A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VIII.-(Continued.)

I sprang to my feet and opened the hidden door. There she stood, white, asleep, with closed eyes, singing like a bird, only with a heartful of sad meaning in every tone. I stepped aside, without speaking, and she passed me into the room. I closed the door and followed her. She lay already upon the couch, still and restful-already covered with my plaid. I sat down beside her, whit nr, and gazed upon her in wonderment. That she was possessed of very superior intellectual powers, whatever might be the cause of their having lain dormant so at once I felt as if I were looking into long, I had already fully convinced the haunted room. It seemed to be myself; but I was not prepared to find art as well as intellect.

Here was a song, of her own making came and went suddenly, as such visas to the music, so true and so potent, ions of places usually do; but this had that, before I knew anything of the words, it had surrounded me with a dream of the place in which the scene of the ballad was laid.

I sat and thought: Some obstruction in the gateways, outward, prevented the room once more. I rose with a her, in her waking hours, from uttering herself at all. Their obstruction damming back upon their sources the hall and up the oak staircase-I had outgoings of life, threw her into this abnormal sleep. In it the impulse to utterance, still unsatisfied, so wrought within her unable, yet compliant form, that she could not rest, but rose and walked. And now afresh surge from the sea of her unknown being, unrepressed by the hitherto of the objects of sense, had burst the gates and bars, swept the obstructions from its channel, and poured from her in melodious song

And now I had once more the delight of watching a spirit dawn, a soul-rise, in that lovely form. The light flushing of its pallid sky was, as before, the first sign. I dreaded the flash of lovely flame, and the outburst of regnant anger, ere I should have time to say that I was not to blame. But when, at length, the full dawn, the slow sunrise came, it was with all the gentleness of a cloudy summer morn. Never did a more celestial rosy red hang about the skirts of the level sun, than when, opening her eyes, she saw me beside her. She covered her face with her hands; and instead of the words of indignant reproach which I you have broken your promise."

My heart gave a bound and was still. I grew faint with delight. "No, I said, "I have not broken my promise, Lady Alice; I have struggled nearly to madness to keep it-and I have kept

"It is strange," she said at length, It belonged to Lord Hilton's brother. to feel, when I lie down at night, that The verses are a translation of part may awake in your presence, with of the poem beside which they lieout knowing how. It is strange, too, one by Von Salis, who died shortly bethat although I should be utterly fore that date at the bottom. I will ashamed to come wittingly, I feel no read them to you, and then show you

nothing of what has taken place in

"Have you no vague sensations, no

haunting shadows, no dim, ghostly

moods, seeming to belong to that con-

She rose, said "Good-night," and left

It was sitting late one night in my

room. I had all but given up hope of

her coming. I had, perhaps, deprived

her of the somnambulic power. I was

brooding over the possibility, when all

lighted by the moon, shining through

the stained windows. The feeling

an indescribable something about it

more clear and real than such resur-

rections of the past, whether willed or

unwilled, commonly possess, and a

still for a moment, like a wounded deer

to the haunted chamber. The door

stood half open. I entered, and was be-

wildered by the dim, mysterious,

dreamy loveliness upon which I gazed.

your sleep?"

dition, left?"

me

"Nothing whatever."

"None whatever."

confusion when I find myself here. something else that is strange about When I fell myself coming awake, I them. The poem is called 'Psyche's lie for a little while with my eyes Sorrow.' Psyche means the soul, closed wondering and hoping, and Alice.'

"I remember. You told me about her afraid to open them, lest I should find myself only in my own chamber; before, you know."

shrinking a little, too-just a little "Then follows the date, with the words in German underneath it-'How from the first glance into your face." "But when you awake, do you know weary I am?' Now, what is strange.

Alice, is that this date is the very month and year in which I was born." She did not reply to this with anything beyond a mere assent. Her mind was fixed on the poem itself. She began to talk about it and I was surprised to find how thoroughly she entered into it and understood it. She seemed to have crowded the growth of a lifetime into the last few months. At length I told her how unhappy I had felt for some time, at remaining in Lord Hilton's house, as matters now were. "Then you must go," she said, quite

mietly. This troubled me.

