was indeed a pleasure to dance to its strains, and the programme was extremely and appropriately national;
—Grand March by pipers; Scotch Reel; polks, 'Los
Torcos' waltz, 'La Gittans'; quadrille, 'Bonnie and
Braw;' mazurka, 'Lea Alsaciennes;' Grand Highland
Reel in costume; president's (Mr P. S. McLean)
address; Shauntreans: Highland schottische; Lancers,
'Old Edinburgh,' waltz, 'Gypsies;' Caledonians, 'Knight
of the Thistle;' barn dance, 'Cinderella' (composed by Mr
Newbould); Reel of Talloch; waltz, 'Southern Cross (composed by Mr Newbould); mazurka, 'My Love;' quadrille, the programme was extremely and appropriately national:



MR R. D. D. MCLEAN, FIRST PRESIDENT.

*Doris; 'waltz, 'I Remember;' polka, 'Little Cherub;' D'Alberta, 'Yeoman of the tinaid;' Highland schottische; Sword Dance and Highland Fling; waltz, 'The Arrow;' Scotch Reel; barn dance, 'White Heather;' nazurka, 'Tanz Vergunen;' waltz, 'Swallows;' polka and galop, 'Chelsea China' and 'Telephone;' Grand Highland Reel. The supper was keenly appreciated, and well deserved the encontumns and attention birreceived, being served in Mr Glassford's best style. The whole ball reflects great credit on the ball room stewards—Messrs R. D. D. McLean, W. Bogle, J. G. Swan, T. W. Balfonr, W. Miller, W. Wood, W. P. Stuart, Arch. McLean, T. Sidey, P. S. McLean, N. Kettle, C. D. Kennedy, G. S. V. Wenley, and Donald MoLean, and on the very obliging M. C.'s—Messrs N. Kettle, T. W. Bear, W. P. Stuart, R. Smith, T. Sidey, C. D. Kennedy, and J. G. Swan. Altogether, the Caledonian hall of 1832 may be reckoned an upprecedented success. Perhaps the lion's share of the work was done by Mr Bear, but the excellent and energetic secretary, Mr E. Black, merits a word of prates for his exentions.

THE BEADLY DRUG.

EVERYBODY seems to be starting up the morphine question again. And everybody else wonders what it feels like, who really takes it, and if the stories told are really true. Of course, a great many of them are not; unfortunately, a great many of them are revery few women who, at some time or other in their lives, have not suffered such agonizing pain that they have been forced to take morphine. In some instances this has been followed by a regular course of it, the trouble usually beginning when the patient learns or is permitted to learn by an ignorant doctor how to give herself a dose of it. Irrom that time on, she will kill the learns pain she has with a 'jab.' We haven't the best rules, by the bye, in regard to physicians, for a perfectly strange doctor will come in, and, if a woman is clever enough, will give her a hypodernic injection of morphine (I think I ought to say morphia), without knowing whether she has been forbidden it by her doctor, or whether her family are trying to cure her. The deadly horrors of sleeplessness, the raging pain, are at once subdued by the subtle drug, and rest and pleasant dreams come with it.

In New York, a woman whose picture has been in every newspaper in the country, and who married a man of title in England, was so given over to the use of morphine that every chair in her house in which she was in the habit of sitting had a needle and syringe concealed in the soft folds of the silk that draped it. A nurse watched her day and night, and yet both doctor and nurse knew that she got exactly what she wanted, for this marvellous medicine seems to give its victims a great facility for intrigue; and to gain what they long for they will plot and lie as no healthy person would believe possible. In Paris the morphine has been formed, who meet, give themselves a hypodermic dose and then recount their experiences and sensations while under the effect of the drug.

The doctors in vain have tried to get the deadly needle from them. Not very long ago a well-known physician showed at a me

A SPLENDID TIME AHEAD.

BY WALTER BESANT.

T was Sunday evening in July—an evening aglow with warmth and spiendour; an evening when even the streets of London were glorious with the light of the splendid west; an evening when, it you are young (as I sincredy hope you are), only to wander hand inhand over the grass and under the trees with your sweetheast, should be happiness enough. One ought to be ashamed to ask for more. Nay, a great many do not ask for more.

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They are engaged. Some time, but not just yet, they will marry. They work separately all the week, but not hes Sanday they are free to go about together. Of all the days that make the week they dearly love but one day—amely, the day that lies between the Satuday and Monday. Now that the voice of the Sabhatarian has sunk to a whisper or a whine; now that we have learned to reognise the beauty, the priceless boon, the true holiness of the Sanday, which not only rests body and brain, but may be so used as to fill the minds with memories of lovely scenes, of sweet and confidential talk, of love making and of happiness, we ought to determine that of all the things which make up the British liberties, there is nothing for which the working man should more fiercely fight or more jealously watch than the full freedom of his Sunday—freedom urcontrolled to wander where he will—to make his recreation as he chooses.

If the church doors are open wide, let the doors of the public galleries and the museums and the libraries be

jealously watch than the full freedom of his Sunday—free-tom uncontrolled to wander where he will—to make his recreation as he chooses.

