter Edmonston. On the morning of Christmas Eve he came into the little office I now called my own and with a look of care on his brow and a slight tremor in his voice said: "Miss Denholm would you oblige me by writing a few verses on the death of a little boy who was just beginning to speak. I wish to give them to his mother."

He paused as if to still the emotion he could not conceal and then continued: "the child was so dear to me I can scarcely realize that I shall go in and out and hear his voice—see his face no more forever."

"Is it your only child, Mr. Walter, who is dead?"

"My only child," said he, repeating my words and speaking in a hard voice, "what could make you fancy it was my child?"

I did not immediately answer, but looked up in his face that I might read there what he meant by speaking in such a harsh tone. He was looking down upon me with compressed lips as if he would force himself to be calm, his brow and cheek suffused with crimson.

I replied at once looking him steadily in the face as I did so. "It was a very natural conclusion for me to come to when you said you loved the child so well. I cannot see why you should feel my words as you seem to do."

"Miss Denholm," said he, "are you aware that I am unmarried?"

"No, sir," replied I quickly, my face doubtless betraying the penitence I felt for my involuntary mistake. "I have believed you to be married man for several years back."

As I spoke a light seemed to break in on my soul. That lovely lady with her fair face and beautiful form, "Vashti the beautiful" must have passed into the silent land. And I added with a softened low voice such as we use when speaking of the dead, "Has God taken away the beautiful woman whom I thought was your wife?"

As I finished speaking he sat down at the corner of the table where I wrote, and looking in my eyes said in a slow distinct voice: "You are laboring under a great mistake. I never was married; I never knew but one woman I would wish to marry; and in thinking over all her words and actions, I have ever come to the conclusion she would not accept me if I offered myself. 'He rose; and placing his hand on mine just for an instant, said: 'Miss Denholm, if I needed further proof, your words to-day have told me I was right.'"

He was gone. I wrote the verses. I did my very best. I poured all the sorrow, all the poetry of my soul into them.

CHAPTER V.

Our sixth Christmas Eve. Since the third, each one as it came round brought a visit from Walter Edmonston. These visits were the white spots in my Christmas. Somehow I thought he would not come this evening, yet hoping against hope by one excuse or another I kept mamma from cutting the cake. The old clock warned eight; further delay was useless. We all left the room that mamma might cut the cake and put in the ring. This done she called us back and putting the plate heaped with the cut pieces into my hand bade me help myself and then serve the others. I had just taken the plate from her hand when a light tap at the door made my heart leap; against all rule I opened the door myself and admitted Walter Edmonston.

"Welcome," said I, in a heartier tone than I was accustomed to use. I did not mean to do so, but unconsciously I spoke as my heart dictated. "You shall have to-night a piece of our Christmas cake."

As I spoke I presented the plate. He lifted the top piece with a few words of compliment, and then passed to the upper end of the room to address mamma and Archie. When he was seated, mamma explained to him that he was not expected to eat the piece of cake, only to break it in pieces; that this was one of our Scottish superstitions connected with Christmas, adding, "I hope, as you are the guest, you may be fortunate enough to find the ring."

It was even so, Walter Edmonston got Sir Humphrey's ring.

After examining and admiring the curious old ring with its grotesque carving and quaint legend, he said, addressing mamma.

"I am entitled to retain this ring for three nights, am I not? You see, although I am a Canadian, I am not wholly ignorant of your Scottish customs."

"You are," replied my mother, "but only on condition you repeat to us the dreams it inspires."

"The conditions are agreed to," replied he, putting the ring on his finger, observing as he did so, "this must be a very old ring; I once saw in a monastery a silver jug of similar workmanship which was supposed to be three hundred years old."

"That is the age we ascribe to this ring," replied my mother, "and also to a bowl which my ancestor, who left the ring in our family, brought from the Holy Land, and had the ring made in Scotland in imitation of the bowl."

Mr. Edmonston expressed a wish to see the bowl, to which my mother replied by handing me the key of a chest where the bowl was kept saying, "be careful in lifting the desk from the top of the chest; I observed some time ago the back seems quite loose." Turning to Mr. Edmonston, she said, "this old desk is one of my household gods; it is the only thing I possess belonging to a dear grand uncle who was father and mother and everybody to me, and who died thinking he left me heirless to all his land."

Mamma was fond of harping on the loss of Morton Castle, which she believed had been brought about by the destruction of the will made in her favor, and I felt annoyed by her present reference to it.

Mr. Edmonston, as in duty bound put on a look of sympathy. Archie came forward to show him some drawings which had lately arrived from Scotland, in order to change the conversation, which we dreaded as it always brought on mamma a fit of the blues.

I had obtained possession of the bowl without injury to the old desk, when on attempting to replace it down it fell and seemed to come to pieces.

I came down stairs with the bowl which of course was duly admired, and shortly after our guest bade us adieu. On Mr. Edmonston's departure I ran up-stairs to an end window where each Christmas Eve I watched his receding form until it faded in the distance; and having assured myself that my ear could catch his footsteps no longer, I brought down the broken desk and showed it to mamma. She took it from my hands without a word of reproach, although I knew, poor as we were, she would have rather lost a hundred pounds. It was put on the table as tenderly as if it had been a thing of life. The back had fallen out. It had originally been fastened by a spring which Archie in vain tried to refasten. In his endeavors to make the spring work the bottom of the desk fell to the ground and with it a large parchment.

My undemonstrative mother called out, "Oh, children, give praise to God! here is my uncle's will!"

Verily so it was. My mother spread it out, holding it in both hands, while Archie read over her shoulder its contents, willing to her, thirty years before, the Castle and lands of Morton, a town house in Edinburgh, and fifty thousand pounds! The will signed and sealed.

My mother wished Archie at once to go home and enter an action against the heir in possession, she proposing to part with our plate to pay the expenses of his journey. This he absolutely refused to do, for the first time in his life disputing her commands. He argued thus: "The present proprietor has been thirty years in possession; is it likely he will give it up without a long and expensive law-suit? Every valuable in our possession would not pay the expense of even beginning such a suit in Britain. I am the principal support of the family. How are they to be provided for in my absence?"

Little more was said on the subject that night, but subsequently my mother told me that she had formed the resolution of going home herself on purpose to obtain her right; the idea of being foiled in the attempt could never be forced upon her.

My mother and I often talked over this matter in our own room after all the others had gone to bed. She never wearied of the theme; she was convinced we were by the finding of the will to become rich and live in our own land. Often night after night have I counted the midnight hour and then one, two, three, four—when wearied in mind and body I have fallen asleep while my mother still talked on. She was determined to go, that was certain; and it was as certain that she who had never mixed with the world all her life was as unfit for even taking such a voyage alone as little Florence with her seven years. My dear mother who depended upon me for buying all the clothes and linen for the household, because she could not bear to come in contact with strangers. She go to Britain alone! No, such a thing could never be. If it must be done, I resolved to go myself, and one of our sleepless nights I told her so. She grasped at the idea, and it was at once decided I should go in February.

I had saved two hundred dollars in order to pay for music-lessons for Maud, to whom mamma had imparted all of the science she herself knew, and I resolved to take this money and devote it to going home. And although I was strongly inclined to adopt Archie's opinion on the subject, yet I considered my devoting my money to this purpose was a sacred duty to my mother, who had never known peace of mind since that ill-starred will was found. We had all been so happy before it came to disturb our peace. Ah! how I wished I had handled that old box with more care.

On the fifth of January I wrote to the firm, saying that I must leave the office for some months, that I was to visit Britain on business of importance, but I would return, if such was their wish, as soon as possible. I received the

reply I expected from the just, considerate men I served. They wished me a pleasant voyage; my desk and seat were ready for me on my return. The day I was to leave the office I told Mr. Walter Edmonston that I was to sail on the morrow. He became white and red like a girl as I spoke, half asked me what business I was going upon, and then checked himself. In the evening he joined me just as I was stepping on board the boat at Longueuil ferry. Taking my hand to help me on board, he led me to a seat, and sitting down beside me, said:
 "I came here to ask you to allow me to see you home. I have something I wish to tell you, which cannot be said in the office."

As he spoke he took off his hat, and holding it in his hand, addressed me with the same air of consideration he would have used in speaking to the first lady in the land. Something in the courtly dignity of manner he assumed reminded me of "Vashti the beautiful," whose cheek I had seen him kiss so fondly, and while signifying my willingness to accept his escort, I mentally asked myself for the hundredth time, "Who is Vashti?"

When we landed, Mr. Walter drew my arm within his own, and thus we walked on. The evening was lovely, the bright moon throwing one half of the street into deep shadow, while the other seemed as bright as day. He spoke of the commonplace things around—the beauty of the stars, the moonlight on the waters of the St. Lawrence, seen in bright streaks and flashes as it streamed through the branches of the dark firs.

I listened but did not attempt to utter a word in reply. My heart was beating hard and quick; what he wanted to say to me I thought not of; I cared little. I was happier then, than I ever expected to be again; whatever was the cause of his accompanying me home that night, it was not likely he would ever do so a second time.

As we came to the corner of the street turning down to the cottage he said, "Will you walk with me half an hour on the river bank. What I have to say, is for your ear alone."

I tacitly consented, and we walked on until we reached a grassy knoll, shaded by a row of dark fir trees overlooking the river. The fatigue of walking so far, together with the excited state of my own feelings, made my steps falter and my heart beat almost audibly.

Throwing a light coat he held on his arm over part of the knoll, he made me sit down, saying, "You are tired, rest here, we will talk under the shade of these grand old trees and this pleasant 'light of stars'."

As we seated ourselves he took the hand which had rested on his arm, and held it in his own. I endeavored to draw it away, but he held it with a firm grasp and said:
 "I will only detain you a very little while; let me have my own way."
 We sat some minutes without speaking. Sitting beside Walter Edmonston thus, was dear happiness to me, yet I felt as if I had been guilty of an indiscretion, and wished myself at home in my mother's house. I half rose from my seat. With a gentle pressure of his hand he seated me, saying: "Wait for just five minutes; look, you can count the time." As he spoke he opened his watch and placed it on my lap. A second after, he abruptly said, looking full in my face:
 "Why, did you think I was a married man?"

"Because," I answered, "some years ago, I went, accompanied by our servant, to a villa above Sherbrooke street, for Dr. Turnbull, and while waiting in the avenue, I saw you come out from a room full of gayly-dressed people, with a lady attired as a bride, beautiful and dignified as Vashti. Her bracelet fell and you clasped it on her wrist—" I stopped short. He laughed a light ringing laugh.

"I remember well; how strange you should think of Vashti. That lady is my twin sister, and I have called her Vashti as a pet name since she was eighteen."

He paused for a second or two, and then resumed. "Dora is beautiful and good, my dearly beloved only sister, and she is as you say, dignified as Vashti. But I want a wife loving as Rachel; that if God takes her, ere I finish the days of my pilgrimage, I may at the last look back to the lonely oak of weeping where she sleeps as to the place of my one great sorrow."

He paused—lifted the watch from my lap, looked at and then replaced it; the five minutes were already gone. He then took my hand in both his own and looking into my eyes said in a low but strong voice:
 "Isabel, will you be my wife?"

Could I have lost my senses, or was I in the land of dreams? My breath came faint and quick until with very happiness my beating heart grew sick. The man who in my sight was set so high above his fellows; the one of whom in four years close fellowship I could find naught of blame—the one I had striven so hard to copy, prayed to be made like unto.

I had no power of speech left, but my trembling hands which he held in his were more eloquent than words. He gathered me to his bosom and pressed his lips to mine; tears came to the relief of my overcharged heart: tears of thankfulness and joy.

He begged of me to delay my journey for a few weeks, in the mean time we would be married and it was possible with his help my business would be more easily accomplished. A moment's reflection told me this could not be; in the first place, my mother, on the eve of becoming (as she felt certain she would) Lady of Morton Castle, would be highly indignant at the idea of my marrying a tradesman; accomplished, noble gentleman as she allowed him to

be. And then, in the eyes of his mother and sister I was only one of his father's employees; proud women were they all, and would ill brook such a mate for their only brother. I well knew after six years' residence in Montreal that the pride of position and riches was as rife and strong there as that of ancient name and high degree in the land of their forefathers. I resolved I would never enter a house to set sister against brother, mother against son; no, when I plighted my faith to Walter Edmonston I saw clearly as I was looking down the long vista, the future before me.

If I succeeded in my mission to Britain, I would then be Lady Morton's daughter; descended from a long line of noble ancestry this would at once gain me a sure welcome. Should I fail, I would then return to Montreal and try to win myself a name in the paths of literature, so dear and honoured by every Canadian heart. I told him that such an arrangement was impossible. I must go home alone and bear my maiden name.

I was five days on board ship before I could stand steady enough to venture on deck, and when I did I found I was the only lady there, and must have fallen before I could reach a seat but for the kindly assistance of a man who wore a whole suit of coarse grey clothes and green spectacles. The ship was rocking terribly and sent my grey friend—I may call him so for his beard and hair were as white as his clothes were grey—and myself, first to one side and then to another, in our efforts to reach a seat.
 "I am glad to see you," said he; "I almost began to think we were going to land without seeing one of the ladies."