"Will you go with me?" I asked, perplexed.

"Of course I will."

for I had no money, and of course I should have none of my salary. She divined at once the cause of my hesitation.

great longing seized me to look into "I have a diamond bracelet in my ports verbatim a sermon of Chrtst room," she said, with a smile, "and sense of yielding to the irresistible, left the room, groped my way through the a few guineas besides."

"How shall we get away?"

"Nothing is easier. My old nurse, never thought of taking a light with whom I mentioned to you before, lives me-and entered the corridor. No soonat the lodge-gate." er had I entered it than the thought

"I know her very well," I interrupt sprung up in my mind-"What if she should be there!" My heart stood ed. "But she's not Scotch."

"Indeed she is. But she has been and then bounded on, with a pang in with our family almost all her life. about noon, whether on the every bound. The corridor was night I often go to see her, and sometimes itself, with a dim, bluish gray light stay all night with her. You can get gal, or Mediterranean, or Red Sea, from the windows, sufficing to mark a carriage ready in the village and looking through a nautical instrument their own spaces. I stole through it, neither of us will be missed before to find just where we were sailing; and

and, without erring once, went straight morning." it is well to know that though the I looked at her in renewed surprise at the decision of her invention. She | captain tells you there are thirty-two covered her face, as she seldom did points of division of the compass card now, but went on: in the mariner's compass, there are

"We can go to London, where you only four cardinal points, and my text The maan shone full upon the windows, will easily find something to do. Men hails them, the north, the south, the and a thousand colored lights and shadows crossed and intertwined upon always can there. And when I come east, the west. So I spread out bethe walls and floor, all so soft, and of agefore us the map of the world to see the

mingling, and undefied, that the brain "Alice, how old are you?" I interrupt was filled as with a flickering dance of ed.

"Nineteen," she answered. "By the ghostly rainbows. But I had little time to think of these; for out of the way," he resumed, "when I think of it -how odd!-that"-pointing to the date only dark corner in the room came a deepened and glowed upon her face, white figure, flitting across the chaos on the paper-"is the very month in the far north are a cold blooded race. of lights, bedewed, bespangled, be- which I, too, was born."

I was too much surprised to inter spattered as she passed, with their multitudinous colors. I was speechless with rupt her, an she continued:

something far beyond joy. With a low "I never think of my age without rehad dreaded to hear, she murmered behind the snowy screen, "I am glad moan of delight Lady Alice sank into my arms. Then, looking up, with a calling one thing about my birth, which nurse often refers to. She was going up light laugh. "The scales are turned, stairs to my mother's room, when she lifetime battle with the cold. The dear," she said. "You are in my power happened to notice a bright star, not winter charges upon them with swords

POINTS OF COMPASS.

TALMAGE PREACHES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"They Shall Come From the East, and From the West, and From the North, and From the South, and Shall Sit Down"-Luke 13:29.

9R. TALMAGE'S FIRST Sermon at the Academy Cof Music, New York, Sunday was heard by a great throng. He will hereafter preach there in the heading. "The man who wrote this was at the time a prac-ing physician; at an other time on Sundays. The text

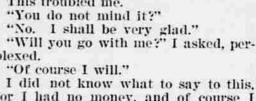
cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed time a powerful on, and one of that very crew was preacher; at another time a reporter-wrecked again with others on the an inspired reporter. God bless, and same rocks. Crawling up on the shore help, and inspire all reporters! From they proposed to hide from the cannitheir pen drops the health or poison of bals in one of the caverns, but mountnations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus; for short he was called cried out: "We are saved! A church! Luke; and in my text.although stenography had not yet been born, he re-Bolivia. The south! That means the which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the milits fruitage, and all its exuberance; lennium. They shall come from the the redolence of illimitable gardens; east, and from the west. and from the north, and from the south and shall lands, the seas, that night by night sit down. Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship captain Pacific, or the Indian, or Ben-"They shall come from the south."

