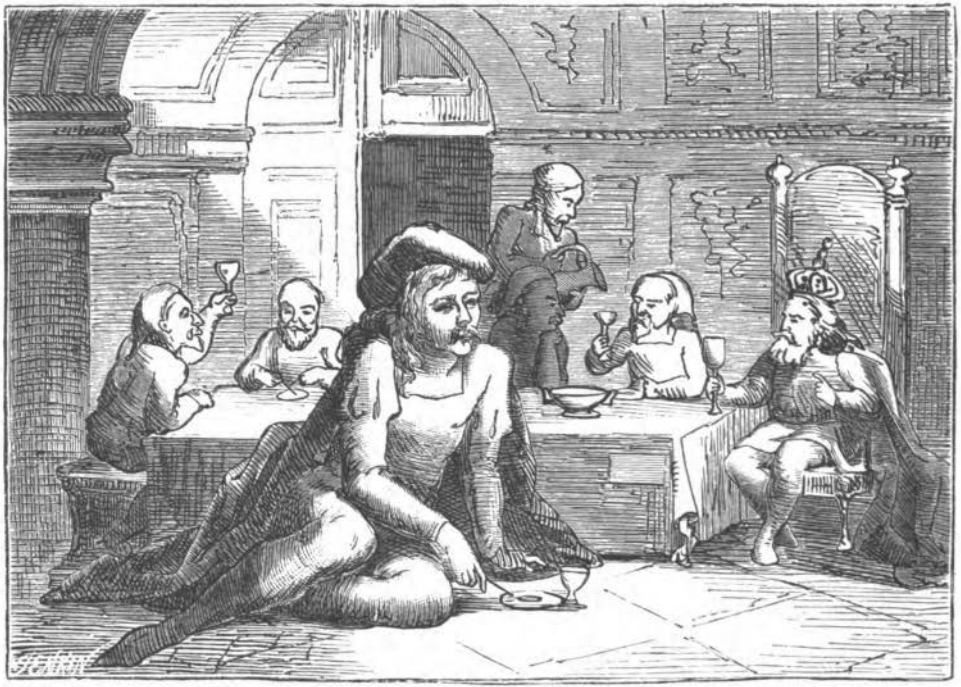
Stories in precious stones

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES.



THE MAGIC GOBLET.

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES.

BY

HELEN ZIMMERN.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
HENRY S. KING & CO.,
65, CORNHILL, & 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1873.

To

MAY.

PREFACE.

In all times and ages of the world's history precious stones have been valued and esteemed, and divers strange powers have been ascribed to them by the superstitious. Large or very brilliantly coloured gems were thought to confer health and prosperity on their owners. Some kinds were worn as amulets and preservatives against witchcraft and the evil eye; others were held potent to avert any dangers that might threaten the wearer, and to act as a cure for diseases, besides giving a command over the world of spirits Indeed, there is no end to the value set by superstitious people upon precious stones.

Of the innumerable fancies and legends arising therefrom, one of the most charming is a belief which exists among various people that each month has a particular stone belonging to it, which is supposed to govern it, and to influence the destiny of persons born in its course. This conceit made it customary among friends and lovers to present each other on their natal day with some

trinket containing their tutelary gem. A similar idea was entertained by the ancients, who also deemed a certain gem sacred to each month. They called them Zodiac Stones, and often had them all set together in an amulet, hoping thereby, no doubt, to derive the various benefits each could confer, and thus to circumvent fate.

It is curious to observe how nearly always among different nations the same stones hold this high place in public esteem. On the opposite page is given in a tabular form the months with their several stones, according to the Romans, Persians, Poles, and Arabs. This will best show how slight is the variation that exists. The Persian form is the one I have chosen as my guide, and to this I add the attributes of the various gems. And here I must plead guilty to having swerved in one instance from the course marked out for me. Instead of the Topaz, to which the month of November has evidently been unanimously voted sacred, I have ventured to insert the Pearl, and trust to the indulgence of my readers to pardon this little divergence from the right path.

London, 1872.

CONTENTS.

	Persian.	*Roman.*	*Polish.*	*Arabian.*
January	Garnet.	Jacinth or Garnet.	Jacinth or Garnet.	Jacinth.
February.....	Amethyst.	Amethyst.	Amethyst.	Amethyst.
March.....	Bloodstone.	Bloodstone.	Bloodstone.	Bloodstone.
April	Sapphire.	Sapphire.	Sapphire or Diamond.	Sapphire.
May	Emerald.	Agate.	Emerald.	Emerald.
June	Agate.	Emerald.	Agate.	Chalcedony.
July.....	Ruby.	Onyx.	Ruby or Cornelian.	Cornelian.
August	Sardonyx.	Cornelian.	Sardonyx.	Onyx.
September ...	Chrysolite.	Chrysolite.	Chrysolite.	Chrysolite.
October	Opal.	Aquamarine.	Opal or Aquamarine.	Aquamarine.
November ...	Topaz.	Topaz.	Topaz.	Topaz.
December ...	Turquoise.	Ruby.	Malachite.	Chrysoprase.

ATTRIBUTES OF THE GEMS.

Garnet:—Constancy and fidelity in every sort of engagement.

Amethyst:—A preservative against violent passions and drunkenness.

Bloodstone:—Courage and wisdom in perilous undertakings, and firmness in affection.

Sapphire:—Frees from enchantment, and denotes repentance and kindness of disposition.

Emerald:—Discovers false witnesses, and ensures happiness in love and domestic felicity.

Agate:—Causes its wearer to be invincible in all feats of strength. Ensures long life, health, and prosperity.

Ruby:—Discovers poison; it also ensures the cure of all evils springing from the unkindness of friends.

Sardonyx:—Ensures conjugal felicity.

Chrysolite:—Preserves from despair.

Opal:—Denotes misfortune and hope.

Pearl:—Tears and pity.

Turquoise:—Prosperity in love.

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES.

January.

BERUNA.

IT was a bright Sunday afternoon. The hot sun was streaming down on the Grosse Winterberg, drawing the fragrant odours out of the pine-trees, and making the river that wound among the hills sparkle with light.

A great number of citizens had quitted the hot streets of Dresden, on which the sun burnt mercilessly, and gone forth for a few days' recreation to the Saxon Switzerland. Now in the heat of noon some of them had stayed here to partake of refreshment and rest; for the hill is crowned with a little wooden châlet, where these two necessaries of a tourist's life can be obtained. Under a clump of trees, a little apart from the house, sat a company of students, bound on a foot tour through the hills. They were emptying

bottle after bottle of Bavarian beer which, with black bread and cheese, was carried to their table by the trim waiting-maiden, and rapidly consumed. They talked and laughed, and at intervals broke forth into snatches of students' songs, that rang melodiously through the still, hot air. One of their number was busy making wreaths of oak-leaves, with which he crowned his comrades' hats. The whole court-yard was dotted with tables, where sat groups of travellers: a tame deer walked between them, begging a morsel, which it ate greedily out of the proffering hand. At one place, where its petition was unobserved, it stole a little white loaf, which it devoured with surprising rapidity.

A fresh party of hot, weary voyagers wound up the narrow path. The gentlemen had slung their coats over their arms; the ladies looked exhausted with the heat and sun. But they were energetic tourists, and before they rested thought proper to mount the little tower of observation, whence they could behold a lovely view of the Saxon, Bohemian, and even part of the Silesian hills and of the Elbe valley, through which the river runs like a silver band.

Yet another company of travellers arrived along the narrow path. Their appearance was strange, and

contrasted oddly with the well-dressed men and women about. They could hardly be said to be in rags—their picturesque costume prevented that—but about the bright, fantastic garb hovered an unmistakable air of poverty. They were tired and way-worn. The woman walked with difficulty, bowed down as she was with the weight of an infant on her back, a child at one hand, and a violin in the other. Her sickly-looking husband could hardly carry the harp that was slung across his shoulder. The tourists looked up with interest, and some young students resigned their chairs; for there were no longer any unoccupied seats. When they had recovered breath, they thanked them. The language was German, but it had an outlandish ring. Presently the host, to whom they seemed known, approached, bringing beer and black bread.

'Eat and drink, good people, and be welcome,' said he. 'It is your first visit this summer. Morgana, I am sorry to see you still looking so thin.'

'Thinner and weaker,' said the man sadly.

'Ah, but the summer will do him good,' replied the woman, trying to look hopeful. 'Shall we play something?' she asked the host, in a quick, nervous manner, as though she wanted to change the conversation.

'Ay, do, when you are rested; and may be many

a good penny will drop into your hats.' He patted the little one's head as he spoke, and then walked to the different tables, inquiring after the comfort of his guests, and praising the music of the gipsies.

Presently they began to play a fantastic duet of harp and violin. Then the woman sang, in a thin, true voice, some plaintive, yearning song, to which her husband accompanied her softly. The company listened and applauded.

'Let the little one dance, Menetta,' said the husband.

The woman clapped her hands, as a signal to the child to come to her, and did not till that moment perceive that the little girl had wandered away.

'Where is Beruna?' she cried anxiously. 'Host, have you seen the child?'

'A while ago she passed the kitchen door,' he said. 'I have not seen her since.'

'Stay here, my friend,' said the woman to her husband, giving him the baby. 'I will go and seek her.'

'But you are weary,' he said, and he tried to rise from his seat, and go in her stead.

'Not so weary as you,' she answered, gently pushing him back into the chair, and in a moment she had flown down the path indicated.

The baby fell asleep. Morgana laid it upon the soft grass, and went round among the tourists to collect

a few pence. The company broke up one by one—some to go back to the city, some to go farther into the hills. The day darkened; the moon was beginning to rise, and still neither the woman nor the child returned. The man grew restless; he threw away the pipe he had been smoking, and touched the chords of his instrument nervously. Then he rose, and looked down the path. There was no sign of any one. The host begged Morgana to enter the house: the dew was falling heavily, and a hard cough shook his frame. At first he refused; but yielded at last. It was nearly night when the woman came back alone. Her eyes were red with weeping, her face and mien told all, words were not needed—she had not found the child.

The parents' misery was unspeakable. It was well that they had found so kind a host to give them shelter and food; they could not have sought for it that night. Exhausted with misery and weariness, they fell asleep.

Meanwhile, their little girl was safe, and had found kind friends. Led away, first by curiosity, and then by some pretty flowers she saw in the distance and was eager to pluck, the child had almost unconsciously strayed down the hill on the Bohemian side, and with the love of wandering implanted in her race, had gone

on and on, heedless that she ought to return to her parents, until the night began to fall, and she at length grew aware that she was hungry and very, very weary. Till then the pretty scenery and the grand majestic rocks she had passed had kept her too interested to think of these things. Despair crept

BERUNA.

into her little heart, and she sat down by a stone at the road-side, and began to weep bitterly.

At that moment a young boy passed along. Hearing sobs, he looked to see whence they came. When he beheld the little girl in her bright fantastic dress,

he went up to her, and asked kindly what was the matter. She told him her grief, and indicated the way she had come.

'From the Winterberg, no doubt,' he said. 'It is too late to take thee back now. Come home with me, and I will ask my father what I can do for thee.'

The girl obeyed silently. She was only too glad to have the control of her actions taken from her. Neither of the children spoke a word. The boy was thoughtful, and wondered whether his grandmother would scold at his bringing a strange little girl home: his father would not be angry he knew. Beruna was too tired to speak: only once she murmured—

'Is it much farther?'

'Not much. Shall I carry thee?'

No, that she would not allow. 'Only little children were carried,' she said.

The boy smiled down at the girl who trotted beside him, holding his hand. She could not be more than seven years old, he thought.

'Here we are,' said Fritz at last, as they came to a halt before a good-sized house. It was built of crossed beams, filled up with white-washed clay, and there seemed as much window as wall about it. The lattices opened flush with the outside, and were fastened back with hooks. Some of them were open, and even

by the pale moonlight the large pots of flowers that bloomed on the window-sill could be seen distinctly. A few rough stone steps led up to the open front-door.

'Sit down here while I call the father,' said Fritz. 'We live in the first-floor of this house, little Beruna.'

The child did as she was bid, and Fritz presently returned, accompanied by a tall, kind-looking man, who lifted Beruna from the ground, and carried her up-stairs.

'Put her to rest and give her food, grandmother,' he said to an old woman, who sat spinning near one of the windows by the moonlight.

She rose from her low chair, and came up to them.

'Jesus! Maria!' she exclaimed; 'it is a gipsy child!'

'And none the less a lost child, whom her parents, no doubt, miss sorely. I beg you do as I ask,' answered the man, half-sternly, half-pleadingly.

The woman obeyed with a somewhat ill grace, muttering something about not liking to attend to every vagabond it might please Fritz to bring into the house. Still, when Beruna smiled gratefully for the warm bread-and-milk, her sullen mood seemed to soften, and she herself prepared a bed upon the sofa for the child, who fell asleep as soon as she was laid in it.

The grandmother drew the curtains, lit the candles, and resumed her wheel. The father began to carve a pattern on a wooden spoon, while Fritz prepared to do some rougher work of the same kind.

'Where hast thou been all day, my son?' asked the father kindly. 'Hast thou enjoyed thy holiday?'

'Indeed I have,' he cried. 'I went, as thou toldest me, to see the aunt; she sends thee greeting, grannie, and says she'll come and see thee soon when she goes to the fair to sell her thread. I stayed with them till afternoon, and then I came slowly back and looked for stones and flowers. And see, have I not found a beautiful garnet?' and he produced a little dark crystal from his pocket as he spoke.

The man held it up to the light.

'It is indeed an uncommonly large one,' he said. 'I'll polish that to-morrow, Fritz.'

'When I can be by?'

'Of course, lad. And now, go to bed, for I see grannie is just going to scold me for letting thee sit up so long. Good-night; we'll talk about the little girl to-morrow.'

Next morning the father was up with the lark. He had laid aside his holiday dress, and was clad in workman's garb.

'Good-morrow, grandmother,' he said; 'how does

the little stranger? Can you manage to keep her a day longer? Neighbour Claus goes to the Winterberg to-day; I have told him to ask if the child's parents are still there, and if so, tell them of her safety. As they are gipsies, I doubt if they would rest long in one spot, and then the little one would have made the long foot tour for naught.'

'As you will,' she replied gruffly. 'You are the master of the house.'

'Nay, but, mother, if it were our Fritz, you would not that he should be turned from his shelter.'

'Heaven forbid!' she cried.

So the child stayed. She slept long; so long that Fritz was home from school ere she woke. When she did, she cried for her mother, and at first they had some difficulty to comfort her, till Fritz bethought him that perhaps his favourite amusement might please her too. This was, to stand beside his father's wheel, and see him polish the garnets. He loved to observe how they gained colour, shape, and depth; and he liked, above all, when his father told him about the distant lands whither they were sent, and how strange people would wear them, who had, perhaps, never heard of their village, or the valley where they were found.

It did amuse Beruna; she became consoled, and quite happy, and even volunteered to dance.

The grandmother said her dancing was wicked and heathenish, but Fritz looked on enrapt. Beruna was like a little girl out of a fairy tale to him; he had never seen any one so strangely dressed before, or with such long dark hair and flashing eyes. How oddly she contrasted with him, he thought; for he had yellow hair and light grey eyes.

At nightfall, Claus came back, and said the gipsies had left the Winterberg; the host told him they had been in great distress on account of the little girl. He could not tell which way they had gone, but he fancied they had spoken of coming down here into the valley, and for his part he thought if the good Schmidt would keep the child, she would probably soon be claimed. Fritz almost felt inclined to wish that her parents might never find her; he liked the little girl, and was delighted to have a playmate. But when he heard her weep, he remembered his wish was selfish.

Two days passed. Meanwhile Hans Schmidt had polished the garnet his son had found, the children looking on with interest. Suddenly Fritz said, 'Father, I wish I might have that garnet. I never had one for myself before. I should like to give it to Beruna, so that when she finds her parents again she may not quite forget us. May I?'

'Perhaps,' was the reply.

Yet again two days passed, and then news was brought to them that two gipsies had entered the village, and were inquiring after a missing little girl. Tears started into Fritz's eyes as he heard the news, but he ran at once to find them, and to tell them of the safety of their child. Unbounded was the joy of the parents. Morgana wept aloud for happiness. Poor man, he seemed to have fallen off sadly in those few days.

Hans Schmidt could not induce them to enter his house, or to partake of some refreshment. No, they would rest on the door-step, they said ; they had found their child, they needed no more. But they were warm in their expressions of gratitude to her preservers. Perhaps the old grandmother had frightened them, perhaps they had overheard some of her loud-spoken remarks about vagabonds. However that might be, as soon as they had recovered from their surprise and joy, they insisted on departing, and Fritz had to be separated from his dear Beruna.

He begged his father to let him accompany her a little way, to which he consented, giving him the wished-for garnet.

'Kiss the child once more for me, and wish her good-speed,' called out the grandmother, grown friendly to the little girl now she was rid of her.

Poor Fritz! he felt that parting sorely. In vain Beruna begged him to come with them.

'Not yet,' he said, 'though my heart yearns to penetrate beyond the hills. I must learn a trade first and grow a man, and then I shall come, Beruna, and shall seek thee, and thou must be my little wife. Wilt thou?'

'I shall look out for thee,' she answered. 'Come soon.'

'And thou wilt keep this stone for my sake, Beruna,' he said. 'I found it the day I found thee. Granny says that garnets denote constancy in every engagement. I promise to come to thee by this stone; if thou keepest it, I shall come. Adieu.' And he kissed the little girl, and ran away suddenly that he might not betray himself, and show that he was about to weep unmanly tears.

The children both felt the parting sorely. The meeting had been a new era for each. Fritz had hardly ever before spoken to a little girl, and Beruna had till then never come in close contact with any but gipsies. She trudged on thoughtfully beside her parents, and Fritz pursued his way home with a heavy heart. But the impressions of seven years old are more easily effaced than those of ten, and soon every passing butterfly, every stone, every flower, exercised its charm once more over the little girl, and she was as gay and light-hearted as before.

Only the stone prevented her from forgetting Fritz.

She wore it round her neck sewn into a bit of bright-coloured silk she had once picked up at a fair, and she never went without it night or day. As she got older, she began almost to forget why she wore it, but it had become habit with her. She would have been unhappy without it.

So time sped on with the two, and they grew up. Morgana died. He had grown gradually weaker and weaker; he never quite recovered from the shock of Beruna's loss. The baby died, too, and then the mother gave up her solitary wandering, and joined a troop of gipsies who had a chief to command them. They travelled through town and country, and were present at many a fair to perform, dance, sing, and tell fortunes. It was an ever-varying existence. Beruna was not strong; she had inherited something of her father's *physique.* Perhaps it was that made her long at times to rest in one place, a feeling rarely dreamed of by gipsies. At those times she faintly remembered the home she had once lived in for a few days, and wondered if her friends still thought of her.

One of them did certainly, even if the others did not. More than ever, after the little gipsy child with her dark, pale face, and flashing, wonderful eyes had left them, Fritz's strong longing to see the world strengthened. When he had been confirmed, and it was time

for him to choose his future trade, he chose to be a carpenter. He was then sixteen. After he had been apprenticed his due time, he was to go his wandering tour, that he might gain experience of how carpenters worked in other towns. His expenses he was expected to cover by doing jobs on the road. He set off full of joy, his heart beating high. Now at last he should get to see that world beyond the mountains of which he had heard so much; and now, too, he could seek out little Beruna. Should he find her? Would she be altered? Would she have the garnet still?

From village to village he wandered on. He was somewhat amazed to find the world so big a place, and began to fear he should not find Beruna after all. He had rather a hard struggle sometimes to make both ends meet in his hand-to-mouth existence; but he was joyous, and not easily to be depressed.

The time of his wandering was drawing to a close, and he was already on his way homeward, when, one afternoon, he turned into the journeyman's inn of a little Bohemian village. It was kirmess, and all the people were out on the green, seeing the prize shooting and visiting the booths that had been erected. Fritz left his bundle at the inn, where he met an old comrade.

'You are just in time,' cried the latter, 'to see the gipsies.'

'The gipsies?' repeated Fritz, and his heart beat high, as it always did when he heard them mentioned.

'Yes; and there is one girl amongst them who dances divinely. She's as graceful as a kitten.'

'Let us go and see them.'

The young girl did indeed dance well; but even more than with her dancing, Fritz was struck with her appearance. She was so like Beruna, and yet unlike, for she was taller than he had ever dreamed her, and thinner too, and yet for all that like her. This girl had those same wonderful deep dark eyes.

When the performance was ended Fritz stole to the back of the booth, and asked a gipsy man, who stood by, if he knew the name of the dancer.

'Beruna,' said the man. 'Do you wish her to tell you your fortune?'

'Yes,' said Fritz, taking advantage of the proffered chance of seeing her.

The gipsy clapped his hands and called Beruna. She came out, looking flushed with dancing. Her dark beauty was heightened by the unwonted colour in her cheeks.

'May I tell your fortune, pretty gentleman?' she asked.

'Yes; but alone,' he answered, significantly. 'I do not want all the world to hear it.'

The gipsy man took the hint.

'Where is something with which to cross your hand?' asked the girl, according to her wonted form.

Fritz extended his firm brown palm. 'It is for thee to place it there,' he said. 'Is not thy name Beruna? and dost thou not possess a garnet that I gave thee once?'

'Fritz! Is it Fritz?' cried the girl, and in a moment she had thrown her arms round his neck.

'Then thou hast not forgotten me?'

'Forgotten thee! oh, no. I had forgotten what thou lookedst like; at least, I should not have known thee again,' she said, mustering the tall, fair lad who stood before her. 'How was it thou knewest me?'

'I knew thy eyes, Beruna; I have never seen their like before or since.'

She blushed, and dropped her lashes.

'So they often say.'

'Who says so?' he asked, jealously.

'Oh, many youths who speak to me.'

'Art thou happy in thy life, Beruna? It seems a weary existence for a young girl to lead, with no home, no abiding-place.'

'I have my mother,' she answered; 'and for the rest, I have not been used otherwise.'

'Yet dost thou not wish it otherwise?'

'At times; when I am very tired. Not often.'

'Alas!' said Fritz.

'Why dost thou sigh?'

'Because I fear my hopes are blighted. I had dreamed that some day perhaps I might find thee, and that thou wouldst be my wife, and live a quiet, stay-at-home life with me. And now, I am afraid, thou wilt always like to wander, like all thy people.'

'I do not know myself at times, what I like or wish,' she said, half sadly. 'But I am glad, very glad to see thee again, Fritz; I knew thou wouldst come some day. Thou didst promise it to me, on the garnet thou gavest me. Shall I return it to thee now?'

'No; continue to keep it for me, and I will promise by it once more to try and meet thee again, and to love thee ever. Beruna, canst thou hold out any hope for me that in future years, when I am a master and able to marry, thou wilt be my wife? Oh, if thou couldst, it would be an incentive to spur me on to work, a joy to anticipate.'

'I dare not promise,' she said, 'lest I could not keep it. I do not myself know if I wish it. I am too young to think of marriage yet. Our *woywod* settles these things, and who knows if I can give up wandering. Do not press me. Come again.'

She was about to quit him.

'One moment,' he pleaded; 'accident has brought us together to-day; we may not be so fortunate again. Canst thou not write to me sometimes, and tell me where thou art staying? If thou wert near me I would come to thee.'

'I cannot write,' she said; 'I never learnt.'

'Can none among you?'

'Only the *woywod*, and I could not ask him.'

Fritz sighed once more. His dream of future happiness seemed to grow less probable.

'Then promise, at least, to write to me if ever thou hast a chance, Beruna, if not for my own sake, for the sake of the old time when I rescued thee.'

'I promise by the garnet,' she said. 'Good-bye,' and she held out her hand to him. She did not offer to kiss him this time. Then she turned away.

'I must tell thee,' she said, coming back, 'that thy garnet has always been a pleasure to me. I think thou wilt be glad to hear that when people were unkind to us because we were gipsies, it consoled me. I felt as if it were a link that bound me to you other people. Once more, good-bye.'

Fritz returned to his inn with mingled feelings. He had found Beruna again, and had thought her more charming than even his childish fancy had pictured; but he was grieved that she would not promise to be his

bride. 'And yet she was glad to see me,' he thought. 'She said so; and how can an awkward fellow like me expect to win such a rare creature all in a moment?'

Remonstrating with himself thus, his hopes revived once more, and he fell asleep, trusting that by the next morning he might find Beruna more amenable.

But early as he rose to go to the green, the gipsies had been before him. Their caravan had disappeared in the night, none knew whither. Fritz's time being at an end, he was obliged to go home, instead of being able to follow his inclination of tracking them.

When he got back to his village, he found things changed there also. The grandmother was ailing, his father had hurt his right hand, and was unable to work, and the support of the family had for some time to rest on Fritz's shoulders. Thus he had little time to think of Beruna. Then the grandmother died. Fritz and his father felt her loss sorely; she had taken the place of a mother to the youth from his earliest babyhood.

Meanwhile Fritz worked hard at his trade, trying to satisfy his employer, and hoping soon to take his own standing as master. When that time came at last, Hans Schmidt was very pleased.

'I have only one wish left on earth now, my son,' he said, 'and that is that thou shouldest bring home a mistress to this house, and that I may yet see my grandchildren about me.'

'I hope thou mayest, father,' was all the youth replied. He thought of Beruna, and wondered if she would ever enter the house as its mistress. He had never heard from her all this time, but his loving thoughts were often with her.

Hans Schmidt's hand grew better. He was able to resume work, and the cares of bread no longer sat so heavily on the young man. There was only himself to provide for now; his father's earnings more than covered his expenses, and Fritz was even able to put money by. He always secretly hoped that some day it might serve as a nest-egg for himself and the little gipsy girl.

In this wise some years went on. Hans often looked at his son inquiringly when he came home from a kirmess ball or a spinning-party. He wondered if any of the girls whom his son had met there had made an impression on his heart. But he asked no questions, and his son volunteered no information.

At last one day Fritz received a letter. It was so unheard-of an event that it could not pass unnoticed, and Hans Schmidt naturally inquired as to his son's correspondent.

'I do not know who is the writer,' was his reply; 'it is a dictated letter from Beruna. Thou rememberest her; the little gipsy that I once brought home. She is

very ill, she says dying, and wants to see me again. I wish to go, father; thou wilt not hinder me?'

'Go, in God's name, my son; and mayst thou find the poor child better than thou fearest.'

Fritz went. It was not far; the troop to whom Beruna belonged seemed to have a predilection for these hills. A day's walk brought him thither. He soon found his way to the green where the gipsies' caravan stood.

'Is there among you a young woman named Beruna?' he asked of an old woman, who came to meet him.

'Ay; Beruna, the wife of our *woywod*.'

'No, a young girl,' he said.

'There is no young girl among us called so.'

'This Beruna, the wife of your *woywod*, is she ill?' he faltered.

'Alack the day, sorely ill.'

Fritz turned deadly pale. It was she, after all, perhaps. 'Can I see her, think you.'

'I do not know, but I will ask. Yes, you can come,' she said, returning a moment after. 'Beruna left word if a fair young man came he was to see her. It seems she wrote by the doctor for you to come. He has been to see the poor soul, as if his stuff could do the good my incantations can.'

Fritz listened to no more, but walked in the direction

indicated. Beruna married! Beruna dying! He could not understand it. No, it should not, it must not, be. He came to the place. A young woman was lying on the grass upon a mass of wraps, her face looked deadly pale, all but a hectic spot that burnt in her cheeks—and, yes, it was, it must be Beruna, for there were those wondrous, unmistakable eyes. Overcome with emotion, Fritz knelt by her side, unable to utter a word.

'Poor Fritz,' she murmured, 'is it thus that we meet again? I knew thou wouldst come, for thou hadst promised upon thy garnet. Ah! thou hast been true and constant, Fritz, as thy grandmother said garnets made their owners. I have not. Woe is me! If I could have written, Fritz, thou mightest have come and saved me from the *woywod*; but I could not write, and there was no one to do it for me; and they said he was the chief, and I must obey him. It was an honour to be his wife, they said. Do not weep Fritz; I should never have made a wife for a village man. It was in me, the gipsy blood,—I felt the longing to wander. I could not have stayed. But I wanted to see thee once more. Friend of my childhood, thou art not angry with me?'

'Oh, Beruna!'

'How thou hast altered!' she said, scanning his face. 'Thou hast grown a handsome man; but thou art fair,

and different to our people—it could not have been. It would not have been right. And now I am dying.'

'Do not say so; thou wilt get better.'

'I never can.' She shook her head sadly. 'And I would not if I could. He was not good to me; he is not good to my child. Oh, my husband is cruel! Just now he is away, and so I sent for thee. I want thee to take my little girl, and rear her for my sake. I do not want her to be one of us. She has my eyes. Thou wilt love her for that, wilt thou not?'

Fritz bent over her weeping.

'Her father will not take her from me?' he asked.

'No; it is with his consent I offer her. He does not wish for the child, he said, if I die. O Fritz, I shall quit life so happily if I can leave her with thee!'

'She shall be my own child,' he said, 'for the sake of her mother, who I once hoped would have been my wife. Alas, my life is ended too!'

'No; thou wilt marry yet, and forget me.'

'Never, Beruna, I promise it to thee; I promise it by my garnet, that thou hast worn these years, and thou knowest I keep my word. The child shall never have a step-mother.'

'Wilt thou see her?' Beruna made a sign for the child to be brought.

A young gipsy girl came with it, and placed it on the ground near its mother.

'Is she not like me, Fritz?' said the mother. 'And her name is Beruna too. See now, I give her thy garnet,' and she hung the little silken packet round the child's neck as she spoke. 'Now she is quite thy Beruna. Thy Beruna, young once more, and full of life and hope. And now leave me, dear friend. I am tired; this meeting has exhausted me. Come again to-morrow. Thou wilt leave me the child till then?'

'As long as thou wishest,' he sobbed.

Next morning when he came to seek Beruna he heard she had passed away quietly in the night; her last words had been his name and the child's.

With a broken heart the young man wended his way homeward.

'Father,' he said, as he re-entered their humble house, 'thy dreams to see me married can never come to pass. I loved once, but she whom I loved is on earth no longer. But I have brought thee home a child, another little Beruna. Thou wilt let her be thy grandchild, wilt thou not?'

'Ay, ay, my son; the little gipsy shall be my child for thy sake, and for that of the poor wanderer whom thou once broughtest into this home.'

So Beruna stayed, and grew up with her new parents. After some years Hans Schmidt died. Fritz never married, and never will, though soon he will be quite

alone, as Beruna is about to leave him for a home of her own.