The passage was a stormy one, and with the exception of two, none of the other ladies ventured on deck; so by the end of the eleven days we were on board, Mr. Taylor (the grey man) and myself had become almost intimate friends. As we neared our destination he asked me whether any of my friends were to meet me on landing.
 "No," replied I. "I will drive to the Crown Hotel. It is kept by the son of an old acquaintance of our family—it will be pleasant for me to go there for the night and proceed to Edinburgh next morning."
 "Your programme is exactly my own," said he, "although my residence in Edinburgh will probably not exceed a few days."

With the pilot, a young man came on board who introduced himself to the Captain as the son of Mr. Morton, of Houghton, to whom my mother had written saying I was to be a passenger by the *Adria*, and requested I should be pointed out to him. The Captain introduced the young man, willing I suppose to be rid of the trouble he had entailed on himself.

Mr. Morton almost at once congratulated me on finding the will; told me he was a distant relative of mine and in the same breath feared I would not be able to make people believe that the will I brought home with me was other than a "Kanuck dodge" to get hold of the property. I felt indignant and said so, adding that the property being taken possession of by the man who made the will was a "Scotch dodge" of greater magnitude and crime than fifty Kanuck dodges put together.

He laughed good-naturedly, said he saw that I, like all who lived a few years in Canada; had become a thorough-bred Canadian.
 "I am proud of being called a Canadian," replied I, with I fear a little show of temper. "I dearly love Canada, it is my adopted country; I mean to live and die, and be buried there. I would rather own a little cottage with its orchard on the Island of Montreal, than Morton Castle and all its lands."

This was not the conversation he wanted; he returned again to the will.
 "Of course we would rather your family have Morton Castle than old Peter Morton who is in possession. We don't like a bit of him; but I tell you the truth when I say that every one looks upon the finding of this will as a sham. It seems so unlikely to be anything else after having been lost for thirty years to come to life in Canada."
 "It is no sham in my eyes as I saw it found."
 "Of course it is in reality no sham," replied he, "but I feel quite sure it will be treated as such in the Court of Session; and so does every one else who has heard of it. If it were mine, I continued he, looking sharply in my face as he spoke, "I would burn it, and my right hand with it, rather than bear the odium which will attach itself to the finder of that will; particularly to you, as Mrs. Morton writes my mother, you are quite remarkable for your penmanship."

This was a view of the case which had not yet presented itself. I did not like the speaker, his face and manner were sinister in the extreme; yet, there might be much truth in his words; they were at all events very plausible. He said no more on the subject; but by and by asked if I had much luggage.
 "Only one small valise about a foot and a half square," was my reply.
 "Is it among the passenger's baggage or in your own state-room?"
 "In my state-room."
 "We are very near the wharf. I think you had better let me bring it here so that when the boat stops we may get on shore as quickly as possible."

"I wish we could reach Edinburgh to-night," I said, speaking my thoughts aloud, more than addressing Mr. Morton.
 "There is a ten o'clock train. If you do not think it too late we can take it," was his reply. I brought the valise, it was of light weight and contained little more than one change of clothing.

"Is this the parchment chest where the will is stowed away?" he asked with a good-natured smile.
 "No, it is in this satchel which I always carry in my hand. I am so afraid of it that I put it under my pillow by night, and carry it in my hand by day."
 "Oh, capital!" exclaimed he with a hearty laugh, "that is as good as a farce. I suppose you think it worth its weight in gold."
 We were now at the wharf and my companion giving me his arm, lifted my valise and away we went.

The wharf was quite dark except where here and there a light from a lantern shed its fitful rays for a moment and was gone. There were several barrels ranged side by side in two rows a little way up the wharf. Mr. Morton bidding me wait there and guard my valise, put it down while he went for a carriage, enjoining me not to stir from the spot on any account until he came back.

I promised obedience and away he went. He was not gone many seconds, I am sure not a full minute, when some one from behind threw me over upon one of the barrels; scarcely had I fallen when my satchel was wrenched from my hand. I screamed with all my might "Stop thief! stop thief!" A man with a lantern held it over me and helped me to rise, saying as he did so:
 "Whist! w' your stop thief! Wha do ye think could stop a thief on this dark night. What hae ye lost?"
 "My satchel; a small black satchel."
 "Nae fear o't, is there siller in't?"
 "No, only papers."
 "Fient a fear o't; naeboddy wad steal a satchel w' only papers in't; it's lying somewhere about your feet."
 "No, no," replied I; "some one took it from me by force. I kept it firm in my hand and it was wrenched from me."
 "Let me look for it, Mis- Denholm," said a voice close by, with a sweet, familiar tone like the sound of pleasant waters, speaking to my heart of bright, sunny Montreal in the midst of this cold, dark wharf with its drizzling rain. I looked up, and, to my great delight, saw Mr. Taylor's grey beard and green glasses.
 "Thank you, Mr. Taylor, it is of no use looking for it. I was thrown down and the satchel snatched from my hand, and it is full of valuable papers of no use to any one but myself."
 "Let me assist you into this coach," said he; I doubt not the police will soon bring the satchel into your hands again. When I see you safe at the Crown I will go and inform them of the affair."

In a few minutes we were at the Crown where Mr. Taylor consigned me at once into the hands of Mrs. Johnston, the large, good-tempered-looking landlady, who, on being informed who I was, expressed the utmost pleasure, overwhelming me with all sorts of questions. "Come up stairs and take off your things," said she; "I have just one room vacant, but if I had none, your mother's daughter would get my own."
 On arriving at the first landing, she took a bunch of keys from her pocket, and, opening a door marked No. 11, ushered me into a nice comfortable room with the gas turned up at full height. "Did you ever see the like o' thea cutties o' chambermaids!" exclaimed she; "they're enough to ruin a' body; look at that gas blazing away to a shut door and bare walls!" I was terribly excited by my loss; the kindly woman saw I was in trouble, and, putting her hand on my shoulder, said: "You are weary with travel, and perhaps there's something vexing you. Sit down, my bairn, and tell me what it is; you'll be the better for telling me your trouble, whatever it is, and you can't tell it to safer ears. I know more about your mother's family than I could tell in a long summer's day; and you'll not want money at any rate. I have plenty, and all that began us in the world was won in Morton Castle."

I felt as if I would gladly tell everyone of my loss, in hopes that it would help me to recover my satchel. I sat down and told her about our finding the will, and also all that had occurred since my landing, at the same time regretting that I had left the wharf before young Morton, of Houghton, returned with the carriage. In my distress I had quite forgotten having promised to wait for him when I left the wharf with Mr. Taylor.
 "Ye need na' be a bit sorry for that," replied she. "Mrs. Morton o' Houghton has no son, and it's my thought that the young man was Peter Morton's son; and, if so, he's ta'en your satchel, and no one will ever set eyes on it or the will more. Peter Morton is a writer in Edinburgh," continued she, and it was his five fingers made the will, his brother Andrew, a poor paralyzed man, came into the property as heir-at-law. Andrew is dead these twenty years, and Peter has the Castle and the land. I'm as sorry for your loss as if it were my own, but twa blacks, wouna make a white, so put your things off and come down and take a cup of tea; don't be down-hearted, perhaps that decent-like man w' the green goggles has heard some word o' your satchel at the police."

I put off my bonnet and shawl, and went to refresh my poor, hot face with cold water, accusing myself bitterly for being so stupid as to carry the title to my mother's birthright across the ocean in my hand. Mrs. Johnston folded my shawl, and, opening a drawer in the bureau, placed it there, exclaiming in a surprised tone as she did so: "My goodness! the lady that

slept here last night has forgotten her night-clothes bag, and that careless cutty, Jenny, has slipt it into the drawer and never said a word about it. It would have been a pretty story if she had written for it and we had sent her word that it was na' here!"
 I turned round as she spoke, and beheld my satchel in Mrs. Johnston's hand!
 "My satchel, my satchel," cried I almost wild with delight, and seizing it I opened and beheld the will all safe.
 "Look here," cried I, "there is the will," pulling it out as I spoke.
 "Na, well then, was ever the like heard o' since Adam was a boy," exclaimed the good woman, in nearly as much delight as myself, "however could it come here? We'll see if Jenny kens anything about it."

Jenny was rung for, and asked if she knew anything of the satchel being in the drawer. "Surely I do," said the girl. "It belongs to the gentleman who took this room."
 "This room taken; why there's no baggage or greatcoat or anything here?" said Mrs. Johnston interrogatively.
 "No," replied the girl. "He had nothing with him only that bag; and he said he hoped no one would open his room. He locked the door himself and put the key in his pocket, and he said he only wanted his supper as he was going off by one of the trains to-night. Better to put the lady into No. 12," continued the girl "he'll be mad at putting anyone into his room."
 "May be he will," was her mistress' reply, uttered in a cool tone; "but I'm not easy put in a hobble w' their anger, or I would no ha' kept a house like this so long. Come down-stairs, Miss Denholm, and we'll see what my son says about this."

The old lady locked the door of No. 11, leaving my shawl and bonnet inside. I followed her down stairs into a parlor, where I found Mr. Taylor and the landlord, to whom the former had recounted my loss. They were now made aware of how I had recovered my satchel and its contents so unexpectedly, and at once came to the conclusion that the gentleman who hired No. 11 and Mrs. Morton's pretended son were one and the same person.

While they were speaking Jenny came into the room, almost breathless, saying that we had scarcely left No. 11 when the gentleman who had taken it came up-stairs, and going straight to the drawer at once missed his leather bag, and asked, with a great oath, what had become of it. She showed him my shawl and bonnet, saying: "The lady who had on this shawl has it down in my mistress' parlor, and my master and another gentleman are all speaking about it; I'll show you the parlor, if you like." While the girl was speaking he turned on his heel, ran down stairs and out at the door, without paying his bill, which last item was what caused Jenny to bring the intelligence of his flight so quickly.

I went to Edinburgh next day, accompanied not only by Mr. Taylor, but the good, kind landlady of the Crown.
 Mrs. Morton of Houghton received me very kindly, and ordering her carriage at once, took me to the office of Carnegie & Macduff, writers to the signet, and old friends of my father, who, looking over the will, said it would make short work of Peter Morton's right to Morton Castle. Mr. Carnegie accompanied me to the office of Mr. Dundas, who had been my father's lawyer. The old gentleman seized the will with such avidity, one would have supposed it was to prove his own title to the property. He laughed heartily as he pointed out to Mr. Carnegie several clauses in the will.

"This will bear hard on cheating Peter, seeing it was himself that made the will," said he, and both gentlemen seemed to enjoy their brother lawyer's discomfiture.
 I was three months in Edinburgh, and before one-half of that time had elapsed, a cable telegram was sent for my mother to come back to Scotland, that she might take possession of Morton Castle, its lands, and one of the handsomest houses in Edinburgh, together with fifty thousand pounds, with its accumulated interest, which, fortunately for us, Peter Morton's parsimonious habits prevented him from using.

The very morning after mamma's arrival in Edinburgh, our old home of Marsdon was offered to her, it having been sold conditionally—that is, if claimed within twenty years, it would be ours at the price paid for it. The first letter I had from Walter Edmonston—and it was longer in coming than I expected—ended by saying: "I would have called to bid you good-bye, and make you a present of my green glasses, but I found, on leaving you with Mrs. Morton, that I had just time to reach the train to Liverpool, which would join the first boat for Montreal." His green glasses! It was no wonder the grey man's voice reminded me of home on that dark, wet wharf. The letter concluded thus:—"On my arrival at Montreal, before going home I went to tell Mrs. Denholm that I had left you well; the cottage door was open, the parlor empty, but in the breakfast-room beyond I saw the one I had come to see, dispensing charity, in the shape of old clothes, to a poor woman. In the hands of the latter was a certain grey worsted dress, partly burnt, for which my father has in vain been offering five thousand dollars. The woman parted with the precious garment, well content to exchange it for a few dollars. On shewing the prize to my father, he advised me to try my best to gain the one who had worn it for my wife, and I told him my heart was lost and won long before Edmonston & Fornam's printing-house took fire."

I put off my bonnet and shawl, and went to refresh my poor, hot face with cold water, accusing myself bitterly for being so stupid as to carry the title to my mother's birthright across the ocean in my hand. Mrs. Johnston folded my shawl, and, opening a drawer in the bureau, placed it there, exclaiming in a surprised tone as she did so: "My goodness! the lady that

slept here last night has forgotten her night-clothes bag, and that careless cutty, Jenny, has slipt it into the drawer and never said a word about it. It would have been a pretty story if she had written for it and we had sent her word that it was na' here!"
 I turned round as she spoke, and beheld my satchel in Mrs. Johnston's hand!
 "My satchel, my satchel," cried I almost wild with delight, and seizing it I opened and beheld the will all safe.
 "Look here," cried I, "there is the will," pulling it out as I spoke.
 "Na, well then, was ever the like heard o' since Adam was a boy," exclaimed the good woman, in nearly as much delight as myself, "however could it come here? We'll see if Jenny kens anything about it."

