

difference of race as is said to distinguish the Caffres from the general negroes.

The Makololo exhibited their attachment to the missionary by acts more substantial than idle compliments. When he left for the Cape, they made a garden, and planted maize for him, that on his return he might have food to eat "as well as other people." Upon his return the maize was ready. He tells his readers that they still prepare their maize by beating it in mortars, according to the process sculptured on the old Egyptian monuments.

Although Dr. Livingstone's chief object in 1853 was not the establishment of missions to the inhabitants, but an examination of the rivers, and other routes to the sea, yet he had meetings for worship, and established schools among the Makololo. In the prosecution of his grand object, accompanied by their chief and a little army he ascended the river which passed through a level country, perfectly flat, consisting of a dark loam,—resembling, we suppose, what Mr. Oswell calls the cotton soil of India,—and they found the sugar cane growing useless and wild. The river always preserved a breadth of one-third of a mile, but often stretched out to a breadth of one mile, and then its wooded scenery was diversified by beautiful islands, sometimes of considerable extent. The inhabitants on this part of the river are compelled by the tsetse to spend their time in agriculture, or in a rude description of manufactures. The tsetse will not

allow them to follow a pastoral life. This terrible fly had destroyed all the domestic animals, and its power and ravages give an idea of the scourge employed to drive out the Canaanites from before the Hebrews as they advanced out of the wilderness into the promised land. The voyagers in their ascent came to several rapids—first imperceptible, when the river is high, but dangerous at other seasons; and then to the falls of Gonye, where the Zambesi contracted by rocks to a breadth of seventy or eighty yards, is hurled over a fall of thirty feet in height. Navigation is always interrupted there, and a portage of more than a mile occurs. The valley through which they had passed was inhabited by the Barotse, who are subject to the chieftain of the Malokolo, with whom Dr. Livingstone lived. It is extremely fertile, and watered, like Egypt, entirely by the river. The Barotse love their valley, and say "here hunger is not known." Happy "Barotse!" and yet they have their "tsetse."—We have all "tsetse" in this world. All climates and all races have their "tsetse" in some form or shape.

The falls of Gonye present a marked spot in the Zambesi; and there we may close our notice for this number. The more important discoveries by Dr. Livingstone occurred at a period subsequent to his visit to Gonye. The volume is the most interesting of this autumn's publishing, and we understand that its sale has equalled even that of Macaulay's history.

LEGEND OF THE HUNDRED YEARS.

Stir up the embers, heap on more fire,
The snow lies thick, and the stormy ire
Of the wintry blast sends its cold breath
O'er many a land, like the chill of death;
And restless spirits fleet through the air
Uttering their long, wild shrieks of despair,
And moanings deep; which through the gloom
Sound like dim groanings from the tomb,
Telling with horror their fearful doom.

At the foot of one of Scotland's hills of granite, stood a dark and gloomy castle. The snow lay deep on the surrounding country, for the season was that in which the gladdest event, the greatest birth, is celebrated. The snow lay white on all around, but it was scarcely whiter than the scanty locks on the forehead of Evan Bornholme—locks which more than a century had blanched—as he kept vigil in the hall of that same solemn castle.

"Margery"—he addressed his wife—"pile on more wood—make it crackle and burn, and trim the lamp; make the place a blaze of vivid light, for to-night promises to be one of dark terrors. Now, fan those embers! Watch! into what

fantastic shapes the smoke wreathes itself—there!" and half rising from his seat, he pointed to it, as it curled up in heavy volumes from the blazing faggots.

"See, Margery—a spectral form, and indistinct!" and with his finger he pointed to the course of the wreathing vapour. "Now it flies, and that great mass, cloudlike, threatens to engulf it—watch!" and in his eagerness, in his half-raised attitude, he grasped the arms of his chair and bent forwards.

The red glow of the fire fell on his aged face, and gave him the appearance of a seer.

Evan Bornholme was the oldest retainer of the castle. One hundred and five years had he lived

in that same place, generation after generation fading away, as these years of stirring mortal life passed over his head.