Siam for God.

But I must not forget that my text takes in another point of the compass. that in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries divinely blessed are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will leave the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. extent of the gospel campaign. The We hold up our hands in amazement hardest part of the field to be taken is at the massacre at Port Arthur, as the north, because our gospel is an though Christian nations could never emotional gospel, and the nations of go into such diabolism. We forgot Fort Pillow! We forget the fact that They dwell amid icebergs and eternal during our war both north and south snows, and everlasting winter. Greenrejoiced when there were 10,000 more landers, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siwounded and slain on the opposite berians-their vehicle is the sledge side. War, whether in China or drawn by reindeer. Their existence a the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result will come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. Those regions will be more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton, England, his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta on the east of India to Bombay on the west, there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, a few weeks ago was brought out from the place where it has for years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About three million of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the two hundred and fifty million. The Christians of Amoy and Pekin and Canton are the advance guard that will lead the three hundred and forty million of China. "They shall come from the east." The last mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Budhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hindooism will be pitched into the fire. The Christ who came from the east will yet bring all the east with him. Of course, there are high obstacles to be overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation: as witness the Armenians under the butchery of the Turk. May that throne on the banks of the Bosphorous soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States government and Great Britain, and Germany ought to intone the indignation of all civilized nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is requisite that by cable under the seas and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington, and London, and Berlin to Constantinople, the nations anathematize the diabolism for which the sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse whether in Turkey or New York! "They shall come from the east!" And they will come at the call of the loveliest, and grandest, and best men and women of all the time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishmen who have gone to Calcutta, and Bombay, and Canton to make their fortunes, defame the missionaries because the holy lives and the pure households of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but | down." the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work; people just as good and selfdenying as was Missionary Moffat, who when asked to write in an album wrote these words:

There is another point of the comof the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Herman Cortes, to be more gloriously pass that my text includes. "They conquered; Mexico with its cap- shall come from the west." That ital more than 7,000 feet above the sea | means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific. Oceans level, looking down upon the entrancement of lake and valley and plain; to be brought within the circle of Mexico, the home of nations yet to be holiness and rapture. Will it be done born-all for Christ. The south! That by worldly reform, or evangelism? means Africa, which David Livingstone Will it be law, or gospel? I am glad consecrated to God when he died on that a wave of reform has swept his knees in his tent of exploration. across this land, and all the cities Already about 750,000 converts to are feeling the advantages of the Christianity in Africa. The south! mighty movement. Let the good That means all the islands strewn by work go on until the last municipal Omnipotent hand through tropical evil is extirpated. About fifteen years seas. Malayan, Polynesia, Melanesia, ago the distinguished editor of a New Micronesia, and other islands more York daily newspaper said to me in numerous than you can imagine unless his editorial room, "You ministers you have voyaged around the world. talk about evils of which you know The south! That means Java for God; nothing. Why don't you go with the Sumatra for God; Borneo for God; officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach A ship was wrecked near one of these against sin you can speak from what