Jenny was rung for, and asked if she knew anything of the satchel being in the drawer. "Surely I do," said the girl. "It belongs to the gentleman who took this room."
 "This room taken; why there's no baggage or greatcoat or anything here?" said Mrs. Johnston interrogatively.
 "No," replied the girl. "He had nothing with him only that bag; and he said he hoped no one would open his room. He locked the door himself and put the key in his pocket, and he said he only wanted his supper as he was going off by one of the trains to-night. Better to put the lady into No. 12," continued the girl "he'll be mad at putting anyone into his room."
 "May be he will," was her mistress' reply, uttered in a cool tone; "but I'm not easy put in a hobble w' their anger, or I would no ha' kept a house like this so long. Come down-stairs, Miss Denholm, and we'll see what my son says about this."

The old lady locked the door of No. 11, leaving my shawl and bonnet inside. I followed her down stairs into a parlor, where I found Mr. Taylor and the landlord, to whom the former had recounted my loss. They were now made aware of how I had recovered my satchel and its contents so unexpectedly, and at once came to the conclusion that the gentleman who hired No. 11 and Mrs. Morton's pretended son were one and the same person.

While they were speaking Jenny came into the room, almost breathless, saying that we had scarcely left No. 11 when the gentleman who had taken it came up-stairs, and going straight to the drawer at once missed his leather bag, and asked, with a great oath, what had become of it. She showed him my shawl and bonnet, saying: "The lady who had on this shawl has it down in my mistress' parlor, and my master and another gentleman are all speaking about it; I'll show you the parlor, if you like." While the girl was speaking he turned on his heel, ran down stairs and out at the door, without paying his bill, which last item was what caused Jenny to bring the intelligence of his flight so quickly.

I went to Edinburgh next day, accompanied not only by Mr. Taylor, but the good, kind landlady of the Crown.
 Mrs. Morton of Houghton received me very kindly, and ordering her carriage at once, took me to the office of Carnegie & Macduff, writers to the signet, and old friends of my father, who, looking over the will, said it would make short work of Peter Morton's right to Morton Castle. Mr. Carnegie accompanied me to the office of Mr. Dundas, who had been my father's lawyer. The old gentleman seized the will with such avidity, one would have supposed it was to prove his own title to the property. He laughed heartily as he pointed out to Mr. Carnegie several clauses in the will.

"This will bear hard on cheating Peter, seeing it was himself that made the will," said he, and both gentlemen seemed to enjoy their brother lawyer's discomfiture.
 I was three months in Edinburgh, and before one-half of that time had elapsed, a cable telegram was sent for my mother to come back to Scotland, that she might take possession of Morton Castle, its lands, and one of the handsomest houses in Edinburgh, together with fifty thousand pounds, with its accumulated interest, which, fortunately for us, Peter Morton's parsimonious habits prevented him from using.

The very morning after mamma's arrival in Edinburgh, our old home of Marsdon was offered to her, it having been sold conditionally—that is, if claimed within twenty years, it would be ours at the price paid for it. The first letter I had from Walter Edmonston—and it was longer in coming than I expected—ended by saying: "I would have called to bid you good-bye, and make you a present of my green glasses, but I found, on leaving you with Mrs. Morton, that I had just time to reach the train to Liverpool, which would join the first boat for Montreal." His green glasses! It was no wonder the grey man's voice reminded me of home on that dark, wet wharf. The letter concluded thus:—"On my arrival at Montreal, before going home I went to tell Mrs. Denholm that I had left you well; the cottage door was open, the parlor empty, but in the breakfast-room beyond I saw the one I had come to see, dispensing charity, in the shape of old clothes, to a poor woman. In the hands of the latter was a certain grey worsted dress, partly burnt, for which my father has in vain been offering five thousand dollars. The woman parted with the precious garment, well content to exchange it for a few dollars. On shewing the prize to my father, he advised me to try my best to gain the one who had worn it for my wife, and I told him my heart was lost and won long before Edmonston & Fornam's printing-house took fire."

I put off my bonnet and shawl, and went to refresh my poor, hot face with cold water, accusing myself bitterly for being so stupid as to carry the title to my mother's birthright across the ocean in my hand. Mrs. Johnston folded my shawl, and, opening a drawer in the bureau, placed it there, exclaiming in a surprised tone as she did so: "My goodness! the lady that

slept here last night has forgotten her night-clothes bag, and that careless cutty, Jenny, has slipt it into the drawer and never said a word about it. It would have been a pretty story if she had written for it and we had sent her word that it was na' here!"
 I turned round as she spoke, and beheld my satchel in Mrs. Johnston's hand!
 "My satchel, my satchel," cried I almost wild with delight, and seizing it I opened and beheld the will all safe.
 "Look here," cried I, "there is the will," pulling it out as I spoke.
 "Na, well then, was ever the like heard o' since Adam was a boy," exclaimed the good woman, in nearly as much delight as myself, "however could it come here? We'll see if Jenny kens anything about it."

Jenny was rung for, and asked if she knew anything of the satchel being in the drawer. "Surely I do," said the girl. "It belongs to the gentleman who took this room."
 "This room taken; why there's no baggage or greatcoat or anything here?" said Mrs. Johnston interrogatively.
 "No," replied the girl. "He had nothing with him only that bag; and he said he hoped no one would open his room. He locked the door himself and put the key in his pocket, and he said he only wanted his supper as he was going off by one of the trains to-night. Better to put the lady into No. 12," continued the girl "he'll be mad at putting anyone into his room."
 "May be he will," was her mistress' reply, uttered in a cool tone; "but I'm not easy put in a hobble w' their anger, or I would no ha' kept a house like this so long. Come down-stairs, Miss Denholm, and we'll see what my son says about this."

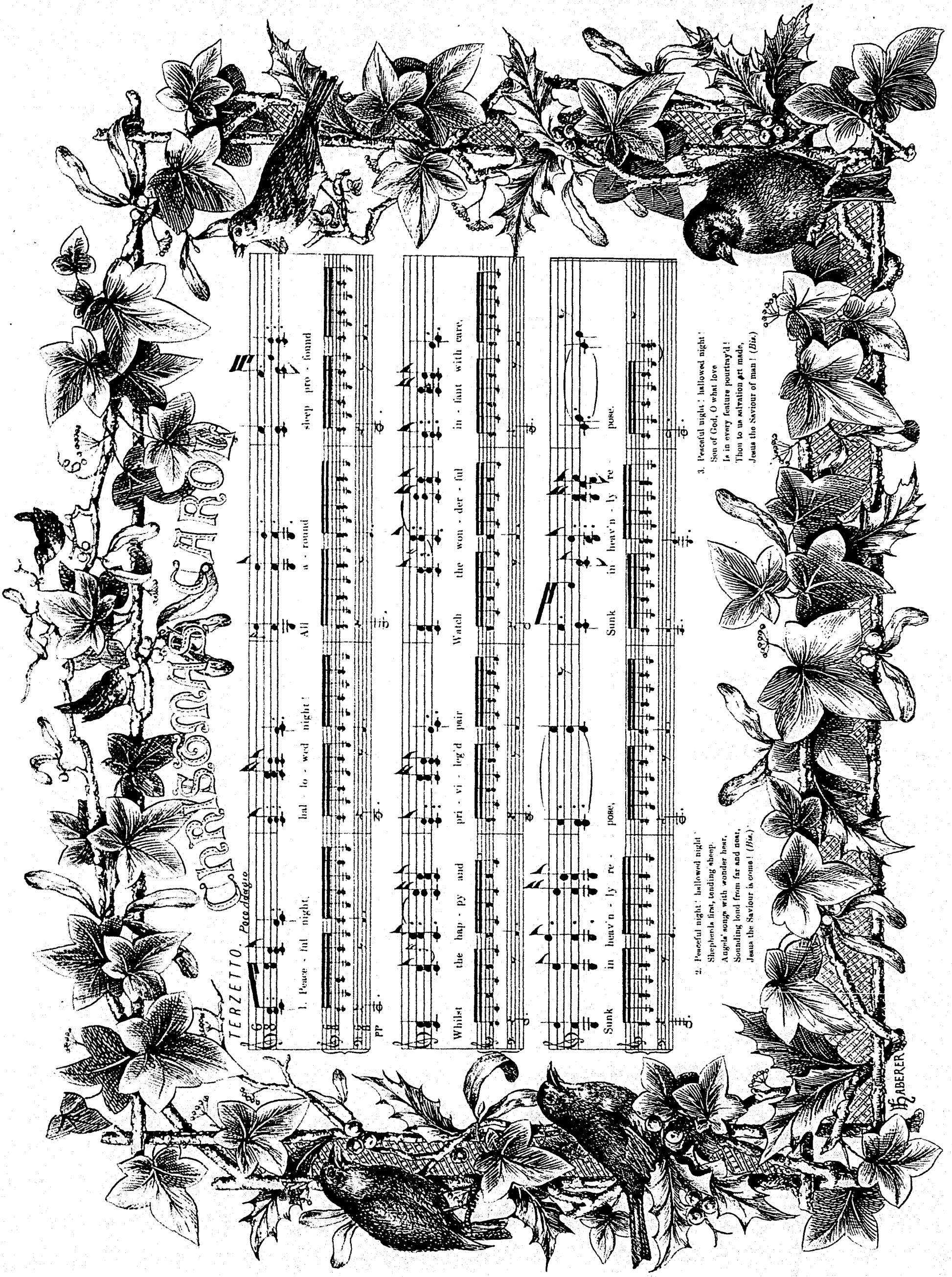
The old lady locked the door of No. 11, leaving my shawl and bonnet inside. I followed her down stairs into a parlor, where I found Mr. Taylor and the landlord, to whom the former had recounted my loss. They were now made aware of how I had recovered my satchel and its contents so unexpectedly, and at once came to the conclusion that the gentleman who hired No. 11 and Mrs. Morton's pretended son were one and the same person.

While they were speaking Jenny came into the room, almost breathless, saying that we had scarcely left No. 11 when the gentleman who had taken it came up-stairs, and going straight to the drawer at once missed his leather bag, and asked, with a great oath, what had become of it. She showed him my shawl and bonnet, saying: "The lady who had on this shawl has it down in my mistress' parlor, and my master and another gentleman are all speaking about it; I'll show you the parlor, if you like." While the girl was speaking he turned on his heel, ran down stairs and out at the door, without paying his bill, which last item was what caused Jenny to bring the intelligence of his flight so quickly.

I went to Edinburgh next day, accompanied not only by Mr. Taylor, but the good, kind landlady of the Crown.
 Mrs. Morton of Houghton received me very kindly, and ordering her carriage at once, took me to the office of Carnegie & Macduff, writers to the signet, and old friends of my father, who, looking over the will, said it would make short work of Peter Morton's right to Morton Castle. Mr. Carnegie accompanied me to the office of Mr. Dundas, who had been my father's lawyer. The old gentleman seized the will with such avidity, one would have supposed it was to prove his own title to the property. He laughed heartily as he pointed out to Mr. Carnegie several clauses in the will.



CHRISTMAS EMBLEM AND GREETING.



CHRISTMAS CAROL

TERZETTO. Poco allegro

1. Peace - ful night, hal - lo - wed night! All a - round sleep pro - found

Whilst the hap - py and pri - vi - leg'd pair Watch the won - der - ful in - fant with care,

Sunk in heav'n - ly re - pose, Sunk in heav'n - ly re - pose.

2. Peaceful night: hallowed night
 Shepherds first, tending sheep,
 Angels' songs with wonder hear,
 Sounding loud from far and near,
 Jesus the Saviour is come! (Rit.)

3. Peaceful night: hallowed night:
 Son of God, O what love
 Is in every feature pourtray'd!
 Thou to us salvation art made,
 Jesus the Saviour of man! (Rit.)

HABERER

CHAPTER VI.

And now, patient reader, this is my seventh Christmas eve. The great hall at Marsdon, which runs along the whole of the main building behind, has Christmas logs burning brightly on the old iron dogs in the chimney; the walls are bright with shining, green holly laden with its scarlet berries hung round the old knights of Marsdon, from Sir Humphrey in his armour down to my grandfather in his General's uniform, and my own dear father in his hunting suit of Lincoln green. Of the ladies, some wear saques, others the stiff head-dress and ruff of Mary de Guise; my mother, fresh and lovely in her young beauty, with her bridal dress of white satin, and pearls. The oak ceiling and floor shining like polished marble, bright with plate as old as the house. Our guests with one exception to be Denholms and Mortons.

The vestibule where mamma and Archie—as Sir Archibald Denholm Morton—are seated in state, to receive the guests, has its own great Christmas log and decorations of holly, which there, are reflected from pier glasses reaching from floor to ceiling, doubling every picture and statue in the room. Vases, filled with natural flowers, give a beauty and perfume to the whole house. The light of wax tapers reflected back a hundred times by the crystal pendants of the chandeliers; the gay dresses of the children, all combining to form a scene of enchantment and beauty.

Mamma has given her life interest in Morton Castle to Archie, reserving Marsdon as her own and her children's home; the fifty thousand pounds, inherited by her as heiress of Morton, she has given to me as a marriage portion, with a trousseau fit for a duchess. My marriage dress—the only one chosen by myself—is to be white satin with blue forget-me-nots!