If the church doors are open wide, let the doors of the public galleries and the museums and the libraries be opened wide as well. Let him, if he choose, step from church to library. But if he is wise, when the grass is long and the bramble is in blossom, and the foliage is thick and heavy on the elms, he will after dinner repair to the country if it is only to breathe the air of the fields and lie on his back watching the slow westering of the sun and listening to the note of the blackbird in the wood.

Two by two they stroll or sit about Hampstead Heath on such ar evening. If you were to listen (a pleasant thing to do, but wrong) to the talk of these couples, you would find that they are mostly silent, except that they only occasionally exchange a word or two. Why should they talk? They know each other's cares and prospects; they know the burden that each has to bear—the evil temper of the boss, the uncertainties of employment, the difficulties in the way of an improved acrew, and the family troubles—there are always family troubles due to some inconsiderate member or other. I declare that we have been teaching morality and the proper conduct of life on quite a wrong principle—manely, the selfish principle.

We say, 'Be good my child, and you will go to heaven. The proposition is no doubt perfectly true. But it propose a selfish motive for action. I would rather say to that child, 'Be good, my dear, or else you will become an intolerable nuissnee to other people.' Now, no child likes to consider himself an intolerable minesnee.

These lovers, therefore, wander about the Heath—sometimes up to their knees in bracken, sometimes sitting under the trees—not talking much, but as the old phrase has it, 'enjoying themselvea' very much indeed. At the end of the Spaniards' Road—that high causeway whence one can see in clear weather the steeple of Harrow church on one side and the done



ENGAGED.

famous clump of firs, which have been represented by painters over and over again. Benches have been placed under these trees where one can sit and have a very fine view indeed, with the Hendon Lake in the middle distance, and a range of hills beyond, and fields and rills between. On one of these benches were sitting this evening two—Adam and Eve—boy and girl newly entered into paradise. Others were sitting there as well—an ancient gentleman whose thoughts were seventy years hack, a working man with a child of three on his knee, and beside him his wife, carrying the baby. But these lovers paid no heed to their neighbours. They sat at the end of the bench. The boy was holding the girls hand, and he was talking eagerly.

'Lily,' he said, 'you must come some evening to our debating society when we begin again and hear mespeak. No one speaks better. That is acknowledged. There is to be

a debate on the House of Lords in October. I mean to come out grand. When I'm done there will be mighty little left of the Lords. He was a handsone lad, tall and well set up, straight featured and bright eyed. The girl looked at him proudly. He was her own lad—this handsome chap. Not that she was bad looking either. Many an houset fellow has to put up with a girl not nearly so good-looking if you were to compare.

has to put up with a girl not nearly so good footing it you were to compare.

He was a clerk in the city. She was in the Post Office. He was a clerk in the city. She was in the Post Office doing such work as was set before him for the salary of a pound a week. She stood all day long at the counter, serving out postal orders, selling atamps, weighing letters and receiving telegrams. When I add that she was civil to everybody you will understand that she was quite a



THEY WILL SEND ME TO PARLIAMENT.

superior clerk—one of the Queen's lucky bargains. It is not delicate to talk about a young lady's salary, therefore I shall not say for how much she gave her services to the British Empire.

He was a clever boy, who read and thought. That is to say, he thought that he thought—which is more than most do. As he took his facts from the newspapers and nothing else, and as he was profoundly ignorant of English history, English law, the British Constitution, the duties of a citizen and the British Empire generally, his opinions, after he had done thinking, were not of so much value to the country as he believed. But still a clever fellow and able to spout in a frothy way, which carried his hearers along, if it never convinced or defeated an opponent.

To this kind of clever boy there are always two or three dangers. One is that he should be led on to think more and more of froth and less of fact; another that he should grow conceited over his eloquence and neglect his business. A third temptation which peculiarly besets this kind is that he should take to drink. Oratory is thirsty work, and places where young men onate are often in inneediate proximity to bare. As yet, however, Charley was only twenty. He was still at the liest stage of everything—oratory, business and love—and he was still at the stage when everything appears possible—the total abolition of injustice, privilege, class, capital, power, oppression, greed, sweating, poverry, suffering—by the simple process of tinkering the Constitution.

'Oh 'h ecried. 'We shall have the most glorious, the most application of things in the property of the people is only just beginning; it hasn't begin yet. We shall see the most applicated. Well, it is very good that young men should have such dreams and see such visions. I never heard of any girl being thus varied out of herself. The thing belongs exclusively to male man in youth, and it is very good for him. When he is older he will understand that over and above the law and the Constitution there is something else mo

of the west flamed in the boy's bright eyes. Presently the girl rose.

'Yes, Charley,' she said, less sympathetic than might have been expected. 'Yes, and it will be a very fine time it teomes. But I don't know. Prople will always want to get rich, won't they? I think this heautiful time will have to come after us. Perhaps we had better be looking after our own next first.'

'Oh! it will come—it will come.'
'I like to hear you talk about it, Charley. But if we are ever to marry—if I am to give up the Post Office you must make a bigger screw. Remember what you promised. The