Poor Fritz! I wonder if he ever regrets having met that little gipsy child when she had strayed from the Winterberg. I do not think he does. Her memory has been a bright spot in his life, and the little daughter she bequeathed him is his greatest joy.

February.

THE MAGIC GOBLET.

ONCE upon a time there lived and reigned in a remote corner of the earth, a king named Jodo. He was a careless ruler, violent and capricious. This was not because he was a bad man, but simply from his having given way to a passion that had completely won the mastery over him. It was the love of drink. When high feasts were held, invariably the king would partake of too much wine, and none dared bid him desist; for he was the king, and woe to any man who should have ventured on such a liberty. He would have paid for it with life.

No wonder, therefore, that Jodo was capricious, his temper uncertain, and the justice administered by him of so unjust a nature that his nobles had long since given up bringing their differences before him. It seems almost strange that they allowed him to remain their ruler. Probably this arose from the fact that the great mass of the people were ignorant of this failing; and his lords and attendants loved him for the

remembrance of the days gone by, ere he had completely given way to the base craving.

The evil was growing worse; rumours began to spread abroad among the people; and the nobles grew perplexed what course to pursue. They assembled together, and finally determined to lay their difficulty before Prince Hazor; for he was wise, and was besides the king's nearest relative and heir. They went to his house with some trepidation; for Hazor was a misanthrope, and they did not know what reception might await them.

Now, the prince passed his days in severe study, and resented any intrusion upon his solitude as an impertinence. As to the kingdom, he would often say, why it was his misfortune to be the heir, and he trusted the king might outlive him; he should never be happy upon a throne.

Knowing all these and many other eccentricities of Prince Hazor's, no wonder the nobles quailed a little at the dread of arousing the student's ire by their untimely interruption. For no interruption that came to him was aught but untimely.

To their surprise, he sent down the most courteous message, saying, he should be glad to receive them, and begged them to follow his chamberlain into the audience hall, where he would join them presently.

The prince was a middle-aged man, of agreeable aspect, that would have been commanding, but for the bend his student habits had imparted. His long brown hair was swept carelessly from off his face,—not curled, as was the fashion of the nobles; and he was dressed in a plain mantle of dark velvet. With a keen restless eye, he surveyed the assembly.

'Your presence, my lords,' he said, 'does me honour. May I venture to inquire its cause?'

They told him of the king's infirmity. 'We are come to ask your advice; you are well skilled in all secrets of earth and air; you know remedies and medicines undreamed of by us; aid then to cure our sovereign, your cousin, of the sad habit which alone prevents him from being a ruler most honoured and loved.'

Prince Hazor shook his head sadly. 'I cannot,' he said. 'But just now, my lords, the vanity and littleness of my knowledge was oppressing me; and I hailed the news of your presence, for I hoped you had come to tell me of some new discovery, of something till now unknown. Alas! you have brought me but another mystery to unravel, and the world is full of mysteries.'

He was silent; and for a time seemed unconscious of the nobles' presence.

'It is well, my lords,' he said, at last, waving his hand in dismissal; 'it is well. You have given me a

problem to solve; you found me longing for new work, and you have given it me. I shall do all in my power to serve the kingdom and yourselves.'

With that they had to be content. Meanwhile King Jodo continued to give way still more to this ruling passion, and his nobles grew still more perplexed. Discontent began to spread among the people.

Prince Hazor was not idle; that is to say, not idle according to his idea; the nobles thought him sadly neglectful of their request. Day and night he pondered on the sad subject; he was to be met constantly pursuing a favourite path, absorbed so deeply in thought that he neither saw nor heard any person who chanced to meet him. Still, as yet he had proposed no remedy, discovered no cure; and as for thinking about the matter, said the nobles, why they all did that; but if thinking led to no result, it was of very little use.

Hazor continued pondering. One day he was following a woodland path, which had always been one of his favourite resorts. Indeed it had been named the Philosopher's Walk in his honour; for the people more often spoke of him as the Philosopher, than as the Prince.

It was a narrow path, through a fragrant pine-wood, winding along by a stream that skipped and rushed and bubbled with enormous speed, leaping lightly over the blocks of stone that impeded its passage; and sprinkling

with dewdrops the fern fronds that bordered its bed, and inclined their graceful heads towards it. The path, which was long, wound up a steep ascent, over gnarled roots of trees, through dead leaves, and over clumps of soft moss. If pursued to the end, it led to a wall of dark red granite; whence, from under an arched opening, bubbled the merry brook.

None knew its further source; the opening was high and wide enough to admit of entrance; and Prince Hazor, partly led by curiosity, partly to fulfil a long cherished wish, and to distract his thoughts, passed under the cold damp vault. The pathway ceased, but the water had worn a bed for itself; and by climbing over some obstructive boulders, and keeping close to the rock, the prince was enabled to pursue his course. At first the daylight aided him; but it grew fainter and fainter the further he penetrated, and at last he was obliged to feel his way with his hands. Once he turned, and saw a blue star at some distance: it was the last remnant of the outer light; that soon faded, too; and he was left in darkness. What was his surprise when, having with some considerable difficulty surmounted a rocky boulder, he found himself in a chamber of white marble, to which this dreadful passage seemed an approach. The prince could not discover whence the light came that filled the room; it

was not open to the day; a cupola of white marble arched the chamber, and through the centre still ran the little brook.

Full of curiosity the prince determined to penetrate further, if possible. After a diligent search, he discovered a small fissure in the rock; and found that it allowed him to pass. He pressed on till he came to a hall of wondrous beauty. It was lined with glittering metals, bright-coloured spars and marbles; branches of gold and silver trailed and twisted over its surface, and growing among them, like flowers, were gorgeous gems of many hues. The hall was illuminated by torches that threw a lurid light, making the jewels and the minerals gleam and glitter, and throwing strange shadows upon the floor.

Prince Hazor knew not which struck him most —the surpassing loveliness of the place, or the strange presence of the torches, which must have been placed by sentient beings.

Detaching one of the tiny torches from its place, he flashed it along the walls. As he did so, he saw yet more of their extraordinary beauty, and rare wealth of gems. Stooping to examine a diamond of large size and brilliancy, he placed his finger on the crystal surface. The stone yielded to his touch, and a door sprang open that led into a gallery incrusted with gold and

silver, and studded still more richly with gems. A huge carbuncle lighted it from above. This passage, longer than any of the others, came to an end before a golden door. Its handle was a huge emerald. Hazor turned it and found himself in a round chamber, larger and more beautiful than any he had seen.

The walls were of variegated marbles; the roof, a vaulted dome, was of the purest rock crystal, that flashed its rainbow-tinted light upon a pavement of rose-coloured jasper. A few feet from the wall, rose pillars of stalactite; some twisted like gnarled stems, some straight and smooth, some fantastic like Gothic columns. They were at regular intervals from each other, and formed a complete colonnade around the hall, dividing it into an inner and outer circle. In the centre babbled a fountain, wrought of interlaced golden serpents, from whose mouths issued streams of different colour, while a jet of pure water sprang from the middle which, uprising as a perfect column for a space, afterwards bent and spread into a mushroom spray, enveloping the whole fountain, and pattering and splashing at last into a white marble basin at its foot.

The hall was furnished with tables and chairs of exquisite workmanship, made of quaintly carved wood. They were all far too small for human beings. The prince seated himself upon the floor, overwhelmed by

all the beauty he beheld; and he was long absorbed in the examination of this chamber, but was disturbed at last by a pattering of little feet, and the opening of the golden door, which admitted the strangest company Prince Hazor had ever seen.

They were small men, and most of them wore long grey beards. Their dresses were dark leather jerkins and knickerbockers, little red woollen caps, and blue stockings. One only was differently attired; he wore a dress of dark purple velvet.

He was clearly the chief, for they all bowed before him as he seated himself upon the seat of honour, a gold and crystal chair.

Until then they had appeared unmindful of Hazor's presence; but now, seated upon his throne, the king bent an angry regard upon him, and his followers did the same.

'Prince Hazor,' said the little man, rising, 'what means your intrusion in my domain?'

'Pardon, my lord,' said the prince, springing to his feet, and bowing courteously; 'I meant not to offend. My intrusion was accidental. Dazzled by the beauty of your palace, I was beguiled on and on, unmindful I was trespassing.'

The little man's features relaxed, and grew more friendly, at the polite address and manner.

'What say you, my men,' he said, turning to the dwarfs; 'shall we make him welcome, this first mortal who has penetrated to our innermost palace? or eject him with a severe lesson against unbounded curiosity?'

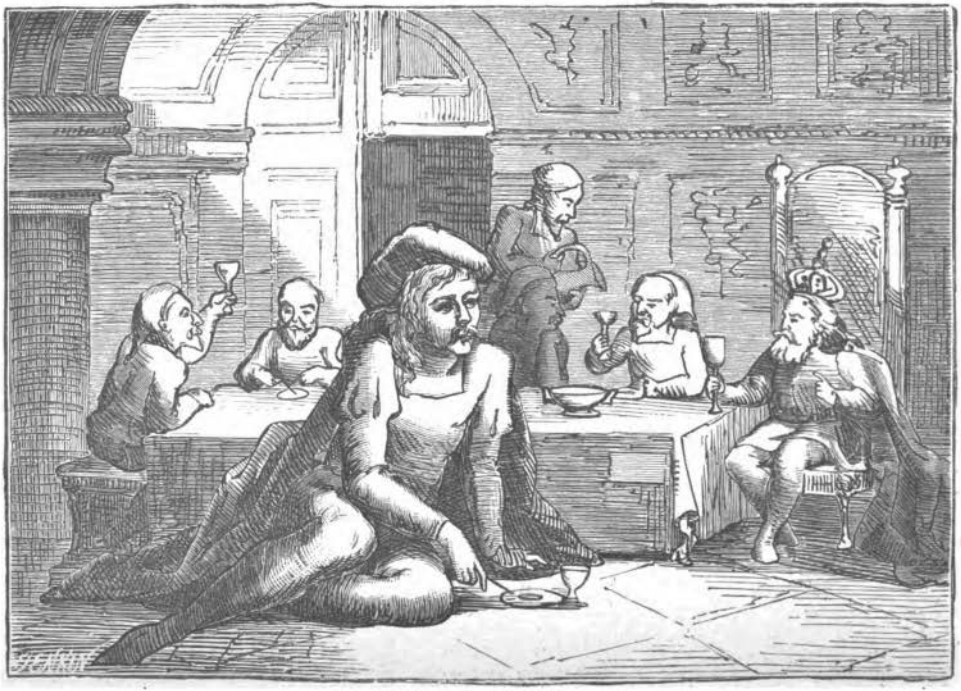
The dwarfs glanced at their ruler, and seeing his softened eye, exclaimed as one man, 'Make him welcome!'

'You hear,' said the king to Hazor, and he did not seem displeased; 'they say you are welcome. It is a great privilege, and only accorded to you, I feel sure, on account of the good reputation you bear upon earth, and for your unavaricious temperament.' He glanced significantly at the gems around.

Prince Hazor once more bowed politely.

'I am a king's son, my lord,' he said, 'and know my duty towards a sovereign. I thank you and your people for a gracious welcome, and shall be happy if I may be considered your subject during my stay among you.'

The grim, wrinkled face of the little king relaxed yet more. He extended his hand: 'Come hither, prince,' he said, 'you are a noble man. Fame has not lauded you without cause. A banquet,' he cried, turning to his men; 'let it be prepared; our day's work is over. Our work,' he continued, turning to the prince in an explanatory manner, 'is no sinecure. We rule over all the land of gems, metals, and minerals, for



THE MAGIC GOBLET.

miles around, and my lords and I superintend the working, distributing, and hoarding of the treasures your compeers covet.'

While he spoke a company of dwarfs were busy preparing tables of refreshment. They were smaller men than the nobles, dressed only in woollen tunics, and wore no beards. Their movements were noiseless and rapid. In a few moments a sumptuous banquet was served. The appointments of the table were all of gold and crystal, studded with gems; the meats, served on silver plates, were not unlike to those eaten by mortals, only of smaller size.

The king asked Prince Hazor to sit down, which he did upon the floor, the chairs being too small to admit him. The king apologized for the circumstance, saying they had never yet had human visitors. Seeing Prince Hazor took it good-humouredly, he did so too, and laughed heartily at the giant crouched at his feet.

There was no wine upon the table; each guest was asked by the noiseless servants which kind they preferred, and then their goblet was taken to the various serpent heads, and filled thence.

These goblets attracted the attention of the prince. They were of a wide elegant form. The cup, smoothly scooped out of a pale violet stone unknown to him, was supported upon a slender twisted golden stem,

studded with pearls and emeralds. Hazor examined his own closely, remarking at the same time that whatever wine the dwarfs drank, they took it from no other glass but this.

'You are looking at our goblets,' said the king; 'they are our greatest treasure. I will tell you why, prince, and when I have told you, the great problem which is tormenting your thoughts will be solved.'

He looked at Hazor meaningly, as though he were saying, 'You perceive nothing is hidden from us.'

The prince started. He had forgotten his problem, the outer world, indeed everything, in the magic beauty and novelty of the place.

'It was time I recalled you to yourself,' said the king; 'duty is the first consideration, and your presence, though by no means unwelcome, would be a reproach to me if I permitted you to stay unheeding. You have been considerate and courteous, prince; you have treated my domains with respect; you are the first mortal who has left my treasures untouched. I speak not of this palace, for none before you has ever penetrated here. Therefore you shall take hence a gift and knowledge greater than man ever brought hence.' Thus speaking, the king took his own goblet from the table, and gave it to the prince.

'Take that,' he said, 'O prince, and bear it to your

royal relative. It will cure the ill from which he suffers. This cup is cut from a stone called amethyst, a gem which as yet has not been found, and stolen from us, by our enemies, your brethren. Its virtue is great indeed; it enables him who drinks out of it to do so without danger, for it takes to itself all the unwholesome parts of the liquid, giving forth only what is healthful and pure. Its name shows its virtue; it is composed of two words, meaning "against drunkenness." Doubtless you who are learned can trace them. Induce your kingly cousin to drink henceforth from this cup only. You can present it to him as a birthday gift; for it will be his birthday when you return to earth. Only one thing I warn you, never betray whence it came, or aught of our habitation and life, else the goblet will vanish, and it will be the worse for you in many ways. If you yourself return to us, you are ever welcome. Farewell, Prince Hazor; remember, and be silent.'

Ere the prince could reply, he found himself on the outer side of the golden door, the amethystine cup in his hand. Amazed by all he had seen and heard, he retraced his way, heedless of the beauties he had admired so eagerly before. At length he was close upon the dark outer passage. Clutching his treasure convulsively with one hand, he managed with the other

to grope his way in the blackness. He stumbled along for some time, finding it more difficult to get out than it had been to enter. Several times he struck sharply against a rock, and when he once more perceived the faint blue star that heralded the daylight, he felt battered and weary.

At length he emerged from the rocky archway, and was once more treading his favourite haunt. What was his grief at beholding the goblet broken! A piece was chipped out of the amethyst. Could he still present it to the king? Thinking thus, he was roused from his reverie by the exclamation of a nobleman. He was one of those who had formed the deputation.

'Heaven be praised, prince,' he exclaimed, 'that we see you again! Whence come you? Where have you lingered these months past? The king has inquired for you frequently. And how haggard and woe-begone you look!'

'I do not understand you,' replied the bewildered prince. 'Been these months? I left my house this morning only.'

The nobleman smiled pityingly. Changing the conversation, he said:

'You have come just in time for the king's birthday. It is to-morrow, as you know. It would have been much remarked if you had been absent from the fêtes.'

Prince Hazor grew yet more astounded. The king's birthday! Why, according to his reckoning that would not fall for six months' yet. But he held his peace, fearful lest he should betray his late whereabouts. The dwarf king too had said that he would return to earth just in time for the royal birthday. Had the short time he had spent underground been indeed six months?

'And how is his majesty?' he asked, trying to appear unconcerned.

'Worse than ever, my prince. The people are growing rebellious; and if you do not soon find help, I know not what will become of the kingdom. Do you not know of any remedy?'

'I believe I have found one,' he said. 'It will be my birthday gift to the king.'

The nobleman could learn no more.

Next morning the royal birthday was ushered in with great pomp and noise; bells were rung, salutes fired, the streets were decked with garlands, the people, clad in their best, were making holiday. Yet the rejoicings were not heartfelt as before times, and there was discontent under this bright exterior, for Jodo's love of drink had so overmastered him that his rule had grown yet more violent and harsh, and his subjects murmured aloud. Prince Hazor's disappearance,

too, had made them uneasy; they looked to him as the heir for redress of their grievances. He, and he only, could dictate in some measure to the sovereign.

King Jodo was seated on the throne, clad in his robes of state, awaiting the grandees of the realm, and the gifts it was their custom to bring him each anniversary of his natal day. They came; each laid presents more costly than the last before their ruler, who was graciously pleased to receive them all. But a few were dismissed with the frown that showed his majesty did not hold the gift worthy of his acceptance. Last of all came Prince Hazor. The king received him angrily.

'Your strange absence from court, prince; an absence unnotified to ourselves, has given us grave displeasure. We hope the gift you intend to lay before us will in some measure propitiate us towards you.'

'My royal cousin,' said the prince, bowing humbly, 'I grieve to have awakened your displeasure, the more so as the gift I have sought afar for you, and which has been the cause of my absence, has suffered upon my journey, so much indeed, that though of inestimable value in very truth, it will appear but mean in your eyes when compared with the riches this day presented to you.' He displayed his goblet, and pointed regretfully to the broken part.

The blood mounted angrily into the king's face.

'Tell me,' he cried, in a voice choked with passion, to his cupbearer,—'tell me how many goblets, more costly than this, and possessing the merit of being unbroken, do I possess?'

'Not less than a hundred, sire.'

'You hear,' said the king to Prince Hazor, 'not less than a hundred. And you have dared to bring a broken cup as your sole birthday gift to your sovereign; you, who by your near relationship to his person, should have striven to outrival all others in the magnificence of your gift. Your unpermitted absence, coupled with this, is an insult to our person, for which it is our will and pleasure you should endure six months' imprisonment, and you may thank our clemency that your punishment is not more severe.'

The angry king beckoned to the guards, who unwillingly obeyed his behest.

'My royal sovereign,' said Hazor, 'I submit to your good will and pleasure, as it is but fitting your subject should. I request but one small boon ere I am led hence.'

'Hear him, sire,' pleaded the nobles.

The king looked round, and reading entreaty in the eager upturned faces, said,—

'I will hear the prince. Not for his own sake, but for yours, my lords, who have so royally enriched me to-day. To evince the gratitude I feel towards you, I promise beforehand to grant the prince's request, provided it be in the bounds of moderation.'

A loud cheer, and cries of 'Long live the king,' rang through the hall. The sovereign, whose vanity was flattered by this demonstration, smiled affably.

'Speak,' he said, turning to the prince; 'you have my permission.'

'My lord and ruler,' said Hazor, 'you have indeed been true to your royal self to-day, and to the noble nature we all know you possess when unclouded by your dire propensity. Nay, frown not, sire, that I speak of it, for the boon I ask is connected therewith. Grant then the humble request of your cousin, and drink henceforth from the cup I have brought you. The goblet is formed of a stone till now unknown; it is called amethyst, and is held to preserve him who drinks thereout from the evil effects of intemperance. Oh, sire, hear my prayer, and test the virtue of this, alas! broken cup. Were it not irreplaceable I should not have brought an injured gift before you.'

Prince Hazor sank on his knees, and as he did so the whole assembly followed his example.

Jodo surveyed them, remained silent for a time lost in thought, and then said in a loud firm voice,—

'Arise, my lords; a king's word is sacred. I said Prince Hazor's request should be granted. It shall be. But the matter thereof seems to me incredible, an idle fancy. His highness shall be kept in bonds for eight days, while we test this vaunted cup. An easy bondage, observe,' he said, turning to the keepers, 'imposed solely that the prince escape not till we have discovered the truth of his words. The court is ended,' commanded the king, and he turned to leave the room.

The knowledge of what had passed in the palace soon spread among the people, and great was the anxiety felt for the result of the coming week. The king kept quietly in his apartments, but his cupbearer said he drank continually, determined to try to the full the power of the goblet. At the end of the time appointed he commanded a court to be held, and that Prince Hazor should be present.

When the nobles were all assembled, the king rose from his throne and addressed them.

'Your royal highness, my lords, and subjects; I stand before you to-day a condemned man, condemned by my own conscience. I have been a bad ruler these years past, I have given way to a fatal

passion, and have succumbed under its terrible seductions. Thanks to a magic gift, I am cured. During my late week of temperance I have had time for reflection, and my thoughts have been bitter as gall. I leave it to you whether I shall continue to rule, endeavouring to amend my faults, aided by new resolves and Prince Hazor's goblet, or whether I shall resign this throne to him, who will fill it more worthily than I have done. I await your reply.'

'Your majesty,' spoke the prince, 'as the nearest to your throne and person, I take upon myself the right to speak first in this matter. I feel convinced I utter only the wishes of these noblemen and your people, when I pray you to continue on the throne, trusting you may fill it honourably and worthily for many a long year to come, which, by aid of the goblet, and giving free scope to your true nature, you cannot fail to do. Is it not so, my lords?'

A loud cheer, and cries of 'Long live King Jodo,' rent the hall.

'Touching myself,' continued the prince, 'I conclude that your majesty, having discovered the hidden value of my seemingly mean gift, will once more restore me to liberty; and assuming that you have done so already, I herewith proclaim that I resign for ever all rights to the crown. My life is not

fitted for a court; I desire only to pass it in peace and study. It is my wish to return once more to the land whence I obtained that cup, which will I trust, prove a treasure to our gracious king, to his successor, and to generations yet unborn.'

So speaking the prince saluted the assembly, and before any one could reply or detain him, he passed out of the hall.

He was never seen again. King Jodo continued to reign over his people respected and beloved for many long years; and the fame of his cup spreading, amethysts were sought far and near, and whoever was afflicted with the demon of drink strove to possess one, however small.

As for the goblet, it can be seen to this day under a glass shade in the museum of that kingdom, but as I do not know exactly where it is situated I cannot direct you thither. Should you in any of your wanderings come across it, let me know; I shall be grateful for the information. If I find it, I promise hereby to do the same.

March.

FROM SIRE TO SON.

JONAS ARMSTRONG lay on his deathbed. He was an old man who had passed his eightieth year, and it was not surprising that he was about to die.

All who knew him loved him; and though most of his friends and relatives had gone before, yet there were still many left who would mourn his loss. He, the old man, was rejoicing at the prospect of his approaching end. He had borne life nobly, had been tried in many a fiery trial and not been found wanting, but his strength was exhausted, and he longed to be at peace. Friends and neighbours crowded to his sick room; they wished to see him once more, and hear the words of wisdom that might fall from the mouth of one they had long honoured in the little hamlet as a father.

The old man had an only grandson whom he dearly loved, the child of a daughter he had lost in her heyday. Now Jonas had never been a rich

man, and all the world knew he could not have much to leave. The proceeds of his little farm had been spent more for the good of his friends than for himself, and he never made a secret of the matter that he had laid nothing by. There was no need to do so for his grandson. His father had been a doctor (Dora Armstrong had married above her station), and he had left his son an ample income, to which the mere pittance his grandfather could have left would have added little. While, on the contrary, the use old Jonas had made of his money had secured him many warm, grateful friends, who for his sake would love his grandson, and try to serve him.

Jonas was bidding his several friends good-bye, and setting his house in order with a calmness and vigour of mind that caused them to doubt the near approach of his end. He only smiled when they told him so.

'I know my hour is come,' he would say; 'I feel it. But I know also that I shall have life enough left me to finish my task.'

Lastly, after he had spoken to all, and had dismissed them with some little gift, some kind word of advice, he called for his grandson. The boy approached timidly. He had never been in a chamber

of death before. When he beheld his grandfather sitting in the bed supported by cushions, his venerable face only a little paler than of wont, his silvery hair, that lovely hair which fell like a long fringe from the old man's head, smoothed as carefully as ever, David grew reassured, and stepped nearer.

For some minutes a solemn silence reigned in the room. The old man's eyes were fixed with an earnest, loving, far-away expression on his grandson. Who could tell whether they beheld the living youth beside him, or the mother in her fair womanhood, whom, together with his long lost wife, he should so soon rejoin? His lips moved softly, but no sound came forth. Doubtless the words were either those of prayer or blessing. Both perchance. Then he spoke.

'David, my son,' he said, 'they will have told you my hour is come. Nay, do not weep, boy. Sooner or later it comes to us all in the Lord's good time. It has come late to me; therefore it is not right that ye whom I leave behind should mourn. It would be ingratitude to the Almighty, who has granted my poor life to you so long.'

Once more his lips moved. He was surely praying this time, for his hands were folded and his head bent.

The youth did not say a word, but remained standing in awed silence.

'My boy,' went on the old man, 'I go to rejoin your parents. I am glad with heartfelt gladness that I can tell them what a good son you have been to me. Nay, interrupt me not; I have much to say, and but short time wherein to tell it.'

'David, you and all the hamlet know how I have lived. I have made no secret of the fact that I spent all I earned, and that I leave you nothing.'

'Dear grandfather——' broke in the boy.

'Nay, nay, hear me. I leave you no moneyed inheritance, for I have held it right to spend my earnings, knowing you safe from pecuniary troubles. Had you or any of mine been out in the cold, it would have been otherwise. As it is, I have done what I thought right. But one thing, my son, I can and do leave you. It is a possession that has passed from sire to son in our family for generations. Folk have called it "The luck of the Armstrongs." That was but vulgar talk. The gift brought no luck, but it does bring blessing; yet that only when rightly used and rightly understood. You have often wondered, perhaps, to see so rare and brave a ring upon the finger of a mere country farmer. But our ancestors were gentlefolk, boy, and it descended from them. See, they must have been fine gentlemen and cavaliers. What graced their forefinger scarce passes my smallest. My hand has

grown large with work. Work is no disgrace, David. Remember that, though you bear upon your finger a ring worn by a Chevalier Fitz-Armstrong. The knightly duty with which he served his God and king was no higher or grander labour than yours, if God had called you to till the ground and plough the field. Never forget that, boy.'

He paused a moment from exhaustion, for he had spoken hurriedly and with excitement.

'You would, no doubt, like to know how the ring first came into our family. I cannot tell you for certain; but for ages a tradition concerning it has been extant among our kin, and though it can scarcely be true, yet is the legend so touching, that through it, doubtless, the ring has always proved a blessing.

'The ring has been an heirloom among us since first Sir Reginald Fitz-Armstrong brought it from the far distant Holy Land, where he had fought with the first crusaders in the reign of William the Red. How it came into his possession, he would always tell thus:—

'One night when it had fallen to him to guard the Holy Grave, an angel suddenly stood before him. And the angel said, "Reginald Fitz-Armstrong, thou art a true knight and holy, thou hast found favour in the eyes of the King of heaven and earth. Wherefore it

has been commanded me to descend from the blessed realms to visit thee, and bring thee a token which thou shalt guard and preserve; thou, and thy children's children."

'Then the angel placed the ring upon Sir Reginald's finger, who, awed and dazzled by his heavenly guest, had sunk upon his knee in silent adoration.

'"Listen," went on the gorgeous visitant, "whence it arises that the stone set in this ring, so plain, dark, and unpretending, should be esteemed so highly.

'"At the awful moment when the Son of God was nailed upon the accursed cross, there lay at its foot a mass of dark green jasper. When His blessed side was struck by the spear of the Roman soldier, and there issued thence His precious blood, some drops therefrom fell upon the jasper. Thence sprang the variety men call bloodstone; the drops, in small particles, have been handed down from generation to generation. For the jasper knew the value of the blessing that had fallen on it. And he who bears a fragment of this stone about him is preserved from all evil; temptations grow small to him, and if he will strive he can overcome them all. It holds men in the path wherein they should go, if they will listen to its silent admonition, for the red drops would ever recall the image of Him who died for men's salvation, that they may

follow in His footsteps and obtain their redemption through Him."

'The angel vanished long before Sir Reginald recovered from his awed surprise. When he did, he found a ring quaintly wrought in gold encircling a bloodstone, on his finger, and he wore it there till his death. He died in the service of his king. His last breath on the battle-field was spent in telling this circumstance to his son, as my last is spent in recounting it once more to you.'

The old man fell back upon the cushions, exhausted. David tried to support him in his arms, but Jonas waved him away. In a little while he spoke again.

'Farewell, my son,—my son David,' he said; his voice was faint and low now. 'I place the treasure of the Armstrongs on your bonnie hand. Let their treasure be yours. Never disgrace it, never forget its teaching. Now leave me. I have done my work on earth; I would be alone with my God. Bless thee, my David, bless thee and thine; thy children, and thy childrens' children. I go to join our fathers.'

Weeping with grief and emotion the youth left the chamber, as his grandfather had bidden.

How long the old man lay on his couch communing with his Maker none could tell. When next they entered the room he had passed into another world,

his life-long wish fulfilled, that when his hour should come, he might pass away in peace alone with his God. A holy smile was on his noble features, a peace the world cannot give was written in his face.

Do all bloodstones possess this sacred power? I hear you ask. They do. But, alas! my children, few people know of it, still fewer heed it. For unless the owner will strive to work out his own salvation, relying on the stone only for encouragement and aid, its possession to him is vain. It cannot act nor speak, it can but recall dumbly the memory of Him who died for us and in whose footsteps we should tread.

April.

HOW THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

IT was long, long ago. Longer than you or I can remember. Sweet spring, with its bright sunshine, its young tender green, had come again. Little Elsie had watched the transformation, as it had crept gradually over the land, from the window of her turret chamber, in which she had been a prisoner nearly all the winter. For poor little Elsie was not strong, and her parents had to be very careful of her, lest she should be exposed to cold winds and draughts. But to-day all was so bright and warm that Elsie begged to be allowed to go out into the air.

Now her parents, the count and countess, lived in a large old castle. The grounds around were full of trees, shrubs, and sweet-scented flowers. A paved path led from the porch to the white gate at the end, and here it adjoined a wood, part of which belonged to the count; but another and larger part to a baron in the same country. Elsie was sometimes allowed to go with her nurse into the beginning of the wood, but never

farther; for it was very dense beyond, and considered dangerous.

On this particular day Elsie's nurse was busy in the spinning-room, and could not go out with her. So the child was told she might play about by herself for a little while, but she must be careful and not get into mischief; nor must she go into the wood farther than where she could always see the white gate.