Dear reader, I am to be married on Christmas day, to-morrow. This should be the happiest day I ever knew, yet my heart is full of apprehension and unrest. He telegraphed to us from Liverpool, of his arrival in Britain, yesterday; he ought to have been here by ten in the morning; the timepiece in my boudoir points to nearly six o'clock, and yet he comes not. The bell, in the old tower of Marsdon, is ringing in the Christmas with deafening tones, and the bells in Marsdon village have begun to ring in reply, a merry Christmas—a merry Christmas,—and he comes not.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." How the suspense takes away my breath and makes my heart stand still, surrounded by the din of joy, amid which I alone sit quiet and silent. I try to think of the chorus of angels singing peace and good-will to man—of the star-guided wanderers, on the lonely moor, the streak of light which streamed from under a cottage door in the land of Bethlehem, in the solemn midnight, centuries ago—but it will not do; the terrible words "he cometh not" are before me as I write.

The bells ring on a merry Christmas—a merry Christmas—bang after bang is given to the knocker at the great door, as the guests pour in, and one after another, amid mirth and laughter, bid my mother and brothers "a merry Christmas," while hands are pressed and the hearty response is given—"a merry Christmas."

Ah, woe for me, he cometh not.
A strain of holy music on the air, now loud and deep—now low and sweet,—again a great burst of triumphant melody, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Woe is me; my heart stands still; why doth my bridegroom delay his coming? A voice which seems low and sepulchral, as it were that of the spirit of death, whispers in my ear and tells me, "There are dangers on the land unknown, on the sea," and my heart responds to the fearful truth, as it lies like a weight of lead in my breast, and over and over I ask myself the terrible question "Will I ever see him more?"

Oh, that I could escape the din of their happy voices, the almost wild merriment.

Another knock at the door, not a loud bang like the others, but a low, nervous knock, like the harbinger of evil tidings. My mother and Archie go to the door; out on the portico. What can take them out there?

Hark! that voice, with its familiar sound. Be merciful, oh, God! It is old Mr. Edmonston's voice, low and subdued. I cannot hear his words. But I know their import well. Walter, my bridegroom, is dead, dead!—be pitiful, oh, God!

Again the loud burst of melody, the triumphant chorus, "Christ is born in Bethlehem." Would to God that burst of music could kill!

Oh, woe—oh woe, hark!—what voice is that ringing out so loud and clear—"A merry Christmas, a merry Christmas, where is Isabel?"

It is Walter Edmonston. I praise Thee, O God; his foot is on the stair, coming up three steps at a bound.

Dear reader, a merry Christmas, a merry Christmas to you.

THE last survivor of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt has just died at the Invalides. This veteran, Darrey by name, who had almost attained his one hundredth year, was fond of relating how he was on duty in Egypt on the day the murderer of Kleber was executed. Kleber was assassinated in Cairo in June, 1800, by a fanatic named Soleyman, who after having been condemned to death had his right hand burned off and was then impaled. Tortured by thirst, he called for something to drink, and Darrey, touched with compassion, gave him a glass of water. Darrey had been for more than half a century at the Invalides, which now contains very few old soldiers.

BOGEY.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

The hour is late, the mother from home;
Why tarrieth he in the waning light?
Down on the lawn where the laurels gloom,
He promised to come and sing to-night.
Hark to that rogue of a sister's cry!
Will the child keep ever a wakeful eye?
Sleep, tiny, sleep; Bogey will take
All little girls that he finds awake. (His.)

This naughty old Bogey, whenever he comes,
Kills, as he rideth his terrible round,
In the dead of night through the children's rooms,
And eats all the babies who won't sleep sound.
His big black eyes are aflame with light,
And all who behold him they shriek with fright.
Sleep, tiny, sleep; Bogey will take
All little girls that he finds awake. (His.)

"Nay," says the little one, "Lucy, nay;
For I've seen the Bogey from over the blind.
He looks not a bit like what you say;
He has big black eyes, which are, O, so kind!
I peep when his sweet, sad voice I hear;
For he sings of love, so I need not fear."
Sleep, tiny, sleep; Bogey will take
All little girls that he finds awake. (His.)

The sister reddens, then softens her voice:
"Sleep, my darling, 'tis time for rest;
Sleep, and to-morrow I'll give you choice
Out of all my ribbons you love the best."
Down in its pillows the roguish head
Nestled, and softly the tiny said,
"I'm asleep, I'm asleep; so now, dear Lu,
Your black-eyed Bogey can come to you." (His.)

W. E. M.

DICK ALLEN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It was about ten o'clock on the night of Christmas-eve—a good many years ago now—that Dick Allen gave his name at the gate of 'Old Trinity' College, Dublin, and passed in. As he looked in at the lodge-door, he felt a strong temptation to sit for a while with the two burly good-natured-looking night-porters by their roaring fire; for the night was bitterly cold, and he felt more thoroughly alone than he ever had before in the two-and-twenty years of his life. However, there were other feelings in Dick's mind at the time that counter-balanced his sense of loneliness; so he merely replied to the porters' kindly "Good-night, sir," and passed on to his rooms in 'Botany Bay.' Once within his rooms he lost no time in striking a light, and then set to work to rekindle his smouldering fire. The prospect that the candle revealed was far from cheerful. The room was carpetless, and, except for a table, one armchair, and two or three dilapidated cane-chairs, almost naked of furniture. And yet they had not the look of the apartments of a hard-reading sizar, who had neither means nor desire for any decoration beyond what was absolutely necessary: the nails were there in the walls, but the pictures were gone; that handsome armchair and massive table had never been put in by themselves. Where was the rest of the furniture? Everything betokened a recent and rapid fall in the fortunes of the tenant. He, however, had now at last succeeded in rousing into a show of animation the dying embers; and after warning his hands for a few minutes over the blaze, he got up, and, producing a bottle of whisky from his pantry, mixed a glass of "grog," and then, throwing himself into the armchair, fell a-thinking.

A perfect stranger to Dick and his story would easily have guessed that the thoughts which were bringing such a weary look of almost hopeless wretchedness upon that handsome young face were not over-pleasant ones. Sad enough in all conscience they were, and not without reason. It was now some six months since Dick had fallen out with his father, between whom and himself there had always existed the strongest affection. What was the original cause of quarrel is immaterial. Some trifle, occurring at an inopportune moment, had set at variance two proud and wilful, though loving, hearts. Hot and bitter words had been spoken on both sides. The very closeness of the bond which had united them before seemed to make the breach more irremediable; and Dick Allen had left his home one night in the summer vacation, refusing all offers of assistance from his father, and determined for the future to hold no communication with him. He had never known what it was to want money, and consequently thought that nothing was easier than to get it; so while the remainder of his last quarter's allowance lasted, he lived pleasantly enough at his rooms in college, always on the look-out for some means of making money, but not yet considering the search as very pressing or necessary. In fact, he was quite satisfied in his own mind that to a clever fellow—as he undoubtedly was—anything like an approach to want was an impossibility. When his money, however, began to disappear, it occurred to him that his manner of looking for work had perhaps been scarcely energetic enough, and so he determined to set about making a livelihood without further delay.

It would be going over again a thrice-told tale to relate the rebuffs and disappointments that he met at every step; how he gradually almost lost faith in himself from repeated failure; how he tried to obtain employment in one way after another, and at last began to think that there was no way whatever open to him. The fact was that poor Dick, though clever enough, had yet never had the training in the school of poverty which would have enabled him to turn his talents to immediate account. He tried to get a position as under-master in a school; but found that his having obtained no collegiate distinctions (which Dick, indeed, had always considered rather as the exclusive privilege of

poor men) was an insuperable barrier. He tried journalism; but found the market already overstocked, and numbers of men with as much brains as himself, and ten times as much technical skill, applying for every vacancy. He had had, it is true, one or two transient gleams of success; but they had done him almost more harm than good, as they diverted him from the now all-important search for some occupation comparatively permanent.

One result of his ill-success in this struggle for a livelihood was that he was gradually compelled to drop the society of his former companions; for Dick was far too proud to accept the assistance many of them would have been glad to give him, and he could not bear to live amongst them in his present altered circumstances. Hence it was that for some months he had lived almost alone. But about a month before the Christmas-eve on which we have seen him, he had fallen in with a set of men whom he had formerly avoided almost with contempt, but to whom he was now attracted by a kind of sympathy. They were almost all clever men and all dissipated men—a wild, reckless set, nearly every one of them knowing that he had by his own deeds blighted the prospects of a promising life—utterly careless of the future if only they had to-day the means of drowning remembrance of yesterday. Once amongst them, Dick had soon given up all effort, as he had before almost given up all hope, to obtain anything like a respectable and permanent position. They lived a strange, disreputable, hand-to-mouth life getting 'tick' wherever there was a chance; 'backing' one another's bills when any one would accept them; sometimes, though not often, making a few pounds in some honourable way. Poor Allen soon lost any delicacy he had had before regarding a resort to the pawnshop; and his furniture and most of his wardrobe had gone very rapidly to supply means for the constant round of dissipation in which he lived, and which had left its mark on his pale, though still handsome and well-bred, face.

Yet through all the stages of poor Dick's downward career, he had always one restraining influence upon him which, though at times almost unheeded, never quite left him. This was the affection he had for his younger sister—as he called her, 'little Kate.' Squire Allen had been twice married. By his first wife he had three children—a son and heir, now abroad with his regiment in India, and two daughters, both of them married for some years before the period of my story. By his second wife he had our hero Dick and one daughter, four years younger than Dick. On these, his youngest children, the Squire's whole affection had been concentrated. Their mother had died a couple of years after Kate's birth; and hence it happened that she and Dick had clung to one another from childhood as children early deprived of a mother's care often do. After the quarrel with his father, Dick had regularly corresponded with her, and, knowing her anxiety about him, he had sent her glowing accounts of success and prosperity, which, I fear, must often have seemed to himself a dismal mockery as he contrasted them with the actual disappointment that was wearing him down. Kate believed enthusiastically in her brother's talents, and so was the more easily imposed upon; and it was a great comfort to the good-hearted old Squire to know from her that the son whom he was as fond of as ever was at least not in any difficulty. As to an ultimate reconciliation, the older and wiser man deemed it merely a question of time.

The day before this Christmas-eve, however, Dick had seen the last of his late companions leave Dublin for the Christmas, and had returned to his solitary rooms perfectly desolate; he had felt very ill for some days, and utterly dispirited. It had suddenly occurred to him that Christmas-eve would be Kate's eighteenth birthday, and knowing she would wish to hear from him on that day, he had sat down to write. After a vain effort to control himself and tell the usual tale of success and happiness, the poor fellow had utterly broken down, and in a few almost incoherent sentences told how ill he felt and how hopeless his condition was, and implored Kate to write to him at once, as he did not know how soon it might all end; but it could not last much longer. This he had hurriedly posted, almost careless as to the effect it might have; but now, as he sat gloomily thinking in his armchair, he could not help feeling bitter disappointment that he had had no reply. He got up, and paced up and down the room.

"She might have telegraphed," he said aloud; "she might even have come up to see me. Though how could she, he said, a moment after, "while she," entertaining a lot of people at home? But she might at least have telegraphed. Good God, if she'd written to me like that, nothing would have kept me from her!"

These reflections added to the bitterness of poor Dick's feelings; for a few minutes more he walked up and down with irresolute steps, then suddenly stopped for a moment, as it were to collect himself, took a bottle from his breast-pocket, and setting it down on the table, brought a wine-glass from the pantry. "As well do it now as at another time," thought poor Allen, as he held the glass up to the light and began pouring the laudanum into it drop by drop. He had counted about thirty drops, when suddenly he heard the first clang of the bells commencing the Christmas chimes. Somehow the sound compelled him to stop and listen, and he laid down the bottle and glass. Then, as he listened, he could not help going over in memory the many times when, on this night of the year, he had stood in his father's house, with his sister by

him, and wished her many a happy birthday; and he thought of what that sister's feelings would be were she to hear next morning that he had died a suicide. Thus he stood thinking until the chimes had ceased; and then, softened and more calm, he turned to the table, and said to himself, "Not on this night, at any rate. To-morrow I may be able to do it, so that no one may know how I died." Then it struck him that the laudanum he had already poured out would at least procure him what he seldom enjoyed now—sound sleep; so, filling up the wine-glass with water, he sat down again by the fire, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Now while poor wayworn Dick was heavily sleeping under the influence of that gentle poison, laudanum, events were transpiring far away that strangely influenced his fate. In the great old drawing room of Allentown was assembled a large and merry party. The house was always at that season full of visitors, and as many relations and friends were gathered together as could find room. The centre of attraction on this her birthday was of course Kate, who was, indeed, at all times the favourite with everybody, from the warm-hearted but hasty old Squire, down to the raggedest 'gossion' that hung about Allentown. Yet somehow this night she was not in her usual spirits; she could not help thinking often and anxiously of the brother whose place was vacant, and who seemed almost cut off from her for ever. An accident too had happened in the morning, which, although treated as a jest by most of the guests, had rendered Kate more than usually anxious. The boy who had gone in the morning for the post had taken an early opportunity of drinking Miss Kate's health; and it was only after a strict search that he was found in the middle of the day, at his old grandmother's cottage with a broken head, and, as the old cook said to Kate, 'spacheless wid the drink.' Speechless or not, he had been utterly unable to indicate the whereabouts of the postbag, and the only course was to wait patiently till he slept his drunkenness off, and might be able to remember. Kate had been much disappointed, for she was sure Dick would have written for her birthday, and in spite of his jovial letters her woman's wit had begun of late to suspect something wrong. Just as they were 'drinking in' the Christmas morning, word had been brought that the truant postboy had at length recovered consciousness, and was leading a party in search of the missing bag, so that the letters might be expected any moment. They waited, however, a good while longer, laughing and talking round the fire; but at last, sure enough, in came the old butler with the letters. Kate had a whole bundle of them, amongst which she saw in a moment one with Dick's well-known handwriting. After reading for a few moments she suddenly turned deadly pale, and almost fainted. Restraining herself, however, like a brave girl as she was, she made some excuse for leaving the room, and rushed to the Squire's sanctum, where she knew he had just gone. She shut the door and said:

"O Squire, read that!" putting into his hands poor Dick's broken-hearted scrawl.