For a whole century of that life, one thought, one belief haunted his mind; and now the moment when that belief would be confirmed or not, was rapidly approaching. But he spoke again.

"Margery; see you you dim spectre rising from the flames?"

But Margery could see nothing but the smoke.

"Thou art a fool, Margery!" and the old man scowled at her. "Yet, how could I expect the world of phantoms to be opened to thy dull Southern senses!"

Margery was of English blood.

"Now wife, let me take thine hand, and with my other palm press thy brow; let me breathe on thee, and bestow part of that power which is mine—the power of entering into the invisible, and drawing thence knowledge of the visible," and he breathed on her, and held her hand and brow, and clasped her firmly, as though he would have engrafted his nature on hers.

"Now, what seest thou?"

Then with pallid lips she answered him,—

"I see a being shrouded in fleecy garments—floating draperies—with strong eyes, which seem like death. Now the figure grows more plain, and it lifts its skiunny hand, and mooks, and sneers, and threatens. See! there is another figure rising. It bears a semblance to our dear young lord—his eyes of purest blue—his golden locks—his own dear face and gentle smile. Hold! that unearthly form of malice draws him onwards! Evan, save!—up, man!—will ye leave your lord to follow that base phantom? But, 'tis gone!"

And she looked round, bewildered, as the blazing wood, hollowed by its own furious burning, sank, and for a moment left the hall in gloom.

Then the wind shrieked and moaned, and shrieked again—wind answering to wind, blast to blast—till the great turmoil deadened all but its own terrible clamour.

It was a night on which old wives cross themselves, and pray for the poor sailor, and bless themselves, and thank Providence that they are not on the boiling deep; when sinners mumble their forgotten prayers, and ask the mercy they have scorned before; when children cry, and nestle closely to their mother's breast, and, with the trusting love of innocence, believe that safety from all discord may be found there. The wind raged with mad fury; and then it howled like a great savage hound, which, in its wrath, had slain that which is dearest to it, and mourned for its own act.

"Howl, ye stormy blast!" and Evan shook his clenched hand, as though he would, with that puny member, have stilled the tempest. "Howl on! howl on! Ere morning comes, ye'll have more to howl for!" and the old man shuddered as he spoke.

Then a bright blaze shot up from hill and dale, and the mountains seemed as if opals of gigantic size and magic flame had been set in their emerald sides, while shouts of rejoicing from multitudes of throats rose above the din of the angry elements.

"Long live our noble lord! long live the dear young lord!—the gem of the mountain fastness—the flower of the mountain path! A long and a good life to him—to our own Ivor!" And the wild shouts became wilder each moment.

Then Evan rose from his chair, and hobbled to the casement.

"Margery, see these many bonfires. They look bright and grand, old wife, and seem to speak of joy and cause for joy; and those shouts, all spring from lusty, honest breasts. 'Twould be sad if the bonfire blazed a triumph to the grim King Death, and the shouts dropped, as his arrow fell where life, with her crown of flowers, promised to dwell. That would be sad, old wife, would it not?"

"It would be very sad, Evan."

"If a bright flower were springing from a rotten soil, which, until then, had brought forth nought but choking weeds, and poisonous herbs, and thorny brambles; beneath which serpents coiled, and hissed, and glided; and if that flower could sprout, and spread, until it thrrove, and grew, and covered that land, and purified it, and filled the air—which erewhile had been reeking with noxious gasses—with its own sweet perfume—Margery, I say, could such things be, and thou didst see such flower, would'st thou not nourish it?" "Aye; with my life, Evan."

"And if an enemy came, and, from dire malice, sought to pluck that flower, and cast it on a fetid soil, and leave it there to die, what would'st thou do?"

"I'd save it, husband, though I lost my life in doing so."

"Thou hast said well, old Margery; for the flower is our dear young lord, and a rifling hand threatens to pluck him; but we will save him, Margery."

Then a wild, mocking laugh rang through that hall; and as it leapt, borne on by echo, from rocky glen, up mountain steep, it dwindled, dwindled, till it feebly fluttered in air, and was lost like the puny chuckle of an infant.