Elsie promised to comply, and set off gleefully. How gloriously the sun shone! How sweet and fragrant the air smelt! How fresh everything looked! Elsie's heart bounded with pleasure; it seemed to her she had never enjoyed the open air so much as now after her long confinement. How changed everything was too from the time when she had first to keep her room! Then all looked dead or dying, and the leaves were dropping from the trees. Now they were covered with tender foliage. Purple violets peeped from among their sheltering leaves, ferns were beginning to uncoil from out their shaggy brown scales, hyacinths scented the air, and tulips raised their showy heads. The cherry, plum, apple, and pear-trees were covered with snowy white blossoms; an earnest of the fruit to come.

The little girl skipped about, admiring and enjoying all these beauties, standing still awhile to listen to the

songs of the birds. At last when she had surveyed all the newly awakened glories of the garden, she neared the white gate and peeped over. If the garden looked beautiful in its spring dress, how much more so the wood. It seemed to be carpeted with flowers that grew among the bright grasses; and over the whole the sunlight glittered, dappling the ground with light.

'Oh, how beautiful!' exclaimed Elsie. 'I *must* go in and pick some of those pretty flowers for mamma.'

No sooner said than done, and Elsie had passed the gate, and stood upon the confines of the wood. White and purple violets, wild blue harebells, snowy wood-anemones, pale golden primroses, and modest daisies pied the ground. She walked on and on, thinking of nothing but these sweet blossoms, and gathering them as she went, till her little apron was full. At one spot the violets peeped thickest, in another grew the finest clumps of primroses, and here a little farther on was a mass of the elegant wood-sorrel, with its pretty thin leaves and delicate white bells.

Elsie plucked them eagerly, and still the thought of returning never occurred to her. For the farther she went on, the more beautiful the wood seemed to become, and all the trees, flowers, and birds appeared to lure her on, and to say, 'Come, Elsie, come. You have not seen half our loveliness yet.'

And whenever Elsie felt a little tired, or the idea of turning back crossed her mind, she always saw some bright flower, some pretty insect, in the distance, to attract her onward. Now she had penetrated unconsciously into the domain of a wicked fairy, who tried to attract children into the wood, that they might serve her; for she liked to be waited upon by pretty little boys and girls, and had long looked on Elsie with a jealous eye. But never till to-day had she seen any chance of luring her hither, for Elsie had never before been in the wood alone. The child wandered on and on, forgetting fatigue, duty, and obedience, till she found the paths grow indistinct and mazed. Just then, as she began to feel tired and a little frightened, a white house came in sight.

'Come,' she thought, 'I can't be so very far from home after all, for here is a house. I'll go in and ask them to give me a drink of water and let me rest a little, and then I'll soon run home with my pretty flowers.'

So she rang the bell. It was such a beautiful place, all built of white marble, situated in the middle of a lovely garden. She admired it as she waited.

The door was opened by a pretty girl, about Elsie's age.

'Oh, here you are at last!' she said, before Elsie

could speak. 'We have waited for you such a long time. Come in,' and she held out her hand.

Elsie stared in amazement.

'You must be mistaken,' she answered; 'I have gone a little too far beyond the edge of the wood, and am tired.'

'No, no,' interrupted the other, 'there is no mistake. I know you very well; you are called Elsie; my companions and I have been waiting for you a very long time, and wishing you would come.'

As she spoke she drew Elsie into the hall, a beautiful place full of marble statues that seemed to grow out of beds of flowers and ferns. Elsie was so dazzled by all the loveliness, she could not speak, and let the other child lead her on.

They entered a large room, where sat a beautiful lady. Her long golden hair rippled in waves to her knees; she was dressed in a white robe; on her arms and neck shone crystal jewels, and her face wore a fascinating smile. She sat on a raised throne of ivory. The whole room was inlaid with gold, silver, and mother-of-pearl, and on the floor lay wrought stuffs of Indian design.

When the beautiful lady saw Elsie, she rose, and smiling still more sweetly, held out her arms towards her.

'Welcome, dear child.'

Elsie hardly knew what was happening to her; but after the beautiful lady had embraced her, and kissed her on brow and eyes, she seemed to have forgotten everything about her lost way and her home.

'You must call me Winnabelle,' said the lady; 'all your little companions call me so. But, I forget; you have not seen them yet.'

She clapped her hands three times, and one of the ivory doors opened, admitting a whole troop of boys and girls. The girls were all dressed in white, with blue sashes and crystal beads; the boys in blue velvet, with white leathern bands and boots. Elsie glanced first at them, then at her own plain grey frock and dirty shoes.

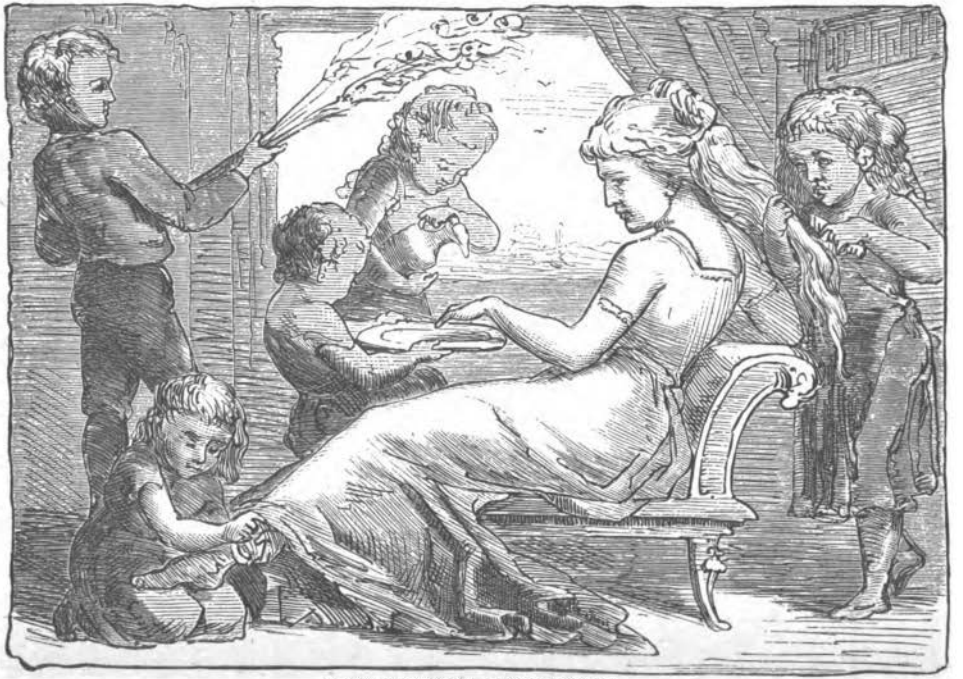
'It does not matter,' said Winnabelle, divining her thoughts; 'you shall have just the same.'

She had hardly said so, than Elsie's clothes had disappeared, and she was dressed just like the others.

The children all crowded round to welcome her. Elsie thought they did not look quite happy, still that might be fancy. Only they always looked so anxiously at Winnabelle after they had said anything, as though they feared her disapproval.

'Show your new friend her room, girls,' said Winnabelle at last.

What a beautiful room it was! all ivory and light



HOW THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

blue velvet. Each child slept in an ivory bed with light blue hangings, and had an ivory dressing-table with silver ornaments. Then the little girls instructed Elsie in her duties, and told her that she would have to wait upon their fairy mistress, but that was easy work; and the rest of the day, they might play about and do what they liked.

'You must lead a happy life,' said Elsie, who had forgotten everything in the dazzling excitement.

A cloud fell over the girls' faces, but they did not answer, and looked nervous when Elsie repeated the remark.

'Hush!' they said, 'or she will be angry. She will punish us if we tell.'

'Tell what?' asked Elsie; 'you puzzle me.'

At that moment Winnabelle entered frowning.

'You must not ask questions, Elsie,' she said; 'little girls who ask questions or rebel are made miserable here. And you would not like to be made miserable in this lovely house, would you?' she asked, once more smiling her old sweet smile.

'Oh, no,' said Elsie; 'it is too beautiful here for that.'

She had forgotten all her misgivings at the sight of that wonderful smile.

So the days went on, Elsie did not know how; she

had lost all count of them, but she was by no means happy. The fairy was not so kind as she appeared to be; the services she demanded were exacting; she was often hard to satisfy, and, worse than all, if displeased, she would punish the children by showing them their distant homes, making all appear so real, that they strove vainly to get there. Many a one had attempted to escape out of the fairy's grounds, but they might run on a long while, their home remained ever distant. When at last, utterly exhausted, they sank in despair upon the ground, they always found themselves at Winnabelle's porch, and she would stand on the doorstep, smiling that smile which made them forget everything again.

Meanwhile, what had Elsie's parents been doing?

When the sun began to lower in the west, and the child did not come home, they grew uneasy; and when it set, and still Elsie had not returned, their anxiety knew no bounds. They searched the garden and hamlet, they scoured the wood. In vain; no Elsie was there, no voice answered their calls. They had to abandon the search in despair when night closed in. The next day had hardly dawned before the count set out into the wood, to look for his missing child. He ran hither and thither, he explored every path and by-path, in vain.

Now you will wonder how it came about that, searching the wood in this manner, the count did not chance upon Winnabelle's kingdom. I can tell you how that was.

Winnabelle was very clever, and always knew who was in the wood. When it was a child she wished to entice, she made everything look beautiful, let the birds sing more sweetly, the flowers look gayer, the nearer they came to her abode, as she had done with Elsie. But when any one entered who wished to rescue a child from her, or to discover her habitation, she made the forest that surrounded it so dense, dark, and impenetrable, that no one dreamed of entering there. And if any person more courageous or desperate than the rest attempted this, she caused noxious animals to meet them, and the ground to become marshy, and sink beneath their feet.

Several days the count sought his little girl, till he had to give up in despair. Long and bitterly the parents mourned her, and gave her up as lost.

'If we only knew how it all happened!' wailed the countess; 'if she had even died in my arms it would have been better. Now how do I know but she may be living in misery, ill-treated by cruel people?'

She wept as she spoke. Her husband had no comfort to offer her, and they both sat silently staring

into the fire, by the side of which they were sitting. A beautiful fire it was, piled high with logs and coals to the top of the grate; and it sparkled and crackled, danced and flickered, quite regardless of the two sad mortals who sat gazing into its depths. As the flames leapt in playful fury, they split a large mass of coal which had hitherto escaped their devouring tongues. Opening thus in half, it revealed a tiny grey speck which vaulted briskly out of the black clump on to the fender. The count stooped down to examine it, and found, to his intense astonishment, that it was a little being who was complaining sorely of the enforced imprisonment he had sustained in the coal. The countess lifted him gently in her hand, and asked what ailed him.

'My name is Fye,' he said. 'I am a gnome, and my home is underground, very near to where the coals are found. We had been playing hide-and-seek one day, I and my brothers, and I hid in this piece of coal, which had a large crack. I had hardly hidden there, when I heard a great hammering. Before I could recover my courage, or find out what was happening, the block that inclosed me was loosened from its parent coal. We were carried up to earth. I lost all consciousness after that, and only just now the great heat restored me. Oh, if you would aid me in returning

to my home, I should be so grateful!' The little mite looked up to the countess with a pleading face.

'If we can, most certainly,' she answered. 'Ah! would that any one could restore to us our child!'

'Why do you sigh so?' asked the gnome.

The countess related her trouble. The tiny grey figure sprang upon her shoulder the better to hear what she was saying. When she had ceased, he was silent some time,

'Your child,' he said at length, 'has got into the power of a wicked fairy called Winnabelle. She lives in the wood. You cannot penetrate there, for by her enchantment she makes it impassable. Restore me to my home, and in return I will teach you to break the spell that parts you from your Elsie.'

The unhappy parents consented most gladly.

Next morning the count started upon his journey, the little man safely ensconced in his hat. They had not far to go, for the count's castle lay on the confines of the mine down which the gnome, whom he frequently consulted as to the route, said he must descend. When they had been lowered, the count asked if this were the spot.

'It is, indeed,' cried the little being, gleefully. 'Now wait for me while I go for the promised charm.'

The count leaned against a wall of coal. It was

all so black and dismal, so strangely warm and close down there, he could not tell how the time went on, but it seemed as if Fye had been absent long. He almost began to fear lest he was about to play him false, and at last his fear was beginning to gain the mastery. Just then he heard the gnome panting towards him.

'I am coming,' he said. 'Sorry—to have kept—you so—long; but—it's a great—load for—me, and I had —some little trouble—to find one. They're rather rare stones,—and in great request. Lift me up;—I can't jump with it in my hands.'

'See here,' he went on, when his request had been complied with, and he had regained breath; 'here is a precious stone, called a sapphire. It has been wrought with great exertion and care by our slaves. This stone frees from all enchantment. Used with singleness of heart and faith, you cannot fail to succeed in your quest. Adieu. The gnome Fye's good wishes and gratitude follow you.'

The count returned home, holding his treasure—the precious blue stone—carefully in his hand. Accompanied by his wife, he set out at once into the wood, their hearts beating high with expectation. The sapphire guided them in the right way, showing the direction they should take by flashes of increased light. When they

neared the dense forest, usually so impenetrable, it all changed into fair woodland paths at sight of the stone, and the anxious parents passed in safety to the marble house. They entered, turning neither to right or left. They did not stay to admire its beauties, but walked straight to the throne-room, where Winnabelle sat in state, surrounded by the children.

When she saw the count and countess come in, she stared in amazed anger. Hardly had the count opened his hand and revealed his lovely gem, than her face became first of an ashy hue, then ugly and shrivelled, then she shrunk and shrunk, trembling violently, and at last vanished in smoke, leaving a bad odour behind her.

Instantly the lovely house, the beautiful gardens, disappeared also; and all the boys and girls were standing round the count and countess on a piece of green sward under the shade of the forest trees.

Elsie gleefully sprang into her parents' arms. The other children wept; no parents had come to claim them. The count at once promised that they should all be taken safely to their homes, and that till he could send them, they must stay with Elsie. When they heard this, they were glad too; and for the first time their tongues were loosened about the cruelties of the wicked fairy. How much they had to tell! how much to hear!

They all wanted to see the kind sapphire that had freed them from the enchantment; and could not cease praising its beauty, and wishing they could thank the gnome for his kindness.

'Although,' said Elsie, sententiously, 'if papa had not been kind to Fye, Fye would not have been kind to papa.'

'Still *we* had not done anything for Fye,' added the others. 'Long live Fye, and every good gnome; and may all naughty fairies dissolve in smoke.'

The count and countess caused the sapphire that had wrought all this joy to be set in a golden ring, that glistened ever after on Elsie's finger, preserving her from all dangers and enchantments, and reminding her of the great adventure of her youth.

May.

NELLIE'S LOCKET.

NELLIE GRIFFITHS and Gwen Owen had both been sent to Mrs. Straytelace's 'elegant establishment for young ladies' (*vide* prospectus), though the worldly position of Gwen's parents by no means allowed them to pay the heavy school fee demanded by that magnificent lady. But kind Mr. Griffiths, remembering his late wife's great affection for her sister, and considering that it would most likely be a happier lot for his little motherless girl if her cousin, with whom she had been together from earliest childhood, were her companion in this new sphere, would not hear any of the objections which Mr. and Mrs. Owen tried to raise, and begged them to let him undertake the whole care of Gwen's education.

Whether his kindness and liberality really made his little daughter happier, is doubtful. The two children, though they had always been together, were hardly to be called great friends. Gwen, it was true, loved her young cousin, who was six months her junior, and upon

whom she looked with quite an elder's interest; but Nellie did not care much for Gwen. She did not exactly dislike her, but she would not have minded in the very least if Gwen had gone to another school; and perhaps she thought it rather a bore than otherwise when her papa proposed that they should go together. Nor were matters improved when they had lived for some time under Mrs. Straytelace's roof; for Nellie was of a jealous, ambitious temperament, and it riled her to see that gentle little Gwen, who was so far less clever than herself, and who had not nearly so much pocket-money, nor so many sweets and jams and cakes from home, was the universal favourite of the school.

Every one loved Gwen; she was everybody's pet. If any of the girls were ill, they wanted Gwen to come and sit by them; if there were any disputes to be decided, Gwen was called upon to be arbiter; and if she did not win such brilliant encomiums from her master as often fell to Nellie's lot, neither did she have to hear such reproaches on the score of flightiness, want of attention, and carelessness.

So matters stood between the two little cousins when the midsummer holidays, which closed their first school year, were at hand. There were to be general examinations and a distribution of prizes; and eagerly were the

chances and prospects of the coming struggle discussed. The thought of the combat had sharpened Nellie's ambition. She had been rather lazy this term, working only by fits and starts, though very well when she did, for she was a clever child, and could acquire quickly. Gwen meanwhile, less gifted by nature, had been plodding steadily on, and all the girls of the second class were forced to acknowledge that the prize lay between the two cousins.

It happened at this time that an aunt of Nellie's, who had a country house not many miles from Mrs. Straytelace's school, was about to give a croquet party; and the day fixed for it being Saturday, she sent a note to Mrs. Straytelace begging that Nellie might be allowed to join it. She would not have done so had it been any other day but a half-holiday; for Mrs. Straytelace did not approve of little girls missing school for enjoyment. Nellie had been a good girl for the whole past month, had not once given cause for complaint, and had been working for the examination with so feverish an ardour, that Mrs. Straytelace had no objection to giving her consent. Gwen had been asked too; for kind Mrs. Simpson, though Gwen was not her niece, never thought of asking one cousin without the other. But poor little Gwen had a bad headache when the afternoon came, and so perforce had to stay at

home. When Nellie went upstairs to dress, all the girls took an affectionate interest in the performance; and Gwen herself, notwithstanding her headache and disappointment, was the first to volunteer her assistance. Nellie was nothing loth to accept it. Gwen was so neat-handed: whatever she did she did so well; and there was no one in the whole school could plait hair like Gwen could, or make Nellie's long silken brown mane look to such advantage. While, therefore, Gwen was performing the office of hair-dresser, Amy Richards was laying out Nellie's best white muslin frock and the rich plaid sash Mr. Griffiths had given his little girl on his last visit. As she took these things out of the drawer, she came upon an Indian sandal-wood box.

'Is that where you keep your ornaments, Nellie?' asked Amy.

'Yes. Give me that, please, and I'll see what I'll put on.'

She unlocked the case, and displayed to the admiring gaze of her companions a rather more goodly collection of jewellery than little girls generally possess. The things had been Mrs. Griffiths'; and Mr. Griffiths, though very kind, was not quite prudent, and had intrusted his little girl rather early with things that befitted a riper age.

'I don't know what to put on,' said Nellie at last, as

she turned them over. 'Plaid is such a tiresome thing; I never know what colour to wear with it.

'Give me your sash then,' said Amy, 'if you find it such a bother. I am sure I would not grumble if it were mine.'

'I would give it you with pleasure if papa had not given it me,' answered Nellie, who, whatever her faults were, was not ungenerous. 'But do tell me what I am to wear.'

'What is in that little brown case? You've not opened that,' suggested Amy.

The colour rushed into Nellie's cheeks, and she laid her hand upon the little case to stop Amy from opening it.

'That,' she said, hesitatingly—'that is an emerald locket of poor mamma's. I've never worn it, and somehow I don't like to. It always seems too good and precious to wear. Not that it's any more precious than the others; but I've a kind of feeling about it, because of what my nurse told me.'

'What did Nurse Adams tell you about that locket, Nellie dear?' asked Gwen, who was still busy with her cousin's hair. 'I never heard anything about it, except that your papa had it made for my aunt, and bought the emerald from an Indian prince because she took such a fancy to the stone; and he never refused her anything.'

'That's quite true, Gwen; papa did do that; but the prince's black servant told nurse more about it, and nurse told it to mamma, and that made her so doubly fond of the locket. She wore it constantly, and that makes me look upon it as too good and wise somehow for me to wear at a party, and to make myself fine with.'

'Wise! what do you mean, Nellie?'

'Well, I'll tell you, it is this. And don't you go and tell it over all the school; for I don't care for them all to know and go talking about it. The prince's servant, who was quite a superior kind of man, and knew a great deal about all sorts of things, nurse said, told her that in his country emeralds were held in great esteem, not only because they were costly and beautiful, but because they have the strange power of discovering any falsehood. The stones are said to show this by turning quite pale and losing their lovely colour.'

'A superstition—nothing more, Nellie,' said Gwen, kindly. 'I don't want to say anything against your lovely stone, and I honour your feeling of reverence for it; but I do not understand how you can believe in such folly.'

It was Gwen's six months' superiority of age that spoke there.

'Never you mind,' said Nellie, flushing angrily. 'I

do believe what that dear old nurse told me, much more than anything you say.'

Then, seeing she had vexed Gwen, she flung her arms round her, and said—

'Don't be hurt, dear; I'm sorry I was cross; but you mustn't tease me about this locket, please. Thank you so much for doing my hair so beautifully.'

Nellie went to the croquet party, but she did not wear the emerald locket, nor was it mentioned again between the cousins.

The examination time was approaching, the eagerness and ardour of both the girls were constantly increasing, and it did indeed seem very likely to be a hard run as to who should gain the prize. For once, all Nellie's flightiness was laid aside, and with her greater ability the odds were much in her favour. The sympathy of the class was with Gwen. They felt it was hard that she who had worked steadily all the year should be outdistanced by a sudden outburst of energy on Nellie's part. This tacit sympathy had the effect of lashing all Nellie's ambition to yet greater ardour. She would win, she would show the others it was not Gwen only who could be industrious. Day and night Nellie thought of nothing but her lessons, and the coming examination, and how she might best contrive to be ahead of her cousin.

Gwen did not work any less hard, but her motives were more honourable; for she thought of the pleasure it would give at home if she gained the prize, and thus proved that she had made the best of the opportunities Uncle Griffiths had given her. Then, too, perhaps her brother George would not think her quite so slow as he said all girls were, and would allow her sometimes to look into the beautiful books he brought home with him, and perhaps—perhaps he would let her look on some day when he was doing what he called his chemical experiments, a privilege he had always refused her.

So the time passed on, and the great day was at hand. It was the evening but one before; both the girls had been working their hardest, for it was nearly the last day they were allowed to look into their books; the day after to-morrow they would have to depend on their memories only.

Gwen was already in bed, and, worn out with fatigue, was falling asleep, while Nellie still stood before the looking-glass undoing her thick plaits with feverishly hot excited hands. It seemed to her somehow impossible to be quick to-night, and yet she was very tired, too. She sat down on the bed and began to think. Many things coursed through her brain; the events of the last weeks, Gwen's constant kindnesses to her,

which she was continually striving to hold before her memory to keep down naughty thoughts that would rise up, and suggest to her to do her cousin some harm. She could not feel sure of herself, well as she had worked; there were so many things they had learnt last term when she was not so attentive, the want of which she felt painfully now, and that she was sure Gwen, who had been uniformly industrious, knew.

What a wonderful translation that was Gwen had made from the German this morning!—not a wrong word, and so elegantly put. She could not have done it without help, it seemed impossible.

Ha! what was that shot through her brain? Fräulein Strumpf had said she had a complete translation of that work among her books. What if she told Mrs. Strayte-lace that Gwen had been using it? But it would be telling a story, for she knew of nothing of the kind. No, she did not *know* it; but it seemed so very likely, it was clearly impossible Gwen could have done it so well alone. Gwen would not condescend to such a mean, dishonourable act, suggested Nellie's better self. People have been known to do meaner things on lesser provocation, whispered the tempter. So Nellie tripped down-stairs softly, and there, on the table near Fräu-lein's desk, lay the book in question—a still clearer proof that it must have been used. But Mrs. Strayte-

lace would demand a yet clearer proof, and so, not daring to stop and think what she was doing, Nellie lifted up the sloping lid of Gwen's desk and popped the book inside. Then she hurried off to Mrs. Straytelace to inform against her cousin. Mrs. Straytelace looked shocked when she heard Nellie's account.

'I cannot believe it, my dear Nellie,' she said; 'surely you must be mistaken. No girl in my school was ever yet dishonourable enough to use a crib, and your cousin Gwen is the last whom I should suspect of such a despicable, unladylike action.'

'But, Mrs. Straytelace,' answered Nellie, 'I saw it in her desk not half an hour ago, and I have no doubt you will find it there still, for Gwen is gone to bed. We both went early to-night so as to be fresh for to-morrow's work; but I could not sleep remembering this, so I came down to tell you.'

'Well, we will go and see, Nellie; but I hope and trust you are mistaken. There are few girls in the school whom I trust so completely as I do Gwen Owen, and I should grieve to find my confidence misplaced.'

'She believes in Gwen, like every one else,' thought Nellie, in whom these words stirred up increased anger against her cousin. 'Well, I'm sure I'm doing quite a kind act, for if her pride weren't taken down a bit

she'd get quite unbearable by all this love and admiration.' So she excused herself for her own conduct, and they walked in silence to the schoolroom.

Mrs. Straytelace looked very grave and stern.

'I should not like her to look like that at me,' thought Nellie.

'Which is Gwen's desk?'

Nellie pointed it out.

Mrs. Straytelace raised the cover; for a moment she could see nothing, for artful little Nellie had hidden the book under some exercises. Her features brightened. But when on lifting them she perceived it, her look grew stern and grave once more.

'Go to bed, Nellie,' she said in cold, quiet tones; 'it is as you say. I shall wish you, your cousin, and all the other girls to be in the large schoolroom not later than eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I must have this matter looked into before the examination begins. In the meantime I will consider how best to punish the offender. I am afraid for such an act I cannot do less than expel her from the school. And yet I should be sorry; Gwen has always been a most obedient, good pupil. This is the first time I have ever found her tripping; but what a trip!' and the good lady sighed.

Nellie began to feel a little sorry and ashamed of

herself, and almost felt inclined to confess. But oh no! she could not. If Mrs. Straytelace was so angry with her favourite Gwen, how much more angry would she be with her who had acted thus abominably towards her own cousin! No, she dared never tell the truth; and no doubt it would all come right. Mrs. Straytelace would not expel Gwen, only punish her very severely, and by-and-by the whole matter would be forgotten.

Next morning the girls were all assembled in the schoolroom half an hour before the usual time, as Mrs. Straytelace had ordered. They could none of them understand why, except Nellie, who kept her own counsel. She persuaded herself it was wiser to do so; she did not confess to herself that it was because she was afraid to speak.

The girls were all seated round the long table punctually at eight, and a few minutes after Mrs. Straytelace entered. She looked sad, and as if she had been crying, Nellie thought, and her voice was unusually hard and cold. After she had wished them all 'Good morning,' she called out—

'Nellie Griffiths!'

Nellie's heart sank into her shoes; she never expected she would be called on to speak, and that Gwen would know *who* had libelled her. Oh dear, oh dear, what would Gwen think? Oh that she had never done it!

Her wickedness was going to find her out, after all. What should she do? Put a good face on the matter, whispered the little girl's evil monitor. So, assuming a calm she did not feel, she answered—

'Here.'

'Be so good as to repeat a statement you made to me last night.'

Nellie did so in a few words, saying how she had sat next to Gwen when Fräulein Strumpf gave them their German translation; how she had fancied to see her cousin peep constantly under the table; and how, at last, when the lesson was over, she had observed Gwen stealthily pop the book into her desk.

'Is this true?' asked Mrs. Straytelace, turning to the astonished Gwen.

'I am sorry——' began Gwen.

'Not an unnecessary word,' interrupted Mrs. Straytelace sternly. 'I want a simple answer. Is this true, what you have heard your cousin say? Yes or no?'

'No,' said Gwen decidedly.

A little sound like a cheer was heard among the girls.

'Silence, young ladies,' said Mrs. Straytelace. 'I should sympathize with you in your pleasure at hearing a schoolfellow vindicate herself so firmly and seemingly honestly from an abominable charge, were I not un-

fortunately in the position to tell you that the charge is true and the vindication false. I myself found the crib in Gwen Owen's desk.'

'Impossible,' a few of the elder girls ventured to ejaculate.

'I should have said so, too, not twenty-four hours ago,' said Mrs. Straytelace, her stern tone relaxing somewhat into grieved pity. 'I regret that I cannot say so still, and that I have been forced to assemble you all here this morning, that you may see the culprit unmasked and her guilt proved. See,' she said, walking to Gwen's place and opening the desk, 'here is the book.'

Another murmur ran among the girls; it was still somewhat dissentient. They could not, would not, believe this of their favourite. Some few glanced suspiciously towards Nellie, who felt herself cowering under their eyes. They soon looked away again; they could not entertain the thought that she would tell such a falsehood, and so vilely slander her cousin.

There was a long pause after this in the room,—an awful silence, Nellie felt it. No one spoke, no one uttered a sound, each person's eyes first sought and then glanced away from the others'. Could it be that a tear was actually creeping down Mrs. Straytelace's cheek—Mrs. Straytelace, who was always seen

so calm and composed, and had never been known to weep?

Gwen sat rigidly still, as when she had first been accused; she neither seemed to see nor hear, but her face was ashy pale, and her hands were tightly clenched. Nellie could not look towards her, it would have made her feel yet more wicked.

At last Mrs. Straytelace spoke; it was a relief to them all to have that terrible pause at an end.

'Young ladies,' she said, 'since first I have kept an establishment for the purpose of education, I have never but twice had so painful a duty to perform as to-day; never, in fact, for in each of the former cases the offence was not so totally out of keeping with the character of the girl as it is here. In both those former instances I judged it right that the pupil who had so grievously offended should forthwith leave the school. I know I ought to do the same in this instance, but I am too weak, I have held too high an opinion of the present culprit; in fact, young ladies, I shall put it to the vote. You shall decide whether Gwen Owen shall be expelled from this place, or severely punished and another chance allowed her. I call on you all to rise who are in favour of the milder alternative.'

Not one girl remained sitting. Nellie rose too, though she was sorely perplexed as to what she ought to do.

A gleam of satisfaction flew over Mrs. Straytelace's rigid features.

'I am very glad,' she stammered. 'I am much obliged to you, young ladies. You can leave the room now; all except Gwen Owen, whom I desire to remain.'

What passed between the governess and the pupil, Nellie never knew; but when Gwen came out from Mrs. Straytelace's presence, her pale face looked yet paler, and the hard expression had deepened. She had the air of some one trying to bear a heavy burden, which was more than she could endure. It quite cut Nellie to the heart to see that expression, so she thought it best to turn away and not say a word to her cousin; for how could she confess her fault now? It was clearly impossible; the punishment would be too terrible. What would her papa say if she were expelled? No, she had taken the one false step leading to many others, and she must abide by her action.