The Squire read and gasped out,
"Good God! My poor boy, my poor boy!
What is to be done? If I had only known!"

The father and daughter stood for a few moments, as it were, overcome with a great feeling of powerlessness to avert the calamity that was evidently foreshadowed in the letter. Suddenly the same thought struck both, and they looked at the clock.

"O father," cried Kate, "couldn't we stop the night mail at Knockrath. They'll do it for you."

"God help us," said the Squire: "the mail passes at two, and it's more than half-past one already. Stay, though," he added, after a moment; "there's just a chance."

He opened the door, and went at once into the kitchen followed by Kate.

"Quick," said the Squire, to the servants, who were in high-jinks, "some of you fetch Jim Cassidy!"

In a minute in came Jim, a fine specimen of a young Irishman, the rough-rider and trainer of the establishment, who had carried the Squire's colours to victory on more than one steeplechase course.

"Jim," said the Squire, "I want you to ride for your life to Knockrath, and tell the station-master from me to stop the up-mail and keep it a few minutes; we'll be after you. Look alive, man; you've seven miles to go, and scarcely twenty minutes to do it in! Take Saucy Kate; she's about the fastest."

"O Jim, it's for me; and do ride fast!"

"For you, miss!" cried Jim. "Then, bedad, if the gray mare doesn't put her best leg foremost, you may say I'm no horseman."

In a minute or two the grey mare was at the back door, and Jim Cassidy booted and spurred, and in the saddle; then, with good wishes from all, he was off, taking the mare down the back avenue at a steady canter. A few seconds more and he had passed the gate, and the listeners could tell by the rapid thud of the hoofs that Jim was sending Saucy Kate along towards Knockrath at a rate few men would have cared to ride on that dark road in the wild night. In an almost incredible short space of time (though it seemed long enough to Kate) the mail phaeton was brought round, and Kate, muffled up to her eyes in furs and with a driving-cloak of her father's outside of all, was seated in it, and in a moment more the Squire was driving as if he meant to overtake Jim on the grey steeplechaser. Suffice it to say Jim did his work like a man; got up just in time to

have the signals set for stopping the train; and after a few minute's delay the train was off again to Dublin, carrying Kate and the Squire on their errand of love.

While they are coming to him as fast as steam can bring them, let us take our story-teller's privilege and fly swifter even than that to poor Dick's cheerless chambers. There he lay sleeping peacefully, heedless of the bitter cold and the fast-expiring fire, heedless of the miseries of yesterday, heedless of the certain awakening to the miseries of to-morrow. And so hour after hour of the night passed on; and now it is five o'clock, and the college gates are opened to let the servants in, and they bustle about and make a feeble show of life in the dark quadrangles. Another hour passes, and Dick still sleeps on; and the mail has reached Dublin, and Kate and his father are hastening to him through the gloomy streets. But gradually, under the restoring power of sleep, the careworn look has faded from the lad's face; and now, as he is nearing the waking hour, he begins to dream. He dreams that he is going home for the Christmas as he used to go. He gets out at the well-known station; there is old Tom Ryan waiting for him with the dog-cart. Now he is up and has the reins in his hands, and they are off along the old road to Allenstown; and Tom is explaining to him that 'Miss Kate would have come to meet him, but has to entertain the people on her birthday; but sure he'll be home in time for lunch.' And now, with the speed of a dream, he is within the Allenstown gates and dashing up the avenue. A moment more and he is in the hall, and there are his father and Kate—But what is this? The sleeper is dimly conscious of some break in his dream; there is a moment of vague bewildering effort to awake; and then Dick struggling to sit up, finds his hand clasped in his father's, and hears the well known voice, 'My poor Dick, my poor Dick!' And then a muffled figure comes to the front, and before Dick is well awake he is in Kate's arms. When he was fully awake and realised the whole scene, he fairly broke down and burst into tears, and there was a queer huskiness in the Squire's voice (he had seen the laudanum bottle on the table) as he said, 'Dick, old fellow, we've both been hasty; but we'll say no more about that. Come along; there'll be just time to get some breakfast at the Gresham, and then we'll catch the 8.30, and be at home for luncheon.' And so Dick was in time for luncheon, and spent a fairly merry Christmas; and I have never heard that Kate caught any cold or other ailment from her midnight trip to Dublin.

VARIETIES.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, ETC."—It is strange that this misquotation has obtained so wide a currency. It is stranger still, that the meaning of the passage seems to have been totally misunderstood, or rather, reversed. Into this vulgar error, no less a character than "Punch," has fallen. In the last half of the year 1872 "Punch" gives, what is called in the *Index*, "a large engraving," representing two men, with swords drawn, in conflict; beneath this are the words at the head of this article.

Now, every one knows, that the correct quotation from Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great," is, "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war." This passage, which is true to history, comes from the mouth of Clytus, in the play, who, when drunk, is chaffing Alexander, for which he was killed by the latter, but the blunder lies in supposing the allusion to be to that of a conflict between Greek and Greek.

At a battle of Cheronea, nearly a century before that to which the play has reference, the Atticans and Bœotians were opposed to each other in deadly strife; but, to repel the common invader,—Philip of Macedon,—they joined each other in the later battle of Cheronea, B. C. 338, which Milton describes, as—"that dishonest victory at Cheronea, fatal to liberty."

This, then, is the meaning of the quotation, viz., that when "Greeks joined Greeks," that is, when the Bœotians and Atticans joined are against Philip, "then was the tug of war." Any other construction, besides being false to history, would make the Macedonian a Greek, which would seem to be absurd.

SOCIAL DRESS.—In *Appleton's Journal* we find the following on the fine young American gentleman, all of the modern time. I can remember the time when all Americans of any station were attired in Hamlets' customary suit of solemn black—black cloth coat and trousers and black silk waistcoats and black beaver hats. But tweed suits and coloured walking-coats and light trousers are now as prevalent in New York as in London, and—marvellous revolution! the gentleman now agree to dress for dinner, for the opera, and, to some degree, for the theatre. The rough-and-ready American of the past has not been banished with the buffaloes to the far West, and it is absurd for an Englishman to infer, as many of them do, that the typical American gentleman is one of the few relics of bygone days that straggle in from the prairies, as it would be for Americans to mistake for typical Englishmen some of the rural squires we meet at the cattle-show. The ceremony of dressing for dinner implies a great deal—social refinement, for instance, and cultivation, and a respect for polite conventionalities. Thirty years ago Americans were amazed at the ceremoniousness of English society and the rules of precedence and the terribly formal processions from the drawing-rooms to the dining-rooms, but they have the same ceremonies in their own houses now.

THE ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF GHOSTS.

I have always been under the strong impression that the argument in favour of ghosts has failed to receive a sufficient amount of serious attention. The Spiritualists complained greatly that Faraday would not bestow any serious attention on the phenomena whose existence they alleged. For the rapping department of Spiritualism, I have personally as much contempt as Faraday could have; but I think it a great pity that when a scientific issue was sought, the challenge was not seriously taken up. I think there is a much stronger argument in favour of the ghosts themselves than there is for their spirit-rapping. For instance, if Milton and Shakespeare condescend, by an elaborate but clumsy process of knocks, to make some extremely common-place observations, I must greatly regret that their mental calibre has so deeply degenerated since the days they were in the flesh. And, indeed, if their remarks were of a better quality, I should still prefer limiting myself to their human publications. I grieve to say that there are still some sonnets of Shakespeare's about which my mind is not made up, and still some of the obscurer prose writings of Milton with which I am unacquainted. I should therefore venture to say to the rapping spirit: 'Illustrious rapper, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for your communications as soon as I have finished the works composed by you while in a former state of existence. As soon as I have mastered those, I shall be grateful for any further communications.' Milton, by the way, may not unfairly be claimed as a Spiritualist. We remember his words:

'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth Unseen, when both we sleep and when we wake.'

At Christmas time, whether we believe in ghosts or not, we talk over ghost stories—talk over them, telling story after story, giving tradition upon tradition; very bold while the logs are heaped high and the wassail cup is going round; but perhaps the boldest slightly shy as he creeps along the long shadowy corridors of a country house, and into big bedrooms where everything is shrouded in deep gloom, out of which anything might come. A great deal of the conversation consists in ghost stories, more or less authenticated—generally, I am bound to say, less so—which each person has to relate. It is observable that every individual gives the story at second-hand. Nevertheless, I have met with one or two persons who have told a ghost story straight off. The remarkable ghost story relating to the late Theodore Alois Buckley, chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, the translator of a good many Greek and Latin works for Bohn's series, is familiar to very many. Similarly I knew a most admirable and homely clergyman who used to tell what I may call a domestic ghost story. An old gentleman of his acquaintance dropped in to smoke a pipe with him one afternoon, and gave him some excellent and seasonable advice. Two items were that he should never omit to have family prayers, and to say grace before dinner. The third item he always kept to himself. It transpired afterwards that his old friend had died at the very time when he entered the room and commenced the conversation. There is something like this in the ingenious story fabricated by De Foe of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, in order to get a circulation for *Drelincourt On Death*.

I observed that in all our argumentation there was a constant reference to the Good Book. Although some of our modern philosophers desire to improve it off the face of the earth, and think that we have reached a stage of civilisation in which it may be safely laid aside, it somehow seems that every discussion of this kind is incomplete without it. Indeed our young people showed a creditable knowledge of chapter and verse. Of course we heard of the old lady at Endor raising the ghost, and of people fancying that there might be the angel of Peter. However, I do not enter into the theological argument. Nevertheless, it may be fairly observed that scriptural authority is not to be alleged against the theory, but, on the contrary, so far as it goes, is in its favour.

The real argument is of a threefold character. First, there is no *a priori* improbability against the theory. Rather, like the biblical argument, the probability is in its favour.

Secondly, there is an enormous amount of uniform tradition in its favour.

Thirdly, there are various cases sufficiently authenticated according to the rules of evidence.

Now, without caring to be dogmatic, I venture to say that these considerations constitute an argument well worthy of attention in favour of the ghost theory.

I do not venture to expand the argument, familiar to very many, that in every material body there is a spiritual body intermingled; and that when the material body decays there is a spiritual body which is liberated from the thrall-dom of its flesh. I believe that Mr. Serjeant Cox is one of the most eloquent exponents of this theory. According to him, the disembodied spirit is in a sense embodied, although the embodiments are not recognisable by our senses. But this does not signify, as there are many most potent real things which we cannot see, such as currents of the air and electricity. It is allowable to suppose that for good and sufficient reasons these forms may at times be permitted to be visible. We may believe that the blessed spirits will have something else and better to do than to take up that tangled skein of earthly affairs of which they must be heartily tired. Dean Ramsay tells a curious story of two old

Scotchwomen, one of whom was dying: 'And if ye see our Jean in heaven, ye'll jest tell her we all be bidin' well.' 'Hist, woman,' returned the worthy saint, 'I can't go cleckin' all over heaven after your Jean.' *O sancta simplicitas!* Without being anthropomorphic, we may believe, on the one hand, that while the liberated spirits will not do our errands, on the other hand, there may be great crises and emergencies for humanity, or for their dear ones—'si quid mortalia tangunt'—when they will have the will, if they have the desire, to manifest themselves. The first argument may be thus briefly summarised: Unless we are sheer atheists we believe that souls are immortal; then there is the probability that they have ethereal bodies capable of visibility, and the possibility that they may at times be visible to ourselves.

