claimed that the peace of Europe was secure just before a loan was coming out. Vast masses of the stock, then, are held by means of borrowed money by the capitalists and financial institutions of Germany, and they would topple like a house of cards if a serious war were to break out." If a war does break out, nevertheless, we may be confident that it will not be to the interest of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck to take such a part in connection with it as to ruin the German capitalists whom they have themselves encouraged to speculate. Their influence under the circumstances might naturally have been looked for as exercised in favour of the preservation of peace, but of that we have as yet heard nothing, the only utterance on the subject credibly reported as having been made by either of the great men alluded to being that in which the Emperor William hoped that England might be induced to make some concessions, and which also tended to show a disposition inclining towards the Russian side. Failing their efforts, then, to maintain peace, it may be very rationally supposed that the Emperor and Prince Bismarck are desirous of a war that shall result in favour of Russia. This article in the Saturday *Review* we confess goes also to strengthen our opinions.

THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

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CHAPTER V.

THE HEIR TO THE WOODS.

PAUL FINISTON and his mother had, for many years, lived in a high, narrow house on the Quays, in Dublin, close by where a light bridge springs over the dark running river. Tall spars congregated beside it, and old brown sails flapped heavily in the water, turning orange and red in the sun. High above there were domes against the sky, and in the shadow of the up-hill distance loomed the ghostly outlines of many peaks and pinnacles.

Mrs. Finiston was a frail creature, who was chained to her sofa in her dingy room. For years she had had nothing strong to protect her but her trust in God, nothing bright to look at but the face of her boy. Yet, with these two comforts, she had managed to get on pretty well, and now her son was turning into a tall, brave lad. Only let her live a few years more, and she might free him for-ever from the dangers that beset him.

She had saved her husband from the curse of his family, and she would try to save her son. Her husband had been the brother of Simon the miser. He had obtained with difficulty a commission in the army, and had been sent into the world to seek his fortune. It had been her labour to keep him from longing after ill-omened possessions. She was tender, upright, and somewhat superstitious, and the curse of Tobereevil had been the terror of her life. The dread of it had made her patient in poverty, and peculiarly unselfish in her love; and her patience and love had so influenced her husband that he had never shown a desire to touch the rusting treasures of his race. Husband and wife had paid one visit together to Tobereevil, and had hastened away, shuddering at the wretchedness they had witnessed, but now he had been dead many years.

Mrs. Finiston was in receipt of a small pension, and possessed also a trifling annuity of her own. But all this little income would vanish when she died. No wonder, then, that she prayed to be spared; that she stinted and saved with the hope of being enabled to give her son a profession. She had determined against making him a soldier; as such he would be always poor; and in poverty, there was that danger of the longing for the riches of the misers of Tobereevil. She would hedge around his future from that risk.

Her high sitting-room window was bowed out towards the river, and the narrow panes between its ancient pilasters afforded a view over the bridge into the sunshine. The dome of the Four Courts shone finely in the distance above the masts, through the soft amber haze of a summer's day. She had resolved that, under its shelter, her Paul should yet win fame and gold—honorable fame, which he would prefer to wealth: gold, honestly earned, which he would generously share and spend. There were many great men even in her own little day who had grown up out of smaller beginnings. The mother on the sofa recalled a dozen such.

With a view to all this she had deprived herself of comfort that he might be taught by the best tutors in Dublin. He was now seventeen, a student of Trinity, and had taken a fair share of honours for his time. He was not a genius, nor over-fond of books; but he loved his mother, and appreciated the sacrifices she was making for his sake. And, though he smiled a little at her anxiety about the curse, his horror of it was even greater than her own.

Thus Paul Finiston, sitting among his books in the rude old window, would often also raise his eyes and hopes to that dome of promise against the clouds. He would stifle in his heart certain yearnings for an open-air life; for travel, for change, for the ownership of country acres, and the power of mastership in a dominion of his own. He would determine within him to let no weakness of purpose throw him in the way of temptation. He would become a learned, hard-handed man of business, who should found a new house to redeem the honour of his name, and, above all, should have no leisure for bad dreams.

"Paul," said his mother one evening, as he came in and settled down to his books, "I have had a letter from the West."

"From the West?" echoed Paul, startled, thinking of the miser.

"From dear old Martha Mourne. She is coming to Dublin on business with her lawyer; and she says: 'I will bring poor Timothy's child to see you.'"