islands and two life boats put out for you have seen with your own eyes?" shore, but those who arrived in the I said "I will." And in company with first boat were clubbed to death by the a commissioner of police, and a captain of police, and two elders of my church, 1 explored the dens and hiding places of all styles of crime in New York, and preached a series of sermons warning young men, and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgment of God whelm this city with more ing the rocks they saw a church, and | awful submergement than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum A church!" The south! That means and Pompeii. I received, as nearly as Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and | I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for untorrid zone, with all its bloom, and all dertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation. double leaded, and with captions in great primer type, the music of boundless groves: the entitled "The Fall of Talmage," or "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His look up to the southern cross, which in | Life," or "Down with Talmage." but I stars transfigures the midnight heaven still live, and am in full sympathy with as you look up at it all the way from all movements for municipal purificathe Sandwich islands to Australia. tion. But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never It takes in the east. I have to report yet saved anybody; never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other eities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes, it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and life, and uplift the tone of the moral sentiment. and make men do right, not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard. of anything except the gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart, rectify the life. Execute the law most certainly; but preach the gospel, by all means-in churches, in theaters, in homes, in prisons, on land and on the sea. The gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. All else is half and half work, and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands, and tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars to go scot free; while some who were merely the cat's paw and agents of bribery are struck with the lightnings of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other law breakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the grog shops were open on the Lord's day, and the law with its hands behind its back walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders; but we all rose up in our righteous indignation, and calling upon all powers; visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday. There is that mother who through all the years of infancy and childhood was kept running amid sick trundle beds, now to shake up the pillow for that flaxen head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a little one; and when there was one less of the children because the great lover of children had lifted one out of the eroup into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere, the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were lest; so weary of arm, and foot, and back, and head, so often erving out, "I am so tired! I am so tired." Her work done, she shall sit down. And that business man for thirty, forty, fifty years has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a livelihood for the household. On the run from store to store, or from factory to factory; meeting this loss, and discovering that inaccuracy, and suffering betrayai or disappointment; never more to be cheated or perplexed, or exasperated, he shall sit down. Not in a great arm chair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of clinging to easy posture, or semi-individualism; but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit Frederick the Great, notwithstanding the mighty dominions over which he reigned, was so depressed at times he could not speak without crving, and carried a small bottle of quick poison with which to end his misery, when he could stand it no longer. But I give you this small vial of gospel anodyne, one drop of which, not hurting body or soul, ought to smooth all unrest, and put your pulses into an eternal calm. "They shall come from the east, and from the



"I have come then of myseif. Worse and worse! But it is their fault."

Tears now found their way through the repressing fingers. I could not endure to see her weep. I kneeled beside her, and, while she still covered and soul, I sleep at night." her face with her hands, I said-I do not know what I said. They were wild, and. doubtless, foolish words in themselves, but they must have been wise and true in their meaning. When I ceased, I knew that I had ceased only by the great silence about me. I was still looking at her hands. Slowly she withdrew them. It was as when the sun breaks forth on a cloudy day. The winter was over and gone; the time of the singing of birds had come. She smiled on me through her tears, and heart met heart in the light of sthat smile.

She rose to go at once, and I begged for no delay. I only stood with clasp--ed hands, gazing at her. She turned at the door, and said:

"I dare say I shall come again; I am afraid I cannot help it; only mind you do not wake me."

Before I could reply, I was alone; and I felt that I must not follow her.

Tim CHAPTER IX. OUESTIONING.

It was a week before I saw her again. Her heart had been stilled, and she was able to sleep again.

But seven nights after, she did come. I waited her awaking, possessed with one painful thought, which I longed to impart to her. She awoke with a smile, covered her face with her hands for a moment, but only for a moment, and then sat up. I stood before her, and the first words I spoke were:

"Lady Alice, ought I not to go?"

"No," she replied at once. "I can claim some compensation from them for the wrong they have been doing ane. Do you know in what relation I stand to Lord and Lady Hilton? They are but my stepmother and her hus-'band.'

"I know that."

"Well, I have a fortune of my own, about which I never thought or cared -till-till-w thin the last few weeks. Lord Hilton is my guardian. Whether they made me the stupid creature I was, I do not know; but I believe they have represented me as far worse than I was, to keep people from making my acquaintance. They prevented my going on with my lessons, because they saw I was getting to understand things, and grow like other people; and that would not suit their purposes. It would be false delicacy in you to leave me to them, when you can make up to me for their injustice. Their behavior to me takes away any right they had over me, and frees you from obligation, because I am yours, am I me not?"

what was so much my own desire. But

She led me across the room to the place where she had been seated, and we

sat side by side. "I thought you had forgotten me,"

said, "or had grown tired of me." "Did you? That was unkind. You have made my heart so still, that, body

"Then shall I never see you more?" "We can meet here. This is the best place. No one dares come near the haunted room at night. We might even venture in the evening. Look. now, from where we are sitting, across the air, between the windows and the shadows on the floor. Do you see nothing moving?"