Of the vast mass of tradition existing on the subject it is unnecessary to speak. There is no century or country, no family, hardly any individual, where some traditions of the kind are not to be found. The most simple and rudimentary form of the supernatural appearance is the dream; 'for the dream is from Jove.' Every night of the year there are multitudes of us who see visions and dream dreams with a remarkable fidelity which no waking effort could achieve; all the old surroundings revive in marvellous detail; the form of him who, himself beloved, loved us, comes forth with gracious voice and benignant aspect. Now no doubt these dreams are mainly reminiscence, the revival of old scenes photographed forever upon the brain. But we need not suppose that this phantasmagoric procession that sweeps through the chambers of the mind is altogether purposeless and unreal. Have none of us found the rush of revived affections, the solemn influence of the revival of old impressions, the coming forth from hidden rooms of the mind of matters that altogether escaped our recollection,—the burial places of memory give up their dead? *The quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of the theologians especially applies to ghost stories. There is a universal consensus in their favour. The mass of tradition is simply overwhelming. To treat the general instinct and conviction of mankind with contempt is both unhistorical and unphilosophical. The spiritual machinery of our greatest dramatists, the most stirring legends, yes, and some chapters of authentic history, must disappear if we reject the unwavering tradition. If the old proverb is true that there is no smoke without fire, how are we to account for the uniform existence of the body of accepted tradition on the subject, without at least admitting the existence of a nucleus of truth? Many of our readers have read of Lord Lytton's *Scin Leca*, and there are various corresponding traditions in Norse and Scandinavian literature. I believe that the *Strange Story* embodied some of Bulwer Lytton's deepest convictions, not to say experiences. Talleyrand used to say that there was something wiser than the wisest person, more eloquent than the eloquent, more far-sighted than the shrewdest, and that was prevailing sentiment and public opinion. It is to the detecting and reproducing of this floating public opinion that the *Times* has owed its marvellous success. I do take the sentence as entirely true; for there have been times when the opinions of a Bacon or a Shakespeare or an Aristotle have been pretty well worth the thoughts of all other writers put together. But this universal feeling and constant abiding tradition has always been, with Lord Beaconsfield, 'on the side of the angels,' on the side of supernatural appearances.

Next, what is the amount of positive testimony, of evidence that will sustain cross-examination, that we have in favour of the popular theory? In our scientific day we can only proceed according to facts accurately stated and vigorously sifted. It is utterly unscientific to laugh the theory out of court, and to pooh-pooh all the witnesses. Science has only been able to make its sure advances by accepting facts, when shown to be facts, even of the most contrarian character, satisfied that they will be reconciled on a higher plane. If the evidence given on behalf of alleged supernatural occurrences cannot be received, there is an end of such things as evidence on the one side and conviction on the other. Many an important litigation has been settled on less conclusive testimony than supports many an instance of apparition or second sight. What is especially remarkable is, that these ghost stories, as we may call them generically, instead of vanishing away in the increasing light of the nineteenth century, may almost be said to show an increasing frequency; at least there are increasing facilities in their becoming known. In the recent memoirs of Lady Georgiana Chatterton she mentions how, when she sat by the side of her dead mother, her soul was filled with a solemn gladness, and she was convinced that her mother's spirit was with her. She gives also some remarkable and authentic instances of second sight. I myself, within the range of my own personal knowledge, could give some remarkable instances of this kind. In recent cases, such as have happened within the last few years or months, there is generally an unconquerable and natural aversion on the part of the living to publishing details respecting their deceased relatives. Just to mention a few salient cases. No one can question either the good sense or good faith of John Wesley. He entertained the strongest belief in the supernatural, and his narrative of the weird occurrences at Epworth has always been accepted as authentic. I need only allude to the cycle of spiritualistic phenomena in connection with Swedenborg. There is a remarkable account of Richardson, in

his northern voyages, finding the words written on a blank sheet of paper, 'Steer north; and doing thus he saved a number of lives.' There has been the dream about shipwrecked sailors which has led to a boat being pushed off next day to neighbouring rocks, and there rescuing the sufferers just in time. Various cases of second sight stand upon indisputable authority. While residing at Cardiff I knew the case of a policeman stabbed by a butcher; the poor widow had seen the whole thing in a dream the night before. The remarkable instance of a gentleman in Cornwall seeing by second sight the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons is firmly established. But finally, to return to our friends the ghosts; and, indeed, I call them our friends, for, to quote pious old Ruddle (to whom a 'visible and suppliant ghost' foretold the Plague of London six months before), 'what pleasures and improvements do such deny themselves who scorn and avoid all opportunity of intercourse with souls separate, and the spirits glad and sorrowful, which inhabit the unseen world! Take the historical ghost of 'the bad' Lord Lytton. This story has been lately told by two authors with great carefulness—the Rev. F. G. Lee and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; and the late Lord Lytton, than whom a more honourable and able man never existed, devoted great pains to its thorough investigation. The pith of the story is that, three days before his death, he saw in his house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, a fluttering bird, and afterwards a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, 'Prepare to die; you will not exist three days.' The remarkable thing about this story is the number and variety of independent witnesses to the truth of the occurrence. The extraordinary story of the apparition of a member of the Hell-fire Club of one of the colleges at Oxford—in imitation of Wilkes's Club at Medmenham Abbey—was related to the writer when an undergraduate at Oxford, and since then the evidence has been sifted and arranged. The figure of an undergraduate was seen scaling the college at the very moment when the man had fallen down in the midst of a drunken orgy. Of course many supernatural stories admit of a perfectly naturalistic interpretation. For instance, in that charming story of *Marmorne* (is it possible that it can have been written by the present Lord Lytton?) there is a man playing the ghost, who receives a bullet in his shoulder, which leads to the discovery of a murderous conspiracy. Moreover, a every serious chapter might be written on cases of insanity or death caused by foolish people simulating the honours of ghosthood.

At all events we, sitting cozily over our Christmas hearth and telling our mutual ghost stories, fully indorse the expression that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' and are resolved that we will not speak unsympathisingly or carelessly of the doctrine of apparitions.

THE GLEANER.

JENNIE JUNE writes thirty-three fashion letters a week.

LORD HARDWICKE declares that "writing to newspapers is one of the greatest curses of modern times for the readers."

MR. BRET HARTE, the American humourist, is on a visit to England, and is now enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of St. Albans, at Bestwood Lodge.

THE beautiful studio which the Princess Louise was having erected at Kensington is not nearly completed, but will be slowly proceeded with during the absence of her Royal Highness.

MR. COXWELL, the celebrated aeronaut, is preparing six large balloons for military purposes. He is now a resident at Seaford, and has engaged extensive premises there to carry out the work.

A LIKENESS of Oliver Cromwell, that for some time hung from day to day at the door of a second-hand bookshop in Oswestry, was sold for thirty shillings. We hear that the old picture was sold lately in Manchester for £300.

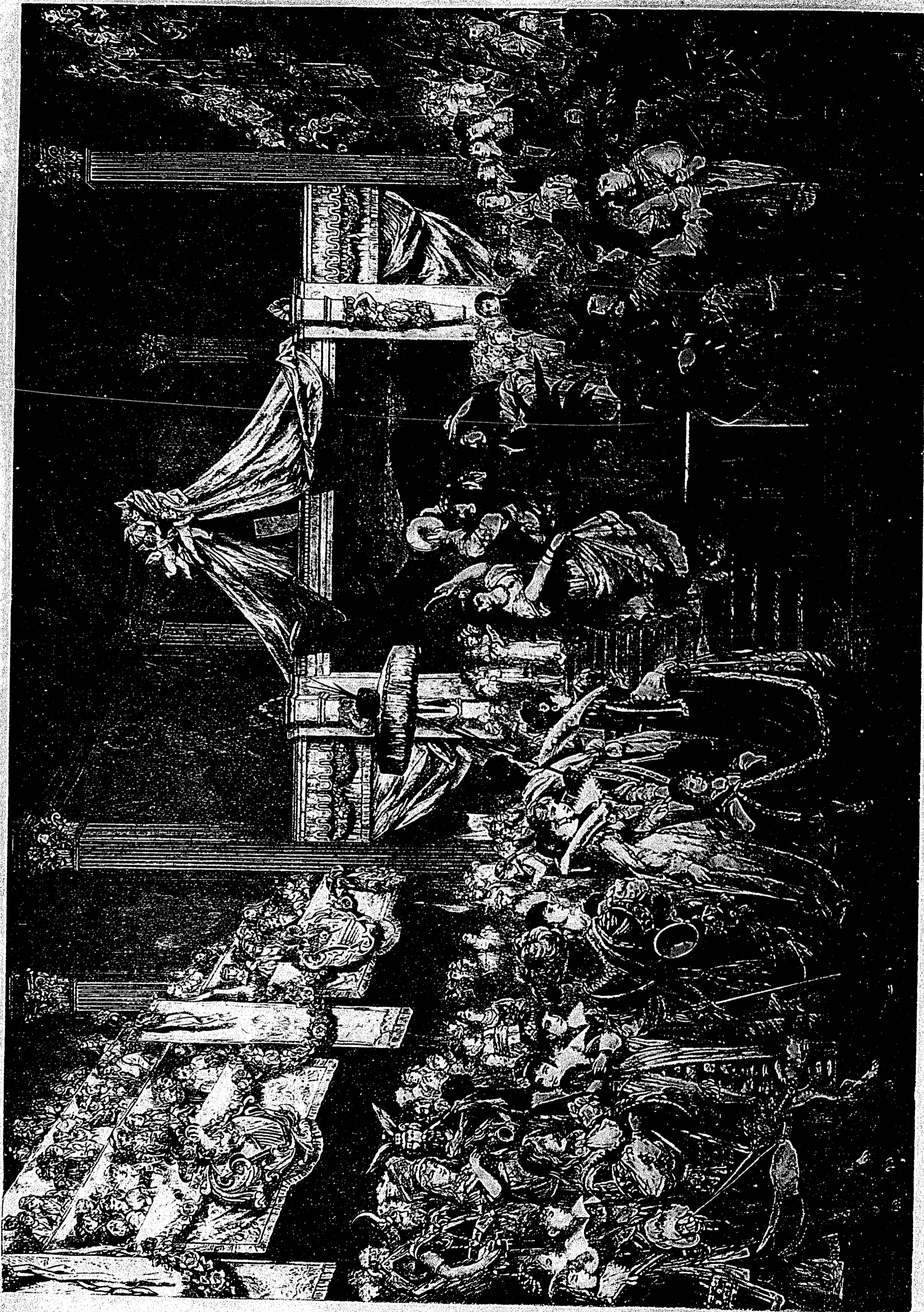
THE last relative of Thomas Hood has just passed away. Mrs. Frances Freeland Brodcrip, only daughter of the humourist, died on the 3rd inst., at Clevedon, in the 49th year of her age. In conjunction with her brother, Tom Hood, the late editor of *Fun*, she wrote and published the life of her father.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.

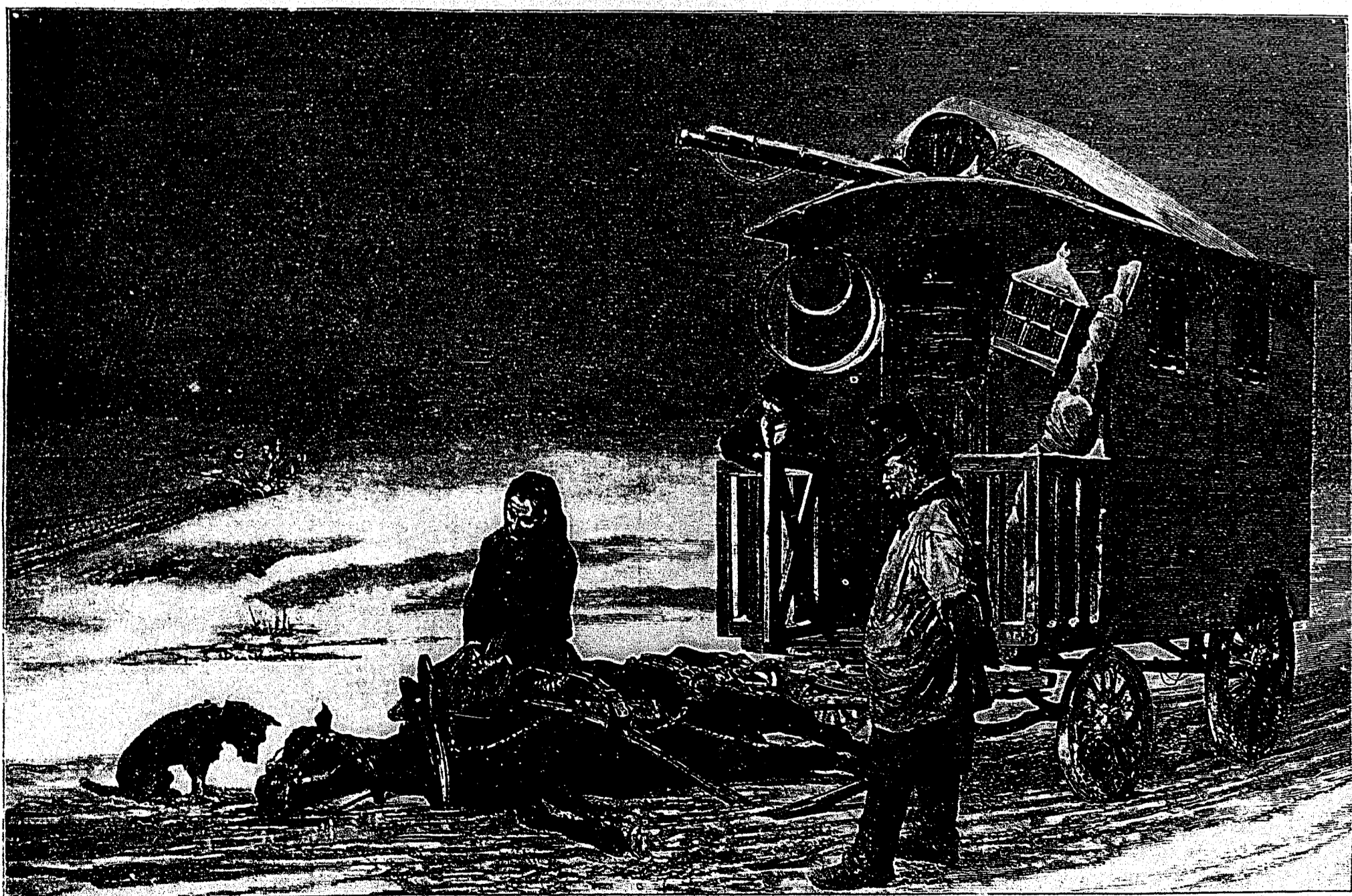
It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.



