

The Angelus chimes, winging like startled birds from the cathedral tower, wakened the pilgrim at first blush of morning. He rose more feeble than of wont, aged perhaps with half a century of changes weighting his mind. He would go now, in the dawn of the new day, fresh from slumber, and enter bravely. Was he so sensitive still?

It caught his breath, this silence, so vast and solemn, where in the cool hollows had echoed hammering and the voices of masons. Yet how his soul soared and expanded, to embrace at a glance the whole wide genius of the spot! Long he paused before he could advance one step. The color was toned already to a beginning of sober richness. A new decoration, of which he had never thought, was added in sculptured tombs. Here, Herman, the Bishop who confirmed him. There, the great lady whose charities had been a byword. Yonder, the Count Palatine, the most warlike man of his day. Were they all dead? The whole life of the splendid, populous city lying in the aisles now, or low before the altar, with its effigied features worn by strangers' feet!

Tremulous and stunned, the old man staggered forward. Why was he left? His course must be long finished, if they had all completed theirs. Suddenly the organ pealed forth in thunder and gigantic flutings, swelled to an anthem, glad, triumphant. The music lifted him, bore him forward; his heart beat faster. Life must still be worth living, for he still answered to the song of hope.

Then Giovanni d'Alemagna paused, incredulous. Nothing had prepared him for this. The stained glass in the aisles was rich, subdued, tempering the outer brilliance; but in the eastern apse shone out a window that was a flame. The opal shafts of sunrise volleyed through it—a great golden window stemming the flood of dawn behind it; and in the midst of it Mary Virgin, ascending heavenward. She was so beautiful, Hans, who had made her, could recognise his dream.—'Ave Maria.'

## NAPOLEON AND LUCIAN

If you accompany me through the tortuous streets of Milan, we will tarry a moment or so opposite its miraculous Cathedral; but as we shall in a short time return to examine it minutely, let me invite you to turn with me to the left, where in a room near by, one of those thrilling scenes which now and then attract public attention is about being enacted.

Let us, then, enter the royal palace, ascend the grand staircase, and cross one of those apartments which have been recently so beautifully decorated by the magic brush of Applan; at another time we will linger before those frescoes representing the four quarters of the globe, and yonder ceiling, upon which are emblazoned the triumphs of Augustus; but just now it is on living, actual realities we should gaze, it is of modern history we are about to write.

Let us gently half open the door of this private apartment, and leave it ajar, that we may be unseen. Admirable! you now see a man, do you not? And you recognise him by the simplicity of his green uniform, his tightly fitting white cashmere pantaloons, and his pliant boots reaching to the knee. Behold that head, modelled as of antique marble; those blue eyes, whose glances penetrate the very future; those compressed lips—what composure!—it is the consciousness of power, the serenity of the lion. When that mouth opens, people listen; when that eye lights up, the plains of Austerlitz emit volcanic flames; when that brow becomes contracted, kings tremble on their very thrones. At this moment this man sways the destinies of one hundred and twenty millions of people; ten nationalities, in as many different languages, sing praises in chorus to his name; for he is greater than Caesar; he is equal to Charlemagne; it is Napoleon—the Great, the thundering Jupiter of France. After a moment's calm expectation, he fixes his eye upon the opening door, which at the further end of the room admits a man dressed in a blue coat, grey pantaloons, below the knee of which rise hussar boots, whose tops are shaped like a heart. In looking at him, a resemblance between him and Napoleon is at once perceptible. Yet he is taller, less corpulent, and perhaps darker. This is Lucian, the true Roman, the republican of other days, the invincible one of the family. These two men, who have not met since the battle of Austerlitz, cast upon each other looks which penetrate their very souls; for Lucian alone possesses the powerful glances of Napoleon. After advancing three steps into the room, he stops. Napoleon walks

towards him, extending his hand. 'My brother,' exclaims Lucian, throwing his arms around Napoleon's neck; 'My brother, how happy I am to see you again.' 'Leave us, gentlemen,' said the Emperor, signifying his desire with a wave of his hand to a group in another part of the room. The three comprising it bow, and retire without a word or even a murmur. Nevertheless, they who thus obey this simple motion are Duric, Eugene and Murat; one a marshal, the other a prince, and the other a king.