"Margery, didst thou hear that?"

"Hist! name it not!" and her teeth chattered in terror.

"That was the dread mirth of the dead." And his old wife clung to him in speechless fear. "Thou would'st save that flower with thy life? *thou*, poor trembler!"

And he looked at her, half in compassion, half in contempt.

"Why, thou art scared with an empty sound. But we idle, while the air is fraught with horror. Here, Malcolm, Cuthbert—all! Ah, this old voice! Evan thou didst forget thine own weakness; thou didst forget that a mere thing of iron, a mere machine, had more power to summon the aid thou

dost require, than thou, with all thy will, thy thought, thy mind." And he sank down exhausted.

"Margery, will thy craven heart uphold thee to drag yon cord, and send the deep tones of the alarm bell forth to summon all here?"

"My heart shall uphold me, Evan;" but her teeth chattered as she stepped across the hall to do his bidding.

Then came a peal, ringing over hill and dale, far and wide, and the knell sounded like the requiem of some lost soul.

With hasty steps, and bounding limbs, and anxious faces, hundreds came thronging from the mountain sides, until, in a great human stream, they crowded every avenue to the castle, until the hall was thronged, and their blazing torches filled the place with flaming gleams.

"Evan, what ails?" and with somewhat angry faces they questioned him. "Wherefore dost thou summon us? Thou hast not done well; be there no startling cause of fear, to drag us from our pastime on the mountain? Thou dost forget that this is the natal day of our dear Lord Ivor; and the bonfires must not droop, and die, and flutter, while we linger here. Speak, Evan, and tell us why thou hast called us." And they crowded impatiently round him.

"Why?" and his eye was stern. "Why? because woe is hanging over this house. Because danger, and of a frightful kind, threatens him for whom yon fires are lit. Now, are ye satisfied?"

"Where, old Evan?—speak again, and say where it dwells and whence it comes," and they crowded nearer still, and waved their torches, as if the light could resolve the question.

"Hearken!" (and all were mute) "while I tell the legend of the castle; while I unfold that which has coiled itself about my brain for a long century, and stung all other thoughts to death. Ye mind me?"

And the many voices answered, as if one, "We hear!"

"A hundred years since, even to this very hour—I mind it as it were yesterday. Other matters of nearer date have faded from my memory, but the events of that night are still painted in the brightest colours—those great fires blazed as they blaze now; and then, as now, thousands lifted their tongues in glad rejoicings, for a cry of pain had given place to one of gladness, and an heir was born to the ancient name. How proud Lord Ivor was; for he was Ivor, too—how proud and happy. He, the first Lord Ivor, was a man advanced in years, and he feared no child of his would bless his union, and his heart was glad as he took the tiny creature in his arms, and thought of its future life, and the wealth he would make, and keep, and cherish for it. There was more of pride than of affection in him; for the kiss he gave to the suffering mother was but cold. And then, again, he turned to the fragile link between

him and his worldly greatness. "Let the castle be kept quiet. Still those useless shouts. Look to the safety of the child with your lives," he said; and those who heard him felt that their lives were bound up in that of the weak baby; for Lord Ivor was a stern and dauntless man, and knew nought of mortal law, stronger than his own will, to execute the purpose of his vengeance, when he was wrath. Then he left them, and ascended a dim old staircase, with niches cut in the massive walls. Figures of monks, and friars, and holy men stood in these niches; but, from one, the stony image had long since been removed. Ever since then, till now, it had been empty. Ye mind, that the *now* I use lives in the past of a whole century.

"We do, Evan; but proceed."

And the torches flared wildly again, as they were waved to and fro.