That same evening a neighbour of Mrs. Straytelace had invited a small juvenile party. Contrary to her usual custom, Mrs. Straytelace had accorded the girls permission to go; being so near the holidays, she said that she could afford to let them have a little holiday enjoyment. She had, however, stipulated that they must be home by half-past nine, as the next day being the first of the examination, she could not allow them

to be tired and weary. Gwen was, of course, not to go; none of the girls expected that she might; in fact, she had been kept in a room by herself all day, and no one had seen her.

Nellie went up early in the evening to dress for the party. She tried to think she was very pleased to go and very happy; but she could not succeed in feeling so, continually though she congratulated herself upon the success of her wicked scheme. She dressed as on the day of the croquet party; but to-day there was no kind Gwen to do her hair, and no crowd of admiring schoolfellows standing round her. In fact, Nellie had been somewhat shunned; for though all the girls were righteously indignant at Gwen's offence, not a few of them thought that Nellie should not have been the one to tell ugly tales about her cousin.

In this dejected mood the little girl went to her jewel-box, and took thence the brown leathern case containing her mother's locket with the wonderful emerald stone. What was her horror and dismay when, on opening it, she found that the stone, her precious gem, to which she attached such a superstitious value, had become perfectly colourless! Nellie turned pale with fright. She trembled so that she could hardly stand, and had to cling to the table for support. Vividly, as though the words had only just been spoken, she heard her

nurse's voice saying, 'And if you ever tell a lie or bear false witness against any one, and no one else find you out, this stone will. You can hide nothing from it.'

The locket dropped from Nellie's hands, and she sank helplessly into a chair. Her consternation and dismay were unbounded. What! were her plans which had succeeded so far, and had brought no unpleasant results (she forgot her uncomfortable thoughts all day), not to be prosperous in the end? Everything had gone well, and was a stone to turn against her? And not a common stone, but her own beloved emerald!

More and more clearly her behaviour rose before her; contempt for her own action, then repentance for it, stole into her soul, and one by one penitent tears rolled down her cheeks. At last she broke down into a storm of tears.

What was that—that sound that broke on Nellie's ear? It could never be the factory bell that called the workmen to their daily labour, and sounded through the streets of Beuley just half an hour before a similar but less noisy peal summoned Mrs. Straytelace's young ladies to rise! Was that the sun peeping in at the window, and filling the room with golden light, glinting upon Gwen's little white bed, and playing on her rosy sleep-flushed face? Had Nellie only been dreaming a

dreadful dream? Was this terrible accusation against her cousin no reality?

Yes, surely it was a dream. She must have fallen asleep when she sat down last night full of thoughts of the coming examination, else how came it that she now found herself outside the bed, instead of being comfortably ensconced among the clothes?

Quick as a shot Nellie jumped up and rushed to her jewel-box. There, just as she had left it, lay her precious locket, the emerald shining in all its splendid green.

Softly the little girl crept up to Gwen's bed to see if that hard, suffering look were written on her face. There was not a trace of it.

At this moment Gwen moved, and showed signs of awakening.

'Gwen,' said Nellie softly, 'dear Gwen, I want to say something to you. I have had a bad dream—at least I hope it was a dream. See how I have been crying! I fancied I had been very wicked to you, Gwen, about the examination. Have I?'

'Wicked to me?' asked Gwen sleepily. 'Oh no, Nellie, I am sure you've not. How can you think such stupid things?'

'Oh, then it was only a dream!' cried Nellie joyfully. 'But, dear Gwen, I've thought very naughty thoughts,

and so I want to say to you that, as the chance of the prize seems to lie between us two, I do hope we shall neither of us bear the other any ill-will, however the matter may turn out, and I want you to forgive me all my naughty thoughts, Gwen. I'm afraid I've often been very ungrateful and unkind.'

'Indeed you've not!' cried dear little Gwen, folding her in her arms and kissing her; 'indeed you've not.' And Gwen, when she spoke, meant what she said, for her sweet nature never brooded over the remembrance of any slight or unkindness. 'You've always been the best and dearest of cousins to me, and I hope, whoever of us wins the prize, it will make no difference to the unsuccessful one. Indeed, Nellie, if you very much wish it, I am willing to tell Mrs. Straytelace that I will give up trying.'

'Oh no, no; I do not wish that. Oh, I'm so glad it was all a dream, Gwen, and that you forgive me.'

Gwen smiled.

'I do not know what I have to forgive,' she said, and Nellie really had not the courage to tell her the dreadful dream; for as it was only a dream, she did hope most sincerely that she was not quite so wicked in her waking hours.

Gwen Owen carried off the first prize, and Nellie had

to content herself with taking a second place in the contest; but she thought of her dream, and was so unutterably glad and happy to think it was not true, that her disappointment was completely submerged in thankfulness.

June.

'WHO BEARETH ME SHALL OVERCOME.'

AN aged woman bent over a huge cauldron; and there was with her in the chamber a man, fierce-visaged and young, and he hung upon her movements enrapt. She chanted as she stirred the pot's contents, throwing in strange objects as she sang—

'One, two, three,
Good spirits flee,
Bad spirits hither,
And listen to me:
Listen to the incantation,
And behold my machination;
Fire, water; water, fire;
How it bubbles ever higher!
Throw in this and throw in that,
Now a frog, and now a cat,
Here a herb and here a flower,
Take, O Agate, take the power,
That invincible may be
E'er whoever carries thee.
Spirits wicked, lend your aid,
Then the thing will soon be made.'

'Behold, my son,' she cried, 'the enchantment is

wrought. See here this agate. I give it to you. Writ beneath the polished surface are the words, "Who beareth me shall overcome." Go forth into the world. By its aid you shall be as one invincible.'

The warrior thanked her greatly for her pains, and pressed a large purse of gold into her withered hands. Then he departed by the low doorway.

The witch laughed an ugly laugh; it rang through the room with an eerie sound, and seemed to be echoed and re-echoed from each corner of the chamber.

'There goes another fool,' she cried, 'who thinks I wrought an agate by my incantations. What ignorants those human beings are who know not the mystic secrets of earth and sky. Many another such invincible stone lies hidden in old Brunnie's chamber. She gets them from the earth-gnome, and only he who brings her heavy gold shall obtain one. Ha, ha, ha!' she laughed again, and shook the purse, so that the gold chinked.

Meanwhile Sir Patinas rode away over the plains and across the hills, till he came to the court of the good King Roderick, whose fame had spread over all the lands.

Now it chanced that at this time Roderick was engaged in warfare with his neighbours the Basques. Wherefore, when Sir Patinas came before him and offered his services, the king accepted them gladly, after he was convinced that the knight was brave and skilled

in arms. This Sir Patinas did, from no desire to serve the king, but to build up his own fame, and show his prowess in battle, that later, perchance, he might wrench the fair realm from Roderick, and himself become its lord.

Anon Sir Patinas went forth with a band of warriors to fight against King Roderick's enemies. He did great battle upon them, and routed them utterly, for with whomsoever he engaged, him he overcame, thus proving the agate's power. And when the army returned victorious, Sir Patinas had won great honour and renown; there were many who held him in fear, yet but few loved him.

As the months sped on, there was still peace in the land, for King Roderick loved not warfare, and never sought it unprovoked. But the quiet life suited not Sir Patinas nor his purpose, wherefore he begged the king to let cry a tourney and feats of strength.

'Else, oh sire,' he said, 'your knights will forget the use of arms, and when ye go to war once more will be unused to action, inert, and easily conquered.'

The king, seeing the truth of his words, and holding him in great respect as a skilled knight, commanded that a tournament and wrestling matches should be held, and many other feats of strength be engaged in. Three several days were fixed upon, and great were the

preparations at court for the coming day of festival. All the noblest of the land flocked thither, bringing their vassals with them, rejoicing in this occasion for showing their skill in arms, and overcoming the stranger who had borne off all the palms in the late war.

But when the jousts were ended, and the lords returned to their several homes, there was mortification in their hearts, for Sir Patinas had carried away every prize in tourney or tilt. Three times had the Queen of Beauty crowned him victor, and on the last day King Roderick himself, surprised and gratified by this display of valour, had hung with his own hands a golden chain round his neck, and named him 'Sir Patinas the Invincible.'

The knight's heart was right glad within him at this, for it caused his fame to spread in all the lands, and he hoped soon to be nearer the object of his ambition.

Wherefore, hearing that the knights were angered against him because of his success, he feigned to be deeply grieved, and issued a proclamation declaring himself willing to engage with each one in single combat, for a test of skill, and that every one might choose both their and his weapon, thereby to show that his strength lay not in the instruments he employed. This he did, relying on the power of his agate.

When this news reached the ears of the nobles they

were glad, for they deemed a chance was now opened to humble the stranger's pride, since surely he could not excel in the use of all weapons.

There were many came to the court, more than three hundred warriors, good men and approved, all prepared to go against Sir Patinas. Now the king was sorrowful, for he loved not strife, and but for the marvellous deeds of arms Sir Patinas had done for him, he would have sent him from the land.

So when the knights were all assembled, the king bade them consider once more their intent, and if it were not better to let Sir Patinas bear all the glory for awhile, and strive whether they could not regain their honour when next he let cry a tourney.

Whereat they all cried,—

'Nay, nay; we would prove our honour now.'

Sir Patinas laughed aloud, and said,—

'Wot ye well, sir knights, I should have thought ye but a coward crew had ye drawn back this final hour. Herewith I challenge you to single combat, and I proclaim me victor ere yet the first blow be struck.'

'Beware,' said the king, 'how thou speakest so great a word, lest thy deeds disprove thee.'

'I am well aware of what I speak,' he answered with pride; 'and here is my glove to any man who shall say me nay when my trial be ended.'

Then the king took up the glove. He held it only right he should maintain the honour of his noble knights, all hardy men, and skilled in manly prowess of arms, and whom no one had overcome before.

After this began the combats, and they waged fierce and hot for many successive days, till at length Sir Patinas had conquered the mighty knights who had come forth against him, and they were all sore angered.

Whereupon the king said to Patinas,—

'God forbid that I should blame thee, sir knight, but I wot not whence comes thy strength, greater than that of knight or squire within my realm. 'Tis my turn now to test my strength with thee.'

Then stepped forth a noble squire, hight Hector, a passing good man, valiant and loyal.

'Nay, nay, my lord,' he said, 'not so; it is not right ye put the land to such peril. Render to me the gage; for, so be it ye be overcome or slain, it would cause great sorrow, the while my life availeth nought.'

The king would not at first, but the squire prevailed hard, and at last he gave him the glove, weeping sore the while.

Whereupon Hector craved a short delay from Sir Patinas, to gird him for the fight. Whereat Sir Patinas was by no means wroth; for he was wearied of encounters, small pain though they caused him.

When even was come, Hector betook him into the wood, and there he called for the kind fay Beaté, who cometh to all who call her single-hearted and who were born into the world upon May morning. Now Hector had been so born, and, being good and true, she did not deny his call, but appeared unto him. She was a woman wondrous fair, and Hector, when he beheld her, knelt down to do her homage.

'Not so,' she said, 'for my time is short. What list you of me, my son, and wherein can I serve you.'

Then out spoke Hector, and told her of all that had passed, and how Sir Patinas had overcome the knights, and how he would preserve the honour of the king.

'And I crave of you,' he cried, 'that ye would grant me a boon.'

'Name it,' she said.

'I would that ye tell me wherein lieth this knight's rare strength, and what may vanquish him.'

'It resteth in his inner doublet, under his right arm,' she made reply; 'and you must cut a square inch from out it, and wear it upon you in the encounter.'

Then said Hector,—

'Surely ye mock me.'

But she,—

'Not so; it is as I have told, and as ye yourself shall prove, if so be ye follow my words.'

Hector wended him away, pondering these words in his mind, for he knew not how he could approach the knight's doublet without his knowledge. Thinking thus he laid himself down under a tree to rest, and slept there till dawn of day. Then he arose, and bent his steps unto the stream, for he wished to bathe therein to gain vigour for the combat.

Scarce had he neared it, when he perceived Sir Patinas disporting in the clear water.

'Ah,' thought Hector, 'now is the time!' and he got him toward the place where the knight's clothes lay, and cut thence, all unperceived, the square mentioned by the fairy. Nor did he stay to examine it more closely, but thrust it into his breast, and walked away once more.

Now when the hour of rencontre was come, King Roderick was passing heavy, but Hector stepped forth boldly, for he trusted in his good cause and in the fay's advice.

And truly, when they came to meet, Sir Patinas' skill was as nought unto the youth. Soon his spear was all to-shivered, and Hector smote him through the shield into his side, so that horse and rider fell down.

Beholding which the youth alighted from his steed and came toward the knight.

'Proclaim thyself vanquished,' said he.

'Thou hast o'ercome me,' said Patinas, and his voice was feeble. 'But I pray thee tell me how that could be, and what charm thou bearest that is greater than mine?'

'None other but thine own,' quoth Hector; and he drew forth the square out of the doublet, and held it towards him. 'But for this, Sir Patinas, I, too, should have been slain through thy evil craft.'

Thereupon Hector, turning towards the king, presented him the square out of the doublet, saying,—

'Take it, my lord, this thing whereby I have conquered. I know not what it contains. Be that for you to discover.'

And the king took it and opened, and behold! the stuff enclosed an agate. Writ beneath its polished surface were the words, 'Who beareth me shall overcome.' Then Roderick returned it to the young squire, saying,—

'This thing is thine, fairly won. Wear it about thee, that thou, too, mayest become invincible.'

'Nay, not so,' he made reply. 'If by my strength of arm and skill I be unconquerable, it is well; but to resort to charms to me seemeth mean. I would naught of it.'

So, speaking, he flung the agate from him. The king was well pleased with the youth's resolve, and

praised him therefore, and for the service he had done to him he gave him the order of knighthood, whereat Hector rejoiced greatly.

As for Sir Patinas, when he was healed from his fall, he fled the land, and was heard of no more.

July.

'CLAPPER, CLAPPER.'

BEING A STORY TOLD BY A STORK.

IN the north of Germany stands an old baronial castle. It has been inhabited for generations by the heirs of the first duke, Rudolf, who obtained the castle and territory of Rudolfsburg for his valour in battle against the heathens. Ever since the castle has been built, a stork's nest has rested on one of its castellated towers. From time to time it has been repaired by successive generations of storks, while the castle has been enlarged and beautified by successive members of the family. But in each case the old foundations remain.

It was early spring; the storks had just returned from their annual Egyptian tour, when a he-stork, the only surviving member of the old family, and his young bride, retook possession of the ancestral nest.

They immediately set to work to renovate the paternal dwelling, that had suffered much from the severity of the northern winter. Soon it once more

stood complete, an erection of rushes and sticks, five feet high, comfortably lined inside with straw, hay, and feathers.

A little while, and the she-stork deposited upon this warm bed four large white eggs. Afraid lest the protection the nest afforded might not be sufficient for the young creatures whose advent was thus heralded, she seated herself upon them to protect the delicate shells with her own warm body from the bleak spring weather. Her husband, meanwhile went in search of food. At times he would relieve her from her monotonous post, and sit upon the eggs himself whenever she desired a change of position, or a rest for her cramped limbs. But this she rarely demanded, and then only for a brief space of time.

Thus she had sat, with little intermission, since three weeks. It was a bright warm day, the sun was kissing the buds into leaf, and tempting primroses and daisies above ground. A sweet balmy feeling filled the atmosphere that foretold summer sunshine.

'Clapper, clapper,' said the he-stork. He was standing sentinel on one leg before his nest, and was not insensible to the influence of the weather. At this hour too he was mostly in a good humour; his daily search for food was ended, his wife had much enjoyed the tender frogs and delicious young worms he had brought

for her dinner, so now he was able to indulge his favourite weakness of standing upon one leg, a position, in which, he flattered himself, he looked more than usually majestic and dignified.

'Clapper, clapper,' he said once more. It was his way of showing his contentment with the world in general and himself in particular.

'Clapper, clapper,' replied the wife; but her tone was not nearly so cheerful.

The fact was she was wearying of the cramped position she was forced to maintain. She complained of it to her husband.

'My poor wife,' he said, 'what more can I do to render your position less irksome? Do I not seek the fattest and tenderest of frogs for you? have I not kept you well supplied with worms and snails?'

'Clap, clapper,' she said.

That meant, 'you have, you have.'

'Then what more can I do?' he asked. 'Remember your time of trial will soon be over. Already I think the little ones show signs of creeping out of the shell.'

He put down his long red leg meditatively, and then pensively drew up the other.

'My great occupation and interest at present,' he continued, 'is—next to you, of course, my dear—to

watch the proceedings of the mortals who inhabit the castle, in one of whom I take a most tender interest.'

'Tell me about it,' said the she-stork feebly. 'Clapper, clapper. Perhaps it may amuse me; and really, my dear, in my situation, I do need some diversion; I do, indeed.'

The he-stork plumed himself, arranged his feathers daintily with his slender bill, gave a side way glance downwards, to see if his leg were well concealed under his black and white wing, then drew himself up to his full height, and said, clearing his throat,—

'Clapper, clapper. I do not doubt, my beloved wife, that you will take a lively interest in what I am about to tell you; for to make you understand all I must look back and speak of that tantalizingly delightful time when I first became acquainted with your lovely self, and was still in painful uncertainty whether you would honour me with you affection or no.'

'Clapper, clapper,' said the wife-stork. She was both interested and flattered. 'This is a subject upon which I have often wished to hear you speak,' she said shyly, 'and yet did not like asking you to do so.'

She looked modestly into the nest as she spoke, holding her head sideways, so that she could see him, though he was not aware of it.

'I would have told you earlier,' he said; 'it has

often been on the tip of my tongue; but I thought it no theme to touch upon when we were all returning in company from our winter abode. It was our own private affair, and did not concern others. I am not fond of people knowing everything about me, even though the matter may be no secret, which this is perhaps to a certain extent, and I do profoundly hate gossip. Since then we have been so busy rebuilding our nest and guarding our eggs, that I have found very little time for private conversation with you, my dear. Clapper, clapper.

'My parents and forefathers have inhabited this nest, as I have often told you, for generations past. My brothers and I were born and reared in it. Our parents brought us up strictly, though tenderly, and instructed us in the art of flying with elegance. My father was above all anxious that our movements should be rapid and yet graceful, so as to give the idea of sailing through the air. He used frequently to say that that accomplishment distinguished storks above the vulgar herd of birds, and that it would be a disgrace if we were not proficient in it, who come from an ancient family long famous for their flight. I pride myself his lessons were not lost upon me.'

The stork said this in a very complacent tone.

'Indeed they were not,' enthusiastically broke in

his wife. 'Your flight is perfect, clapper, clapper; and if I must confess, my dear, it was that which first attracted me towards you.'

'You do me too much honour, my love,' said the he-stork deprecatingly; still it was easy to perceive he was gratified. 'Clapper, clapper; to continue.

'My mother taught us fishing and hunting, in fact we were unusually well educated. One thing was strongly impressed upon us,—profound reverence for the family of Rudolfsburg. "I do not tell you," my father would say, "to love each individual member, because each one may not be worthy of affection; but I tell you to respect them as a family, as they have respected us, to tender esteem to those who deserve it, and above all to remember that for generations our presence upon this roof has brought good fortune to these mortals. I look to my children and children's children to continue this custom as far as lies within their power." I was very young at the time my father spoke these words, but happily I have remembered them, for, alas! I alone represent our family now. I have striven to keep true to our traditions, and I have had the happiness to see, within these last days, that through me some good has befallen the family, who for a long time past have been pursued by cruel misfortunes. But of that later.

'I was telling you about my youth. Clapper, clapper. Thus we were well trained and well connected. The time of the autumnal migration was drawing near. I, in particular, was getting very curious to see the land of Egypt that I heard so much about, and was watching with anxiety for the first appearance of change among the leafage, that should prove a sign for our departure. Grand autumnal manœuvres had already been held among the storks of the neighbourhood. You remember them, perhaps; it was there I first saw you, my wife. Bento, the old stork of Eiffel, had been chosen our leader, for he knew the directest way across the sea; our various powers of flight had been tested; those of our family had been highly approved, and our parents much complimented upon their training. In short all things were in readiness.

'At last the great day came. How my heart beat and fluttered, for I thought of the unknown vaunted river Nile. I thought of you who would be my companion on the journey; and I could scarcely contain myself for joy. That mad joy proved my ruin. I was blinded by it, I seemed to have lost sense and understanding for very pleasure; and when at the time appointed we all lifted our wings, with a joyous "clapper," to soar towards the meeting-place, I struck against the sharp corner of yonder turret, and fell

maimed into the courtyard below. My parents and brothers flew on; they had not perceived my sudden misadventure. I never saw them again. I have been told since that they died upon the journey, mourning for me, and wondering where I had disappeared.'

The stork was quiet for a moment. Then, 'Clip, clapper,' he said; 'I must not give way to melancholy. "What is past, is past," says Bento the wise. Clip, clapper. I had fallen into the courtyard. It was very early morning, the sun had not yet risen, there was no one stirring about the castle, and I was utterly unable to move. After some hours of agony of mind and body, I heard a window in the castle opened, and a sweet childish voice say, "Look, grandmamma! look at this poor stork. Oh may not some one go and see after him and bring him in! I am sure I saw him move just now; he is still alive. Let him be brought in, and see what you can do for him, grandmamma. Do. He must be one of the young ones out of the nest. See, it is empty. They are gone for the winter, I suppose. Perhaps his parents threw him out of it before they went away. Papa says they sometimes do so if they think any of their young ones too weak for the journey. Is it not cruel of them, grandmamma? You would never throw me out of the window, would you, dear?"

'The little head was withdrawn, and added to my other griefs I had now to suffer from this speech, for though I can understand the language of mortals I cannot speak it, and it vexed me to hear my parents so maligned. Then I remembered what my father had said about the family, and determined I would not take any prejudice against them. After all, I thought, as I lay there enduring very agonies,—after all I must only be sorry for the ignorance of these poor mortals. With the deficient education they receive, the crooked and absurd ideas they imbibe, how can they know better!

'A few moments after, I was tenderly lifted off the hard ground by two little page boys. They carried me into the castle, and laid me down upon a soft rug. In a second the little sunny head of the child was beside me. Next to her stood the elderly dame she called grandmamma.

'"Make room for me, Rosie," she said, in a rich deep voice. "Let me come there, child. I must find out what ails the poor bird."

'She bent tenderly above me, and her soft hands passed over my body. When she found it was my leg that was broken, she sent Rosie to fetch her some rags, and bound up my wound herself. Though the pain was intense, I never uttered the faintest "clapper." She

was so gentle and good; it seemed to distress her so much to cause me suffering. Rosie cried all the while, yet could not be induced to go away. For some days after I was very ill, and added to my illness, I suffered in mind from intense disappointment at remaining behind in Germany; not to speak of the pangs of jealousy I felt at the thought that some other young stork might be making himself agreeable to you on the journey. During this time it was Rosie herself who fed and tended me. Her care of me was touching.

'After a while I grew better, and suffered less pain. I then began to keep my eyes and understanding well open, in order that if I learned there was any trouble in this family that I or any of mine could alleviate, my father's wish might be carried out. Besides, it was my own wish now to serve the child and her stately grandmamma, who had both been so full of compassionate kindness to me. As yet I had perceived nothing I could do, and was growing quite despondent on the subject. One afternoon, when I was absorbed in these thoughts, and testing at the same time the slowly returning strength of my leg, the duke, Rosie's father, came into the room. It was the first time I had seen him. He was a spare tall man, with a saddened air. Though early autumn it happened to be an unusually

mild day. I was lying in an artificial nest which had been prepared for me upon the terrace that ran along before the rooms of the little countess, and as the windows were open I was able to see and hear all that passed.

'"Good-morrow, grandmàmma," I heard the duke say, in a subdued tone of voice that befitted his sad mien; "I have come to speak to you of Rosie."

'He sighed as he spoke, and seated himself upon a low stool. The old lady sighed also.

'"She grows much like her mother," was all the answer she made.

'The duke raised his eyes inquiringly to her face.

'"You do not mean to break to me——" he faltered; "surely you do not mean to say——oh my little Rosie!" he burst out passionately, "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, do you indeed think that not one of my children will survive me? Have I not laid a wife, four stalwart sons, three rosy maidens into the grave, and must my last blossom fade before my very eyes?"

'He folded his hands upon his sword-hilt, and bent his face upon them. Neither spoke. I could not quite understand the drift of the conversation, but I saw they were both very sad, and I then remembered that that day I had not seen Rosie. Surely nothing had happened to the child!

'"I do not think, indeed I do not, that you need alarm yourself so deeply, my son," at last spoke the old countess, "though it is but too natural. Indeed I am blaming you for what I also do myself, knowing the sad experience we have both gone through. We trust she will get well, and that this likeness to her mother is nothing to cause us to fear for her the same cruel disease. The doctor bids us be hopeful; for the little one's sake we must try to be so."

'Again a dead pause.

'"Tell me," at last said the duke, and he lowered his voice somewhat as he spoke, and glanced cautiously about him; "tell me, mother, has it ever occurred to you—just as a wild sort of imagination, a sort of dread—that in all the continued misfortunes that pursue me and mine, in the small likelihood there seems that I shall leave an heir behind me, that any but natural influences are at work? Are there not means known by the wicked of causing decay to the frame, so like the decay of nature that even a practised eye mistakes them? Can you—do you ever fancy——I cannot speak mother. You understand. There is my brother Charles; he has five sons in whose path my children have stood—my Rosie stands."

'"Hush! hush!" said the old countess. She had grown deadly pale. "Remember he is your brother.

You have no facts to lay hold on. This is a terrible accusation."

'"I will try not to think it. It would be too dreadful to believe it. No doubt I have been thus pursued by evil fate for some wise purpose."

'The duke rose to go; his mother followed him. For several days afterwards I saw no one of the family, and was left in painful uncertainty as to whether the child was alive or dead. The page-boy brought my food at the usual hours; so in the midst of their grief, of whatever kind, the family had not forgotten me. I could not ask after the well-being of my little benefactor. Oh what would I have given then for human speech!

'During this time I had grown quite well again, and was feeling myself strong enough to leave, and commence my flight southwards. I did not like, however, to go from the castle without once more seeing a member of the family, so deferred my departure from day to day. I am glad I did, for one afternoon, it was cold but sunny, the page-boys came, and carried me and my nest inside the room where I had first been brought. I could not understand why, until a few seconds after, little Rosie came into the room leaning on her grandmamma's arm. She looked pale, and notwithstanding the many warm wraps that enveloped her, I could see she had grown very thin.

'"My little girl, how glad I am you are well again," said the old countess cheerily. "See, I have had the poor stork brought in here to welcome you back also to your sitting-room, as you wished. But I must warn you, he is well again I think, and will no doubt soon be leaving us."

'The child knelt down beside me as she had done the first day I came, and put her little arms round my neck. What a changed pinched face it was!

'"I am sorry he must leave us, grandmamma," she said, half to the old lady, half to me; "but I am glad, so glad he is well again. I know what it is to have been in pain and to feel better." As she spoke, the tears came into her eyes, and one fell on my neck.

'Oh what would I not have given to comfort the child! I spoke my gentlest clapper, clapper, and rubbed my beak against her; but, alas! she could not understand my language. Still even my dumb sympathy seemed to please her.

'That was the last I saw of Rosie. She stayed in the room a few short hours, then complained of fatigue, and her grandmother led her back into her chamber, saying, in a pleased tone, that she was certainly improving, and was sure to get well soon.

'With this pleasant assurance still ringing in my ears, I left the castle at day-break next morning. You know

what happened after this—how I arrived in Egypt; how, after learning the sad fate of my family I sought you; how we became betrothed, and what blissful hours we spent together on the banks of the Nile. I was so happy to find you had not forgotten me, and that you would be mine. I must confess I almost ceased to be anxious about the ducal family.

'"That was very ungrateful of me," you say; "that but for them, I should never have flown again!"

'True, my love; but it was your fault that I was thus neglectful in thought, not mine. Had you not been so utterly enchanting, I could never have been so self-absorbed.'

'Clapper, clapper,' said the she-stork. 'My dear, it almost seems to me as if we were renewing our honey-moon. But go on, pray, for I am much interested in your story.'

'Well, to go on. As the time drew near for our return to the north, I began to wonder if there were anything I could take back to little Rosie that would give her pleasure, or do her good.'

'Clapper, clap, clapper,' interrupted the she-stork, in a jubilant tone; 'clip, clip, clap, clapper; I know what is coming now. At last I am to learn about the jewel you wore round your neck during our return home.'

'And about which, I would never satisfy your curiosity

before; because I told you it was a long story that would not bear cutting short, and which, besides, I did not care for the whole stork-tribe to hear. Exactly. Now listen.

'I had heard that the Arabs were learned in medicine; that they know talismans and spells undreamed of in more northern lands, with which to ward off disease; and I determined to possess myself of some of these, to do good to that pale German child, and so render her father happier. One day I was soaring above the narrow streets of Cairo, when I beheld, on one of the flat roofs of the houses, a company of Arab merchants who were busy chaffering their wares. I alighted behind the group unperceived, and listened to their conversation. They were jewellers, and a bright collection of pretty stones was spread out before them. An old Arab was holding a dark red gem in his hand, and was eagerly explaining its virtues. "It is a lovely stone," he said; "quite perfect in shape and colour. The setting is bad, you say; that is true; but it can soon be changed, by taking it out of this heart-shaped piece of gold. No doubt it has been worn as a talisman; witness the green string. It is attached to the colour of hope; for rubies, as perhaps you know, possess two great virtues: they make the person who wears them to remember nc more the vexations caused by friendship or love; and they preserve from poison, discovering it wherever it

exists, by a change of colour from this lovely red to a deep black."

'I stayed to hear no more, but leaned forwards and hastily snatched the gold heart from the man's fingers. I felt I had indeed gained a prize; for if the duke's worst suspicions had foundation, here was the remedy. You know how I hung the heart round my neck, and brought it safely hither. My next difficulty was how to present my gift, and how to explain to the old countess

CLAPPER, CLAPPER.

its wondrous properties. I found the first easier than I expected; for we had hardly returned, our first joyous

clapper, clapper, had scarcely resounded through the air, than I saw little Rosie's window open, and her happy face peep out.

'"Grandmamma," she cried gleefully, "the storks have come back. It is our own stork, I think, and another one. Now the spring will come. Oh, how delightful!"

'I felt as happy as the child to see her so well and joyful. With a rapid swing, I flew to the open window, laid my offering before her, and returned to our nest. I could hear her calling out—"Grandmamma, papa, come here; see what the stork has brought me home."

'I saw them all admire the gem; heard the duke call it a fine ruby, of splendid fire (what he meant by that I do not know); and saw it hung by a golden chain round Rosie's neck.