CHRISTMAS AT COURT.



NAPLES.—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY.



CHRISTMAS ON THE ROAD.

THOMAS HOOD.—Death and fame came to Thomas Hood almost together. For twenty years he had held his place among the rank and file of literature, earning thereby little more than daily bread and the applause that is but of a moment, when, in 1843, the Christmas number of *Punch* electrified its readers with the "Song of the Shirt." Those wonderful verses went from newspaper to newspaper as in old times the beacon fire was accustomed to pass from hill to hill. The laurels reaped by the author were, however, barren, and the sunshine of celebrity had nothing golden in its beams. With the new year was born an unlucky publication christened *Hood's Magazine*. Misfortunes fell thick upon both periodical and editor, and the "flashes of merriment" that the latter still put forth came from a life blackened with the thunderclouds of sickness and calamity. By May Hood was in a sick-room, and as editorial apology for the non-continuance of a novel he had commenced sent forth a drawing of "a plate of leeches, a blister, a cup of water-gruel, and three labelled vials." All the rest of that year, and far into the spring of the next, the light of life still flickered on, sometimes burning up brightly enough for the sick man to resume his pen, sometimes all but fading away into eternity. "I am so near death's door," said Hood on one occasion, "that I can almost fancy I hear the creaking of the hinges." The 3rd of May, 1845, saw that door gently opened for him, and as quietly as a tired child falls asleep this gentle spirit passed away from earth. Not a mere jester was it that died, but a brave and kindly spirit who did his noble duty in the battle of life, and who had constantly a heart to appreciate and a hand to relieve the sufferings of others. There is nothing in the fame of Hood over which any descendant of his can ever blush. He wrote much that was calculated to make the best of men better, not a line that could by any possibility make the most worthless specimen of humanity worse. Numerous and exquisite as are his poems, there are two that in especial shed a star-like light upon his memory. While London remains a city the hearts of men must continue to be stirred by the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." The one poem is in some sense the sequel of the other. In this Metropolis of ours, where the worship of the golden calf is practised on an ever-increasing scale, it is the poor and not the idols that so frequently endure the fate of being ground to powder. These victims are, in general, girls, uneducated or half-educated drudges, whom the love of liberty and the hatred of domestic service have driven to toilsome and ill-paid modes of gaining their daily bread. Year by year their numbers increase, year by year thousands of miserable fates and faces tell us how swift is the descent from the death-in-life of the garret to the hell of the streets. Lest we should be over-zealous in casting stones, lest we should forget that forgiveness turned not away from the sins of Magdalen, Hood showed us the starving woman despairing, the sinful woman dead. "One more unfortunate" is, perhaps, the most pathetic line poet ever penned. The thought of it seems to turn the Thames into a grave.

CHRISTMAS NOTICES.

SAVAGE & LYMAN, JEWELLERS,
219, St. James Street.

The firm of Savage & Lyman has been for years so closely identified with the jewelry trade, not only in Montreal, but through Canada, that the simple announcement of their resumption of business at the above address will be sufficient to cause a large and fashionable crowd of purchasers for the holiday trade. Their stock is all fresh and choice, of the latest styles, and newest patterns; nothing stale or out of date. In clocks, bronzes, gold and silver watches, chains and fancy goods, there is a range of choice at prices corresponding with the times.

HEARN & HARRISON, OPTICIANS,
242 & 244, Notre Dame Street.

Have now on view a large collection of microscopes, telescopes, magic lanterns, opera glasses, &c., and marked at the very lowest prices. The inspection of these are highly interesting to the scholar and student, and the money wisely expended in their purchase returns with abundant interest in the knowledge and instruction obtained by their use. Spectacles and glasses to suit every sight may be found at this address.

JOB C. THOMPSON & Co., FURS,

Corner of Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets. Just so soon as the first approach of winter does Thompson make his show window resplendent with the most stylish and newest attractions in furs. The prices range so that everybody may suit their means. For the ensuing two weeks there will be an extra push made in inducement to purchasers, the announcement of which will be duly appreciated by a large majority these hard times. Every article made up under special supervision.

W. S. WALKER, WATCHES & JEWELRY,
321, Notre Dame Street.

In anticipation of the holiday season, this house has made very handsome additions to its usual large stock of watches, chains, jewelry and fancy articles. The assortment is excellent and is marked down to the lowest prices. There are but few similar establishments where such inducements are offered in the quality of the goods and the sterling solid value represented.

ANGUS' LADIES' PARLOR SHOE STORE,
375, Notre Dame Street.

Ladies will always find at this store the very finest imported boots and shoes as worn by the fashionable world in Europe. This supplies a want long felt by many of the fair sex. The assortment comprises everything for the ball-room, reception or promenade, and of all sizes and widths to fit every foot. The Argyle Ice Creeper for ladies and gentlemen is one of the latest requisites for icy winter. Sold at the low price of 25 cents.

ROBERTSON THE FURRIER,
232, McGill Street.

This is a favorite establishment with many of our citizens, and the proprietor is ever alive to the wants and tastes of the public. A large variety in gentlemen's, ladies' and children's furs may be found here and at most reasonable prices—all fresh new goods, not stale and out of season stocks. The prices will be found very reasonable and to meet the present economical wishes of the many.

HENRY J. SHAW, PIANO-FORTE DEALER,
726 & 728, Craig Street.

There probably has never been a time in Montreal when purchasers of pianos have had the inducement in quality of instrument and low prices held out to them as at the present moment. The instruments dealt in by Mr. Shaw are not the frauds so often imposed on credulous people, but have the guarantee of the makers for five years, and are of the best rosewood cases. A visit will well repay the musical talent of our city, as thorough examination of their merits is respectfully invited.

BROWN & CLAGGETT, RECOLLET HOUSE,
Corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen Streets.

Fickle and changeable as fashion in dress and costumes may be, Brown & Claggett are ever equal to the occasion. Their show-rooms are always attractive, and with their critical taste and experienced staff of employees, the most exacting demand may be suited. Their show windows and cases are now full of Christmas novelties—one interesting feature of which is the numerous tables of articles ranging from 5 to 50 cents in price and which are daily crowded by purchasers, so tempting are the inducements.

WM. DRYSDALE & Co., BOOKSELLERS,
232, St. James Street.

A visit to Drysdale's preparatory to Christmas is the rule with many of our holiday purchasers. The attraction there this season is greater than ever, and such as has already drawn a large number of visitors. Mr. Drysdale seems to thoroughly understand what is needed, and the assortment of illustrated books are large and varied. Bibles, Church services, prayer books, pocket books, scrap, auto and photo albums, fancy goods, &c., in every style, and at prices which will meet the economical spirit of the times.

H. A. NELSON & SONS,
WHOLESALE FANCY GOODS,
Montreal & Toronto.

Special notice of the Christmas season would seem incomplete without mention of the well-known wholesale house of H. A. Nelson & Sons, of Montreal and Toronto, so closely identified with the fancy goods branch of business. It is largely from this establishment that numbers of our merchants east and west replenish their supplies, not only at holiday times, but through the year. A visit through their extensive premises could alone give an idea of the extent of the importations and the large manufactures of the numerous articles dealt in by this firm.

VALUABLE PIANOS.

HENRY J. SHAW OFFERS A MAGNIFICENT new Grand Square (\$900) CHICKERING PIANO for \$500, and a new No. 1 Square (\$650) for \$390 CASH. Each having the maker's guarantee for five years.

MR. SHAW OFFERS FIN NEW 7 OCTAVE Piano guaranteed, for 5 years and of the finest ROSEWOOD CASES (no imitation), for \$200 CASH. Call at his Stores,
726 and 728 CRAIG STREET,

For Descriptive Catalogues.

The Splendid New York WEBER PIANOS ARE NOW SOLD AT THE WEBER ROOMS, 188 ST. JAMES STREET, At a large discount of the New York prices. Call for Catalogues.

FURS AT **Bottom Prices** AT 232 MCGILL ST.

Genuine Persian Lamb Caps, best quality, only \$9.00. Fur Caps as low as \$3.00. Raccoon Coats from \$25.00 to \$35.00. Offer Gauntlets Lamb lined from \$5.00 to \$9.00. All other Furs proportionately low. WM. ROBERTSON, PRACTICAL FURRIER. Furs renovated and altered to the latest styles. Good workmanship and low prices.



ANGUS'
375 Notre Dame St.
LADIES' PARLOR SHOE STORE.

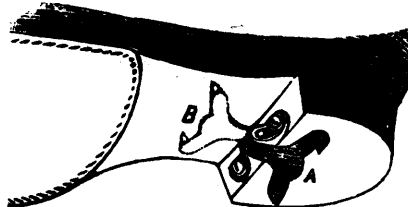
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS

Ladies' Fine Dress Boots and Shoes for the Ball Room, Reception or Promenade.

STRONG BOOTS AND SHOES SUITABLE FOR WINTER WEAR IN GREAT VARIETY.

OUR ARGYLE ICE CREEPER

Is the cheapest, best and most convenient of any in use. PRICE, 25 CENTS.



"A" represents the Creeper in position ready for use.
"B" shows the Creeper thrown back entirely out of the way when not in use, or walking.

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."—FRANKLIN.

DRYSDALE'S

FOR CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

Holiday Gifts,

SUITED TO ALL AGES, ALL CLASSES, ALL CONDITIONS, ALL DENOMINATIONS. All marked low to suit the times.

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,
Booksellers, Stationers, &c.,
232 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

Christmas Presents.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.

ENGLISH & FRENCH CLOCKS,
Silver and Silver Ware.
A NEW IMPORTATION FOR THE HOLIDAYS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

W. S. WALKER,
321 Notre Dame Street.
(ESTABLISHED 1855.)

NOTICE

is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to amend and consolidate the Acts relating to the MONTREAL, PORTLAND AND BOSTON RAILWAY COMPANY, to change the name of the Company, to authorize the readjustment and consolidation of the Bond issue of the Company and for other purposes.
Montreal, 10th Dec., 1878.

M. S. LONERGAN, Sec'y-Treas.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

1878. ESTABLISHED 1818.

Savage & Lyman,
219 St. JAMES ST.
(Next Door to Messrs. Jas. Brown & Bro.)

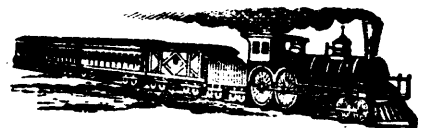
Have opened the above premises with an entirely **MODERN & FASHIONABLE STOCK** OF **GOLD & SILVER JEWELLERY,** GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, Of American and Swiss Manufacture, **Bronzes, Solid Silver & Electro-Plated Ware** In every variety of its manufacture, **CLOCKS AND FANCY GOODS.** **Prices to Suit the Times.** N. B.—WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY promptly repaired.
219 ST. JAMES ST.

MONEY WELL SPENT
IN GIFTS OF PERMANENT VALUE.

List of articles sold by **HEARN & HARRISON,**
242 & 244 Notre Dame St.

- Gold Spectacles, Scotch Pebbles, \$6.00
- Gold Eye Glasses " 7.50
- Silver Spectacles, pure quality, 2.50
- Elegant American Stereoscope and 12 Views, 3.00
- Magic Lantern and 40 Diagrams, 2.00
- Large Superior Compound Microscope, 5.00
- Elegant Achromatic and Opera Glass, 5.00

In great variety TELESCOPES, FIELD GLASSES, THERMOMETERS, BAROMETERS, PHOTO ALBUMS, and a large and elegant assortment of SCIENTIFIC TOYS, MODEL ENGINES, FANCY ARTICLES suitable for PRESENTS.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878-79.

Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays) as follows:—
Leave Point Levi 8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup 2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner) 3.00 "
" Rimouski 4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper) 10.00 "
" Dalhousie 10.21 "
" Bathurst 12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle 2.10 "
" Moncton 5.00 "
" St. John 9.15 "
" Halifax 1.30 P.M.
Pullman Cars on Express Trains.
These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m.
Pullman Car leaving Point Levi on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.
For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON, Agent,
177 St. James Street.
C. J. BRIDGES, General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.
Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.,
5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

Begets to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREOTYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE PRINTING,

Photo-Lithotyping & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the reproduction by

Photo-Lithography

OF

MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS

OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.

G. B. BURLAND, Manager.



FIRST PREMIUM Fur Establishment,
249 NOTRE DAME STREET.