Lord Ivor,—and Evan resumed his narrative—walked slowly up the stairs, his soul wrapt in visions of the future. The morn poured her flood of light in at the casement of the staircase. In one, narrow stream it fell on the beforetime empty niche, now tenanted by one, whose flaming eyes seemed to belong to the bereaved tigress, rather than to a woman; yet, such was her sex. Her face, of almost perfect beauty, was deformed by rage; and the black masses of her hair looked like Gorgon locks, as, in waving tresses, they fell over her peasant's dress. "Ivor!" and her dark eyes flashed with fury, and her strong grasp was on his throat. "Ivor, thou false villain! thou dost think to cheat and spurn me easily, dost thou? Thou dost think to quench the promises, and the remembrances of them, with which thou didst win me from my home, with sneers, and curses, and harsh words; but, ruthless man, thou dost not know me yet it seems, or thou would'st not think thus. Thou dost rejoice at the birth of yon puling creature. Is not my child mine, thy first-born, more thine, in the sight of heaven, than yon tiny being in its silken cradle? Did you not win my heart, and swear to love me, and me only, ere that pale-faced dame crossed thy path? Thou dost form plans for the greatness of her offspring—they shall come to nought. Thou dost joy in its birth—that joy shall be turned to dreary sorrow. Look at the red glare in the sky! ere the great pile which causes it shall burn itself to ashes, all thy hopes, ambitions shall have fled. Thus—thus—do I repay thee for thy foul treachery to myself—and thus avenge the wrong, the grievous wrong, done to my helpless boy. And with the speed of lightning she raised a poinard, and aimed it at the breast of him whom once she had loved so dearly. But he caught the weapon, and turned the point against the murderess. "Thou dost repay—," and he swore a terrible oath. "Thou dost avenge!" and he laughed, as he shook off her grasp. "Fool! Dost thou think a woman can, by force, quell Ivor? Thou hast forgot thine only strength is in thy weakness; and

I forgot it, too—and thus remove a scorpion from my path."

And there she lay before him, the poinard in her heart, for Lord Ivor's aim was deadly.

She neither screamed, nor groaned, nor shrieked, as she lay there before him. Her eye never left his face; but it deepened (as death stole in a glassy film over it) into an expression such as may dwell on the face of demons.

"Ivor!" and she raised herself on her elbow, and shook the black hair from her pallid face. "Ivor! my arm is powerless, but not my voice, and with that I scourge thee. Now, when my life is ebbing from me, from the opening grave I curse thee, with a deep and deadly curse, which shall cling to thee and thine, till thy race dwindles to a single speck of existence."

But Lord Ivor laughed at her threat.

"I will haunt the path of thy descendants, as, one by one, they reach maturity. I will whisper in their ears temptations such as enthrall the soul of man. Their name shall become a bye-word for foul crimes, for I shall hover round their earthly path, as a dark spirit, wooing, luring them to destruction. For one hundred years shall my curse work thus, and then, when thy race is well-nigh swept from earth, with one more victim, I slack my thirst for vengeance, and end my restless wandering.

Her head fell with a crash against the stony floor of the niche; and her spirit fled on its mission.

Spurning the corpse aside, Lord Ivor went on his way. But a cry reached him, which sent a shudder through his frame.

"The child! the child! the poor, dear babe! Speed, my good lord! for it lies in the death throes; and sweet Lady Grace gone with her own—mother and child both lost—both so still, and cold, and motionless!"

And with hasty strides he reached the room where all his hopes were centred, and where all were crushed.

And there lay the child, its little face blackened by the strong convulsion, which had rent asunder body and soul. And the poor young mother—both dead.

Lord Ivor stood, with folded arms; and he knew the curse was working surely.

Old Evan ceased; and as the last words died on his lips, a melancholy strain of melody sounded low, soft, and plaintive; but it blanched the cheeks of those who heard it; for it foretold of death. Then footsteps sounded in the hall, and in another moment one entered, on whom all eyes were turned, for whom every head was unbonneted. But the welcome with which they sought to greet him died on their lips, for in him what did they see except the last sad victim of the curse.

He looked at the gloomy faces round him—he turned from side to side, in search of some visage

less funereal than its neighbour's; but he turned, and sought in vain.