"Who is poor Timothy's child?" asked Paul. "Her niece? I hope she is not grown up." For he was very shy of women, having been accustomed to speak to none but his mother.

"She is a child of about twelve years old, if I remember. And you must be kind to her, Paul. You must meet them at the coach, and bring them here."

Paul pulled a face over his book, a sign of dismay which he would not have shown his mother for the world. He tried to be glad that she should see a friend; but, for himself, he had a dread of old women and children. Still he would be kind to them, and civil to them, if he could. He would meet them at the coach office, of course, and carry all their band-boxes if need be. He would pour out the tea as he was accustomed to do, and help little Missy and old madame to cake. But after all these things were resolved upon, it could surely never hurt any one that he should kick his old boots about his own little room, and wish the good people safely back where they came from.

At four o'clock next day the coach came in. It was a long, rose-coloured evening towards the spring full of soft promises of sweet months yet to come: bars of red fell across the bridge, and spikes of burnished gold tipped the clustering spars, while masses of light and shade rolled up and down the shifting shrouds, gambolling like living things.

Paul had laid the cloth, and brought the fat roast chicken and the slices of cold ham from the nearest cook's shop; had set forth the fresh lemon-cakes and the strawberry preserves. The tea was in the teapot, and the kettle on the hob. He had placed the muffins at a prudent distance from the fire, where his mother on her sofa could turn them at her leisure; and, all these formidable arrangements made, he sauntered slowly down the quay with his hands in his pockets. He gazed with new interest at the movements of the men in the boats, spoke to them from the wall, and was pleased when they invited him on board; but the very last moment of lingering arrived, and Paul was at his post when the coach drove up.

He scanned the faces inside, and recognised his charge with a thrill of relief. They did not appear awful after all; and they looked very tired, and very glad to see him at the door. This, no doubt, made Paul look so glad to see them, and the introduction was quite pleasant and friendly. There was nothing to object to about Miss Martha, except that her bonnet was a little bruised on one side; but that was from falling fast asleep against the side of the coach. She looked thoroughly a lady in her neat garments of lavender and black, and her quick-witted ways seemed to announce that she was accustomed to be no inconvenience to anyone. Beside her sat a slim little maiden, in a gray pelisse and a deep straw bonnet tied down with white, who was cherishing fondly a basket of roses, which had faded, in her lap. And when the bonnet turned round, there were discovered under it cheeks flushed with fatigue, and bright, eager eyes—a sweet little bloomy carnation of a face.

The travellers, upon their part, saw a strong, graceful, good-looking lad. The face was as good a face as ever woman looked upon. The features were manly, the eyes dark and steady under finely marked brows. They were sweet-tempered eyes, yet suggestive of passion. The forehead was broad; and the temples too full for any man but a poet. The half-curled locks were thick and fair, and the mouth looked particularly truthful. It was not a very firm mouth, and yet not weak; truthful-looking and changeful, and very apt to smile; and it smiled broadly as Paul Finiston handed young Missy and old madame out of the coach.

As for parcels, Miss Martha had only two small bags and a large umbrella; and it was as much as Paul could do to get leave to carry the latter.

"No, my dear," she said, "though I like you for offering. It is a good sign to see a lad polite to old women; but I'd rather you'd take hands with little May to keep her steady on the crossing."

So Paul marched forward with May under one arm and the umbrella under the other; and Miss Martha followed with a bag in each hand. And in spite of his dread of old women and children, Paul began to be uneasy lest any of the Trinity fellows should happen to stroll down the street at the wrong minute, and behold this procession crossing the bridge.

(To be continued.)

The *Republique Française* (Paris) warns Italy that no good can possibly arise out of an alliance between a Latin people with perfidious and selfish Islanders. M. Mancini's bold metaphor, comparing England to a wealthy matron who would not grudge her blooming young friend (Italy) some of her superfluous colonial jewellery, is, it says, no longer suited to the existing situation. The *Republique* warns the Peninsular Government that "England is fighting for the very existence of her Empire, shaken to its foundations by the victory of the Mahdi, and Italy in taking up a position on the shores of the Red Sea runs the risk of being suddenly dragged into the vortex of the barbarism of the desert. The British Press it adds, having thrown off the mask, it is the duty of France to make England understand that, with the Soudan or without it, the Egyptian question has not ceased to be a European one.