'"May I wear it always," she asked, "as a remembrance of my poor stork?"

'"Yes, always, if you like," was the answer. And it was that I was so glad to hear; for as I could not explain to them its marvellous properties, it was well the child should have the stone always about her, then it could not fail to do its work.

'Once safely in Rosie's keeping, I dismissed all further thought about the ruby. We were just busy building our nest; then came the eggs, and my daily catering expeditions; so I have not had much time for reflec-

tion. I knew the child was well, because I saw her about daily, and as Duke Charles and his sons had been absent all the winter, there was no danger to apprehend from them, even were the father's fears founded.

'Yesterday my attention was once more fully given to Rosie; and I am happy to say that I have fulfilled my father's wish. I have benefited this family; for I have become the saviour of Rosie's life, as she was once of mine. Clapper.

'It was when I was out in the meadow at the end of the flower-garden, close by the pond, where I always catch the finest frogs. Rosie was playing about in the garden, one of the few places where she is allowed to be alone. She was running after butterflies and picking flowers. I could see her well from where I stood fishing; and it gave me pleasure to watch her sweet innocent happiness. She had seated herself upon one of the terrace steps, making a daisy chain, when a man, whom I soon recognised as Duke Charles, came up beside her.

'Curiosity impelled me to go nearer. The little girl, who was absorbed in her daisy-chain, did not observe her uncle's approach.

'"Rosie," he called out; "little one, don't you see me? Welcome your uncle, child. I have not seen any one as yet. You are the first person I meet."

'At the sound of his voice—how I hated it!—the child

sprang up, and all the daisies tumbled from her lap on to the terrace steps.

'"How you startled me, Uncle Charles," she said laughingly; "I did not know you would be here so soon." And she held up her pretty mouth for a kiss. "Papa will be so pleased to see you. Shall I take you in to him."

'"Thank you, little one; I think I can find my way alone though; I must not disturb the making of that wreath. Stay, though; I may as well give you at once a little packet of cakes I have brought for you. They were holding a fair at one of the villages I passed through, and I bought them there, thinking their odd shapes might amuse you. Look, here is a king and a queen, and here is a little girl, all cut out of gingerbread. You can safely eat them; they will do you no harm."

'"Oh, thank you, Uncle Charles; you are very kind. I suppose I may eat them, as you say so, without asking grandmamma's leave?"

'"Certainly, child." The answer was needlessly snappish, I thought. He was moving towards the castle, when he caught sight of a lovely damask rose that grew close by. It was one of the first that had bloomed this year.

'"What a spendid-flower," he said. "Give me that namesake of yours, will you, little one?"

'The child sprang forward to grant his request; but the shrub was tough; there were many thorns upon it; and when at last she caught hold of the flower, her slender strength hardly permitted her to break it from the bough. In her struggle, she entangled her gold chain; and when, with a final tug, the rose passed from its hold, the bough, in springing back drew the chain with it; it snapped asunder, and my gift rolled to the ground. Rosie looked round pleadingly to her uncle for help. He had moved away; and was just entering the castle, having seemingly forgotten all about his wish for the flower. The angry colour mounted into the child's cheeks. Then she began to cry at sight of her broken chain, and to seek anxiously for the locket. For some time she could not find it; but when she did so at last, she cried more bitterly than before.

'"My ruby has turned black," I could hear her say. "Oh my lovely gem is spoilt." Gathering up the cakes and daisies in her skirt, she hurried off to the house.

'I knew she would go to the room so familiar to me, so I flew after, and was perched upon the terrace outside before she had even got indoors.

'"Grandmamma," she called out breathlessly as she came in. "Oh, grandmamma, such a misfortune!"

'"What is it?" said the countess, turning very white.

'"My ruby, my beautiful ruby, grandmamma. Uncle Charles made me do it. It has turned black."

'At mention of that name the old lady's colour grew yet more ashy. With difficulty she at last extracted from the child a connected account of the affair, then she asked for the cakes, laid them near the ruby, and was silent some time. I wondered whether a faint clapper, clapper, from me would bring the countess on the right track. I ventured one: it did its work.

'"It is well you did not touch those cakes, Rosie, they are not wholesome. Uncle Charles could not know that when he said you might eat them."

'Her voice faltered as she spoke what she was only too afraid was an untruth.

'"And it is this good ruby that has found this out for you. Whenever anything is not good for you it will always change its colour I fancy; you may safely trust it in the future."

'"Clip, clip, clapper," I broke in loudly.

'"Why there is the dear stork who brought it," cried Rosie. "Thank you, kind bird; thank you once more, many, many times, for this useful gift. I shall always ask the ruby first before I eat anything, mustn't I grandmamma? And then I shall never be unwell."

'"Clapper, clapper," I said; and oh, my love, I felt and do feel so happy that they know the stone's worth at last.

'The old countess was crying when Rosie turned away from the window; the child could not think why, and inquired several times the cause of her grief. As for me, why I divined it, you can well think. See, there goes Rosie down there; that is she, —the little girl in the straw hat. And here too, if I am not much mistaken, is the head of our eldest born, working his way out of the shell. We must bring up our children with reverence for the family, wife. It is well for both. Why, see, the sun is near upon setting. Have I shortened the weary hours for you somewhat this afternoon? Why, that is well. Clip, clapper. Then my time and trouble have not been wasted. But it is fatiguing work, telling a story, love; I don't think I shall ever tell another. When the children are old enough to be informed, you can repeat to them what I have said. You women can manage that better. Clapper, clap; my throat feels quite dry. I must go down to the pond and refresh myself with a draught of water and a few young frogs. Ta, ta, my love; I shall be back soon.

'Don't say I am not an attentive husband,' he called back, as he sailed gracefully away.

The castle of Rudolfsburg still stands, though it has been much altered since that time, and there is still a stork's nest upon one of its castellated towers. But whether it is the same nest, and whether its inmates are descendants from this stork pair, I should be afraid to vouch. What I can assure you is that little Rosie lived to a good old age, and that the present inmates of the castle are her descendants.

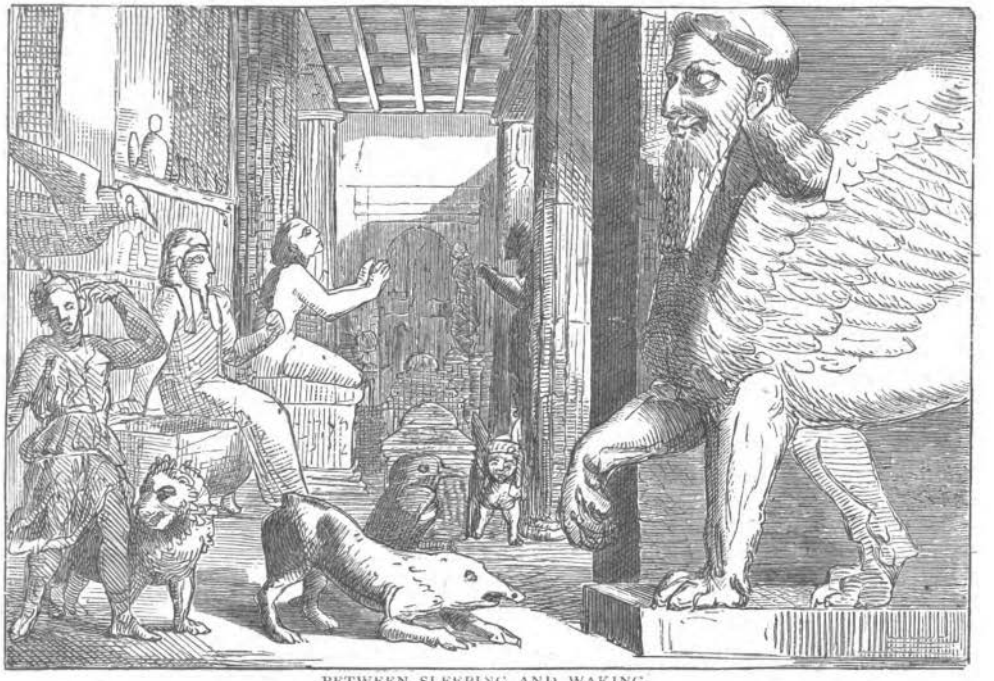
Some day, if you go into that part of Germany, you can see the castle, the terrace, and the stork's nest, but what became of the cakes, or whether you can still see them, I do not know.

August.

BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING.

THE dead stillness of night, that is nowhere more awful than in those strange depositories of the thought, work, and care of all ages, and all nations, reigned in the British Museum. It is then that life returns to the manifold objects it encloses.

The huge megatherium shakes his bones with laughter at the arrogance of the monuments of Nineveh, who are imposing upon the Greek statues by declaring that they are the oldest things extant. The walrus is relating to all who will listen of the beauty of icebergs, the delights of the cold, and how pleasant it is to lie basking on the snow when the Arctic sun shines brightly. The lion, meanwhile, angrily contends that his parched desert home is a far better dwelling-place. 'If we do not have the sun to shine for us at midnight,' he would say sarcastically, 'at least it shines for us every day; that is more than you can boast. So there.' With which exclamation the lion invariably ended his



BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING.

oration for the night. He was not much given to talking.

Indeed it is a good thing some loved quiet, for such a chatting, buzzing, laughing, and wrangling, in various tongues and voices was surely never known before within the walls of one place. The only marvel is that any connected speech was heard amid the din.

The greatest peace was in the Gold Ornament Room. The jewels held vulgar chattering beneath their dignity, and when they spoke it was never above a low and musical whisper. On this particular night some excitement prevailed, for there was a new-comer among them, who, according to a good old custom, was bound to relate the story of his life to the assembled inmates, thus establishing his claim to be one of their circle, and enabling the gems to fix his social status within their small but most exclusive community.

The stranger, a fine Sardonyx, seemed to have some hesitation in beginning his story. Not until he had been repeatedly warned that with the approach of the morning sun death and silence would once more reign among the inmates of the Museum, that he must tell his story now, or be regarded as an outsider for ever after, was he at length induced to break the silence.

A hush came over the gems, when at last, in a low, dreamy voice, the Sardonyx spoke.

'If the narration I am now about to hold could have been spared me only a few weeks,' he began, 'I should have been inexpressibly thankful to you all. From a sleep of years—how many I know not—I have only within the last few months returned to consciousness, and that so slowly that I am still often puzzled whether I am awake or no. But as you will it, I must obey. I can only crave your pardon if the story of my life is told in less orderly fashion than I would fain have given it to you. My unwillingness to speak arose only from this circumstance, and not from any desire to keep you uninformed as to who and what I am.'

'Grant him a respite,' called out a bumptious little Amethyst, who dated from a late period of art, and was little regarded in the community. 'Let him be silent as long as he wishes, so that we may have a more amusing story. Do. I am sure it would be quite worth while.'

'Silence,' sternly called out one of the veterans; 'ancient customs must be followed, no matter at what cost. And pray, remember, all of you, that whoever again breaks the thread of this discourse is proscribed from among us. Proceed,' he said, turn-

ing to the Sardonyx; 'and pardon, I beg, this most uncourteous interruption.'

The Sardonyx had not been wholly sorry for the respite; it had given him time to collect more courage, and he continued with greater vigour than he had at first displayed.

'With your leave,' he said, 'I must begin my story from the time I once again came to life, for if I do not, recollections crowd too fast upon me, and I lose myself in a maze of then and now.

'It must have been some months ago when, in one of the London suburbs, some labourers were busily at work constructing a drain. While tearing up the ground with a pickaxe, one of them chanced upon something that sounded metallic, and to his surprise, turned up part of a Roman shield. Then seeking with his hands for finer treasure,—he was an intelligent man, and appeared to understand that he had disinterred something of interest,—he came upon myself, at that time still imbedded in a fibula.

'With the first glimpse of the sunshine my long lost consciousness returned to me; but I felt dazed, I did not know where I was, nor whence I came. Until slowly, very slowly, my memory reawoke, and there came over my mind the last scene I had witnessed.

'It was a fierce battle, fought by the Romans, under my owner's leadership, against a barbarous people, who dyed their bodies blue, dressed in skins of beasts, and called themselves Britons. Hot and angry waged the fray; the barbarians made a gallant resistance; but in the end Roman arms carried the day, though not without great loss of life.

'The last thing I can remember distinctly, was feeling my master struck down by a heavy log of wood. The blow severed the fibula from his shoulder, and I rolled along the ground until I fell into a deep pond, and here my memory of that time ceases. The next thing I was fully conscious of was the making of that drain.

'The labourer who had disinterred me called some gentlemen around who at once correctly guessed my Roman origin. They also said that a tradition was extant of a great battle fought on this spot between the invaders and the ancient Britons, and that these exhumed matters must have become buried at that time.

'Had they not thus positively affirmed that this spot was indeed the veritable scene of that great battle, I should not have believed it.

'Listen, and tell me if it can indeed be possible.

'Where there was nothing but wilderness there

stand rows of houses, more closely hedged together than those of the Roman Suburra; where only naked barbarians were seen, strangely clad men and women walk, in streets better kept than those of the great city. The whole aspect is that of civilization.

'I had to ask myself many times, can these things indeed be? Can a people become so changed as to erect alone, unaided by the Romans, so fine a pile as this we now inhabit, when formerly mud huts were the most they could build?

'Ah well! I have witnessed many strange scenes in the course of a long life; still none, I think, as strange as this.

'All these matters set me thinking, and while the gentlemen were discussing my value, hazarding many conjectures upon the meaning of my intaglio, my age and ancient use—some correct, some grossly false—my thoughts went backwards, and I once more lived through my life, and as I reviewed it, so I will tell it to you.

'It must have been early in the world's history, when a rushing mountain torrent, swollen by the melting snows of the Himalaya, tore me away from my native rock, and carried me down to the sea-shore. It deposited me safely upon a shelf of pebbles just beyond high-water mark, but destroyed its own exist-

ence by tumbling wildly into the bosom of the all-absorbing, restless ocean.

'On this bed I must have lain for what men call centuries. As we stones keep no count of time, I do not know how long it was. I only know that it was an undisturbed, peaceful existence, and that to me there was a kind of strange satisfaction in daily hearing the sea roar and hiss within a short distance of my dwelling-place, yet quite unable to harm or reach me.

'The next event of my life was being picked up by an Indian youth, who was roaming the shore seeking for pebbles.

'"A sardonyx," he cried, raising me; "and what a fine one! All three layers clearly marked. Here is a find indeed, for beyond doubt I shall obtain a goodly sum for it. Above all if I can chance upon some lovesick bridegroom who can present it to his beloved. For everybody knows that sardonyx ensures conjugal affection, and who would not pay a good price for that!"

'Laughing merrily, the youth flung me into a sack that hung from his shoulder, and proceeded with his search.

'When the sack was pretty well filled with all manner of stones, he went homewards. Arrived at his hut,

he spread the proceeds of his day's work before him. Singling me out as the most precious, he began to manipulate me in various ways; rubbing, grinding, and torturing me in such a manner, that for the next few days I endured very agonies, beyond description terrible. Nor did it diminish my sufferings that the more intense they grew, the more my tormentor seemed to delight in inflicting them on me.

'"Superb, magnificent!" he would often exclaim. "How splendidly it bears the polish, and what a fine stone it proves itself!"

'How well I bore it, indeed! If the wretch could but be polished himself! was my only and earnest wish.

'At last my sufferings came to a climax. The monster bored a hole straight through my whole being. I thought I should have died. That I ever lived through it seemed a marvel to me then. Since that time I have endured much in cuts from human hands, and have, I believe, grown almost callous, for age renders the body blunt.

'With this last proceeding my troubles were however ended for a while. The youth slipped a piece of fine gold wire through this hole, and then left me alone to plague his other stones.

'I soon struck up a warm friendship with this gold'

wire. We were both sprung from the same primal home, and could therefore exchange much conversation and reminiscence. Besides, we were both captives, deformed by human hands from our natural aspect.

'Not long, however, did we enjoy an undisturbed existence; for when the youth had tortured another sardonyx as he had done me, and had strung it also upon the golden wire, he placed us both in a pouch that hung from his side, and set off upon a journey.

'We were carried to a town, where a market was being held. My master uttered a curious cry, to show that he had something for sale; and as all the other persons present did the same thing, the din was tremendous.

'I remember that scene perfectly. The market was held in the courtyard of a magnificent palace of most strange architecture, built of marble and red stone in alternate layers. Its shape was quadrangular, high minarets flanked its sides. The roofs were terraced, and adorned with the loveliest flowers. From the appearance of the exterior, I should judge that its inside must have been superb. Men and youths, so slightly clad that their lithe brown figures were distinctly visible, crowded the square, proclaiming their wares, while others, gorgeously appareled, examined and bought them.

'A splendidly attired man came up to where my master stood.

'"And what have you for sale, Carma?" he asked.

'"Fine sardonyx earrings, my lord Sáradwata. Most lovely earrings, fit for India's fairest daughter. Will my lord look upon them? See; this is a perfect gem, most perfect in all respects." And he pointed to me.

'"They are truly beautiful," answered the great man. "But what should I do with earrings, Carma?"

'"Sardonyx causes happy marriages, my lord; and surely my lord knows some lovesick youth who would pay a few gold coins for that."

'"Hi, Naja," called the magnate to an aristocratic looking young man, who was crossing the square at that moment. "Come hither; here is your man. For I will swear you are at this instant seeking some love gift to lay at your Priyanwada's feet."

'Naja blushed, and obeyed the summons.

'In a few seconds a bargain was struck, and I was bought from my tormentor for a large sum of gold.

'Great was the pleasure of the young bride when she received the gift. From that day, until the day of her death, I and my comrade hung from her delicate brown ears. Whether we brought happiness into their household, or whether it would have come without us, I cannot say. Certain it is, that a happier

or more loving pair than Naja and Priyanwada I never knew.

'After many years of unclouded happiness Naja died, and according to Indian custom the wife must die also. My poor mistress, Priyanwada, was burnt. Before the awful ceremony she took her earrings from her ears, and gave them, with many tears and sighs, to her steward, charging him to take them to her sister in a distant town, as a last gift from one who was no more.

'The man obeyed, but he was careless; while looking on at some show that was being held in a hamlet he traversed, I was stolen from his pouch. The thief at once recognised my value, and was not a little pleased with his own villany. He sold me to a foreigner who had been for some time past haunting the Indian towns in search of gems, and he both demanded and obtained an exorbitant sum for my possession.

'Alas! I only gained a new tormentor in this stranger. He took me across the land and the sea, a very long, long way, until he came to Italy, and it was here my tortures recommenced. I was parted from my friendly gold wire, I was cut, engraved upon, chiseled, I do not know what besides, except that I suffered keenly, and that when I was finished my new master called

me a fine intaglio, mounted me within a fibula, and once more I was sold for a high price. Curiously enough I again became a marriage gift, for my latest purchaser, a noble Roman, had bought me for his young wife, Sybilla. They had quarreled that day, and I was intended as a gift of reconciliation.

'"Let this, our first, be our only quarrel, love," he said, as he gave the fibula to his wife. "Sardonyx ensures wedded happiness, the Indians say. Let it ensure ours. May we never dispute again."

'"I trust we never may," she replied.

'They never did. Three weeks after that day, the fair Sybilla was no more. A sickness that raged in Rome carried her off in the bloom of her nineteen years, in the heyday of her life.

'Her husband was wild with grief. For a long while nothing could draw him from his sorrow. The news of Cæsar's triumph in Gaul first roused his interest, and he determined to join the great general's legion, more from a desire to deaden his sad thoughts than from warlike ardour. He had not long entered the army before Cæsar undertook the conquest of Britain. Then came that fierce battle that I spoke of before, when I rolled from my master's shoulder, where he had worn me since the day his dearest one had breathed her last.'

Once more the Sardonyx paused.

'There is little more for me to tell,' he said at length. 'That long time of unconsciousness followed of which I have spoken before. The workman who found me took me to the lord of the manor, and for some time I remained in his English home, and was exhibited to all who visited him as a curiosity and treasure.

'But before I had time to learn much of his home life, and to compare it with those very different ones I had known, I was again transported, this time to come here. And here I hope I may remain in peace until——'

What that limit of time might be, the Sardonyx was not able to tell. For the first streak of the morning sun had glanced into the room, and with its light the nocturnal gift of speech was ended.

September.

KEPT FROM DESPAIR.

'WHEN I was a little boy,' said my grandfather, 'I was apprenticed to a jeweller. He had not by any means a grand establishment; on the contrary, it was a tiny place where very little business was done except exchanging and pawning. Indeed, but for this branch of his trade, I don't know how the old man could have subsisted; even so it was a hard pinch for him to make both ends meet. My work was of a varied nature; it combined errand-boy and shopman. The master was as kind a man as ever breathed. Often and often, when we sat alone in the back parlour on winter evenings, he would tell me all about gold and silver and precious stones; where they were found, how polished and manipulated. Ay, and he knew many a quaint old legend about them too; how each month had a particular gem attached to it, which possessed a distinctive attribute, and how these said gems were supposed to influence the destiny of the person born within that month. I could listen enrapt for

hours to his queer stories. He would often say that there was poetry in every profession if we would but open our eyes to it. Certainly, he made me see the poetry in mine, though it is one too often identified with avarice and greed, and I thank the old man's memory for the many happy hours he has caused me.'

My grandfather, as he spoke, raised his eyes to the blue sky above our heads, and doffed his black velvet skull-cap reverently.

'Grandfather,' I said, scrambling upon his knee, 'tell me one of those stories.'

'I will tell you one I heard myself, Georgie. If you don't believe I heard it, you can leave it alone. I shall always persist I did. But that does not matter. Listen:—

My master had often told me that at night, after we were all gone to bed, the jewels below would hold converse together. Particularly the pawned jewellery was very talkative; it had had more experience than the new. Now I dearly wanted to overhear one of these conversations. So one night, when the master was snoring loudly, I slipped down stairs and laid myself on the counter, close by the drawer where the secondhand jewels were kept. I hoped they had not

heard me come, for I felt convinced they would not speak before a stranger. I don't think they could have heard me, for when I got down, the whole shop was full of such a buzzing and chattering that I really began to despair, and feared that among all this gossip I should not be able to listen to a connected conversation.

At last, however, by dint of applying my ear resolutely to this particular drawer, I could distinguish what was passing.

It's your turn now,' I heard a tiny voice say. 'You are the latest comer; we demand that every one who enters here should account for himself. I have been in pawn off and on twenty years now; I begin to despair of ever being permanently redeemed. If I should be, I shall edit my memoirs. I have heard most interesting things during the time of my imprisonments.'

'I can well believe that,' I heard a timid voice reply; 'your experience must be vast indeed. I am sure we should all be better entertained if you would tell us one of your adventures, than if I——'

'Contempt of rules!' cried the first voice. 'It is written in chapter i., section 1, "that every new comer here must pay tribute for shelter and companionship." "Contempt of these rules," says chapter iv., section

8, "is punished with exclusion." Such offender is not considered as one of us. Is it not so, friends?'

'It is as the Diamond says,' cried the chorus of voices.

'You had better not be refractory, but obey,' said another voice. 'Tell how you came here, who brought you, how you were brought, and the scenes you have lived through among mortals.'

'Yes; speak, relate,' said the Diamond. 'Why should you hesitate? Surely the honour of having your story printed in my memoirs must repay you for any little trouble the recital may give.'

'But I am so insignificant,' pleaded the stone. 'I am not of worth like all of you others. Indeed, it is doubtful whether I even belong to the category of precious stones. I do not distress myself about that. I have been much loved in my time, and that was happiness enough for me.'

'There you have it,' cried the Diamond in an irritated tone of voice; 'much loved in his day!' He has lived through something, and he won't relate. Oh my friends, his exclusion won't satisfy me. I must know this story too, or I shall turn dim; indeed, indeed, I shall. I feel it coming on already. Ah, me! I shall turn dim. I'm dimming!'

'Relate,' cried all the stones, 'relate. Do not you see how the Diamond suffers?'

'I will try my best,' said the timid voice.

A hum of satisfaction passed through the drawer.

'He will try his best,' repeated the Diamond. 'Ruby and Sapphire, my friends, let me lean against you, while I listen to our young friend's recital. Begin,' he commanded graciously. 'But first tell us your name, for I have never seen your like among us before.'

'I told you,' said the voice, 'that my claim to be among you is slight indeed, and that but few recognise me as a gem. My name is Chrysolite. I will not weary you with an account of my babyhood, of how I was found and polished. Enough that I had not long passed out of my raw state, before a gentleman came into the shop where I was exposed for sale. He was accompanied by a young girl. I could see them from where I lay, and I thought I had never beheld any one so lovely before. I had not much experience of women then; I have had more since, and I know now, with a ripened judgment, that I was not wrong in thinking her a perfect beauty.'

'Describe her,' said the Diamond. 'Descriptions of beauty give interest to a book. If you have an object at heart, every circumstance of life must aid it. My book is *my* object.'

'I will try,' said the Chrysolite, 'though I now find it difficult, after knowing her for years and years, after

seeing all the changes of her face, and learning to know all its expressions, to recall my first impression.'

'This story promises to be interesting,' whispered the Diamond; and I think he must have nudged one of the stones next him, for I heard a little click.

'She was tall and slightly made,' proceeded the speaker; 'her features were not regular, but they were clearly cut, and her whole face bespoke sweetness. She was looking well and happy on this particular afternoon, and a shy becoming blush overspread her face, as the young man said to the shopkeeper: "Show me some rings; I want one to fit this lady."

'They had just become engaged, those two; and she felt shy, and yet unutterably happy, in her new position.

'A case full of rings was produced. There were all manner of stones among them—diamonds, pearls, sapphires, emeralds.

'The young man mustered them with a rapid glance.

'"I do not see what I want," he said.

'"What do you want, sir?" asked the shopman. "We have a large selection, and shall, I feel sure, be able to satisfy you."

'"I want rather an uncommon stone," he said; "a chrysolite."

'"We very rarely set those into rings, sir; they are neither very pretty nor very becoming."

'"That does not matter; I wish for one. Then you cannot serve me," he said, giving his arm to the lady, and preparing to leave the shop.

'"Oh, we have such stones," said the shopman, "and if you desire it, of course we can set one in any way you like. Here is an uncommonly fine specimen," he went on, producing me.

'How I hoped the gentleman would buy me! How delighted I was when he ordered me to be set, and what a flutter of excitement I was in when I was packed in a neat ring-case, and taken to my destination! I had been placed in the same filigree setting in which you see me now.'

'Very interesting and curious,' said the Diamond; 'very. Go on.'

'Geoffrey—that was the young man's name—opened the box that enclosed me. He and his betrothed were alone together in a pretty little parlour that opened out upon a garden; she was sitting close by the window. He came and knelt down beside her, holding me in his hand.

'"The ring I ordered has come," he said; and he took her left hand in his, and slipped me upon the third finger, and then he kissed the small white hand.

'"With this ring," he said solemnly, "I make you

mine for ever. This trinket must serve as a memento of our engagement when I am far away. I feel, in placing it upon your finger, as if we already stood before the altar and plighted our vows. You are mine, mine only; are you not?" he asked tenderly.

'She did not answer him, but laid her disengaged hand softly upon his head.

'"Tell me," she said at last, "why you have chosen this odd stone for our betrothal ring, and were so determined to have no other?"

'"For the sake of an ancient superstition," he replied, "which holds that each month has a precious stone sacred to it. You were born in September; it was September last year when we first met, and this is September in which we have plighted our troth. Thus we are both doubly and trebly pledged to the month, and the chrysolite is its representative. Besides," he went on, and his voice faltered somewhat, "it is held that a chrysolite preserves its wearer from all despair. A seafaring profession is one of much danger; alas the more! and I would that this ring should calm all your fears, prevent you from feeling alarm should I be absent beyond my term, and, above all, cause you to rely implicitly upon my unalterable love, even should unforeseen events come between us.

'"But why do I speak so sadly?" he cried, mastering

his agitated tone. "I am only mentioning possibilities I wish to ward against. No evil shall or will arise between us; we love so truly, our love will, our love must, overcome all obstacles. My profession is not more dangerous after all than that of many a land-lubber. With God's help, I shall make this journey with success, and return as captain of a vessel to claim you."

'He laughed gaily, and she smiled too, though the tears were falling down her face.

'"You will often look at it, and think of me?" he asked.

'"I shall think of you always," she answered. "I shall never despair of your well-being, or doubt your love, unless—unless——"

'She broke down fairly this time, and wept upon his shoulder.

'"No unless," he answered, "for the stone will do its work. Come, let us not dim the short time we have left with vague forebodings."

'She dried her tears, and they chatted merrily. Oh, I cannot remember half they said, nor all the plans they made for the future: how he should be back in a year to claim her; how he would take her with him on his voyages; what strange lands and peoples she should see; and how happy, oh, how happy, they would be together.

'The entrance of Ada's mother ended their day-dreaming.

'A few days after this, Geoffrey came to say good-bye. It was a sad, bitter parting. After he had left, Ada bore up better than I had dared to hope. It was perhaps my influence, though I was unconscious of it.'

'No doubt,' said the Diamond; 'of course. Why, that's what you're good for. Go on. How tedious you are. At this rate we shall never get to the end; and I am most impatient to hear the conclusion of your story.'

'There is little to tell after this,' resumed the Chrysolite; 'very little indeed. Alas! for my young mistress. Day after day went by; occasionally letters arrived from her beloved: they came rarely, and with great irregularity. He could only write when touching at some port. She counted the days till he could return. Often and often, when the wind howled round the house at night, and there was news of storms, shipwrecks, and disasters at sea, I saw Ada's mother look anxiously at her daughter to see if it disquieted her. It did not; she had no fear. Full of confidence in her love, she never doubted his return; she never realized that any evil fate could separate them. She was always cheerful, always looking forward to his return, always speaking of him. And when at last months passed, and no

letters came, and her mother's brow grew clouded, and her look anxious, even then Ada would say, "He could not write, perhaps;" or, "He had no time;" or, "He would come in some day to surprise them." Never a word of fear or anxiety passed her lips.

'I think for a long while her mother fancied her calmness was only assumed to save her pain; but after a time she could not be blind to the fact that it was genuine. Days, months, years sped by. No word came from Geoffrey; no sign of return. Ada's mother inquired of the ship's owners; the vessel had not been heard of for years, they said. The mother broke the news gently to her daughter; and still she did not despair. "Perhaps they had drifted out of their course," she said, "or were trading between distant ports. Geoffrey would come back to her; of that she was sure."

'The mother shook her head. Surely long suspense had not weakened her daughter's brain! For her part, the good old lady took the matter to heart; and I think it shortened her life.