"My friends, why stand ye here, in solemn conclave, and cast your looks on me, and shrug your shoulders, and sigh, and mutter, and sigh again? Have I grown so hideous that I scare you with my presence? Bring me a mirror, that I may read my lineaments, and see if any terror lurks in either eye, or cheek, or lip." Then they placed a mirror in his hand. "No!" all is here the same, unless, indeed, this (and he pointed to the glass) be a cheating semblance of myself. It must be so!" and with an impulse of the moment he dashed it to the ground.

But the faces around him became more and more gloomy, for the broken mirror omened no good.

"Send for the Lady Beatrice. If aught can cheer ye, she will do it; but none stirred, for again there arose that wild, unearthly laugh. All heard it—all, even to the young Lord Ivor. All heard that, and all heard that which followed it—a scream, a wild and startling stream, coming from woman's lips; and then a cry for help and mercy—"Ivor! my life, my child, where art thou? Come to thy mother, dear one, and let her know the doom falls not on thee yet. Ivor! didst hear that laugh, and that wild strain of music?—Ivor!

But the name was echoed by another voice, which sounded as if from the tomb, so hollow was it. Lady Beatrice clung to her son's strong arm for help—protection from some danger, which she seemed to fear. Her limbs were trembling, and her cheeks were pale.

"Oh, Ivor, leave not my side! Don't thou forget the curse, my child. This night the dread centenary ceases, and thou, mine own, art the last of thy great race. Ivor! thou hearest me? Wherefore dost thou stare, and mutter to thyself, and weave thine hands? Nay, thou shalt not cast me off," (for he tried to put her from him). "Ivor, I will cling to thee thus, and follow thee, and——"

She ceased, for, between her and him, stood a pale spectral figure, its rolling eyes, like the fabled Gorgon, turning all to stone, changing the feelings of the heart, bringing cold dread o'er all, paralyzing each limb, and making man nought but a useless clod.

"Dread being of ghastly presence, what wouldst thou? (Nay, good mother, if 'tis my destiny, then let me meet it boldly.) Ye phantom visitant, be ye a creature of heaven, or earth, or hell, show me, by word or deed, or sign, what thou wouldst have. Mine heart? It is not mine to give, for God did take it long since to himself, and I have never sought to have it back again. Thou dost beckon me to follow thee, and thou dost dress thy face in mocking smiles, and deck thy brow with flowers, and take the semblance of earth's fairest daughters. False, cheating spirit, hence! I know thee well, foul minister of darkness, and I defy thy power. The curse, good mother" (and

he turned to her again), "nay, fear it not. A curse rests on the entire race of man, but 'tis made impotent by God's great love and mercy. Trust to that mercy, mother, and all will be well. Shall the foul ministers of darkness have more power than the emissaries of heaven? Mother, if the fabled curse of the outraged victim of our ancestor has worked for a long hundred years, how is it? Because men, by their own wild deeds, their reckless lives, have helped that curse to work. Evil needs the encouragement of evil to foster it; resistance blunts the shaft which Satan points against us, and makes his darts fall helpless to the ground. Droop not, dear mother. Trust in God, in whom alone man may trust without fear of disappointment. It may be, mother, that this night the great sins of our race may bring on me the judgment of that race—extinction; but if so, another world is brighter than this present one, mine own mother."

He smiled so gently on her as he spoke.

"Evan, and all my good friends here, cast off this gloom. Shall one spectre form affright ye, when, could the windows of your soul be opened, the dull senses of your mind be cleared, ye would perceive thousands of beings from the spirit world pervading what now seems empty space. Ye would draw courage from the sight, as ye beheld angel's of brightness, watching waiting, to lead from the treacherous lures of crime.

"It is ingratitude to fear, when help is promised to those who ask that help. But, what is that melody which rises o'er mine ear? Listen, mother, listen," and a hymn rose on the night air. Whence it came none could tell, but it seemed like countless voices melting into one, and through them all *he* heard the words, "Ivor, thy words were words of wisdom; but would'st *thou* act up to them in the hour of trial? Art thou stronger than those who have gone before thee? It may be that thou art, for a strength seems to dwell in thee greater than thine own. Thou dost speak of others, who by their deeds have helped the curse to work. How have *their* lives been spent, and how has *thine*? Theirs, in the active service of the world, where good is but too often drowned in the great flood of evil; thine in the dim seclusion of this castle, afar from the temptations of that world. If thou wert circumstanced as they, perhaps thou might, like them, become a thing of guilt."