'I sent for you, Lucian,' says Napoleon, when he saw they were alone.

'And you see,' replies Lucian, 'that I have hastened to obey you.'

Napoleon knits his brows almost imperceptibly, adding: 'No matter! this is what I desired, for I wish to speak with you.'

'I am listening,' answers Lucian, bowing.

Napoleon takes one of the buttons of Lucian's coat between his fingers and thumb, and fixing his eyes on Lucian, asks of him, 'What are your designs?'

'My designs?' questions Lucian; 'my designs are those of one living in retirement, with the hope of quietly finishing a poem which I have commenced.'

'Yes, yes,' answers Napoleon, ironically. 'I had forgotten—you are the poet of the family; you compose verse, while I win battles and subjugate our enemies. When I'm no more, you will glorify me in song; I shall thus have the advantage over Alexander—I shall have my Homer!'

'Which of us is the happier?' asks Lucian.

'You, certainly you,' replies Napoleon, as with a humorous gesture he lets go the button he has been until now holding; 'for you have not the misfortune of having differences, and perhaps rebels in your family.'

Lucian looks sadly, yet not without perceptible displeasure, at the Emperor, saying, 'Indifferentism! Remember the 18th Brumaire. Rebels! Wherein have you ever known me to evoke rebellion?'

'Lucian, it is rebellion not to assist me; he who is not with me, is against me. Let us see, Lucian. You know that of all my brothers, I love you best. You are the only one among them who can perpetuate what I have begun. Will you renounce the tacit opposition which you have given me? When now, all the powers of Europe are at my feet, would you deem it humiliating in you to bow your head amid the flattering cortege which accompanies my triumphs? Will your voice be ever ringing in my ears, "Caesar, forget not you must die!" Come, now, Lucian, come; will you follow me?'

'What means your Majesty?' asks Lucian, casting upon Napoleon a look of defiance.

The Emperor silently walks over to a table standing in the middle of the room, and placing his hand upon the corner of a large map lying thereon, he turns to Lucian, saying, 'I am now at the zenith of my fame, Lucian; I have conquered Europe, and it now but remains for me to deal with it as I desire; I am as victorious as was Alexander, as powerful as Augustus, and as great as was Charlemagne; whatsoever I wish I do, I can accomplish.'

'Very well,' Napoleon now takes the map, and with a gracious yet listless motion unrolls it upon the table, saying, 'Lucian, my brother, choose hereon the kingdom which most pleases you, and I promise you, on my word as an Emperor, the moment you shall have pointed it out to me, it shall be yours.'

'Why this proposition to me, rather than to any one of my brothers?' asks Lucian.

'Because,' answers Napoleon, 'you alone are like me.'

'How can this be, when our principles are not the same?'

'I hoped, Lucian, that you had changed during those four years of our separation.'

'Then, my brother,' replies Lucian, 'you are mistaken. I am the selfsame Lucian you knew me to be in 1799. Never shall I barter my repose of mind and quietude for a throne.'

(To be concluded next week.)

### HOW TO PAINT A HOUSE CHEAP.

**Carrara Paint** In White and Colors, Mixed Ready for Inside and Outside Use. **CARRARA** retains its Gloss and Lustre for at least five years; and will look better in eight years than lead and oil paints do in two. **USE CARRARA**, the first coat of which is no greater than lead and oil paints, and your paint bills will be reduced by over 50 per cent. A beautifully-illustrated booklet, entitled 'How to Paint a House Cheap,' will be forwarded free on application.

K. RAMSAY & CO., 19 Vogel Street, Dunedin,