'Meanwhile Ada's beauty had faded somewhat from the perfection in which I had first beheld it. Other suitors had wooed her, but she had refused them all indignantly. "How dared they ask her!" she demanded. "She was betrothed, her intended was away at sea; but he would soon be back, and then they

would be married." Her mother pressed her to accept some of her many offers. The old lady felt her approaching end, and thought of her child's position in the world,—alone, and in bad circumstances; for they lived upon a pension that ceased with her life.

'After her mother's death, Ada quitted the house, and took lodgings in the little town. She grew old and grey; her beauty faded, her sight grew dim. But still, day by day she kissed my surface as she had done long ago, saying to herself, "Geoffrey will come back yet; I know he will." She said so till she died.

'No one was related to her; the few who had known her were dead; there were none left to mourn her and love her memory.

'The people with whom she lodged had been indifferent to her; she owed them a little money, so they took her things and sold them. No one attached a value to me. I was declared to be ugly; so they brought me here.

'That is all I have to tell.'

'An unsatisfactory story,' said the Diamond; 'most unsatisfactory. And yet, I declare, quite touching. I believe I've turned rather dim over it. Oh, me! I don't know whether I can put that in my memoirs, it will make people weep. What do you think, friends?'

'I was prevented from hearing the stones' decision on this important subject,' said my grandfather, 'for at that moment I must have made some sound. Indeed, I think I was crying; for my old master came down, scolded me, and sent me back to my bed.'

'And did you never hear more of the matter?' I asked.

'Yes. Some few years after, a bottle was washed ashore near Southsea. It was dated the *Heron*, the name of Geoffrey's vessel, and told how the ship had struck upon coral reefs in the Red Sea, and was rapidly sinking. A trembling scrawl was enclosed, begging the finder bring this to Miss Ada Weston, of the town of Sircot, in Kent. The scrap told how, with certain death before his eyes, the writer's last thought was for her; how he loved her ever and to the end. Then it broke off there. No finish to the sentence, no signature to the paper. Doubtless he saw the awful moment approaching, and dared not delay; and the last sentence he would have spoken to his dearest was destined to be the first he should speak when face to face. The two who had loved so truly in life, should meet again in a better world.'

October.

THE FIERY STONE.

MITRY was sad and very poor. His only possession in the world was an old violin that had once been his grandfather's. His father was dead; his brothers had divided the slender heritage, leaving nothing to Mitry, the youngest.

He was a dreamer, a player of strange weird melodies, composed out of his own head,—a youth who had never learned anything or achieved aught; what did he need with worldly goods? So they reasoned among themselves, according to their lights; and, giving Mitry the ancestral violin, they turned him out of his paternal home.

Mitry never questioned the justice of their proceedings. They knew he would not do so; they had counted upon his indifference to earthly things. But Mitry was not as indifferent as they fancied. He knew that this which his brothers had done was not right was unjust, unfair; and it was only respect for his father's sons that kept him silent anent his wrongs.

Sadly he wandered away from the home that had

given him birth. As he turned the corner of the road that would shut it out, perchance for ever, from his view, he stood still awhile and gazed at its pretty straw-thatched roof. He tried to scent once more the dark red roses that clambered up its walls, and peeped with wilful luxuriance of beauty into its open casements. His fingers twitched convulsively, he touched the violin almost unconsciously. It gave forth a low musical wail.

When Mitry heard the sound he shivered; a strange thrill passed through his frame; he fainted.

Mitry recovered in the midst of a wild mountain region. The whole place was strange to him; he had been a dweller in plains, and had never seen the like before. He gazed around him in astonishment, at the splendid sight that greeted his eyes. Snow-topped peaks rose one above the other, their summits lost to view amid the clouds; the mountain sides were clothed with dark green pines that contrasted well with the dazzling white. Huge boulders of granite strewed the valley; moss and rank grass was the only vegetation that found nurture in this weird spot, save here and there a dark blue gentian that glistened brightly amid the green.

Mitry stooped and picked one of these flowers. 'Sweet blossom,' he said, 'symbol of the sky above,

whence you have borrowed your lovely hue, be my guide, for I am sad and dreary.'

The little blue star dropped from his fingers and fell upon his violin. Then Mitry looked upon it as a sign.

'Yes, there is happiness in art,' he murmured, and he drew his bow across the strings.

Strange wild sounds gushed forth; first they were agonized, then they softened and became resigned, then they grew plaintive, and at last were peaceful and sweet: As he listened and gazed at the flower, the eternal snow-clad hills, and the deep blue heavens, a sweet calm crept into his troubled breast also.

When he had ended playing, he was still walking on, lost in reverie. Suddenly the path came to an end, and he found himself upon the shores of an emerald green lake, circled by precipitous mountain walls, that uprose from its waters.

'This surely is the world's end,' spoke Mitry. 'Here let me lay me down and die.'

His fingers instinctively caressed the loved instrument, and lured forth sweet tones from its sides. The still waters of the lake were moved; sounds as of a boat cleaving the waters caught the youth's ear. His head had sunken sadly on his breast, he raised it, and looked out to see what human being shared with him this lonely spot. It was a boat in very deed that ap-

proached him; a slender black boat with sails of rosy hue; but in it was no human being. The wind propelled it onward, swelling its sails, and when it had reached the spot where Mitry sat, it stopped, as though inviting him to enter.

The youth hesitated what he should do, but only for a second. Then he stepped fearlessly into the little vessel, and laid himself down amid the soft silken cushions that lined its prow. As he did so the boat slipped from the land, and glided out into the lake. Mitry wondered whither it was bearing him. He touched his violin; it did not wail as it had done the hour he left his father's home, but gave forth a short joyful cry.

The boat glided on and on.

A feeling of well-being and contentment crept over Mitry's soul. He wished to glide on thus for ever until the end of life, until there should be no more sorrow no more pain. His heart softened towards his brothers. Perchance but for their hardness he should never have tasted of this peace.

The boat glided on.

Mitry drew forth his cherished companion, and it sang under his hands as it had never sung before.

Still the boat glided on.

Slowly the sun sank behind the hills, leaving them aglow with longing for its beloved return. The moon

rose chill, and changed the whole aspect of the scene, with its silver, eerie light.

And still the boat glided on.

Then suddenly it stopped. Mitry felt as though his heart's blood stopped also, so grieved was he when its gliding ended. In vain he hoped it would commence again; it neither stirred nor swayed, it appeared anchored to the very spot.

Deep, awful silence reigned. Mitry touched his violin; its music sounded wild and shrill through the still night air. He shivered, and laid it aside. Time sped on, and still the boat neither stirred nor swayed. The moon's light grew paler, the stars began to fade. The waters of the lake became troubled, waves arose and lashed the boat's side angrily. They struggled wildly to lap it into their bosom. Then they uprose to a great height, so high that they closed over it, and the boat sank down into the bosom of the lake. It fell upon a soft bed of green weed; two lovely youths awaited it, and assisted Mitry to descend.

'We have expected you long, brother,' they sang. 'Welcome at last! For four-and-twenty summers has your advent been looked for. Welcome at last!'

'You mistake surely, I am not he whom you expect,' spoke Mitry. 'It is but four-and-twenty years since I walk this earth.'

'We know it,' they answered, and drew the amazed youth onward into a crystal hall of deepest azure hue. Here, upon a throne of ivory, sat an aged man. A loose, flowing robe draped his form, his long white beard hung to the ground, upon his head he wore a crown of diamonds.

'Approach, Mitry, my son,' said the old man kindly. 'Be not amazed.'

He pointed to a stool that stood at his feet. Mitry seated himself upon it.

'Give me music,' commanded the old man.

Mitry obeyed, and he played as he had never played before. He listened himself in rapt wonder at the sounds that flowed from his own fingers; he marvelled whence these melodies had crept into his brain. The tears started into his eyes, he could play no further; the music ceased with a low broken chord.

'I thank you, Mitry,' said the old man when he had ended. 'Your music has renewed my strength. I have yearned for this solace long. To but few mortals is it given to bestow pleasure on the Spirit of Yore; I thank you. But alas! it is decreed, that those who do so must return to that land whence they came; to none is it permitted to live on here for ever while earthly life flows in their veins. Your mortal lives are like the foaming ocean, on whose bosom storms and calms

alternate. You were happy gliding on the bosom of the lake, you desired to glide on thus for ever. Vain wish, fond wish, that cannot be! You mortals may not know or taste of rest. Whene'er you think to find the greatest sweetness, whene'er its very odour enters your being, a drop of bitterness does enter also. There is no happiness for you. It always was so, shall always be. Your lives are a fit image of the sea, never at peace. It ebbs and flows, it rises to the land, it retires again; but never, never, never can it remain firm at its high-water mark. No more can you taste other than unstable joy.'

'Oh, let me die,' wailed Mitry; 'let me die, if this is all life offers. Let me die at once in this sweet spot, so that I may be at rest and remain here for ever.'

'You shall return,' answered the old man, and his voice was moved. 'You shall be among us some day. But your fight is still unfought, your task is not fulfilled. Earth claims you ere you are ours. You must return and quickly. Yet ere you go hence, bear with you a treasure of the mountains, a precious gem, and guard it well. When you find an earthly helpmate who loves you truly, then give it to her, and let her keep it in your stead. It is the stone of fire I mean, the emblem of your mortal life. If you love and cherish it not, if you enclose it in darkness whither light never

comes, where the sunshine cannot caress it to call forth its brightness, it will grow sad, opaque, morose. But love it, and it responds to your affection, for then it will turn outwards all its brightest inward self, its keenest fire, its truest hues. Love it, therefore, and read its meaning right. Let love be the crowning star of all your being, the very day spring and lodestar of your life.'

The old man ceased speaking, and when Mitry raised his head to answer him, the whole scene around him had changed. The azure hall, the old man, the youths were no longer there. He was once more lying in the boat's prow amid the silken cushions. The vessel was gliding softly onwards, and the sunlight dancing upon the wavelets, and flecking the rosy sails with light. The mountains, too, had vanished; nothing but one vast expanse of water met Mitry's eye. It was upon the ocean he now found himself.

The boat glided on as it had done before, on and on. At last it reached a small island, from whose centre uprose a lofty mountain.

'This is the spot,' said a sweet voice. 'Descend.'

Mitry looked round to see whence came the sound, and beheld a fair maiden sitting upon the strand weaving. He stepped out of the boat and bowed down before her.

'I obey your behest,' he said.

'And you do well. I know your mission. The Spirit of Yore has told me you seek the gem mortals name opal. *We* call it the fiery stone. Ah, me! it does not always shine fiery in your land; perchance that is why you have given it a different name. Onward to the mountain foot, youth. 'Tis there that you will find it.'

Mitry walked onwards till he reached the spot. A mighty beech-tree spread its shade over a rocky abyss, a bright sparkling stream came leaping downwards.

'This tree,' said the maiden, 'is symbol of the all-protecting heaven; this restless stream, of changeful human life; in yonder crack, behold the gem that beauties it. Take and be content.'

She pointed to a crevice of rock where blazed bright rainbow hues. Mitry bent down and broke away a portion of the shining stone. He closed one hand upon it, the other sought the well-loved violin. A tone of gladness issued from its strings.

Mitry re-entered the boat in silence. As it moved from the land he heard the sweet voice of the maiden bidding him farewell.

'Remember, Mitry,' she said, 'remember that you never seek to come hitherward again. It is not given twice to mortal man to find this island shore. Guard your treasure. Farewell.'

The boat glided on and on, Mitry played, and the gem flashed, and no clouds overshadowed the heavens.

But there came an end at last, for the boat drifted to land, and mortal habitation. Mitry was forced to quit the soft cushions, to see the vessel glide away from his ken, softly and silently as it had come.

Then Mitry set out to earn his living. From village to village did he roam, playing sweet melodies. Many a broad golden ducat flowed into his pouch. But his heart was in the waters, and he longed to be near them once more. Therefore he returned to the shores whence the mystic boat had vanished, bought him a vessel, and led a fisherman's life.

His winning ways and the sweet notes of his violin had gained him a maiden's love. With the fair fiery gem he wedded her. Thus, partly rocked on the ocean's waves, partly on the firm land, he spent his days.

He was growing old, his locks were turning silvery, the longing in his heart for peace strengthened. He yearned to feel again that sweet gliding motion, to be rocked to rest on the ocean's breast. Life in his own vessel was but a faint feeble reflex of that past time; for now he had to battle with storms and tides, to fight many a struggle for very life.

He told his wife these wishes of his heart, of all that had come to pass ere he had beheld her face. When

he spoke thus she smiled softly and sadly, and often passed her hands over his silvery locks, calling him her dreamer, her poet.

But the day came when, stepping into his boat, Mitry said at parting:

'Wife, you love me?'

'Mitry, do you doubt it?'

'No,' he said, 'I do not. Guard our gem; love it. I go a long journey. When it grows dull I shall return.'

Then his wife wept bitterly, for she knew that she should never see his face again.

In very deed Mitry returned no more. He found rest at last amid the restless ocean, and the stone shone brightly until his wife too left this earth. Her love had never paled.

The descendants of Mitry still possess the gem. With some it burns a fiery rainbow hue; with others it is but a dull whitish mass.

And thus it is in this poor sad world of ours. The hot sun of love must cherish and caress us, must call forth our latent good, our hidden talents, or we too pass through it as dull and lumpish things, no passer-by will ever turn to look upon.

November.

THE GIFT THAT FELL FROM HEAVEN.

AN Oyster lived among his fellows, lodged firmly on a rocky bed under the ocean. He was very young, and had no experience of life, nor had he much conversation with his neighbours. His existence had been tranquil and self-engrossed; nothing outside his shell possessed the slightest interest for him; and within its two smooth walls all his happiness was centred. Twice or thrice daily, at certain hours, he opened the valves of his shell, to admit air into his habitation, and to draw food from the water that penetrated at the same time. This duty over, he once more retired into himself.

What wonder that his neighbours called him unsociable! For though oysters are not given to chattering and visiting, like crabs and lobsters, and many other of the animals who inhabit the sea, still they usually exchange friendly greetings, such as 'Pleasant water, this morning,' or 'My food is excellent to-day,' at these times of opening.

Once or twice lately our young Oyster had been their subject of conversation. It was introduced by an old matron, who gave it as her opinion that it was neither right nor fitting young people should be so self-contained and unsociable. Youth ought to be cheerful and communicative, and for her part she did not like it; and she wished to know if there were anything at the bottom of it.

'Perhaps he does not think us good enough for his companionship,' ventured a young one timidly.

He was instantly snubbed by the matron who had spoken first.

'Not think us good enough!' she hissed. 'Pray, and what do you think he could see to object to in us, Oysters of good old families, established for generations upon this rock-bed? Would you dare hint that this young whipper-snapper sets himself up for better than his fellows?'

'Ah! it's all the same old story—the same old story,' croaked an aged Oyster who lived near, and who was known among the young ones under the disrespectful name of Old Retrospective. 'It's all the same old story, madam. In my time youngsters were not for setting themselves up over their fellows, thinking they could catch better drops from heaven than they; but now, alas! now all is changed. They know everything

best; succeed better in all matters; and—most fearful sign of all—think it likely that even at their first neap-tide heaven will let a large drop fall at once into their open jaws, instead of receiving none at first, or being contented and thankful for small ones, as their fathers were before them. Well, well—only to think of it!'

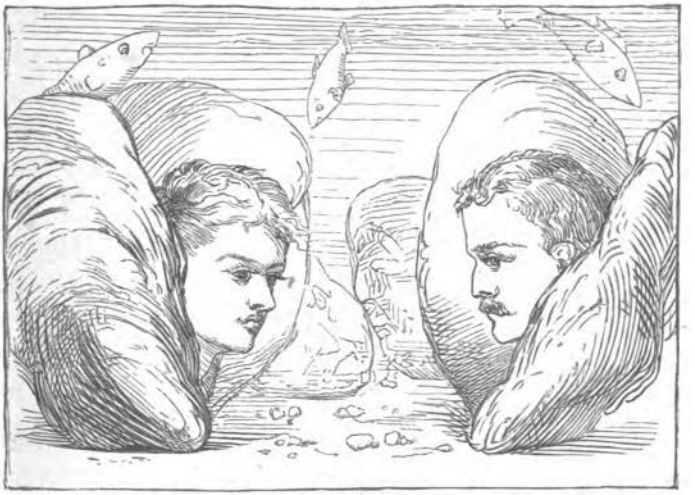
Whereupon the Oyster, having delivered himself of this tirade, abruptly closed his shell with an angry clack; and all the others did the same, thus showing their respect for his opinion and their contempt for their neighbour.

But he, though his shell had been shut, had heard all they had said, and was pondering some of their words in his mind. They had let fall something he could not understand. What was neap-tide? what was the drop from heaven he was supposed to think so much about? He would dearly like to be enlightened, but he would not like to ask one of the old Oysters—no, not for the world—nasty, stuck-up things! Well, and if he was a new-comer on this bed, having chosen to settle upon it rather than upon the one farther out to sea, where he had been born, what was he the worse for that, he should like to know?

Altogether, what he had overheard had made him angry as well as very curious; and for the first time

in his life his mind was too disturbed for him to find all his enjoyment within his own walls.

But whom should he consult to explain these mysteries? There was the great difficulty. Perhaps, when all the old Oysters were asleep in their shells, he might catch a young one waking, and ask him. He would try. A few hours later he found that his next-door



THE GIFT THAT FELL FROM HEAVEN.

neighbour, a young lady rather given to sentimentalise, had opened her shell also at this unusual hour.

'Good evening,' said our friend, in the sweetest voice

he could muster. 'And what makes you open so late, my lady?'

'I wished to enjoy this scene of peace and rest, and my soul was luxuriating in the silence.'

'Ah, then I fear I disturb you,' he said, making a feint to draw back.

'By no means. I feel honoured indeed that I should be the first to enjoy the pleasure of converse with you. Do not deprive me of it so soon.'

This invitation to talk fell in well with the Oyster's wish, and he was doubly glad of it because it prevented him from appearing inconsistent in the eyes of the others. For had he not been asked by a lady to talk, and would it not have been rude to refuse? So it was not of his own seeking that he had thus suddenly grown communicative. Therefore, feeling easy on this point, after having discussed several commonplaces, he ventured on the subjects of his curiosity.

'By the way,' he began, 'I overheard some of the neighbours talking together this morning. If they *will* raise their voices so, it is not to be wondered at if their conversation reaches farther than they may desire.'

He made this remark because he perceived Old Retrospective slyly unclosing his shell the slightest bit imaginable, curious to see if it were really the silent youngster who was talking thus amicably.

'But this is foreign to what I wished to ask,' continued the Oyster. 'You know I am somewhat of a stranger in these parts. For though I have taken up my abode here ever since I settled down in life, after that term of wandering and seeing the world, which, as of course you know, all oysters of good family look upon as a needful part of true education, still my ancestors did not live on this rock, and I am ignorant of the ways of the place. What is a neap-tide?'

'A neap-tide?' replied the other shyly. 'Well I can tell you what it is, but I am too young to have experienced one. There have been none since I settled, which was only a very short time ago. Still I've heard about it from others. It is a tide that comes once or twice a year, an unusually low tide, which leaves our bed exposed to the daylight. They say it has got something to do with the moon; but all that kind of thing is beyond my understanding, so I close my ears when they speak about it. They always say women can't comprehend such matters, so where *is* the use of trying? You could, no doubt,' she added, with an admiring glance towards her companion, of whose attentions she felt very proud.

'No,' he said, 'I do not understand either, for how can that affect our kind?'

'Oh, that is quite another matter.'

'Then why on earth didn't you say that at once?' the Oyster felt inclined to exclaim. But he checked himself, and said instead, 'Tell me that also, kind friend.'

'Well, you must know that if such low tides chance at daybreak or sunset, particularly if it be in spring or early autumn, it may happen that if we unclose our valves a blessing will drop down from heaven into our habitations. More I do not know either, except that those of the oysters who have been so fortunate, guard this present most carefully, and hide it from the view of all. They say it is a companion, a care, a responsibility, and a pleasure to them. Combine those conflicting terms if you can.'

'I should like to know what it is,' he sighed.

'I too,' said his companion softly.

'Don't expect any such luck,' suddenly cried a gruff voice. 'Do you think it is likely that such precious gifts fall into the mouths of babes? When you are old, as I am, you may perhaps look for such things, and even then, I don't think you are likely to deserve it, young man,' said Old Retrospective, for it was he, casting a contemptuous glance at our friend.

In lieu of any reply, he closed his shell, he was not going to dispute with that testy old party. Besides, he wanted to think over all he had heard; only he did wish he had asked his neighbour when such an event as

a neap-tide was likely to occur. But then she might not have known. With which reflection he consoled himself.

There was only patience for it after all. He listened eagerly to his companions' chatter in future, though never joining in it, hoping to catch something about this wonderful tide.

One day he heard there was to be one, but there was lamentation among the oysters instead of joy, for a grave and learned old oyster gave it as his decided opinion, which he declared was founded upon past experience, that the coming event would be a day-tide, and that no one would reap any benefit therefrom.

Our friend was greatly disappointed, though he tried to console himself that perhaps the old fellow was wrong, and if not, any way he would see what kind of event such a tide was, whereby he might perchance gain experience for any succeeding one that might fall more favourably.

The day at last arrived, and the oyster felt the weight of water that pressed upon his shell growing gradually less and less, till at last he only felt a ripple fall upon his back, and then it ceased altogether. Full of curiosity, he hastily opened his shell; but in an instant he had reclosed it, for a large bright thing—the others called it the sun—was shining down fiercely upon him,

and he thought it would have burnt him up when it looked into his home.

'Well, if any of that hot thing is to fall into me,' thought the oyster, 'I'd rather be without it;' and he closed his shells tightly for fear of such an accident.

Presently he began to feel both thirsty and hungry, and he wished the sea would come back. 'For if these are neap-tides, the fewer we have of them the better. I wonder if the water is coming,' and he once more opened his shells, and was once more smitten by that fiery globe.

Oh, how glad he felt when the water indeed came back, and all was as before!

He was very curious to hear what the others said of the day's events, but he was too proud to ask. However, he had not to wait long ere he heard universal complaints.

'Bad enough to have it in the daytime without its being so blazing hot,' said one.

'I thought I should have died of thirst,' exclaimed another.

'Ah,' added a third, 'my little neighbour did die. She had heard about the drops, and kept herself open with all her might. So the heat killed her. Poor young oyster! she was a sweet creature.'

'Well, I think it's a great shame,' cried a fourth.

'Here I've lived through five neap-tides, and it's never been anything but this same old story. Always sunlight or the middle of the night. I declare I'm half inclined to disbelieve all about daybreak and sunset, and the drops, and think it all old people's stories.'

'Five tides! and not one successful,' our Oyster repeated to himself with a shiver. He might have to wait so long too; oh it would be dreadful! For ever since he had heard about the drops, all his peace of mind had fled, and he felt sure he could never regain it till he knew all about this mystery, which was a constant topic of oyster talk. This feeling, mere curiosity at first, had grown into a yearning, till he had quite convinced himself that the drop, and that only, was the sole happiness of life.

A long while after this, how long our friend knew not, for oysters have no means of measuring time, the old Oyster who had proved so correct in his prediction the first time, foretold another neap-tide, adding, that to the best of his belief, this one was likely to be agreeable.

Full of nervous expectancy the Oyster passed the night before, anxiously he looked for a decrease in the weight above him, and when at last even the smallest ripple had gone, and the bed lay dry and exposed, his fear and anxiety nearly overpowered him. He hardly dared open his shell lest that blazing ball

should be glaring at him; but at last he ventured, and a lovely scene met his gaze. Another ball, but not a fiery one, was throwing a mild light down upon the earth, and innumerable little ones sparkled beside it. Their light was growing faint, however, for in the east a rosy shimmer was visible, predicting the rise of that sun so feared by the poor Oyster. Still, as yet, he was not there, only announced. So the Oyster could rest calmly with his shell opened, drinking in the fresh night air, and awaiting the mystery to come.

Expectant silence reigned among the oysters; there was no idle chattering now. Occasionally one was heard to close his shell with a sharp clack, as though he were enclosing something he feared to lose, but that was all.

The light of the moon and stars waned more and more, the shimmer in the east grew ruddier, and our poor friend began to fear he was doomed to disappointment. Just as he was about wearily to close his shell, he felt a large cooling drop fall straight into his bosom. Instantly, as by instinct, he closed his shell; this long-desired, long-looked-for visitor from heaven should not escape him. But in what guise had it come? What! a mere dewdrop. Was that indeed all? He felt inclined to weep with vexation and disappointment.

The Dewdrop disregarded his grief, and crept under

the shelter of his mantle as though appealing to him for protection in the new place in which she found herself. Tenderly she cooled his burning lips, that had become parched through long exposure to the air, moving her tiny body to and fro along them, till he, touched and overcome by her gentle kindness and beholding her pure beauty, became charmed by her mere presence, and scarce knowing what he did, drew her into himself, determined that never again should such a sweet companion leave him.

What was his horror and despair when he found that in his rude embrace she had melted and vanished!

'I was not worthy of such a gift,' he wailed. 'And now, ere I scarce knew its pleasure, it has gone from me!'

His grief knew no bounds, he was insensible to everything,—the return of the tide, the queries of his young neighbour who had received no drop. He even forgot to eat and drink, so absorbing was his lamentation.

Many hours later, he perceived within his shell a round ball.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'is this a delusion, or is it a picture come to comfort me by bearing the image of my heavenly drop?'

'It is she herself,' said a sweet voice. 'O foolish Oyster to despair so soon! I could not appear earlier.

To live with you I had to partake of your nature; as a mere dewdrop, I should soon have vanished. See this lovely shining cloak you have thrown over me, like that with which you cover the sides of your walls. Now I am enclosed in it I shall not melt, but can stay with you for ever. Ah! you look amazed when I say you threw this cloak upon me, but it is true; for when you wept, your tears clothed me. Say, may I find a home within your walls, and will you care for me, and not think me an unwelcome intruder, as the raindrops did when I came among them up in the clouds?'

'Think you an intruder!' cried the delighted Oyster, 'I shall think you my greatest joy and blessing, my companion and my friend.'

Need it be added that, from this day, the Oyster grew yet more reserved, finding his happiness more than ever within his two walls. Nor did it occur to him at any ensuing neap-tide again to open his shell, though other oysters often amassed as many as twelve of these heavenly visitors. He was content with one. For he and his pearl proved to be all in all to one another. It was, indeed, a blessing that had fallen to him from heaven. Carefully he guarded her from all hurt, covering her tenderly when he opened his shells, lest harm should come to her from without, or vulgar eyes look upon his blessing. When he heard that pearl-fishers

had come down into the sea, how his heart always quaked till they had departed! He had determined, long ago, that he would die rather than yield his treasure; but if he died, and they carried her off, what would become of her? He shuddered at the thought.

He heard them—oh, how often!—tearing shells from their beds, and wrenching them open for their treasures, disdaining them as useless if they held no pearl, and again classing the pearls according to the size or the purity of the dewdrops the oysters had received into their bosoms.

The sole consolation that remained to him at such times was, that no outward sign upon his shell betrayed its precious inmate. For that his pearl was larger, costlier, purer, and more beautiful than all the rest, he felt convinced.

After a time, the pearl-fishers came more rarely. They said this bed was exhausted, they must seek another.

Though most of his neighbours were dead and robbed for the sake of their jewels, our Oyster had the good fortune to keep his. Let us hope that he has done so until this day, and that the waters of the Persian Gulf yet roll above his happy head.

December.

'ONLY AN OLD BONE.'

AGES and ages ago this world of ours was not like what it is now. Where we have land, hard, firm, and rocky, there were seas; and again, where we now have seas, there was land. In fact, it was all so different that had you lived then, as I did, and survived till now, you could tell strange stories of the changes you had witnessed.

My first introduction to life was in the huge jaws of a megatherium; for I was one of its teeth. I had many brothers and sisters; we were a very united loving family. Now we are all dispersed. I do not even know whether they are living or dead. You wonder, perhaps, that I can speak so calmly on the subject, but if you had lived ages, as I have, you would know that one cannot mourn for ever.

A wild, merry life we led in those days. I should not like to return to it now, but I enjoyed it then. The world was at that time a muddy,

marshy place; even the firm land was not very stable. What else could you expect? Those iron rocks you see now were very young then, and just forming, and a fierce battle they had to wage for their existence, what between the fire and the water. There were no men at that time, nothing but animals, huge trees, and plants; and a fine time they had of it.

My master was a sociable creature. He was the eldest of a large family of Theriums.; his brothers were called Ano, Anthraco, Paleo, and Dino. They all roamed over the ground together, seeking food, and lots of acquaintances we made in our wanderings. There was the family of Dons, Masto, Smilo and Glypto; but they were small creatures, and we rather looked down on them, though they were agreeable enough in their way. Much more interesting were the Sauri, whom we came to know on the shores of a huge lake. They were called Ichthy, Plesio, Megalo, and Ido. The only objection to *them* was that they were rather inclined to conceit, for they would insist that their family was older than ours. As if that made them a whit better.

Ah! if you had known all those fine creatures, I am sure you would only pity their puny successors now living in the world. With their nice

names, too! It seems to me such a pity those good old cognomens are gone out of fashion.

As I said, it was a curious living world then—giant reptiles trailed their bodies on the sand, hideous winged creatures darkened the sky, and our colossal selves and friends stalked through magnificent forests of pine and ferns.

Well, I suppose, nothing can last for ever: I have found it so, at least, in my experience of life. So our free, joyous existence came to an end too.

There was a grand upset of the whole world; the seas rushed over the land, the ground heaved and tottered; in fact it was a convulsion of the system, and all then living on the globe perished. What became of my master I do not know; for I was dashed out of his mouth. I was tossed hither and thither for a very long time, during which I witnessed several more of these revolutions, being now up-heaved, now buried. Wherever I was thrown I met with general contempt. I was named 'An Old Bone,' and no one paid me the slightest attention.

At first I was inclined to resent this treatment, and to despise all those persons I came in contact with, for the days when my master had stalked the

forests were still green in my memory, and I forgot that I was no longer in the same position. A tooth under *his* mighty protection, and a solitary tooth cast by itself upon the world, are quite different things. So I am afraid I made myself very disagreeable, and if any stone, plant, or insect was kind enough to speak to me, doubtless taking pity on my miserable existence, I would turn from it with contempt, saying that such small creatures were quite beneath my notice. If they had known the days I had, and seen my master and his friends, they would not have dared to address even one of his remains.