"I would pray for help to save me."

"Thou think'st so; but how canst thou be sure of this untried? Absence from temptation is absence from the proof of power to resist temptation." "Thou hast said that crime produced the curse. 'Tis writ, 'the curse causeless shall not come;' coming from some cause, it flees not till the cause be past." "By the unrestricted passions of the human heart, it came on thee and thine; by the same means through each successive generation it has been perpetuated. These same passions dwell in

thee. How dost thou not know that, when thou art thrown into the more active scenes of life, they will not break from the reins of thy government, and drag thee onwards in the same mad course thine ancestors have run before thee. Better die this night than live for such a doom. But thou shalt be tried—and thus, with the speed of thought, each place and stirring scene of human life shall be presented to thine heart and soul. In that visionary world temptations shall assail thee, and dark spirits lure thee on to ill. Each temptation shall come as strongly to thee as it could come didst thou live among the worldly throng.

"This is thy test. If thou failest, then let the curse fall on thee; and thy life pay the forfeit. But stand thou firm, and thou art safe, and the curse shall recoil from thee.

"Ere the blood of those who now are here have made the circuit of their bodies, shall all these scenes both come and go, and life or death be cast before thee."

The voice ceased, and a blaze of meteoric light fell on that crowded hall, holding all in suspension. But through the soul of Ivor there shot a sharp and acrid pain.

He thought he stood in the busy world where one he loved had wronged him cruelly. His sad heart bled, and he would have taken the injurer to him, and pardoned all, but a voice whispered in his ear. "Revenge is sweet; 'tis cowardly to forget so easily. Shall the great Lord Ivor, the scion of a noble race, be wronged, and not resent the wrong? Does a woman's feeling spirit dwell in his heart, and whisper words of mocking charity? Charity! another name—a cloak for fear—and that which is the result of fear—forgiveness!"

And Ivor raised his hand, and would have smote and slain him who had wronged him—for insidiously the venomous words crept through his soul, 'till every angry feeling stirred within him.

But a soft wing interposed, and hid the aggressor from his sight; and a voice full of tender sadness murmured, "Beware." But the angry feelings gathered strength in Ivor's breast; and when he would have cast them forth he could not. Now they tore and chafed his smarting spirit, and then they hurled him down, and trampled on him till he cried for aid and help.

Then in a scowling mass they fled, and Ivor hid himself again.

A form stood at his side. A form of human loveliness, and the wounded soul of Ivor clung to it for healing. "Gentle maiden;" and she smiled on him, and twined her arms about his neck, and pressed her kisses on his lips. "Gentle maiden, I am sore distraught by the stormy passions of the human heart, and I am tempted by cruel wrong almost to hate my kind; but thou, shalt make me love them. I will give up all and dwell with thee in some fair isle, where flowers shall strew our path, and birds sing their

wild melodies in our charmed ear. Thou wilt be mine, dear one?

And she clasped her arms about his neck again, and pressed her kisses on his lips a second time. But the kisses scorched and burnt, and her arms grasped him like chains of iron, and he could not escape from her 'till he cried, 'Save me, or I perish.'

Then she fled. Her blue eyes changed to stars of fire—her face to rage and hate.

And now a seer stood by the side of Ivor; a man of years, and thought, and learning. "Now youth," he said, "thou hast escaped the vices of the world, and her vile blandishments; follow me, and I will keep thee safe from all temptation. Thou art young, poor youth, and foolish; but I am wise and old, and can guide thee safely. Listen to me—Thou needest wisdom such as mine.