I looked, but could see nothing. She resumed:

"I almost fancy, sometimes, that what old stories say about this room may be true. I could fancy now that I see dim, transparent forms in an-

cient armor, and in strange antique dresses, men and women moving about, meeting, speaking, embracing, parting, coming and going. But I was never afraid of such beings. I am sure these

would not, could not hurt us." "I could not persuade myself that I How a Humorous Kentucky Dominie too, see them," I replied. "I cannot say that I am afraid of such beings any

more than you-if only they will not speak.' "Ah!" she replied, with a lengthened.

meaning utterance, expressing sympahy with what I said: "I know what you mean. I, too, am afraid of hearing things. And that reminds me, J have never yet asked you about the galloping horse. I, too, hear sometimes the sound of a loose horseshoe. It always betokens evil to me; but f do not know what it means. Do you?" "I will tell you what my old fostermother told me," I replied. And I began narrating when and where I had first heard the sound; and then gave too common in that region, and he deher, as nearly as could, the legend which the nurse had recounted to me. I did not tell her its association with the events of my birth, for I feared exciting her imagination too much. She

listened to it very quietly, however, and when I came to a close, only said. "Of course, we cannot tell how much

of it is true, but there may be something in it. I have never heard anything of the sort, and I, too, have an old nurse. She is with me still. You shall see her some day." She rose to go.

"Will you meet me here again, soon?" said.

"As soon as you wish," she answered "Then, to-morrow, at midnight?" "Yes."

CHAPTER X.

THE CLANKING SHOE.

Time passed. We began to feel very by the sleepless sentry, Fear. One night I ventured to take a light with

"How nice to have a candle." them into fits if they see the light."

"What is it?"

now: I brought you here. I thought I far from the new moon. As she crosscould, and I tried, for I wanted so ed the room with me in her arms, just much to see you-and you are come." after I was born, she saw the same star almost on the tip of the opposite But already the hats of the Arctic

horn. My mother died a week after. Who knows how different I might have been if she had lived!"

It was long before I spoke. The awful and mysterious thoughts roused in the sun of righteousness begins to be my mind by the revelations of the day. felt through the minds, and souls of held me silent. At length I said, half thing aloud:

"Then you and I, Alice, were born the same hour, and our mothers died together.'

Receiving no answer, I looked at her. She was fast asleep, and breathing gentle, full breaths. She had been sitting for some time with her head lying coming from the north. The inhabiton my shoulder and my arm around her. I could not bear to wake her.

We had been in this position perhaps for half an hour, when suddenly a cold shiver ran through me, and all at once I became aware of the far-off gallop of a horse. It drew nearer. On and oa it came-nearer and nearer. Then came the clank of the broken shoe!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POTATOES HIS WEAPONS.

Brought the Code Into Ridicule.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it ridiculous. It was by this means that deuling was stopped in a certain district in Kentucky some forty years ago, says the Lexington Transcript. At that time a traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong, muscular man, was conducting a series of religious meetings in Kentucky. At one of them a well known desperate character created a disturbance and, being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight.

The preacher's first thought was to treat the matter with silent contempt. Then he reflected that deeling was all cided to accept the challenge.

As the challenged party, Bowman, had the choice of weapons, he selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes, and stipulated that his opponent music stand fiftgen pages distant and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged party and threatened to denounce the fellow as a coward if he made further objections. Seeing no way out of the scrape, the desperado at last consented.

The contest took place on the out skirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place turned out see the The seconds arranged the two fun. men in position, by the side of each being a half-bushel measure filled with potatoes.