The Subscriber begs to announce that he has on hand a large assortment of very fine FURS, consisting of:—
SEAL and PERSIAN LAMB CLOAKS, SILK WRAPPERS (Fur lined), Gents' Seal and Persian Lamb Coats Hats, Caps, Muffs and Boas
Of the Latest Style and Best Workmanship. We make a speciality of the

PRINCESS LOUISE CAP,
and would respectfully invite an inspection of the large and well-assorted stock at present on hand.
A. BRAHADRI,
Cor. Notre Dame St. & St. Lambert Hill.

The above firm was awarded FOUR FIRST-CLASS MEDALS and DIPLOMAS at the Provincial Exhibition in 1860, during the visit of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.



THOMAS CREAN,
MILITARY TAILOR,

Master Tailor to the Queen's Own Rifles. Late Master Tailor in H. M. 16th Regiment. Uniforms and accoutrements strictly in accordance with the "Dress Regulations for the Army," and of the best workmanship and quality. The New Regulation Helmet in stock. Price Lists sent on application. 435 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

J. K. MACDONALD,
BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH &c. 24 Latour Street, Montreal.
REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
17-20-52-354.

New Work of Vital Interest.
Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stg.
FROM

J. WILLIAMS, P. M.
22, MARINCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND,
NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:
1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments, including Exhaustion, Loss of Nerve Power and Debility.
3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Nervousness.
4.—The Cocoa Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.
5.—Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1-52-309
25 Chromo Cards, Cupids, Mottoes, Flowers, &c. No. 25 2 alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry, Cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVE TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.
For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.
W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS,
17-19 52-362 55 College Street.

60 Chromo and Perfumed Cards
(no 3 alike). Name in Gold and Jet. 10 cents. CLINT'S BROS., Clintonville, Ct.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACK-LAYING, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to NOON of **WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of January next,**

for the Grading, Tracklaying and other works of construction required to be executed on following sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

1. From the westerly end of the 26th contract at English River to Raleigh, a distance of about 50 miles.
2. From Raleigh to Eagle River, a distance of about 68 miles.
3. From Eagle River to the easterly end of the 15th contract at Keewatin, a distance of about 67 miles.
4. From Yale to Kamloops Lake, in British Columbia, a distance of about 125 miles.

Plans, &c., may be seen, and Specifications, approximate quantities, forms of tender, and other information obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa.

A bill of quantities will be ready on or before December 1st, at the Department of Public Works.

No tender will be entertained unless on printed form, and unless the conditions are complied with.

The general Tender for construction of whole line under Railway Act of 1874, covers above sections; but separate tenders are asked under the ordinary conditions of the Department.

By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, October 24th, 1878. }



Canadian Pacific Railway.

To CAPITALISTS and CONTRACTORS.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA will receive proposals for constructing and working a line of Railway extending from the Province of Ontario to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance being about 2,000 miles.

Memorandum of information for parties proposing to tender will be forwarded on application as underneath. Engineers' reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be constructed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application to this Department, or to the Engineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Offices, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London.

Sealed Tenders, marked "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the

First Day of January next.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Public Works Department, }
Ottawa, 24th October, 1878. }

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,
186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.



MANOEL DUTRA SILVA,
New House of Consignments of all kinds,
BAHIA, BRAZIL,

Receives Vessels and Steamers of all Nations.
5 per cent Commission.
All Letters to be Prepaid as above.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

ROWNTREE'S

ROCK

COCOA.

GUARANTEED ONLY COCOA SUGAR

COMPOSED AS REPRESENTED OF ONLY COCOA AND SUGAR.

DR. J. BAKER EDWARDS.

WHOLESALE TRADE AGENT,
WILLIAM JOHNSON,
BOX 888, P. O., MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.



CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthenener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold, Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.
Address **BAXTER & CO.,** Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

THE
Montreal, Portland & Boston Railway Co.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the MONTREAL, PORTLAND AND BOSTON RAILWAY COMPANY will be held at the Office of the Company, No. 151 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on WEDNESDAY, the FIFTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY NEXT (1879), at the hour of ELEVEN in the forenoon, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of other business.

MONTREAL, 10th December, 1878.

M. S. LONERGAN,
Secy-Treas.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Snowflake Cards, in Case name in gold, 10c. Davies & Co., Northford, Ct.

JUST PUBLISHED

CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS.,

7 26-52-373 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

LONDON MANUFACTURING CO.'S ESSENCES OF MEATS,

For Invalids, Travellers, and Persons of Delicate Health.

ESSENCE OF BEEF,
ESSENCE OF MUTTON,
ESSENCE OF CHICKEN.

These Essences consist solely of the Juices of the Finest Meats extracted by gentle heat without the addition of water or any substance, and are ready for use direct from the can, without further preparation, and will be retained by the stomach in the most severe cases of illness.

An excellent stimulant in cases of Diphtheria, Hemorrhage, and all cases of depressed system, and low vital power; almost a specific in cases of sea sickness and dyspepsia, and the ailments of infants in summer have been cured by this excellent Essence.

Wholesale by **LYMANS, CLARE & CO.,** and **H. SUGDEN EVANS,** and by all Druggists and Grocers.

THE
Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

PUBLICATIONS:

- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth. \$1.00
- BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. 50
- DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle. 60
- The Ten Commandments. 60
- DAWSON, GEO., M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer. 50
- MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles. 15
- TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words. 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

ROBERT MILLER,

Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER,

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
14-6.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON
OIL LEAD, PAINT,
COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, RUSHES: CHEMICALS, DYE, STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

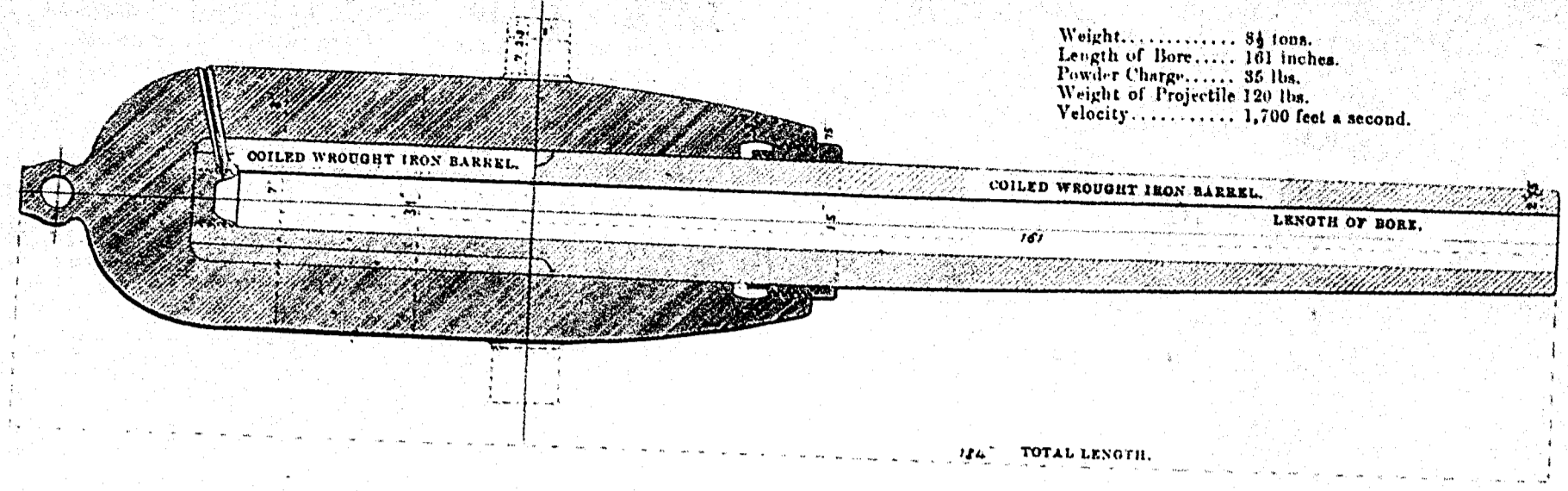
AND

255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

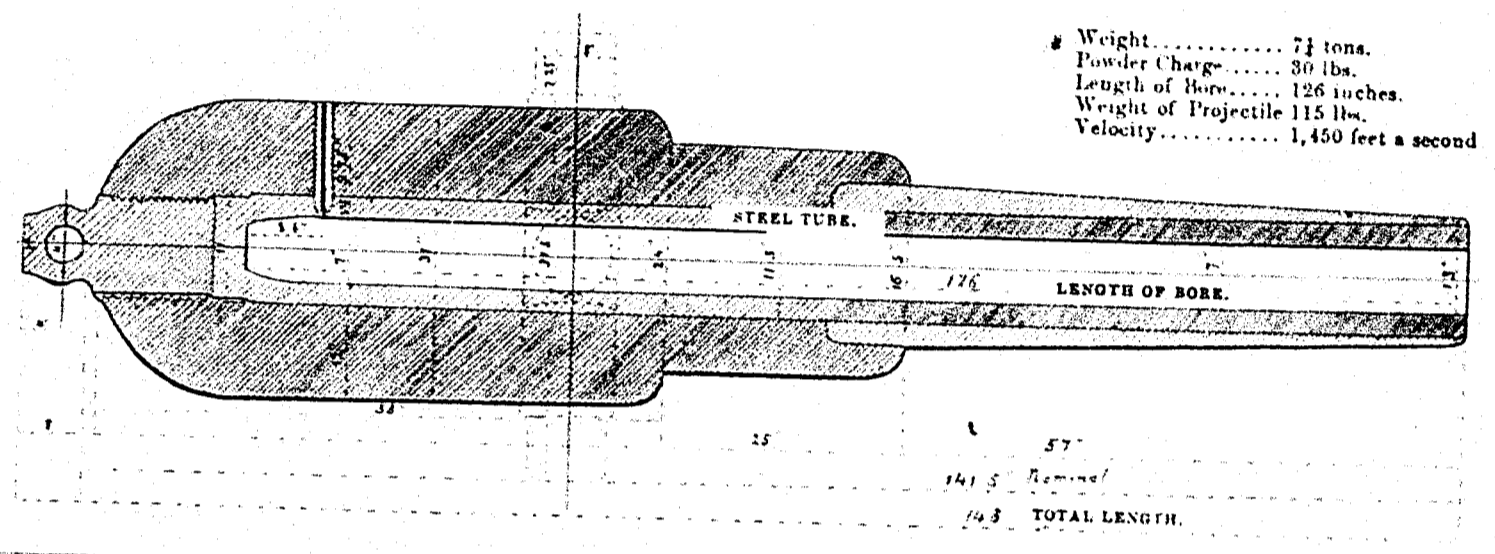
MONTREAL.

26-17-52-300

SEVEN INCH PALLISER RIFLE FOR CANADIAN COAST SERVICE.



SEVEN INCH SERVICE GUN.



GREAT CHEAP SALE OF FURS.

THOMPSON, the Furrier, is offering his large and valuable stock at a large reduction from regular prices for 15 days. See Saturday's Witness and Star of the 14th inst.

JOB C. THOMPSON & CO.,
 416, 418 and 420 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 Grand chance for CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

ELECTRO-PLATE.

A very large assortment of the finest quality of **SILVER PLATED WARE**

Suitable for presentation, Wedding presents, &c., comprising all articles ELECTRO-PLATED with SILVER. Having a thorough knowledge of the ELECTRO-PLATE BUSINESS, the public may confidently rely on getting the best Goods. Prices low. Inspection invited.

SHOW ROOM: 370 St. Paul Street.
JOHN WATSON, Jr.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austria Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

91 To 97 ST. PETER STREET

Christmas Goods. 56 & 58 FRONT ST. WEST.

DOLLS & TOYS
 In endless variety.

WORK BOXES, DESKS, CABINETS, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S COMPANIONS, FANS for EVENING PARTIES.

AND A GENERAL LINE OF **FANCY GOODS** suitable for the HOLIDAY TRADE.

MONTREAL. **H. A. NELSON & SONS.** TORONTO.

EVENING & RECEPTION GLOVES.

GENTS' WHITE KID GLOVES, 50c., 75c. and \$1.25. All sizes and splendid value.

CHILDREN'S WHITE KID GLOVES, only 50c. a pair.

LADIES' KID GLOVES.
 White and Opera 2-Button, 75c., \$1 and \$1.25 a pair.
 White and Opera 3-Button, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a pair.
 White and Opera 4-Button, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a pair.
 White 6-Button, \$1.25 a pair.
 White 8-Button, \$1.50 a pair.

Our Stock of Kid Gloves is second to none in the Dominion for variety and value.

BROWN & FLAGGETT,
Recollet House,
 Cor. Notre Dame and St. Helen Sts.

Country orders Solicited.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
 BREWERS and MALTSTERS
 MONTREAL.

INDIA PALE ALE.
EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT.

Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-32-23

S. J. BAKER & CO.
 SHIRT MAKERS & HABERDASHERS.

Self-measurement Card and Samples of Colored Regatta Shirtings sent free by mail. Large stock of Underwear, Ties, Dent's Gloves, &c., always on hand.

138 ST. JAMES STREET,
 Opposite St. Lawrence Hall,
 MONTREAL.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESMARTE LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its office, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.