Then Ivor's heart was filled with joy. "Praise be to God," he cried, and he turned to his companion; but a sneer dwelt on the old man's face. "Praise!" he cried; "thou art too young to dare to praise. Learn how to praise, before thou dost address Omnipotence." "Too young," and Ivor paused; "too young! yet he hath said that 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise has been perfected.'"

"Poor erring youth!" and the old man smiled, "thou art too credulous. Thou must not take all that is writ as 'tis writ. Exercise thine own judgment, for what else was that judgment given, and believe that which it tells thee to believe. Now hearken to me," and with lengthy words, and arguments, and subtle reasonings, he entered on the subject of all faith. He brought his human intellect to bear on the great theme. To that he turned each point; by that he doubted or believed.

And the bright mind of Ivor drank in the poisoned draught—drank till that mind reeled with its own intoxicating power—drank till it even thirsted, and the parched soul cried "More, more, more"—but cried in vain; for the fount of human wisdom was dry, and had not one drop to quench the fever it had created.

Then Ivor raised his straining eyes to heaven and prayed,—“Remove this dreadful state far from me, this dreadful doubt.” The seer smiled still.

“Dost thou sicken of the draught thou didst quaff so eagerly? But thou hast imbibed it, and it stirs in thee still. Can thy prayer save thee? How dost thou know the power thou dost call on can help thee? How dost thou know He is? Thou canst neither see nor hear Him. He is afar perchance—if, indeed, He be at all! I am beside thee. Thou dost see, and touch, and listen to me. Thy reason tells thee that I am, but where is the He whom thou dost thus address? Lives he in the dreamy haunts of nature? in the glen, the dale, the lofty summit of the mountain range, or in the busy traffic of the town. If in the latter, is he a God of mercy, love or

kindness? that he lets vice remain unscathed, and virtue suffer, and cry, and weep, and feel, and think itself deserted?”

But Ivor heard no more: his soul was wrapt in prayer. He cried, “Have mercy on my weakness, ignorance, and clothe me in the armour of thy faith, that I may vanquish this insidious foe. Why vice for a time should seem to go unscathed, and evil be permitted, I know not, but show me that it is because thou dost see it good that it should be.

“Let me draw wisdom from the contemplation of the greatest permitted wrong, the cruelest death which worked out so much everlasting good, and let me argue from it to this wily fiend, that lesser wrong than this may be made to work out lesser good, but still good to thine own faithful children. ‘Lord of all might and power save me or I perish.’” And Ivor bent his knee, and bowed his head, as the prayer rose from his heart.

And where the seer had stood was a dark fiend of malice.

Raging with hatred, disappointment, impotent to ruin, naught could it do but prey upon its own unholy nature; and gnaw, and chafe, and tear itself, and threaten wildly, and then flee, shrieking from itself, and others like itself—flee helpless, powerless! It had none to crave help from, for it had crushed help with infidelity; and it was powerless, for it had found a power stronger than its own.

The world of dreams was gone, and Lord Ivor clasped his mother's trembling hand.

“Fear not, dear mother;” he said. “he has promised help to *those who ask that help.*” And he took up the sentence where he had left it ere the vision came upon him; and it seemed, to those who listened, as though he had paused but a second in his speech.

There was a long and piercing shriek. A meteor dashed madly through the star-lit sky, and sank in the dim horizon.

—“Didst thou behold, my mother? ’Twas a lost soul sinking into its eternal night. Look on me now, mother, for I am with thee, by the might of Him who gave me to thee.”

Then the voices rose in their song of praise; but one was mute.

“Evan”—and Lord Ivor knelt beside the faithful servant—“Is thy sand so nearly run? thy weary race now over? Farewell, old friend; thy glazing eyes are fixed on me, but thy soul is looking towards God. Farewell! A few more years of mortal life, and then all here must take the path thou takest—leave earth, and all that earth contains, the friends, the dear loved friends, the scenes, the hopes, the high ambitious, or the grovelling pleasures, and the wealth, the hard-gained wealth, of which, perchance, so dear a purchase has been made, and lie as thou art lying, a senseless piece of clay. Woe to the wretched soul which has existed but to minister to the wants and wishes of that

clay, and has not had a thought or hope beyond it."