No wonder that they soon gave up speaking to me, seeing how I despised them. Ah! I have grown humbler since then—much humbler. I learned many a severe lesson as the centuries rolled on! and if I had my life to live again, I do not say but what I would live it very differently. I got my pride taken down, however, as I say; but it was sharp, painful work, and if I had been wise, and recognised my changed position at once, I might have saved myself a world of suffering. Now I know that each state of the world is the best for the time being; but I shut my mind to that truth then.

Meanwhile, as I was changing in character, so also was the earth—for it was consolidating and hardening. The whole mass was becoming packed together, and there was so much material to be disposed of that there were tight squeezes in places —so tight that sometimes fractious rocks broke out in fire and flames, and declared they could not and would not stand it, that they *would* have room to expand as they chose. Of course in this general squeezing I got much crushed, and wherever I was pushed I met with insult. Even the little room I took up was grudged me.

Finally I got thrown in with a company of minerals, who held themselves immeasurably my superiors.

'It's a shame,' I often heard them declare, 'that that bit of old bone should be in our way.'

So they rubbed and knocked against me, pushed and jostled, till they did succeed in fretting me to less than half my original size; and even when everything had subsided, and I had found a tiny corner to rest in, they often cast jealous eyes upon it. They were not pleasant companions; but I bore all their unkindness in silence. I remembered how disagreeable I had made myself to others, and felt that I was paying a just penalty.

If I could have gone away, and left them the space they so unwillingly awarded me, how gladly would I have done so! But there was no possibility of my escaping, buried, as I was, deep in the earth. So I lived on, sunk in my little hole, as far out of sight as I could, quiet and unobtrusive, never speaking unless I were addressed, which did not happen twice in all the ages. My whole existence was a deprecation for my unwelcome presence.

I think they might have been kinder, when they saw how humble I was. However, they were not: and perhaps it was as well, for I was only a scrap of old bone, I kept repeating to myself—only a fragment of a once mighty monster. But such a poor fragment that I very inadequately represented him. It was better I should leave it alone than attempt it, for I should only have met with ridicule and incredulity.

Of course I knew nothing of the flight of time; I only know that it was centuries I lived down there, an old bone, among those aristocratic minerals. And, as the years rolled on, I think they grew to despise me more and more. If I could have done anything to make them improve their opinion of me, I would have done it. But I could only remain quiet, and think back on the grand old days

when we had led such a free, wild life, my master and I.

I don't know why the minerals thought worse of me, as time passed. I think it must have been because they had nothing to do, and it was a little amusement to them to abuse me. Any way, they often called out to me, in injurious tones, that I had lost my only beauty—my fine white complexion; and they wondered I was not ashamed to show my ugly, changed face in their circle. I bore it all in silence; what should I have gained by replying? And if I had lost my complexion, how could I help it, I thought; we none of us improve by age, I supposed, and if *they* were indestructible and unalterable, I was not conceited enough to think I was.

You see it was not a happy life I led down there, but it, too, came to an end, as I say I have found all things do in this world, if we only wait long enough.

Great disturbances occurred about us after our long quiet. I, accustomed to such matters, thought they foreboded another convulsion, and, as my position in life could but be improved, I hailed the sounds gladly, rejoicing at the thoughts of release from my neighbours. I was somewhat mistaken. The dis-

turbances and noises I heard were caused by men, those beings who were at that time strangers to me, though now they are familiar friends.

A shaft was being sunk in the ground; for the place of our abode had been pronounced a valuable mine, likely to produce copper. Daily the intruders came nearer our dwelling. I could hear them hammering, breaking, and rending. My neighbours grew alarmed; they had not wished to be disturbed out of their even, peaceful existence.

At last one day the men penetrated to us. With curious eyes I looked upon them. They seemed so tiny to me after the living beings I had been accustomed to, and I thought how one tread of my master's heel would have crushed them to atoms. But they were well-looking, well-formed animals, and I took rather a fancy to them from the first.

How relentlessly they tore away mass after mass of ore! I really felt quite sorry for the minerals, unfriendly though they had been; they seemed to feel the separation so much, and resisted the instruments as long as their strength would allow. The mass in which I had nestled was torn off too, and we were all conveyed into the outer air. Here we were handed over for inspection to a man who divided worthless pieces from valuable, and I was fully prepared when my

turn came to be thrown away as a useless piece of old bone. How could I know that time had wrought a transformation in me?

Judge then of my intense surprise when, having examined me closely and turned me over and over in his hand, the man called out—

'We have indeed a find here. See this splendid turquoise I have discovered imbedded in a piece of copper. How beautiful it is! what a lovely blue!'

It really took me some moments before I could realise that *I* was the object of these praises.

There was no doubt about it, however, for I was handed from one to another, and ardently admired, till at last the finder, folding me carefully in a piece of soft linen, placed me in his waistcoat-pocket, saying he would ask a jeweller about my worth.

I was as curious as he about the verdict. I could not understand what had happened to my poor humble old self, and how I, so long despised, should suddenly have assumed value in every one's eyes. I did wish the copper could have seen my triumph, and witnessed in what estimation men held me. Then the recollection that after all I was only an old bone rushed over me; I was perhaps unconsciously acting a delusive part, and when the jeweller saw me I should be found out. For how was it possible that I could have become a costly

thing, unless men prized old bones? and that I could hardly imagine.

How glad I was when we arrived at the jeweller's and I was taken out of my envelope and shown to him!

He was a wizened-looking old man, who wore a pair of spectacles, and seemed to look me through and through.

'A very good turquoise indeed,' he said; 'very. I shall be glad to buy it of you.' And he named a sum for my purchase. It was not immediately agreed to; some little bargaining occurred, but it ended in my becoming his property.

'But do tell me,' asked he who had found me, 'how came the turquoise among the copper?'

'Turquoises,' replied the other, 'are bits of old bone, nothing more. By contact with the copper they obtain their exquisite cerulean blue. The ore this has lain among has changed it to a jewel. Who knows as what it began life?'

I was growing more astonished than ever. This was too marvellous truly, that the copper, the mineral that had so despised me, whose taunts and insults I had borne patiently so long, had been the means of changing my whole being into something most precious. It was too curious! It took me days to recover from

my astonishment! I had led a despised life so long, I could not grasp that I was suddenly of importance; but I was; there could be no doubt about it.

The old jeweller polished me lovingly, praising me more and more as I increased in beauty under his hands. Then he set me in a golden ring, and finally exhibited me in his shop-window, naming a large sum for my purchase.

'And I have been only an old bone,' I kept repeating to myself, again and again.

One thing I determined, that returning prosperity should not make me proud again; I had learnt too thorough a lesson for that, and I resolved to love, and to do all in my power to serve, those mortals who had raised me from the lowest depths of degradation to such a height of value and esteem.

I was soon able to become more actively useful in their behalf; for I had not been long in the jeweller's window ere I was purchased. I passed into the hands of a lovely young girl, who presented me as a *souvenir* to her lover on his leaving the country for a time. He kissed the slender hand that slipped me and my golden band upon his finger.

'I shall think of you, and your blue eyes, sweet,' he said, 'whenever I look on this azure stone.'

Then they parted.

We roamed through many a foreign land, my new master and I. We visited the regions of everlasting cold, the zones of perpetual heat. We slept under the palms of the desert, the hut of the Esquimaux, in the junk of the Chinaman, the palaces of Europe, the Indian bungalow. I saw all the changes on the globe with amazement; the world had altered indeed from the place I had known it. We passed through many dangers too, escaped many accidents. Several times my master, whom I learned to love dearly, lay stricken with sore sickness, and I grieved for him lest he should die, and the sweet blue-eyed beauty, whose gift I was, should see him no more. Folk said I grew pale when he was ill, and only regained my beauty with his health. I cannot vouch for the truth of that statement.

The time at length arrived when my master was able to return home. Why he had been so long absent I know not. He spoke of business and imperative necessity that kept him far from her he loved, and I know it could be no slight cause that detained him from her side.

How joyfully he turned his steps homeward! It was a pleasure to me to see his gleeful, happy face. He would often gaze upon me as a memento of his sweet Isabelle, and once or twice on our homeward

journey he exclaimed that I had grown more beautiful than ever.

The last stage of his travelling he undertook on horseback. He was cantering along, singing out of the very joy of his heart Uhland's charming couplet—

'O brich nicht, Steg, du zitterst sehr!
O stürz nicht, Fels, du dräuest schwer!
Welt, geh' nicht unter, Himmel, fall nicht ein,
Eh' ich mag bei der Liebsten sein!'

Suddenly the horse stumbled, and my master was violently thrown.

'He must not be hurt, he cannot be killed,' I cried in my agony of heart. Then a sharp pain thrilled through my frame, I became unconscious of what followed.

When next I regained my senses, I felt the warm touch of Isabelle; she was clasping my master's hand.

'Oh, George,' she sobbed, 'what a happy thing that you escaped unhurt! If you had been killed at the last, after all your perilous wanderings were safely over, I could not have borne it.'

'Comfort yourself, sweetheart,' he said, 'I am alive and well. That I escaped is truly a marvel, I cannot comprehend it yet.'

'See!' she exclaimed suddenly, as she released her grasp, and her gaze fell upon me, 'why, George, what has happened to your turquoise? You never told me it was cracked.'

'Cracked!' he repeated in astonishment. 'That cannot be; only this very morning I was admiring its increased loveliness. But indeed it is,' he said, as he examined me more closely. 'I must have broken it in my fall. Alas for my beautiful treasured stone, the companion and friend of my wanderings!'

A sudden flash of light passed over the girl's face.

'George, that faithful turquoise has saved your life. I see it all. It took upon itself the consequences of your fall, and has restored you unharmed to me. I read once that turquoises possessed this saving virtue for those they loved.'

She was right; it had truly been so. My cry of agony as we fell had wrought his salvation. How happy I was that I had been the means of their joy, how much happier yet I grew in it! What mattered it that my market value had gone from me? for I had obtained increased worth in the eyes of the happy pair.

George wore me upon his finger unto his dying day, and Isabelle, an aged dame, showed me to her great-grandchildren but three days ago as the most precious

thing in her possession, which she should hand down to them and to their children's children as their most treasured relic and the tenderest memento of their ancestors.

65, CORNHILL, AND 12, PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON, *December*, 1872.

A

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HENRY S. KING & CO.

Messrs. HENRY S. KING & CO. *have the pleasure to announce that in future the following Periodicals will be published by them.*

I.

On the 1st January, 1873, *will be published*, NUMBER I.

OF

THE DAY OF REST.

PRICE ONE PENNY A WEEK.

In Large Folio Size. Illustrated by the Best Artists.

AN INTRODUCTORY CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will be published on the 21st December. Price ONE PENNY.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

II.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. Theological, Literary, and Social. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* Monthly.

[*A New Volume began December*, 1872.

III.

THE SAINT PAUL'S MAGAZINE. Light and Choice. Price 1*s.* Monthly.

[*A New Volume begins January*, 1873.

IV.

GOOD THINGS for the Young of all Ages. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD, and Illustrated by the best Artists. Price 6*d.* Monthly.

[*A New Volume began November*, 1872.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

I.

LOMBARD STREET. A description of the Money Market. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Author of "The English Constitution," "Physics and Politics," &c. Large crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*

II.

THE YOUNG LIFE EQUIPPING ITSELF FOR GOD'S SERVICE. Being four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1872. By the Rev. J. C. VAUGHAN, D.D., Master of the Temple. [*Immediately.*

MR. EDWARD JENKINS'S WORKS.

I.

A CHRISTMAS COUNTRY CAROL,

By the Author of "Ginx's Baby."

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LITTLE HODGE. By EDWARD JENKINS, Author of "Ginx's Baby." [*Just Ready.*

New Editions.

II.

GINX'S BABY: His Birth and other Misfortunes.
[*Twenty-ninth Edition in a few days.*

III.

LORD BANTAM. [*Sixth Edition in a few days.*

A New Work.

IV.

LUTCHMEE AND DILLOO. A Study of West Indian Life.
[*In January.*

I.

MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA COLERIDGE. With Portrait. Two vols., crown 8vo.

II.

A WINTER IN MOROCCO. By AMELIA PERRIER, Author of "A Good Match." Illustrated.

III.

ESSAYS BY WILLIAM GODWIN, Author of "Political Justice," &c. Now first collected. One vol., crown 8vo.

IV.

ARABIC STORIES AND LEGENDS. Translated from the Originals by Mrs. GODFREY CLERK.

V.

PERSIAN LEGENDS AND STORIES IN ENGLISH VERSE. Translated by Lieut. NORTON POWLETT, R.A. [*In Dec.*

VI.

EGYPT AS IT IS. By Herr H. STEPHAN, the German Post-master-General. With a new Map of the Country.

VII.

BRESSANT. A ROMANCE. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two vols., crown 8vo.

VIII.

A splendidly Illustrated Edition of

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S POEMS. Collected and arranged by the Author. [*In Dec.*

IX.

A Pocket Edition of

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S POEMS. Beautifully printed. [*In Dec.*

X.

THE GREAT DUTCH ADMIRALS. By JACOB DE LIEFDE. Illustrated. [*In Dec.*

XI.

GÖETHE'S FAUST. A New Translation. By the Rev. C. K. PAUL. Crown 8vo. [*Just ready.*

XII.

LIFE: Conferences delivered at Toulouse. By the Rev. PÈRE LACORDAIRE, of the order of Friar Preachers. Translated from the French, with the Author's permission, by a Tertiary of the same order. Crown 8vo. [*Just ready.*

XIII.

FIELD AND FOREST RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST IN NEW BRUNSWICK. By Dr. A. LEITH ADAMS, F.R.S., &c. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. [*Just ready.*

XIV.

THE TASMANIAN LILY. By JAMES BONWICK. [*Shortly.*

XV.

IMPERIAL GERMANY. By FREDERIC MARTIN. Author of "The Statesman's Year-Book," etc.

XVI.

PANDURANG HARI. A Tale of Mahratta Life, sixty years ago. Edited, from the edition of 1826, by Sir HENRY BARTLE E. FRERE, G.C.S.I., K.C.B.

XVII.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVANCORE. By the Rev. RICHARD COLLINS. Illustrated.

XVIII.

AN ARABIC AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY OF THE KORAN By Major J. PENRICE. Post 4to.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

I.

BOKHARA: ITS HISTORY AND CONQUEST. By Professor ARMINIUS VAMBERY, of the University of Pesth. Author of "Travels in Central Asia," etc. Demy 8vo. Price 18*s.*
[*Ready.*

II.

NOW READY, PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON MIXTURE,

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER of "GOOD THINGS."

By the Author of "Lilliput Levee," the Author of "The Boys of Axleford," and the Author of "King George's Middy."

Illustrated by ARTHUR HUGHES, ERNEST GRISET, and W. WIEGAND.

III.

THE PELICAN PAPERS. Reminiscences and Remains of a Dweller in the Wilderness. By JAMES A. NOBLE. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

IV.

WORDS AND WORKS IN A LONDON PARISH. Edited by the Rev. C. ANDERSON, M.A. Demy 8vo. Price 6*s.*

V.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Crown 8vo. 4*s*
Being Vol. II. of The International Scientific Series.

VI.

A MEMOIR OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, with Stories now first Published in this Country. By H. A. PAGE. Large post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

VII.

STREAMS FROM HIDDEN SOURCES. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

THE SEVEN STREAMS ARE :

Cupid and Psyche.	Sir Urre of Hungary.
The Life of St. Eustace.	Isabella ; or, The Pot of Basil.
Alexander and Lodowick.	The Marriage of Belphegor.

Fulgencius.

"Out of all old lore I have chosen seven books as setting forth seven following stages of time, and from each of these have taken what seemed to me the best thing, so that any man may judge, and if it please him trace it to its source."—*Extract from Preface.*

VIII.

REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS. Illustrated by the political history of the United States. Including a correspondence with M. Louis Blanc. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

IX.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By WALTER BAGEHOT A New Edition, revised and corrected, with an Introductory Dissertation on recent changes and events. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

X.

MEMORIES OF VILLIERSTOWN. By C. S. J. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 5*s.*

XI.

CABINET PORTRAITS. Sketches of Statesmen. By T. WEMYSS REID. One Vol., Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Gladstone.	Mr. Wilson-Patten.	Marquis of Salisbury.
Mr. Disraeli.	The Earl of Carnarvon.	Duke of Richmond.
The Earl of Derby.	Earl Russell.	Lord Westbury.
Mr. Lowe.	Lord John Manners.	Mr. Forster.
Mr. Hardy.	Mr. Cardwell.	Mr. Newdegate.
Mr. Bright.	Lord Hatherley.	Sir Roundell Palmer.
Earl Granville.	Mr. Henley.	Lord Lytton.
Lord Cairns.	The Duke of Argyll.	Late Earl of Derby.
Marquis of Hartington.	Sir Stafford Northcote.	Late Earl of Clarendon.
	Earl Grey.	

[*Just out.*

XII.

BRIEFS AND PAPERS. Being Sketches of the Bar and the Press. By Two Idle Apprentices. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

Our Leading Columns.
Our Special Correspondent.
Our Own Reporter.
In the Gallery.
Our Special Wire
The Story of the Fogborough Englishman.
In the Temple.
Westminster Hall.
On Circuit.
Scissors and Paste.
A Rising Junior.
Country Sessions.
An Eminent Leader.
Lincoln's Inn.
At the Old Bailey.

[*Just out.*

XIII.

SOLDIERING AND SCRIBBLING. By ARCHIBALD FORBES, of the *Daily News*, Author of "My Experience of the War between France and Germany." Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

A Penny a Day.
The Christmas Cattle Market.
Soldiers' Wives.
The Story of the Megæra.
In a Military Prison.
German War Prayers.
Flogged.
Sunday Afternoon at Guy's.
Butcher Jack's Story.
Bummarees.
A Deserter's Story.
Lions and Lion-Tamers.
Our March on Brighton.
Catsmeat.
Army Crimes and Punishments.
Whisky.
Furs.
Some Christmases.

[*Just out.*

XIV.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LÆTITIA BOOTHBY. Written by herself in the year 1775. Edited by WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL. Author of "The Book of Authors," etc. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

XV.

MEMOIRS OF LEONORA CHRISTINA, Daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark. Written during her imprisonment in the Blue Tower of the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, 1663–1685. Translated by F. E. BUNNETT. With an Autotype Portrait of the Princess. Medium 8vo. *12s. 6d.*

XVI.

THE FORMS OF WATER IN RAIN AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS. With 32 Illustrations. By J. TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. *Being Vol. I. of The International Scientific Series.* Price *5s.*

☞ Prospectuses of the Series may be had of the publishers.

For full announcement of the Series, see the end of this Catalogue.

XVII.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE. A Physician's Hints about Doctors, Patients, Hygiène, and Society; with Notes of Excursions for Health in the Pyrenees, and amongst the Watering-places of France (inland and seaward), Switzerland, Corsica, and the Mediterranean. By Dr. ALPHONSE DONNÉ. Large post 8vo. Price 9*s.*

Utility of Hygiène.
The Hygiène of the Four Seasons.
Exercise and Travels for Health.
Mineral Waters.
Sea Baths.
Hydro-Therapeutics.
Hygiène of the Teeth.
Hygiène of the Stomach.
Hygiène of the Eyes.
Hygiène of Nervous Women.
The Toilet and Dress.
Notes on Fever.
Hygiène of the Lungs.

"A useful and pleasantly-written book, containing many valuable hints on the general management of health from a shrewd and experienced medical man."—*Graphic.*

XVIII.

Second edition.

SEPTIMIUS. A Romance. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Scarlet Letter," "Transformation," etc. One volume, crown 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt, 9*s.*

A peculiar interest attaches to this work. It was the last thing the author wrote, and he may be said to have died as he finished it.

The *Athenæum* says that "the book is full of Hawthorne's most characteristic writing."

"One of the best examples of Hawthorne's writing; every page is impressed with his peculiar view of thought, conveyed in his own familiar way."—*Post.*

XIX.

A TREATISE ON RELAPSING FEVER. By R. T. LYONS, Assistant-Surgeon Bengal Army. Small Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

XX.

HEALTH AND DISEASE AS INFLUENCED BY THE DAILY, SEASONAL, AND OTHER CYCLICAL CHANGES IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM By Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S. A New Edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*

XXI.

CONSUMPTION IN ITS EARLY AND REMEDIABLE STAGES. By Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S. A New Edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*

XXII.

PRACTICAL DIETARY FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, AND THE LABOURING CLASSES. By Dr. EDWARD SMITH F.R.S. A New Edition. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

XXIII.

Second Edition.

HERMANN AGHA: An Eastern Narrative. By W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE, Author of "Travels in Central Arabia," etc. 2 vols., Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra gilt. 18*s.*

"Reads like a tale of life, with all its incidents. The young will take to it for its love portions, the older for its descriptions, some in this day for its Arab philosophy."—*Athenæum.*

"The cardinal merit, however, of the story is, to our thinking, the exquisite simplicity and purity of the love portion. There is a positive fragrance as of newly-mown hay about it, as compared with the artificially perfumed passions which are detailed to us with such gusto by our ordinary novel-writers in their endless volumes."—*Observer.*

XXIV.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.: A Contribution towards his Biography. By ALEXANDER STRAHAN. 1*s.*

*** Reprinted, with numerous Additions and many Illustrations from Sketches by Dr. Macleod, from the *Contemporary Review.*

XXV.

LIVES OF ENGLISH POPULAR LEADERS. No. 1. Stephen Langton. By C. EDMUND MAURICE. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"The volume contains many interesting details, including some important documents. It will amply repay those who read it, whether as a chapter of the constitutional history of England or as the life of a great Englishman."—*Spectator.*

"Mr. Maurice has written a very interesting book, which may be read with equal pleasure and profit."—*Morning Post.*

XXVI.

SIX PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS—1850-1872. Annotated by W. G. BROOKE, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. Cr. 8vo. 9*s.*

1. Gorham *v.* Bishop of Exeter.—2. Westerton *v.* Liddell.—3. Williams *v.* Bishop of Salisbury, and Wilson *v.* Fendal.—4. Martin *v.* Mackonochie.—5. Hibbert *v.* Purchas.—6. Sheppard *v.* Bennett.

XXVII.

Second Edition.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of "Music and Morals," etc. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

INTRODUCTORY.—I. The Liberal Clergy. GOD.—II. Conception III. Experience. CHRISTIANITY.—IV. Character. V. History. THE BIBLE.—VI. Essence. VII. Doctrine. THE ARTICLES.—VIII. The Trinity. ORIGINAL SIN. IX. Predestination. The Church. LIFE.—X. Pleasure. XI. Sacrifice. WORSHIP.—XII. The Lord's Day. XIII. Preaching. CONCLUSION.—XIV. The Law of Progress.

XXVIII.

Second Edition.

IN QUEST OF COOLIES. A South Sea Sketch. By JAMES L. A. HOPE. Crown 8vo, with 15 Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. Price *6s.*

"Mr. Hope's description of the natives is graphic and amusing, and the book is altogether well worthy of perusal."—*Standard.*

"Lively and clever sketches."—*Athenæum.*

"This agreeably written and amusingly illustrated volume."—*Public Opinion.*

XXIX.

AN ESSAY ON THE CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING POWERS OF CHILDREN, especially in Connection with the Study of Botany. By ELIZA A. YOUMANS, of New York. Edited, with Notes and a Supplement on the Extension of the Principle to Elementary Intellectual Training in General, by JOSEPH PAYNE, Fellow of the College of Preceptors: Author of "Lectures on the Science and Art of Education," etc. Crown 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

"The little book, now under notice, is expressly designed to make the earliest instruction of children a mental discipline. Miss Youmans presents in her work the ripe results of educational experience reduced to a system, wisely conceiving that an education—even the most elementary—should be regarded as a discipline of the mental powers, and that the facts of external nature supply the most suitable materials for this description in the case of children. She has applied that principle to the study of botany. This study, according to her just notions on the subject, is to be fundamentally based on the exercise of the pupil's own powers of observation. He is to see and examine the properties of plants and flowers at first hand, not merely to be informed of what others have seen and examined."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

XXX.

From the Author's latest Stereotyped Edition.

MISS YOUMANS' FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed to cultivate the observing powers of children. New and Enlarged Edition, with 300 Engravings. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXI.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Correspondence and Conversations with NASSAU W. SENIOR, from 1833 to 1859. Edited by Mrs. M. C. M. SIMPSON. Two Vols., Large Post 8vo, 21*s.*

"An extremely interesting book, and a singularly good illustration of the value which, even in an age of newspapers and magazines, memoirs have and will always continue to have for the purposes of history."—*Saturday Review.*

"A book replete with knowledge and thought."—*Quarterly Review.*

"Another of those interesting journals in which Mr. Senior has, as it were, crystallized the sayings of some of those many remarkable men with whom he came in contact."—*Morning Post.*

XXXII.

ECHOES OF A FAMOUS YEAR. By HARRIET PARR, Author of "The Life of Jeanne d'Arc," "In the Silver Age," etc. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

"A graceful and touching, as well as truthful account of the Franco-Prussian War. Those who are in the habit of reading books to children will find this at once instructive and delightful."—*Public Opinion.*

"Miss Parr has the great gift of charming simplicity of style: and if children are not interested in her book, many of their seniors will be."—*British Quarterly Review.*

XXXIII.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 1870. A Volume of Travels, with Maps. By A. D. CARLISLE, B.A., Trin. Coll., Camb. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

"Makes one understand how going round the world is to be done in the quickest and pleasantest manner, and how the brightest and most cheerful of travellers did it with eyes wide open and keen attention all on the alert, with ready sympathies, with the happiest facility of hitting upon the most interesting features of nature and the most interesting characteristics of man, and all for its own sake."—*Spectator.*

"We can only commend, which we do very heartily, an eminently sensible and readable book."—*British Quarterly Review.*

XXXIV.

OVER VOLCANOES; OR, THROUGH FRANCE AND SPAIN IN 1871. By A. KINGSMAN. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"The writer's tone is so pleasant, his language is so good, and his spirits are so fresh, buoyant, and exhilarating, that you find yourself inveigled into reading, for the thousand-and-first time, a description of a Spanish bull-fight."—*Illustrated London News.*

"The adventures of our tourists are related with a good deal of pleasantry and humorous dash, which make the narrative agreeable reading."—*Public Opinion.*

"A work which we cordially recommend to such readers as desire to know something of Spain as she is to-day. Indeed, so fresh and original is it, that we could have wished that it had been a bigger book than it is."—*Literary World.*

XXXV.

Second Edition.

THE NILE WITHOUT A DRAGOMAN. By FREDERIC EDEN. In one vol., crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Should any of our readers care to imitate Mr. Eden's example, and wish to see things with their own eyes, and shift for themselves, next winter in Upper Egypt, they will find this book a very agreeable guide."—*Times.*

"Gives, within moderate compass, a suggestive description of the charms, curiosities, dangers, and discomforts of the Nile voyage."—*Saturday Review.*

"We have in these pages the most minute description of life as it appeared on the banks of the Nile; all that could be seen or was worth seeing in nature or in art is here pleasantly and graphically set down. . . . It is a book to read during an autumn holiday."—*Spectator.*

XXXVI.

Second Edition.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE. Dedicated by special permission to LORD ST. LEONARDS. Large crown 8vo, 5*s.*

"A charming little volume, written with singular felicity of style and illustration."—*Times.*

"A very pleasant little book, which is always, whether it deal in paradox or earnest, cheerful, genial, scholarly."—*Spectator.*

"The bold and striking character of the whole conception is entitled to the warmest admiration."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"We should recommend our readers to get this book . . . because they will be amused by the jovial miscellaneous and cultured gossip with which he strews his pages."—*British Quarterly Review.*

XXXVII.

Second Edition.

SCRIPTURE LANDS IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR HISTORY. By G. S. DREW, M.A., Vicar of Trinity, Lambeth, Author of "Reasons of Faith." Bevelled boards, 8vo, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Mr. Drew has invented a new method of illustrating Scripture history —from observation of the countries. Instead of narrating his travels and referring from time to time to the facts of sacred history belonging to the different countries, he writes an outline history of the Hebrew nation from Abraham downwards, with special reference to the various points in which the geography illustrates the history. The advantages of this plan are obvious. Mr. Drew thus gives us not a mere imitation of 'Sinai and Palestine,' but a view of the same subject from the other side. . . . He is very successful in picturing to his readers the scenes before his own mind. The position of Abraham in Palestine is portrayed, both socially and geographically, with great vigour. Mr. Drew has given an admirable account of the Hebrew sojourn in Egypt, and has done much to popularize the newly-acquired knowledge of Assyria in connection with the two Jewish kingdoms.—*Saturday Review.*

XXXVIII.

Second Edition.

CATHOLICISM AND THE VATICAN. With a Narrative of the Old Catholic Congresses at Munich and Cologne. By J. LOWRY WHITTLE, A.M., Trin. Coll., Dublin. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

"We cannot follow the author through his graphic and lucid sketch of the Catholic movement in Germany and of the Munich Congress, at which he was present; but we may cordially recommend his book to all who wish to follow the course of the movement."—*Saturday Review.*

"A valuable and philosophic contribution to the solution of one of the greatest questions of this stirring age."—*Church Times.*

XXXIX.

NAZARETH: ITS LIFE AND LESSONS. In small 8vo, cloth, 5*s.* By the Author of "The Divine Kingdom on Earth as it is in Heaven."

"*In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.*"

"A singularly reverent and beautiful book; the style in which it is written is not less chaste and attractive than its subject."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Perhaps one of the most remarkable books recently issued in the whole range of English theology. . . . Original in design, calm and appreciative in language, noble and elevated in style, this book, we venture to think, will live."—*Churchman's Magazine.*

XL.

JOURNALS KEPT IN FRANCE AND ITALY, FROM 1848 TO 1852. With a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. By the late NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR. Edited by his daughter, M. C. M. SIMPSON. In two vols., post 8vo, 24*s.*

"The present volume gives us conversations with some of the most prominent men in the political history of France and Italy . . . as well as with others whose names are not so familiar or are hidden under initials. Mr. Senior has the art of inspiring all men with frankness, and of persuading them to put themselves unreservedly in his hands without fear of private circulation."—*Athenæum.*

"The book has a genuine historical value."—*Saturday Review.*

"No better, more honest, and more readable view of the state of political society during the existence of the second Republic could well be looked for."—*Examiner.*

XLI.