Bowman threw the first once. It secure in that room, watched as it was struck his opponent in a central spot and fell in pieces. A shout of delight went up from the crowd, which flurried the desperado and his potato flew

she wide of the mark. Bowman watched hit him in the side, leaving a wet pot all sides. The fellow was hit in this way five times; the sixth potato struck

of icicle, and strikes them with bullets hail and pounds them with battering of rams of glacier.

hear the songs of divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla; down from Spitzbergen seas; down from the land of the midnight sun; down from the palaces of crystal; down over realms of ice, and over dominions of snow, and through hurricanes of sleet, Christ's disciples are ants of Hudson's bay are gathering to the cross. The church missionary society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing twenty-four gospel stations, and over twelve thousand natives have been baptised. The Moravians have kindled the light of the gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the gospel up in the chill latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes who listen, and then go forth to build school houses and churches. Alaska, called at its annexaton William H. Seward's folly, turns out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries, men and women as defiant to Arctic hardships as the old Scottish chief who, when camping out in a winter's. night knocked from under his son's. head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgence in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The Jeanette went down in latitude 77. while De Long and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar peak; but the old ship of the gospel sails as unhurt in latitude 77 as in our own 40 degrees, and the one starred flag floats above the top gallants in Baffin's bay, and Hudson strait, and Melville sound. The heroism of polar expedition, which has made the names of Sebastian Cabot, and Scoresby, and Schwatka, and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men or women who amid the frosts of highest latitudes are this mongent taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have been able to agree as to what is the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future:

said as I entered. "I hope they are all his chance, and every time his oppon-Once more she covered her face with "They shall come from the north." My album is in savage breasts in bed, though. It will drive some of ent stooped for a potatoe another one her hands. I could answer only by But my text takes in the opposite Where passion reigns and darkness rests withdrawing one of them, which I was point of the compass. The far south Without one ray of light. "I wanted to show you something I on his clothes and then scattering as now emboldened to keep in my own. To write the name of Jesus there: has through high temperature temptafound in the library to-day." I was very willingly persuaded to To point to words both bright and fair: tions to lethargy and indolence, and And see the pagan bow in prayer, whether the reasoning was quite just I opened a book, and showed her a him in the short ribs and he lay on hot blood which tend toward multior not, I am not yet sure. Perhaps it paper inside of it with some verses the grass doubled up with pain and form evil. We have through my text Is all my soul's delight. might be so for her, and yet not for written on it. groaning, "Enough." got the north in, nothwithstanding its In all these regions are men and west, and from the north, and the The bystanders went wild with de- frosts, and the same text brings in the women with the consecration of Mel- south, and shall sit down." "Whose writing is that?" I asked. me. I do not know; I am a poor casu-"Yours, of course. As if I did not light, but Mr. Bowman looked very south, notwithstanding its torridity. ville B. Cox, who embarking for the ist. sober. The desperado was taken home The fields of cactus, the orange groves, missionary work in Africa, said to a She resumed laying her hand on know your writing." Experienced. "Will you look at the date?" and put to bed, and there he stayed Editor -- Mr. Keating would be just mine. and the thickets of magnolia are to be fellow student: "If I die in Africa, "Seventeen hundred and ninety-three! for more than a week. And when "It would be to tell the soul which surrendered to the Almighty. The come and write my epitaph." "What the man for our "information depart-You are making game of me, Duncan, he appeared again he was greeted with you have called forth, to go back into south! That means Mexico, and all shall I write for your epitaph?" said ment." Its dark moaning cavern, and never | But the paper does look yellow and so many jokes that life was almost a burden to him. That was the end of | the regions that William H. Prescott | the student. "Write." said he, "these Assistant--Why? come out to the light of day." old." Editor-He has raised a family of A long pause ensued. and Lord Kingsborough made familiar | words: Let a thousand fall before "I found it as you see it, in that book." dueling in that region. thirteen children.-Truth. in literature; Mexico in strange dialect | Africa be given up."