Years passed over Lord Ivor's head; his face became marked by time, and care impressed her wrinkles on it. His locks were white with age; his form was bent, his steps were feeble.

But young and stalwart arms were offered for his support, and young, and warm, and loving hearts breathed their affection in the ear of him whom they called "father." And at Christmas, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, when the crisp

icicles sparkled like wintry diamonds on the trees, when the starving robin came to man's friendly casement for the food which nature had sealed from him—then Lord Ivor would sit by the gleaming fire, the great clumps of wood blazing so cheerily, and throwing their ruddy glow upon his venerable face—and he would talk to those who clustered round him—to his children—children now no longer, but youths and maidens—almost men and women, and tell them of his boyhood, and far beyond it, to the wild legends of the castle, and of the curse, and how it came, and how it went.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.

I.—THE DREAMER.

Sitting alone, I watch the firelight's gleams,
As the red embers fitfully expire;
Feeding my heart with Fancy's empty dreams—
Dreaming alone beside a falling fire.

There, in yon grate, once more can Fancy view
Faces, long-lost, of friends grown strangely cold—
Friends whom fond boyhood deemed would aye be true,
Ere manhood's heart with grief grew sadly old.

There is the home which once I called my own;
There are the fields where, happy boy, I played;
Come back to me, fresh feelings, early dawn;
Come back, dear days beneath the greenwood shade!

Lonely I sit; yet, I am *not* alone;
Here, ushered in by memory, comest thou,
Dearest of all to dreamy boyhood known;
Dearer, though dead, than fairer maidens *now*.

Idols I've made,—and found them common clay—
Since first I lost the light of those dear eyes,
Winning me back to virtue's peaceful way—
Preaching to me like saintliest homilies.

Sit by my side—and be my penance this:—
Sadly to think of all I used to be
(When with pure lip I met thy girlish kiss),
Till grief, through shame, shall worthy grow of thee.

Though thou art dead, it is a craveu part
Idly to mourn, or, madlier, sin, I ween;
Base to degrade, by joyless vice, a heart
Which once to love and thee a shrine had been.

Sit by my side—ah! 'twere a vain request.
Fool! fool am I!—false Fancy's willing slave:
Pale, shrouded form, thou peacefully dost rest;
Spring's withered daisies fade upon thy grave.

Yet it is well that I sit here forlorn,
Watching this fire with dim, tear-clouded eyes:
Thou—to a heart the world too long hath worn—
Angel-like come its "BROKEN MEMORIES!"

II.—THE WORKER.

Oh! tell me not that life is dark—that hope hath fled for aye,
The sun is still behind each cloud—perchance 'twill shine to-day;
Oh! tell me not that life is dark—what, if thy heart be faint?
Shalt thou so strive to win weak hearts to echo *thy* false plaint?

What, if thy Past were wasted time?—thy Present is thine own;
Life is a field wherein to sow, and reap when that is done:
What, when the Present's corn doth stand, with rich, ripe, golden ears,
Wilt thou sit down and dream of want with a dotard's idle tears?

The harvest's ready to thy hand,—if labourers be few,
There's more remaining thus in store for the gallant hearts and true,
Who waste not strength on empty dreams, nor snarl at "cruel fate,"
As if God put us here on earth to murmur—"Desolate!"

Up from thy slumbers, dreamer! there's man's work must be done;
Up to the field and do it, before the set of sun;
Stay not in-doors repining that thou must lonely be;
Know that abroad are loving hearts, who only wait for thee!

Look up! God's sun is shining through the clouds in yonder sky;
While thou art looking backward, where the Past's dead flowerets lie.
Man! while there's work for manhood, art idly gazing back,
And roving with sad memory adown a barren track?

Oh! dreary-hearted brother mine, come, listen unto me,—
Come, let us speak together, for I have mourned like thee;
I, too, have been a dreamer—dreaming drearily as thou,
But my eyes, thank God! are opened, and I look right onward now!