THE DIVINE KINGDOM ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN. In demy 8vo, bound in cloth. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Our [COMMONWEALTH is in Heaven." [*Now ready.*

"It is seldom that, in the course of our critical duties, we have to deal with a volume of any size or pretension so entirely valuable and satisfactory as this. Published anonymously as it is, there is no living divine to whom the authorship would not be a credit. . . . Not the least of its merits is the perfect simplicity and clearness, conjoined with a certain massive beauty, of its style."—*Literary Churchman.*

"A high purpose and a devout spirit characterize this work. It is thoughtful and eloquent. . . . The most valuable and suggestive chapter is entitled 'Fulfilment in Life and Ministry of Christ,' which is full of original thinking admirably expressed."—*British Quarterly Review.*

Forthcoming Novels.

I.

A LITTLE WORLD. By Geo. Manville Fenn, Author of "The Sapphire Cross," "Mad," etc. Three vols.

II.

CIVIL SERVICE. By J. T. Listado, Author of "Maurice Reynhart." 2 vols.

III.

VANESSA. By the Author of "Thomasina," &c. 2 vols.

IV.

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. By Capt. Arthur Griffiths, Author of "Peccavi; or, Geoffrey Singleton's Mistake." 2 vols.

V.

CHESTERLEIGH. By Ansley Conyers. 3 vols.

VI.

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S WHIM. By Mortimer Collins, Author of "Marquis and Merchant," "The Princess Clarice," &c. 3 vols.

VII.

WHAT 'TIS TO LOVE. By the Author of "Flora Adair," "The Value of Fosterstown," etc. Three vols.

VIII.

JOHANNES OLAF. By E. de Wille. Translated by F. E. Bunnètt.

The author of this story enjoys a high reputation in Germany; and both English and German critics have spoken in terms of the warmest praise of this and her previous stories. She has been called "The 'George Eliot' of Germany."

IX.

TOO LATE. By Mrs. Newman. Two vols., crown 8vo.

X.

LISETTE'S VENTURE. By Mrs. Russell Gray. Two vols., crown 8vo.

Recently Published Novels.

I.

SEETA. By Col. Meadows Taylor, Author of "Tara," etc. In three vols. [*Just out.*

II.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By Hesba Stretton, Author of "Little Meg," etc., etc. [*Just out.*

III.

OFF THE SKELLIGS. By Jean Ingelow. (Her first Romance.) In four vols. [*Just out.*

IV.

HONOR BLAKE; THE STORY OF A PLAIN WOMAN. By Mrs. Keatinge, Author of "English Homes in India." Two vols., crown 8vo. [*Just out.*

V.

THE SPINSTERS OF BLATCHINGTON. By Mar. Travers. Two vols., crown 8vo.

"A pretty story. In all respects deserving of a favourable reception."—*Graphic.*

"A book of more than average merit, and worth reading."—*Examiner.*

VI.

THE PRINCESS CLARICE. A STORY OF 1871. By Mortimer Collins. Two vols., crown 8vo.

"Mr. Collins has produced a readable book, amusingly characteristic. There is good description of Devonshire scenery; and lastly there is Clarice, a most successful heroine, who must speak to the reader for herself."—*Athenæum.*

"Very readable and amusing. We would especially give an honourable mention to Mr. Collins' '*vers de société*,' the writing of which has almost become a lost art."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A bright, fresh, and original book, with which we recommend all genuine novel-readers to become acquainted at the earliest opportunity."—*Standard.*

VII.

A GOOD MATCH. By Amelia Perrier. Author of "Mea Culpa." Two vols. [*Just out.*

"Racy and lively."—*Athenæum.*

"Agreeably written."—*Public Opinion.*

"As pleasant and readable a novel as we have seen this season."—*Examiner.*

"This clever and amusing novel."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

VIII.

THOMASINA. By the Author of "Dorothy," "De Cressy," etc. Two vols., crown 8vo. [*Just out.*

"We would liken it to a finished and delicate cabinet picture, in which there is no brilliant colour, and yet all is harmony; in which no line is without its purpose, but all contribute to the unity of the work."—*Athenæum.*

"For the delicacies of character-drawing, for play of incident, and for finish o style, we must refer our readers to the story itself: from the perusal of which they cannot fail to derive both interest and amusement."—*Daily News.*

"This undeniably pleasing story."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

IX.

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. By the Countess von Bothmer. Three vols., crown 8vo.

"*Jealousy is cruel as the Grave.*"

"The Wise Man's motto is prefixed to an interesting, though somewhat tragic story, by the Countess von Bothmer. . . . Her German prince, with his chivalrous affection, his disinterested patriotism, and his soldierlike sense of duty, is no unworthy type of a national character which has lately given the world many instances of old-fashioned heroism."—*Athenæum.*

"An agreeable, unaffected, and eminently readable novel."—*Daily News.*

X.

THE STORY OF SIR EDWARD'S WIFE. By HAMILTON MARSHALL, Author of "For Very Life." One vol., crown 8vo. [*Just out.*

"There are many clever conceits in it. . . . Mr. Hamilton Marshall proves in 'Sir Edward's Wife' that he can tell a story closely and pleasantly."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A quiet graceful little story."—*Spectator.*

XI.

PERPLEXITY. By SYDNEY MOSTYN. Three vols., cr. 8vo.

"Shows much lucidity, much power of portraiture, and no inconsiderable sense of humour."—*Examiner.*

"The literary workmanship is good, and the story forcibly and graphically told."—*Daily News.*

"Written with very considerable power; the plot is original and . . . worked out with great cleverness and sustained interest."—*Standard.*

XII.

LINKED AT LAST. By F. E. BUNNETT. One vol., cr. 8vo.

"'Linked at Last' contains so much of pretty description, natural incident, and delicate portraiture, that the reader who once takes it up will not be inclined to relinquish it without concluding the volume."—*Morning Post.*

"A very charming story."—*John Bull.*

XIII.

HER TITLE OF HONOUR. By HOLME LEE. One vol., crown 8vo. (Second Edition.)

"It is unnecessary to recommend tales of Holme Lee's, for they are well known, and all more or less liked. But this book far exceeds even our favourites, *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, *Kathie Brande*, and *Thorney Hall*, because with the interest of a pathetic story is united the value of a definite and high purpose."—*Spectator.*

"A most exquisitely written story."—*Literary Churchman.*

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

I.

BRAVE MEN'S FOOTSTEPS. A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. By the EDITOR of "Men who have Risen." With four Illustrations by C. DOYLE. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Josiah Wedgwood — the Man of Energy.
Granville Sharp — the Negro's earliest Friend.
Richard Cobden—the International Man.
Dr. William Smith—the Father of English Geology.
Andrew Reed — the Stay of the Hopeless.
Michael Faraday — the Refined Philosopher.
Thomas Wright—the Prison Philanthropist.
Joseph Paxton—the Gardener Architect.
The Early Life of the late Prince Consort.
Etc., etc.

II.

Just ready, gilt cloth and gilt edges, price 7s. 6d., the Volume for 1872, of

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG. Containing Numerous Contributions by

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.
THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."
LADY BARKER.
JEAN INGELOW.
A. L. WARING.
W. ALLINGHAM.
MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.
ROBERT BUCHANAN.
C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

And about One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations by

ARTHUR HUGHES.
J. MAHONEY.
J. B. ZWECKER.
W. J. WIEGAND.
TOWNLEY GREEN.
F. A. FRASER.
F. S. WALKER.
M. FRASER-TYTLER.

III.

THE LITTLE WONDER-HORN. By JEAN INGELOW. A Second Series of "Stories told to a Child." 15 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

IV.

GUTTA-PERCHA WILLIE: THE WORKING GENIUS. By GEORGE MACDONALD. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

V.

PLUCKY FELLOWS. A Book for Boys. By STEPHEN J. MACKENNA. Illustrated.

VI.

HOITY TOITY, THE GOOD LITTLE FELLOW. By CHARLES CAMDEN, Author of "The Boys of Axleford." Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

VII.

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES. By HELEN ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo. Six Illustrations. Price 5*s.*

VIII.

THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE. By CHARLES CAMDEN, Author of "Hoity Toity." Illustrated by J. MAHONEY. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

IX.

THE DESERTED SHIP. A Real Story of the Atlantic. By CUPPLES HOWE, Master Mariner. Illustrated by TOWNLEY GREEN. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

X.

ELSIE DINSMORE. By MARTHA FARQUHARSON. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

XI.

HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS. With some after scenes in Elsie's life. Being a Sequel to "Elsie Dinsmore." By MARTHA FARQUHARSON. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

XII.

ELSIE'S GIRLHOOD. A Sequel to "Elsie Dinsmore" and "Elsie's Holidays at Roselands." By MARTHA FARQUHARSON.

XIII.

JEAN JAROUSSEAU, THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT. From the French of EUGÈNE PELLETAN. Translated by Colonel E. P. DE L'HOSTE. In fcap. 8vo, with an engraved frontispiece, price 5*s.*

"There is a poetical simplicity and picturesqueness; the noblest heroism; unpretentious religion; pure love, and the spectacle of a household brought up in the fear of the Lord. . . . The whole story has an air of quaint antiquity similar to that which invests with a charm more easily felt than described the site of some splendid ruin."—*Illustrated London News.*

"A touching record of the struggles in the cause of religious liberty of a real man."—*Graphic.*

XIV.

LILLIPUT REVELS. By the Author of "Lilliput Levée." With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Shortly.*

MILITARY WORKS.

I.

ARMY RESERVES AND MILITIA REFORMS. By Lieut.-Col. The Hon. C. ANSON.
[*In the press.*

II.

VICTORIES AND DEFEATS. An attempt to explain the causes which have led to them. An Officer's Manual. By Col. R. P. ANDERSON. Demy 8vo.
[*In preparation.*

III.

Shortly will be published:

STUDIES IN THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS. By Major W. von SCHEREFF. Translated from the German.

IV.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY TO THE CAPITULATION OF METZ. By VON SCHELL, Major in the Chief General Staff, with Maps, including one of Metz and of the country around, which will be the most perfect yet published of that district. In demy 8vo. Uniform with the above.
[*In preparation.*

*** The most important events described in this work are the battles of Spichern, those before Metz on the 14th and 18th August, and (on this point nothing authentic has yet been published) the history of the investment of Metz (battle of Noisseville).

This work, however, possesses a greater importance than that derived from these points, because it represents for the first time from the official documents the generalship of Von Steinmetz. Hitherto we have had no exact reports on the deeds and motives of this celebrated general. This work has the special object of unfolding carefully the relations in which the commander of the First Army acted, the plan of operations which he drew up, and the manner in which he carried it out.

V.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN FRANCE, FROM SEDAN TO THE END OF THE WAR OF 1870–1. With large Official Map. From the Journals of the Head-Quarters Staff. By Major WM. BLUME, of the Prussian Ministry of War. Translated by E. M. JONES, Major 20th Foot, late Professor of Military History, Sandhurst. Demy 8vo. Price 9*s.*

"The work of Major von Blume in its English dress forms the most valuable addition to our stock of works upon the war that our press has put forth. Major Blume writes with a clear conciseness much wanting in many of his country's historians, and Major Jones has done himself and his original alike justice by his vigorous yet correct translation of the excellent volume on which he has laboured. Our space forbids our doing more than commending it earnestly as the most authentic and instructive narrative of the second section of the war that has yet appeared."—*Saturday Review.*

"The book is of absolute necessity to the military student. : . . . The work is one of high merit and . . . has the advantage of being rendered into fluent English, and is accompanied by an excellent military map."—*United Service Gazette.*

"The work of translation has been well done; the expressive German idioms have been rendered into clear nervous English without losing any of their original force; and in notes, prefaces, and introductions, much additional information has been given."—*Athenæum.*

VI.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOUTH ARMY IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1871. Compiled from the Official War Documents of the Head-Quarters of the Southern Army. By Count HERMANN VON WARTENSLEBEN, Colonel in the Prussian General Staff. Translated by Colonel C. H. VON WRIGHT. Demy 8vo., with Maps. Uniform with the above. Price 6*s.*

VII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE FIRST ARMY IN NORTHERN FRANCE. (Against Faidherbe.) By Colonel Count HERMANN VON WARTENSLEBEN, Chief of the Staff of the First Army. In demy 8vo. Uniform with the above. [*In preparation.*

N.B.—It is believed that General BEAUCHAMP WALKER, of Berlin, will translate this work.

VIII.

TACTICAL DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WAR OF 1870-1. By Captain A. VON BOGUSLAWSKI. Translated by Colonel LUMLEY GRAHAM, Late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Demy 8vo. Uniform with the above. Price 7*s.*

"In all essential things, according to our conviction, the author has rightly apprehended the lessons of the late war, and his views are a guide and criterion that will be of service to every officer."—*Militair Wochenblatt.*

"Major Boguslawski's tactical deductions from the war are, that infantry still preserve their superiority over cavalry, that open order must henceforth be the main principles of all drill, and that the chassepot is the best of all small arms for precision. . . . We must, without delay, impress brain and forethought into the British Service; and we cannot commence the good work too soon, or better, than by placing the two books ('The Operations of the German Armies' and 'Tactical Deductions') we have here criticised, in every military library, and introducing them as class-books in every tactical school."—*United Service Gazette.*

IX.

HASTY INTRENCHMENTS. By A. BRIALMONT, Colonel on the Belgian Staff. Translated by CHARLES A. EMPSON, Lieutenant R.A. Nine Plates. Price 6*s.*

X.

CAVALRY FIELD DUTY. By Major-General VON MIRUS. Translated by Capt. FRANK S. RUSSELL, 14th (King's) Hussars. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 5*s.*

*** This is the text-book of instruction in the German cavalry, and comprises all the details connected with the military duties of cavalry soldiers on service. The translation is made from a new edition, which contains the modifications introduced consequent on the experiences of the late war. The great interest that students feel in all the German military methods, will it is believed, render this book especially acceptable at the present time.

XI.

THE ARMY OF THE NORTH-GERMAN CONFEDERATION. A brief description of its organization, of the different branches of the Service and their *rôle* in war, of its mode of fighting," etc. By a PRUSSIAN GENERAL. Translated from the German by Col. EDWARD NEWDIGATE. Demy 8vo. 5*s.*

*** The authorship of this book was erroneously ascribed to the renowned General von Moltke, but there can be little doubt that it was written under his immediate inspiration.

XII.

Now ready, an authorised and accurate Translation of

STUDIES IN LEADING TROOPS. By Col. VON VERDU DU VERNOIS. Translated by Lieut. H. J. T. HILLYARD, 71st Foot. Parts I. and II. Demy 8vo, price 7*s.*

Notice.—The German publishers of this work desire to make it known that the author protests against an edition of Part I. which is on sale in England, and which is both an inaccurate and unauthorised translation.

*** General BEAUCHAMP WALKER says of this work:—"I recommend the first two numbers of Colonel von Verdy's 'Studies' to the attentive perusal of my brother officers. They supply a want which I have often felt during my service in this country, namely, a minuter tactical detail of the minor operations of the war than any but the most observant and fortunately placed staff officer is in a position to give. I have read and re-read them very carefully, I hope with profit, certainly with great interest, and believe that practice, in the sense of these 'Studies,' would be a valuable preparation for manœuvres on a more extended scale."—Berlin, June, 1872.

XIII.

DISCIPLINE AND DRILL. Four Lectures delivered to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. By Captain S. FLOOD PAGE, Adjutant of the Regiment, late 105th Light Infantry, and Adjutant of the Edinburgh Rifle Brigade. Just published. A Cheaper Edition, price 1*s.*

"One of the best-known and coolest-headed of the metropolitan regiments, whose adjutant moreover has lately published an admirable collection of lectures addressed by him to the men of his corps."—*Times.*

"The very useful and interesting work. . . . Every Volunteer, officer or private, will be the better for perusing and digesting the plain-spoken truths which Captain Page so firmly, and yet so modestly, puts before them; and we trust that the little book in which they are contained will find its way into all parts of Great Britain."—*Volunteer Service Gazette.*

XIV.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71. First Part:—History of the War to the Downfall of the Empire. First Section:—The events in July. Translated from the German Official Account at the Topographical and Statistical Department of the War Office. By Capt. F. C. H. CLARKE, R.A. First Section, with Map, now Ready. Demy 8vo, 3*s.*

XV.

THE SUBSTANTIVE SENIORITY ARMY LIST. Majors and Captains. Containing the Names of all Substantive Majors and Captains, Serving upon Full-pay or Retired upon Half-pay, arranged according to their Seniority in the Service, and in such order as immediately to exhibit the standing of every such Major or Captain for Promotion in his own arm of the Service, whether Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers, Infantry, or Marines, specifying their particular Corps, and distinguishing those holding Higher Brevet-rank. By Capt. F. B. P. WHITE, 1st W. I. Regiment. 8vo, sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE BENGAL QUARTERLY ARMY LIST. Sewed, 15*s.*
THE BOMBAY DO. DO. Sewed, 9*s.*
THE MADRAS DO. DO. Sewed, 12*s.*

The Cornhill Library of Fiction.

It is intended in this Series to produce books of such merit that readers will care to preserve them on their shelves. They are well printed on good paper, handsomely bound, with a Frontispiece, and are sold at the moderate price of

3s. 6d. *each.*

I.

ROBIN GRAY. By Charles Gibbon. With a Frontispiece by Hennessy. [*Ready.*

II.

KITTY. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards. [*Ready.*

III.

HIRELL. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife." [*Ready.*

IV.

ONE OF TWO. By J. Hain Friswell, Author of "The Gentle Life," etc.

V.

READY MONEY MORTIBOY. [*At Christmas.*

Other Standard Novels to follow.

Poetry.

I.

CALDERON.—THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK—THE WONDERFUL MAGICIAN—LIFE IS A DREAM. Translated from the Spanish of Calderon, by Denis Florence MacArthy.

II.

SONGS FOR SAILORS. By W. C. Bennett. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* With Steel Portrait and Illustrations.

An Edition in Illustrated paper Covers, price 1*s.*

III.

Shortly will be Re-issued, with additions to each part, W. C. BENNETT'S POEMS, *in Five Parts, at One Shilling each.*

BABY MAY, THE WORN WEDDING RING, AND OTHER HOME POEMS. With Illustrations by WATSON.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S VENGEANCE, BALLADS, AND NARRATIVE POEMS. With Illustrations by WATSON.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER. With Steel Portrait. First Series.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER. With Illustrations by WATSON. Second Series.

POEMS OF THOUGHT AND FANCY, AND ONE HUNDRED SONNETS. With Illustrations by WATSON.

IV.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

A Collected Edition, in Five Volumes of

THE POETICAL AND PROSE WORKS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.

V.

WALLED IN, AND OTHER POEMS. By the Rev. HENRY J. BULKELY. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

[*Now Ready.*

VI.

SONGS OF LIFE AND DEATH. By JOHN PAYNE, Author of "Intaglios," "Sonnets," "The Masque of Shadows," etc. Cr. 8vo, 5*s.* [*Just out.*

VII.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a NEW WRITER. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

"The 'New Writer' is certainly no tyro. No one after reading the first two poems, almost perfect in rhythm and all the graceful reserve of true lyrical strength, can doubt that this book is the result of lengthened thought and assiduous training in poetical form. . . . These poems will assuredly take high rank among the class to which they belong." — *British Quarterly Review, April 1st.*

"No extracts could do justice to the exquisite tones, the felicitous phrasing and delicately wrought harmonies of some of these poems."—*Nonconformist, March 27th.*

"Are we in this book making the acquaintance of a fine and original poet, or of a most artistic imitator? And our deliberate opinion is that the former hypothesis is the right one. It has a purity and delicacy of feeling like morning air."—*Graphic, March 16th.*

"If these poems are the mere preludes of a mind growing in power and in inclination for verse, we have in them the promise of a fine poet. . . . The verse describing Socrates has the highest note of critical poetry."—*Spectator, Feb. 17th.*

VIII.

EROS AGONISTES. By E. B. D. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

"The author of these verses has written a very touching story of the human heart in the story he tells with such pathos and power, of an affection cherished so long and so secretly. . . . It is not the least merit of these pages that they are everywhere illumined with moral and religious sentiment suggested, not paraded, of the brightest, purest character."—*Standard.*

IX.

THE LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK, & OTHER POEMS. By AUBREY DE VERE. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

"We have marked, in almost every page, excellent touches from which we know not how to select. We have but space to commend the varied structure of his verse, the carefulness of his grammar, and his excellent English. All who believe that poetry should raise and not debase the social ideal, all who think that wit should exalt our standard of thought and manners, must welcome this contribution at once to our knowledge of the past and to the science of noble life.—*Saturday Review.*

X.

THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS, AND OTHER POEMS. By MORTIMER COLLINS. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

"Mr. Collins has an undercurrent of chivalry and romance beneath the trifling vein of good humoured banter which is the special characteristic of his verse. . . . The 'Inn of Strange Meetings' s a sprightly piece."—*Athenæum.*

"Abounding in quiet humour, in bright fancy, in sweetness and melody of expression, and, at times, in the tenderest ouches of pathos."—*Graphic.*

XI.

ASPROMONTE, AND OTHER POEMS. Second Edition, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

"The volume is anonymous; but there is no reason for the author to be ashamed of it. The 'Poems of Italy' are evidently inspired by genuine enthusiasm in the cause espoused; and one of them, 'The Execution of Felice Orsini,' has much poetic merit, the event celebrated being told with dramatic force."—*Athenæum.*

"The verse is fluent and free."—*Spectator.*

XII.

THE DREAM AND THE DEED, AND OTHER POEMS. By PATRICK SCOTT, Author of "Footpaths Between Two Worlds," etc. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

"A bitter and able satire on the vice and follies of the day, literary, social, and political."—*Standard.*

"Shows real poetic power coupled with evidences of satirical energy."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

LIFE AND WORKS OF THE REV. FRED. W. ROBERTSON.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE LATE REV. FRED. W. ROBERTSON, M.A. Edited by STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A., Hon. Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Library Edition, in demy 8vo, with Steel Portrait. 12*s.*

A Popular Edition, in one vol., price 6s., is now ready.

A New Edition, in two volumes, uniform with the Sermons, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, will be ready shortly.

SERMONS:—Price 3*s.* 6*d.* per vol.

First Series.	Small crown 8vo.
Second Series	Small crown 8vo.
Third Series	Small crown 8vo.
Fourth Series	Small crown 8vo.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Small crown 8vo. 5*s.*

AN ANALYSIS OF MR. TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." (Dedicated by permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE. Translated from the German of GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

IN PREPARATION.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES ON LITERARY AND SOCIAL TOPICS. Small crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A LECTURE ON FRED. W. ROBERTSON, M.A. By the Rev. F. A. NOBLE, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburgh, U.S. 1*s.* 6*d.*

SERMONS BY THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

Honorary Chaplain to Her Majesty the Queen.

I.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. A Memorial Sermon. Crown 8vo, sewed. 1*s.*

II.

CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Nobly fearless and singularly strong . . . carries our admiration throughout."—*British Quarterly Review.*

III.

FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Second Edition. Six Sermons suggested by the Voysey Judgment. In One Volume. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Every one should read them. No one can be insensible to the charm of his style, or the clear logical manner in which he treats his subject."—*Churchman's Monthly.*

"We have to thank Mr. Brooke for a very clear and courageous exposition of theological views, with which we are for the most part in full sympathy."—*Spectator.*

"Interesting and readable, and characterized by great clearness of thought, frankness of statement, and moderation of tone."—*Church Opinion.*

"A very fair statement of the views in respect to freedom of thought held by the liberal party in the Church of England."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

IV.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, YORK STREET, LONDON. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

"No one who reads these sermons will wonder that Mr. Brooke is a great power in London, that his chapel is thronged, and his followers large and enthusiastic. They are fiery, energetic, impetuous sermons, rich with the treasures of a cultivated imagination."—*Guardian.*

"Mr. Brooke's sermons are shrewd and clever, and always readable. He is better off than many preachers, for he has something to say, and says it."—*Churchman's Magazine.*

"A fine specimen of the best preaching of the Episcopal pulpit."—*British Quarterly.*

Books on Indian Subjects.

I.

THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA. A Hand-book of practical information for those proceeding to, or residing in, the East Indies, relating to Outfits, Routes, Time for Departure, Indian Climate, etc. By EDMUND C. P. HULL. With a MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS. Being a compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. By R. S. MAIR, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., late Deputy Coroner of Madras. In one vol., Post 8vo, *6s.*

"Full of all sorts of useful information to the English settler or traveller in India."—*Standard.*

"One of the most valuable books ever published in India—valuable for its sound information, its careful array of pertinent facts, and its sterling common sense. It is a publisher's as well as an author's 'hit,' for it supplies a want which few persons may have discovered, but which everybody will at once recognise when once the contents of the book have been mastered. The medical part of the work is invaluable."—*Calcutta Guardian.*

II.

EASTERN EXPERIENCES. By L. BOWRING, C.S.I., Lord Canning's Private Secretary, and for many years the Chief Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg. In one vol., demy 8vo, *16s.* Illustrated with Maps and Diagrams.

"An admirable and exhaustive geographical, political, and industrial survey."—*Athenæum.*

"The usefulness of this compact and methodical summary of the most authentic information relating to countries whose welfare is intimately connected with our own, should obtain for Mr. Lewin Bowring's work a good place among treatises of its kind."—*Daily News.*

"Interesting even to the general reader, but more especially so to those who may have a special concern in that portion of our Indian Empire."—*Post.*

"An elaborately got up and carefully compiled work."—*Home News.*

III.

A MEMOIR OF THE INDIAN SURVEYS. By CLEMENT R. MARKHAM. Printed by order of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. Imperial 8vo, *10s. 6d.*

IV.

WESTERN INDIA BEFORE AND DURING THE MUTINIES. Pictures drawn from Life. By Major-General Sir GEORGE LE GRAND JACOB, K.C.S.I., C.B. In one vol., crown 8vo, *7s. 6d.*

"The most important contribution to the history of Western India during the Mutinies, which has yet, in a popular form, been made public."—*Athenæum.*

"The legacy of a wise veteran, intent on the benefit of his countrymen rather than on the acquisition of fame."—*London and China Express.*

"Few men more competent than himself to speak authoritatively concerning Indian affairs."—*Standard.*

V.

EXCHANGE TABLES OF STERLING AND INDIAN RUPEE CURRENCY, upon a new and extended system, embracing values from one farthing to one hundred thousand pounds, and at rates progressing, in sixteenths of a penny, from 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* per rupee. By DONALD FRASER, Accountant to the British Indian Steam Navigation Co., Limited. Royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

VI.

A CATALOGUE OF MAPS OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN INDIA AND OTHER PARTS OF ASIA. Published by Order of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. Royal 8vo, sewed, 1*s.*

A continuation of the above, sewed, price 6*d.*, is now ready.

☛ *Messrs. Henry S. King & Co. are the authorised agents by the Government for the sale of the whole of the Maps enumerated in this Catalogue.*

Now Ready, crown 8vo, price 5s.

THE FORMS OF WATER IN RAIN AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS. With 32 Illustrations. By J. TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

Just Out, crown 8vo, price 4s.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of Natural Selection and Inheritance to Political Society. By WALTER BAGEHOT.

BEING VOLUMES ONE AND TWO OF

THE

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES.

MESSRS. HENRY S. KING & Co. have the pleasure to announce that under this title they are issuing a SERIES of POPULAR TREATISES, embodying the results of the latest investigations in the various departments of Science at present most prominently before the world.

The character and scope of the Series will be best indicated by a reference to the names and subjects included in the following List; from which it will be seen that the co-operation of many of the most distinguished Professors in England, America, Germany, and France has been already secured.

Although these Works are not specially designed for the instruction of beginners, still, as they are intended to address the *non-scientific public*, they will be, as far as possible, explanatory in character, and free from technicalities. The object of each author will be to bring his subject as near as he can to the general reader.

The Series will also be published simultaneously in New York by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.; in Paris by M. Germer Baillière; and in Leipzig by Messrs. Brockhaus. The volumes will all be crown 8vo size, well printed on good paper, strongly and elegantly bound, and will sell in this country at a price *not exceeding Five Shillings*.

The next volume will be

FOOD. By Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.

☞ Prospectuses of the Series may be had of the Publishers.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES—FIRST LIST.

Prof. T. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.
Bodily Motion and Consciousness.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, LL.D., F.R.S.
The Principles of Mental Physiology.

Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S.
The Antiquity of Man.

Prof. Rudolph Virchow.
Morbid Physiological Action.

Prof. Alexander Bain, LL.D.
Relations of Mind and Body.

Prof. Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S.
The Conservation of Energy.

Walter Bagehot, Esq.
Physics and Politics.

Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, M.D., F.R.S.
The Brain as an Organ of Mind.

Herbert Spencer, Esq.
The Study of Sociology.

Prof. William Odling, F.R.S.
The New Chemistry.

Prof. W. Thiselton Dyer, B.A., B.Sc.
Form and Habit in Flowering Plants.

Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S.
Food.

Prof. W. Kingdom Clifford, M.A.
The First Principles of the Exact Sciences explained to the non-mathematical.

Mr. J. N. Lockyer, F.R.S.
Spectrum Analysis.

W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D., F.R.S.E.
Mind in the Lower Animals.

Dr. J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S.
Walking, Swimming, and Flying.

Prof. John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S.
The Forms of Water in Rain and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers.

Prof. A. C. Ramsay, LL.D., F.R.S.
Earth Sculpture: Hills, Valleys, Mountains, Plains, Rivers, Lakes; how they were Produced, and how they have been Destroyed.

Dr. Henry Maudsley.
Responsibility in Disease.

Prof. W. Stanley Jevons.
The Logic of Statistics.

Prof. Michael Foster, M.D.
Protoplasm and the Cell Theory.

Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S.
Fungi: their Nature, Influences, and Uses.

Prof. Claude Bernard.
Physical and Metaphysical Phenomena of Life.

Prof. A. Quetelet.
Social Physics.

Prof. H. Sainte Claire Deville.
An Introduction to General Chemistry.

Prof. Wurtz.
Atoms and the Atomic Theory.

Prof. D. Quatrefages.
The Negro Races.

Prof. Lacaze-Duthiers.
Zoology since Cuvier.

Prof. Berthelot.
Chemical Synthesis.

Prof. J. Rosenthal.
(Subject not yet received.)

Prof. James D. Dana, M.A., LL.D.
On Cephalization; or, Head-Characters in the Gradation and Progress of Life.

Prof. S. W. Johnson, M.A.
On the Nutrition of Plants.

Prof. Austin Flint, Jr., M.D.
The Nervous System and its Relation to the Bodily Functions.

Prof. W. D. Whitney.
Modern Linguistic Science.

HENRY S. KING & CO.,
65, CORNHILL, AND 12, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.